MOVIE WEEKLY

1922

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1922

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MOVIE WEEKLY

March 18, 1922

10¢

The Colorful and Romantic Story of William D. Taylor's Remarkable Life —

Announcement of Popular High School Girl Contest Winners —

Helen Chadwick

PHOTO by CLARENCE S. BULL

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Democrat Pleads for Federal Censorship

IN Washington, D. C., the question of Federal Censorship of motion pictures is one of the foremost now before the legislature.

There are many senators who do not want Federal censorship; there are many who do. Among the pros is Senator Myers, Democrat, from Montana. Perhaps there are those who will say that naturally a Democrat would work against pictures, inasmuch as the new head of the industry, Will Hays, is a Republican. However, let that be as it may.

Senator Myers harps on the fact that "we must protect our children from salacious pictures that are being shown on the screen today. Statistics gathered by the educators of the country show that while 17,000,000 boys and girls attend school, 20,000,000 attend the movies every day.

". . . I am for the movies," the Senator concludes, "but I want good movies. I want the children of the country protected from these salacious scenes that poison their minds with mysterious passions. The only way to clean up the movies is to establish a Federal censorship."

WHICH IS THE WORST?

Which reminds us that over in Ohio the State Board of Censorship has banned the $1,000,000 Universal production of Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," from being shown in the State.

While here in New York, from published correspondence in the "Billboard" between Miss Marion Russell and Governor Miller, we glean interesting information concerning the way the New York censors went about making "Foolish Wives" the essence of purity for the New York public.

It seems that there was so much cutting to do on this picture that the censors found it impossible to accomplish the necessary slashing before the picture's widely advertised opening at a Broadway theatre. Miss Russell complained to the Governor that several objectionable scenes remained in the picture, even though it had the official seal of approval from the Board of Censorship.

The Governor immediately communicated with his Board and received a prompt reply from Commissioner Mrs. Helen May Hosmer explaining that they permitted the picture to run because "the opening had been widely advertised and at much expense."

She goes on to say that six days after the picture's Broadway opening "all eliminations had been made as ordered by the commission."

Whereupon Miss Russel expostulates with the Board's methods to ask: "Why should the commission grant favors which interfere with the proper performance of duty? And by what right does the censor consider the expense of any producer?"

Personally, we are prone to pat these censors on the back for so concretely evincing humane traits!

But don't you see, Friend Reader, what a producer is up against when his pictures must be shown to various State Censorship Boards before he is permitted to release them to theatre managers in the States where Censorshp is established?

In our opinion, Federal Censorship is the least of the two censorship evils. A producer who turns his pictures over to a Federal Board of Censorship will be happy in the knowledge that at all events they will be slashed only once, not continually by different State Boards.

What do you think?

EDUCATION VIA THE EYES

Along comes a statement from an educational expert claiming that eighty-seven per cent of the average person's education is acquired through the eyes.

Until recent years, the expert narrates, knowledge could be transmitted to the brain through the sense of sight only by reading printed type, traveling, or watching instructive happenings.

In possibilities, the movie is scores of times more powerful than any of these. The possibilities so far have been largely neglected. A sign of progress is the growing demand that movies be made instructive as well as entertaining.

Moving picture films, prognosticates the educational expert, will be the slates, blackboards and textbooks of future schools.

And remember the statistics already quoted on this page: there are 20,000,000 children going to motion pictures; only 17,000,000 going to school.

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MOVIE WEEKLY

MARCH 18, 1922

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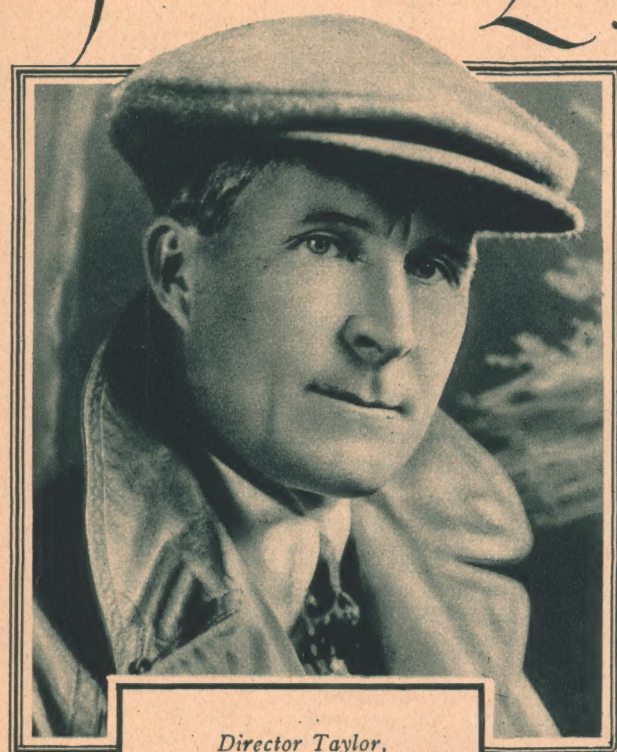
The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life



Director Taylor, featured Paramount director

Ex-Captain Taylor just before sailing for service overseas with the Canadian Army.

Written exclusively for Movie Weekly by a man who knew Taylor well

by Truman B. Handy

ONE of the most colorful, romantic careers in the motion picture colony—a life as redolent with "atmosphere," brilliance and adventure as that of any novelistic hero—was cut short when an assassin's bullet ended the life of William Desmond Taylor, the director.

Irish student, actor, engineer, Kansas ranchman, Klondike miner, art store proprietor, sportsman, director of photoplays and soldier in the World War was he.

He dared the deepest, fullest experiences of life. Profound in its searchings, broad and sweeping in its range, courageous in its intimate contacts, his life history recounts the free, glorious adventures of a crusader in quest of an ideal—romance.

And yet, while Taylor lived, he remained a grey man who subdued the brilliant color of his career into the most somber of hues. He was not a so-called man of mystery, yet even his friends cannot remember having heard him sing of the glories of the past.

For he lived quietly, without affectation; steeped in the study of books; engrossed in the art of his work at the film-studio. His desire to bury the dim shadows of his early life seemed paramount.

He had even changed his name. And, taking no one into his fullest confidence, he lived in semi-reclusion.

Yet he stands as romantic a character as either D'Artagnan or Napoleon, although when he lived he was a second *John Ferguson*—a man of dignity, integrity and careful self-repression.

Even Taylor's childhood was surrounded with romance, although at such a time he was not known as Taylor. It was a pseudonym that he adopted some years later—his stage name. He was born a Deane-Tanner.

The Deane-Tanner family is famous in Ireland. And, over it the hand of Fate seems to have hung heavily for generations. Records show that tragedy, violence, mystery followed the Deane-Tanners with peculiar uncanniness and marked each of the sons indelibly.

Ready to start for work at the Lasky Studios

The Los Angeles director—murdered in his bachelor apartment—was the son of Major William Deane-Tanner, of County Cork. In the father there was the same gallantry, the same desire for adventure that epitomized the life of the son. He was a constant, strong opponent of Irish home-rule—an old-line aristocrat—and many were the speeches he made from Unionist platforms.

Yet, while his father was an aristocrat, Taylor—or, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, as he was then known—was temperamentally a democrat.

As a child he was severely reprimanded by his father once for advocating democracy among the employees of Maj. Tanner's estate at Mallow, and when the stern parent once imposed a hardship upon young William's personal groom the youth surprised his family by announcing that hereafter he would attend to the full care of his horse himself.

Family tradition decreed that William would study either medicine or law or engineering. The youth, on the other hand, secretly rebelled. Once he threatened to join a company of strolling players. His father's influence was brought to bear, however, and he was returned to school.

Again, when Maj. Tanner discovered that his son was sponsoring an amateur theatrical "repertoire" company which comprised a group of Mallow's humble peasantry, he threatened to disinherit William if such unwonted actions were continued.

Then, for the first time, young Deane-Tanner tried to enlist in the British army. He was not exactly robust, however. The surgeons returned him to his home and told him he had a bad heart, and he secretly rebelled again and determined to live his own life as he chose.

(*Continued from page* 8)

An Intimate Story of the Gish

"Movie Weekly" presents herewith an authentic story of the fascinatingly interesting lives of the Gish sisters, Lillian and Dorothy. Theirs is a true romance of the stage, a tale of how two little children, who made their own way as child actresses, blossomed into talented motion picture stars. Of interviews with the Gishes there have been many. But of genuinely informative and detailed stories of their careers there have been none, heretofore. Few novels have had a theme so powerful as this tale of real life, in which two frail girls win honors and riches for themselves, unaided.

TO appreciate Lillian and Dorothy Gish, you have to meet them. And to appreciate their life stories you must hear it from their lips. Imagine then that you are sitting on a lounge in a sunny apartment room, facing Park Avenue, in New York. At your right, perched on a little chair is Lillian, just as slender, as wistfully beautiful as in any of the pictures in which you have seen her play. Opposite you, seated in a rocker, is Dorothy, vivacious, spirited Dorothy, who has made you laugh so many times with her quaint mannerisms. Lillian is poised, her voice clear, her speech even, balanced. Dorothy is too filled with exuberance, too nervously active, to be satisfied with saying one thing at a time. Words spurt from her, bump into one another. She laughs infectiously. She likes to tell stories, and tells them, one after another. Lillian supplies the details.

In the background stands Mrs. George Klatch, their lifelong friend, a widowed school teacher from Massillon, Ohio, their old home town. In an adjoining room lies their beloved mother, seriously ill. A tea-wagon stands before you. Mrs. Klatch pours. Lillian sips. Dorothy brings in some ice cream which she purchased at the corner drug store.

And they tell you their tale.

"We were born in Ohio, but I suppose you know that," Lillian begins. "I was born in Dayton . . ."

"And I was born in Springfield," Dorothy chimes in.

"But we always consider Massillon our home town. Ohioans always stick together. They have a sort of state consciousness. You never meet anyone you know in New York. And I don't know many people in Dayton. But when we walk down the street in Massillon, everyone speaks to us. That is why we always think of it as our home town.

"Mamma was a widow at twenty-three. It's pretty hard to be left alone in the world, with two small children, when you are only twenty-three, but that is the job that mamma had to undertake. So we were whisked off and out of Ohio and went on the stage, and that is all there is to it."

And that, in a few words, is all there was to it. But back of that brief statement lies the story. Lillian went to school for a while in Ohio, but when the possibilities of earning a livelihood by means of the stage had been explored, good fortune enabled the girls to make their start. That start is misty now with time, for they were very small children when they first appeared before the footlights.

"Let's see . . . My first play was 'In Convict's Stripes.' You know, that was the day of the good old melodrama, and every melodrama, no matter what it's story was about, had to have a stage child in it. So, by visiting the agents' offices often enough, we always had engagements."

"Tell the story about the dummy, dear," Dorothy suggested.

"Oh, yes, that's a good one. You see, I had never been on the stage before and I guess that was responsible for what happened. According to the story, I was supposed to be taken by the villain into the bottom of a well, and a fierce struggle was to take place between the villain and the hero on the stage. In the middle of the struggle, a charge of dynamite was to go off (supposedly, of course), and a dummy was to have been cast up out of the well.

"The stage director didn't want to frighten me, so in the rhearsals before the show opened, the dynamite was left out. But at the first

DOROTHY GISH AS SHE IS TODAY.

LILLIAN GISH and HER BELOVED MOTHER DEAR & PRECIOUSLY DEAR PICTURE to LILLIAN & the FIRST TIME IT HAS EVER BEEN PUBLISHED.

MATZENE PHOTO··

Girls Triumphant Careers

performance the play went on, I was put in the well, the villain and the hero started to fight it out. And then the dynamite went off. Up went the dummy, and out went the child, both at the same time. I was so frightened by the unexpected explosion that I forgot all about cues, instructions and everything else. The audience had a hearty laugh, and the scene was the hit of the show."

But all was not humor in those days. Weeks and weeks of one-night stands made life interesting but arduous for the children. They slept wherever sleep overtook them. Lillian related how she once tumbled off to dreamland on a telegraph counter. But always, through all those years when they should have been playing, their mother watched over them.

"There never was such a mother before or since," Lillian put in. "When she fell ill last year we just didn't know what to do. She never quite realized that we had grown up. And it seems as though Mrs. Klatch was sent to us to take her place while she is ill."

"Yes," Dorothy added. "Mrs. Klatch needed us, and we needed her. Her life was broken up. Her husband, who was a lawyer in Massillon, died, and she had no one in the world to look to except ourselves. Since we asked her to come to us, she has been with us everywhere, on our trips, at our home. We just couldn't get along without her."

Dorothy pondered. "But we were always treated splendidly by the stage folks who knew us when we were children," she continued. "No matter how much they wanted to curse, they always kept profanity corked up when we were around. I remember one actor in whose company I played, who also acted as manager for the company. He had a furious temper and would often fly off into tantrums. I would hear him yelling at someone in his dressing room. Then I would knock. He would shout: 'Come in!' and although he would be boiling over he wouldn't say a word until I left. And as I walked away, I would hear him boiling over again.

"My particular sweetheart in those days was Fiske O'Hara, in whose company I played. He would always take me out to dinner on my birthday, and he promised he would marry me when I grew up. And I believed him. Then one day I learned he had been married. Mamma said I should go up to him and congratulate him, and I did. But you can imagine me going up and saying:

"'Mr. O'Hara, I—I wish you many happy returns of the day!' with tears in my voice. I really was all upset when he got married."

"You'd better say how old you were, Dorothy," Lillian suggested.

"Well," Dorothy confessed, "I was just seven years old then."

The girls were bubbling now with reminiscences of their days on the stage.

"I remember when mamma brought me a clipping in which they called me a clever little comedi-*an*," she said. "I didn't like that a bit; in fact, I cried about it."

"The funny thing about Dorothy is that she never was a comedienne," Lillian explained. "We used to call her 'Grandmother Gish' when she was a little tot, because she was so prim."

"Yes, folks think that I must be a funny person because I always play humorous roles," Dorothy went on. "But I'm not a bit like that in real life."

(*Continued on page 22*)

LILLIAN GISH DECLARED *by* MANY PEOPLE *to* BE OUR GREATEST EMOTIONAL ACTRESS

LILLIAN AS A WEE BIT OF A TOT SNAPPED IN HER NURSERY *at* MASSILLON OHIO

EVEN *at* THE AGE OF FIVE DOROTHY HAD A CERTAIN IMPISHLY SERIOUS EXPRESSION *in* HER EYES *and* AROUND HER MOUTH

ROCKWOOD PHOTO

LILLIAN *and* DOROTHY TWO VERY GROWN-UP YOUNG MISSES

Chewing Gum—Is It

The stars put the "spear" in the "mint", but

Wrigleyized by

FOREWORD:

"A man may have no bad habits—and have worse!"

That's what Mark Twain said once. So in this serious and penetrating investigation as to whether our favorite film stars have fallen victim to the great American vice, please bear kindly in mind the charitable reflection of the famous Twain.

MERCY! What a terrible question! Why, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing! Absolutely no class! Will you have a cigarette?"

That's what Nazimova said, when I inquired about the chewing gum habit and whether she ever indulged.

"No, absolutely no," declared Pauline Frederick. "I don't suppose chewing gum would ruin one's soul, but I don't think it's done by anybody with pretensions to refinement."

So that's that.

"Only when I go to a circus!"

That's the extent of Bebe Daniels' indulgence, according to her word. "With the pink lemonade and soda pop and the peanuts and everything all 'round, with the smell of the circus animals in the air, and the sawdust under foot—well, it just wouldn't be curious without chewing gum, that's all. Now, would it?"

"When I sink to the depths of shooting the chutes and rolling on the roller-coaster, as I occasionally acknowledge I do, then, indeed, the lowly chewing gum appeals to me, I admit. Then—sh! —I chew up a whole package in an evening. But I hide the evidences of my crime! I swallow it!"

Ruth Roland sparkled her eyes at me as she made the admission. Then she put on her best interviewee manner. "But it's a dirty habit!" she said severely. "Don't ever let me catch you, a dignified writer, doing it!"

So I hastily parked my own professional chewing gum in a waste-basket and went my way.

"What kind of a devil do you think I am, anyhow?" demanded Katherine MacDonald.

"No," she went on. "I don't chew gum. It never seemed necessary to me, somehow, strange as that may seem to you. To tell you the truth, I think it's the very most revolting habit in the world. How any sweet, nice, dainty girl can——"

That would be about all. (Editorial follow-up from headquarters: A prop boy says Katherine MacDonald only stops chewing gum when she's actually working before the camera. ? ? ?)

"Why, of course not!" cried Claire Windsor indignantly. "Think how awful it makes a girl look!"

"Lips that touch chewing gum shall never touch mine!"

That's how Constance Talmadge feels about the chewing gum habit. "I hate to see a man chewing gum even more than I hate to see a woman," went on Connie. "Somehow it makes a man look even more coarse and common than a woman."

"I'll tell you a story that entirely illustrates my viewpoint on the gum-chewing habit," answered the always rather cryptic Norma Talmadge.

"The other day my car broke down, and I boarded a street car to go a remaining block or two, as I was in a hurry to do some shopping. A woman and a little girl sat near me. The little girl was chewing gum audibly and uproariously. Her mother grabbed her and shook her. 'Here,' she exclaimed to the child, 'Stop making that noise! Can't you chew your gum like a *lady?*'"

"Would you really like to know how I came to be dragged down, down to Wrigley, Spearmint, Blackjack depths?" asked Priscilla Dean. "Well, I'll tell you. My traducer was a fan. He sent me, one day last winter, a huge box of assorted gums. I had a long evening alone before me, my husband, Wheeler Oakman, having gone to the prize fights. I took one piece—ah, had it but been my last! But it wasn't! Next evening I took another.. Now I'm a slave!

"Seriously," went on Miss Dean, "I don't think it's a very nice habit. But when one is alone and the night is dark, well, may one not occasionally take a little nip of 'Juicy Fruit' or something?"

"I think the habit is just too disgusting for anything! Please don't talk to me about it! No

"I CHEW UP A WHOLE PACKAGE AN EVENING," CONFESSES RUTH ROLAND

"WHY, OF COURSE NOT!" CRIED CLAIRE WINDSOR

NOW, JUST WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE CONNIE THINKS ABOUT IT.?

NAVIMOVA EXCLAIMS "MERCY, WHAT A TERRIBLE QUESTION."

PRISCILLA DEAN CHUCKLES AT HERSELF ——.

A PICTURE OF GLORIA SWANSON WHEN SHE GAVE HER OPINION OF CHEWING GUM.

NORMA HASN'T MUCH USE FOR CHEWING GUM.

Being Done in the Best Film Circles

most of them do it with unkindly intent!

Grace Kingsley

lady would chew gum. I wonder how a magazine ever sent out such an absurd question."

It was Gloria Swanson speaking.

"The film actress," she went on, "above all should set an example of daintiness, refinement, good manners; for the young girls with whom she comes in contact always use her as an example."

"A lady," said the gentle Madge Bellamy, "is born a lady. I think that even if a lady did happen to chew a piece of gum once in a while, she would be ashamed of herself. Personally I don't like gum. I'm a Southerner and I reckon maybe I'm a bit too lazy to chew gum even if I did like it."

"I'll tell you something. I don't think you ought to print it, but I suppose you will. Sometimes when I have a whole bushel of play manuscripts to read, I send Rudey, my husband, out to get me a stick of chewing gum. Those manuscripts make me so nervous! If you had to read some of them, you would agree the stories in them are enough to drive a person to drink, let alone innocent chewing gum!"

That's how Anita Stewart disposed of the question. "Have you any about?" she added.

Of course such a stately lady as Alice Terry never would chew gum!

"There's just one occasion when I do, though," she admitted. "That's sometimes when I get a new role to read over, and I'm trying to characterize and visualize. Chewing a bit of gum seems to help one to concentrate."

"I suppose all athletes chew gum," said Mabel Normand. "Occasionally in doing an athletic stunt, like riding the bicycle in 'Molly-O,' or running a long distance to keep in training, I chew gum. I have been offered a good deal of money to stand for chewing gum ads, but so far I've stood out against them. Not that I think chewing gum is going to destroy one's soul or anything like that."

Tsuru Aoki, the wife of Sessue Hayakawa, and herself a noted player, said: "Of course chewing gum is an American habit, pure and simple. I'm proud to be an American—but I don't chew gum!"

Who says the Japanese are not masters of diplomacy?

"If I liked chewing gum, I should doubtless chew it, let the wrappers fall where they might! But, as it happens, I don't."

So said Helen Ferguson, one of the stars of "Hungry Hearts."

"How these odd Americans do eat gum!" exclaimed Enid Bennett. "Dear me, no, I should say I don't eat it!"

"I can't chew gum calmly and unimpassionedly so I don't chew it at all," contributed Jane Novak.

"Well, I've been interviewed on every subject under the sun except chewing gum," exclaimed Doris May. "Why this holding out of the chewing gum subject on us until now? No, my conscience is clear. I don't chew gum. But let me tell you something: my little brother does! He seems to enjoy it, too."

Betty Compson is dreadfully set against the awful habit.

"My goodness, no, I don't chew gum!" exclaimed Betty. "Why should I?"

Well, there's no answer to that. But she softened it a little:

"I suppose I might just as easily have become a gum chewer as not, though. We never know what might happen to us, do we? Seriously, I think chewing gum detracts so greatly from the prettiest girl's appearance that I wonder how in the world any girl with a mirror in her possession could do such a thing."

"Of course I'm not going to say I don't know what chewing gum feels like," declared Colleen Moore, "in some weak moment, all of us have fallen for it. But I must say it isn't at all a nice thing to do, and I hope in time to be able to say proudly, holding up my right hand, 'No, I never taste the vile stuff!'"

"Do you want to know what I think?" asked Leatrice Joy. "I think Will Rogers is the only person in the world who can chew gum and get away with it!"

AND THREE CHEERS FOR MABEL NORMAND, SHE TENDERS the SUGGESTION — "CHEWING A BIT OF GUM HELPS ONE TO CONCENTRATE".

ANITA STEWART DECLARES SHE'S ONE WITH the MOTLEY CROWD

BEBE DANIELS CHEWS GUM ONLY WHEN SHE GOES TO A CIRCUS

MADGE BELLAMY, WHO, ADMITTING SHE IS A SOUTHERN GIRL, SAYS "MAYBE I'M A BIT TOO LAZY to CHEW GUM, EVEN IF I DID LIKE IT"

"IT ISN'T A NICE THING TO DO", GRITTED COLLEEN MOORE, in DENOUNCING THE CHEWING GUM HABIT.

"WELL", LAUGHED LITTLE DORIS MAY, "I'VE BEEN INTERVIEWED ON EVERY SUBJECT UNDER the SUN, EXCEPT CHEWING GUM BUT, LET ME TELL YOU SOME-THING . . . . . "

"MY GOODNESS NO." EXCLAIMED BETTY COMPSON, "I DON'T CHEW GUM, WHY SHOULD I?"

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life

(Continued from page 3)

Stars Directed by Taylor

For some months thereafter he lived separate from his family in a small caretaker's house on the Tanner estate where he alternately studied and wrote and completed a play which, however, never saw the light of production.

It is traditional for sons of upper-class England to be educated at the classical colleges, therefore the lad was sent to Clifton College for preparatory work in engineering.

"But I don't wish to be an engineer!" he kept protesting. "I would rather——"

He was never allowed to utter the word. It galled his family to think that he should look forward to the stage as a career. His mother was afraid he would marry an actress; his father revolted at the thought that anyone of his heritage should wear grease paint and crepe hair.

In accordance with the utmost wishes of his parents William enrolled in college—but not under the family name.

"I have changed my name," he wrote his mother, "because I do not wish to be shown any favoritism on account of my family. I want to rely on myself—my own exploits—the same as any other man who does not happen to be backed by family."

It was then that he assumed the name of William Desmond Taylor. And, strange to say, the family did not register objections, recognizing for the first time this manifestation of his indomitable spirit.

At college Taylor conducted himself very much after the fashion of Tom Brown at Oxford. During his first year he was a "fag" for a coterie of the older students, to whose whims he catered faithfully. His second year, however, showed him to be a champion of his under-classmates, and his democratic utterances on various occasions caused a sensation in the school.

"I hate this life," he wrote to his family. "It is one of prudery—silly snobbery and mawkish sophistry."

Even the rigid routine of Clifton failed to kill his ambitions for theatricals. He became acquainted with various actors. Their life appealed to him. Not being a rampant idealist he did not particularly believe in the so-called "romance" of the theatre, for, to him, it was a business-like venture in which he found himself tremendously interested.

Between his courses at Clifton he sojourned on the Continent. For a time he was a resident of the student *quartier* of Paris, the life of which, however, did not particularly appeal to him.

May McAvoy

Elsie Ferguson

Mary Miles Minter

"I am not a good Bohemian," Mr. Taylor reminisced, one evening shortly before his death, "I'm too practical."

And, to change his venue. he crossed the border into Germany, wandered for a time through the Teuton cities of Munich, Leipsic and Berlin—and finally settled himself for a term in Heidelburg with his studies.

Shortly after his eighteenth birthday he was again in Manchester, working on an engineering project. Maj. Tanner, his father, urged him to join the engineering forces of His Majesty's army. And again came the examiners' report that, physically, he was unfit.

To please his family and to satisfy himself that he *could* master a vocation even though it were unpleasant for him, the young Taylor continued engineering. One evening, at a supper party, an actor friend of his suggested that Taylor accompany him to a performance of "The Private Secretary," a popular stage success in which the English star, Sir Charles Hawtrey, was *en tour.*

Between the acts, his friend took Taylor back stage. It was his first time "in the wings" of a really first-rate company. He was interested in everything he saw, and finally, when he was presented to Sir Charles, he asked for employment in the company.

He was inexperienced, vastly verdant, in the ways of the theatre. Yet he had the appearance and mannerisms of a born actor. Hawtrey subjected him to a somewhat critical test and made him read lines from a play he had never seen before.

When he had finished, however, the star complimented him—and agreed to take him to London with the company. After a series of arduous rehearsals, Taylor finally stepped onto the stage of the Avenue Theatre in his makeup. He played two parts. In the first act he was an old man and wore a heavy, grey beard. During the second act, however, he had a romantic, juvenile role—a mere bit.

This London engagement was almost a success. It would have been if Taylor had not relinquished his first act beard. After the performance one night visitors to his dressing room were announced—friends of his family. He had qualms, for he realized what their discovery meant.

He entertained them. They promised to say nothing to his father about his stage appearance. In another week, however, Maj. Tanner himself arrived at the theatre, violently angry. When he asked for his son, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner—a member of the company—the doorkeeper shook his head and refused him admittance because, he said, there was no such actor in the cast.

"But he's my son!" roared the irate parent, "and you'll let me see him or I'll have the King's army blow this place to pieces!"

A merry scene took place, with the doorkeeper holding the stage entrance reverently. For once in his life Maj. Tanner found himself successfully opposed. Presently the stage door opened and Taylor emerged.

The remainder of the great life story of William D. Taylor will appear in next week's issue.

Norma Talmadge—FORTUNE TELLER

Read Your Fortune in the Tea Cup

THE TEA LEAVES TELL TALES

THE ritual to be observed is very simple. The inquirer should drink the contents of her cup, leaving about a teaspoonful of fluid in the bottom. With the left hand, she must take the cup and swing it round three times from left to right inverting the cup on the saucer and thus allowing the liquid to drain off. After a minute the cup is lifted, and the leaves will be found dispersed over the inside surface of the cup in curious mystic formations.

The handle of the cup is held by the diviner. The bottom, being farthest away, represents the remoter future, the sides, events not so far distant, and matters symbolized near the rim, those that may occur soon. The nearer the character approaches the handle the nearer to fulfillment are the events they portend.

Look at the cup from all angles when reading. In this way a greater number of figures will be seen. When the symbols are standing by themselves, the omen is favorable, but when they are surrounded by thick grounds or dust, the contrary is sometimes indicated, or at least disturbance and delay in the fulfilling.

Sticks represent people, their color and length indicating whether fair or dark, tall or short. If they lie upright, they are friends, but if crosswise, they are enemies. If thick grounds are round or near the figure, bad news may be expected. Grounds bunched together without being near a figure or symbol indicate that money may be expected.

Small specks in the old days meant news, and in these times represent letters by post, varying as regards time, length and importance, according to the position and size of the speck. If the letter is in a clear part of the cup, the news will be friendly and pleasant, but if in a misty part, beware of lawyers' letters and unfortunate news.

Initials, of course, hold much meaning, and when deciphered may be taken to refer to a person or place in connection with the nearest symbolized picture in the cup. Numbers are also to be read in conjunction with the nearby symbol.

A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA by POFFER

WHAT THE SYMBOLS MEAN

Abbey—Future ease and freedom from worry.
Acorn—Improvement in health, continued health, strength and good fortune.
Aeroplane or Aircraft—Unsuccessful projects.
Anchor—A lucky sign; success in business and constancy in love.
Angel—Good news, especially good fortune in love.
Arch—A journey abroad.
Axe—Difficulties overcome.
Bat—Fruitless journeys or tasks.
Birds—A lucky sign; good news if flying, if at rest, a fortunate journey.
Boat—A visit from a friend.
Bouquet—One of the luckiest of symbols; staunch friends, success, a happy marriage.
Bridge—A favorable journey.
Bush—An invitation into society.
Cannon—Good fortune.
Car (Motor) *and Carriage*—Approaching wealth; visits from friends.
Castle—Unexpected fortune or a legacy.
Cat—Difficulties caused by treachery.
Cattle—Prosperity.
Charabanc—Prosperity in all undertakings; if empty, a present of silver.
Church—A legacy.
Circles—Money or presents.
Clouds—Serious trouble; if surrounded by dots, financial success.
Coffin—A sign of death of a near relation or great friend.
Dog—A favorable sign; faithful friends.
Dove—Progress in prosperity and affection.
Elephant—A luck sign; good health.
Fish—Good news from abroad; if surrounded by dots, emigration.
Flowers—Good fortune, success; a happy marriage.
Gallows—A sign of good luck.
Goat—A sign of enemies, and of misfortune to a sailor.
Gun—A sign of discord and slander.
Hammer—Triumph over adversity.
Hand—To be read in conjunction with neighboring symbols and according to what it points.
Harp—Marriage, success in love.
Hat—Success in life.
Heart—Pleasure to come; if surrounded by dots, through money; if accompanied by a ring, through marriage.
Horse—Desires fulfilled through a prosperous journey.
Horshoe—A lucky journey.
House—Success in business.
Ivy—Honor and happiness through faithful friends.
Jug—Good health.
Kettle—Death.
Key—Money, increasing trade, and a good husband or wife.
Knife—A warning of disaster through quarrels and enmity.
Ladder—A sign of travel.
Lines—Indicate journeys and their direction, read in conjunction with other signs of travel; wavy lines denote troublesome journeys or losses therein.
Lion—Greatness through powerful friends.
Man—A visitor arriving.
Mermaid—Misfortune, especially to seafaring persons.
Mitre—A sign of honor to a clergyman or through religious agency.
Monkey—The consultant will be deceived in love.
Moon—Prosperity and fortune.
Mountain—Powerful friends; many mountains, equally powerful enemies.
Mouse—Danger of poverty through theft or swindling.
Mushroom—Sudden separation of lovers after a quarrel.

(*Continued next week*)

THINGS you wouldn't suspect coming straight from the Stars

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

I'm not an outdoor girl. Don't you ever dare say I am. I pose for pictures for this sort of thing, of course, for publicity, but I loathe the outdoor stuff. I like a comfortable library and music room and lots of people around me. As for solitary walks I wouldn't take them as gifts. I couldn't sail a boat to save my life, and I don't want to. But the deadliest bore of all is golf.

ANTONIO MORENO

I suppose I'm what you call one of those red-blooded actors. But I get enough of it in pictures. When I'm not working, I like the theatre. And I must admit I like a good boxing bout. But I don't go in for athletics myself any more than I have to to keep in trim. I like to dance, but I hate sailing a boat. I want somebody else to do it for me. I'm not one of those people who think work is more fun than fun is.

BEBE DANIELS

I like children well enough, but I'm not crazy about them. I take a great fancy to a youngster once in a while, to be sure, but I suppose everybody does that. I don't read highbrow books all the time when I'm not working. In fact, I'd rather flirt any time.

NORMA TALMADGE

No, I don't cook. What's more I don't want to. If ever you see me with a kitchen apron on, posing as cooking, you're to realize from this time thenceforth that it's pure hokum—one of the things the publicity man makes me do.

And I don't care a cent about what the highbrows think of me. I want the real love of real folks down in the tough wards.

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Captain Selwyn, retired, returns from the Phillipines to find his divorced wife received everywhere in society, while many of his friends have forgotten him. He finds solace in the love of his sister's children. His sister sings the praises of Eileen, her husband's beautiful ward.

Selwyn gives Eileen's brother a check which Gerald makes over to Selwyn's divorced wife. Eileen tells Selwyn that his sister is anxious to have her marry, but announces her determination of never becoming a bride. At his sister's request, Selwyn dines with Eileen and Nina's daughter, Drina. After dinner he stays to talk with Eileen. The two discuss their manner toward each other, and Selwyn discovers more than a child in Eileen. At his roms, he is visited by Mrs. Ruthven, his former wife. They discover they still care for each other, despite divorce; but agree that there is no hope in the situation.

Winter fades away. Spring blossoms into being. The Gerard family go to Silverside. Eileen and Selwyn drift apart from the rest to go fishing. They speak of marriage and Selwyn vows Eileen shall not wed without his consent. The girl twists the talk so that Selwyn is forced to propose that she wed him.

Selwyn demonstrates his new explosive which is successful. He refuses an offer for it, preferring to offer it to the Government. Later he goes canoeing with Gladys Orchil and Eileen becomes jealous.

Nina tells Selwyn that Mrs. Ruthven, his former wife, is being divorced from her husband. Later he talks with Eileen and tells her that he loves her. She repulses him gently and asks that they remain friends. They are found by Nina who carries Eileen off to dress.

EVEN before Neergard's illness Ruthven's domestic and financial affairs were in a villainous mess. Rid of Neergard, he had meant to deal him a crashing blow at the breakaway which would settle him for ever and incidentally bring to a crisis his own status in regard to his wife.

Whether or not his wife was mentally competent he did not know; he did not know anything about her. But he meant to. Selwyn's threat, still fairly fresh in his memory, had given him no definite idea of Alixe, her whereabouts, her future plans, and whether or not her mental condition was supposed to be permanently impaired or otherwise.

That she had been, and probably now was, under Selwyn's protection he believed; what she and Selwyn intended to do he did not know. But he wanted to know; he dared not ask Selwyn—dared not, because he was horribly afraid of Selwyn; dared not yet make a legal issue of their relations, of her sequestration, or of her probable continued infirmity, because of his physical fear of the man.

But there was—or he thought that there had been—one way to begin the matter, because the matter must sooner or later be begun: and that was to pretend to assume Neergard responsible; and, on the strength of his wife's summer sojourn aboard the *Aiobrara*, turn on Neergard and demand a reckoning which he believed Selwyn would never hear of, because he did not suppose Neergard dared defend the suit, and would sooner or later compromise. Which would give him what he wanted to begin with, money, and the entering wedge against the wife he meant to be rid of in one way or another, even if he had to swear out a warrant against Selwyn before he demanded a commission to investigate her mental condition.

Ruthven was too deadly afraid of Selwyn to begin suit at that stage of the proceedings. All he could do was to start, through his attorneys, a search for his wife, and meanwhile try to formulate some sort of definite plan in regard to Gladys Orchil; for if that feather-brained youngster went abroad in the spring he meant to follow her and not only have the Atlantic between him and Selwyn when he began final suit for freedom, but also be in a position to ride off any of the needy household cavalry who might come caracolling and cavorting too close to the young girl he had selected to rehabilitate the name, fortune, and house of Ruthven.

This, in brief, was Ruthven's general scheme of campaign; and the entire affair had taken some sort of shape, and was slowly beginning to move, when Neergard's illness came as an absolute check, just as the first papers were about to be served on him.

There was nothing to do but wait until Neergard got well, because his attorneys simply scoffed at any suggestion of settlement *ex curia*, and Ruthven didn't want a suit involving his wife's name while he and Selwyn were in the same hemisphere.

But he could still continue an unobtrusive search for the whereabouts of his wife, which he did. And the chances were that his attorneys would find her without great difficulty, because Selwyn had not the slightest suspicion that he was being followed.

. . . . . .

In these days Selwyn's life was methodical and colourless in its routine to the verge of dreariness.

When he was not at the Government proving grounds on Sandy Hook he remained in his room at Lansing's doggedly forcing himself into the only alternate occupation sufficient to dull the sadness of his mind—the preparation of a history of British military organization in India, and its possible application to present conditions in the Philippines.

He had given up going out—made no further pretense; and Boots let him alone.

Once a week he called at the Gerards', spending most of his time while there with the children Sometimes he saw Nina and Eileen, usually just returned or about to depart for some function; and his visit, as a rule, ended with a cup of tea alone with Austin, and a quiet cigar in the library, where Kit-Ki sat, paws folded under, approving of the fireside warmth in a pleasureable monotone.

On such evenings, late, if Nina and Eileen had gone to a dance, or to the opera with Boots, Austin, ruddy with well-being and shamelessly slippered, stretched luxuriously in the fire warmth, lazily discussing what was nearest to him—his children and wife, and the material comfort which continued to attend him with the blessing of that heaven which seems so largely occupied in fulfilling the desires of the good for their own commercial prosperity.

Too, he had begun to show a peculiar pride in the commercial development of Gerald, speaking often of his gratifying application to business, the stability of his modest position, the friends he was making among men of substance, their regard for him.

"Not that the boy is doing much of a business yet," he would say with a tolerant shrug of his big fleshy shoulders, "but he's laying the foundation for success—a good, upright, solid foundation—with the doubtful scheming of Neergard left out"—at that time Neergard had not yet gone to pieces, physically—"and I expect to aid him when aid is required, and to extend to him, judiciously, such assistance, from time to time, as I think he may require . . . . There's one thing——"

Austin puffed once or twice at his cigar and frowned; and Selwyn, absently watching the dying embers on the hearth, waited in silence.

"One thing," repeated Austin, reaching for the tongs and laying a log of white birch across the coals; "and that is Gerald's fondness for pretty girls. . . Not that it isn't all right, too, but I hope he isn't going to involve himself—hang a millstone around his neck before he can see his way clear to some promise of a permanent income based on——"

"Pooh!" said Selwyn.

"What's that?" demanded Austin, turning red.

Selwyn laughed. "What did you have when you married my sister?"

Austin, still red and dignified, said:

"Your sister is a very remarkable woman—extremely unusual. I had the good sense to see that the first time I ever met her."

"Gerald will see the same thing when his time comes," said Selwyn quietly. "Don't worry, Austin; he's sound at the core."

Austin considered his cigar-end, turning it round and round. "There's good stock in the boy; I always knew it—even when he acted like a yellow pup. You see, Phil, that my treatment of him was the proper treatment. I was right in refusing to mollycoddle him or put up with any of his callow, unbaked impudence. You know yourself that you wanted me to let up on him—make all kinds of excuses. Why, man, if I had given him an inch leeway he'd have been up to his ears in debt. But I was firm. He saw I'd stand no fooling. He didn't dare contract debts which he couldn't pay. So now, Phil, you can appreciate the results of my attitude toward him."

"I can, indeed," said Selwyn thoughtfully.

"I think I've made a man of him," persisted Austin.

"He's certainly a manly fellow," nodded Selwyn.

"You admit it?"

"Certainly, Austin."

"Well, I'm glad of it. You thought me harsh—oh, I know you did!—but I don't blame you. I knew what I was about. Why, Phil, if I hadn't taken the firm stand I took that boy would have been running to Nina and Eileen—he did go to his sister once, but he never dared try it again!—and he'd probably have borrowed money of Neergard and—by Jove! he might even have come to you to get him out of his scrapes!"

"Oh, scarcely that," protested Selwyn with grave humour.

"That's all you know about it," nodded Austin, wise-eyed, smoking steadily. "And all I have to say is that it's fortunate for everybody that I stood my ground when he came around looking for trouble. For you're just the sort of a man, Phil, who'd be likely to strip yourself if that young cub came howling for somebody to pay his debts of honour. Admit it, now; you know you are."

But Selwyn only smiled and looked into the fire.

After a few moments' silence Austin said curiously: "You're a frugal bird. You used to be fastidious. Do you know that coat of yours is nearly the limit?"

"Nonsense," said Selwyn, colouring.

"It is. . . . What do you do with your money? Invest it, of course; but you ought to let me place it. You never spend any; you should have a decent little sum tucked away by this time. Do your Chaosite experiments cost anything now?"

"No; the Government is conducting them."

"Good business. What does the bally Government think of the powder, now?"

"I can't tell yet," said Selwyn listlessly. "There's a plate due to arrive to-morrow; it represents a section of the side armour of one of the new 22,000-ton battleships. . . . I hope to crack it."

"Oh!—with a bursting charge?"

Selwyn nodded, and rested his head on his hand.

A little later Austin cast the remains of his cigar from him, straightened up, yawned, patted his waistcoat, and looked wisely at the cat.

"I'm going to bed," he announced. "Boots is to bring back Nina and Eileen. . . . You don't mind, do you, Phil? I've a busy day to-morrow. . . . There's Scotch over there—you know where things are. Ring if you have a sudden desire for anything funny like peacock feathers on toast. There's cold grouse somewhere underground if you're going to be an owl. . . . And don't feed that cat on the rugs. . . . Good-night."

"Good-night," nodded Selwyn, relighting his cigar.

He had no intention of remaining very long; he supposed that his sister and Eileen would be out late, wherever they were, and he merely meant to dream a bit longer before going back to bed.

He had been smoking for half an hour perhaps, lying deep in his chair, worn features dully illuminated by the sinking fire; and he was thinking about going—had again relighted his partly consumed cigar to help him with its fragrant companionship on his dark route homeward, when he heard a footfall on the landing, and turned to catch a glimpse of Gerald in overcoat and hat, moving silently toward the stairs.

"Hello, old fellow!" he said, surprised. "I didn't know you were in the house."

The boy hesitated, turned, placed something just outside the doorway, and came quickly into the room.

"Philip!" he said with a curious, excited laugh,

(*Continued from page* 18)

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How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

V. *The Best School for Screen Study.*

MANY girls have written to me about schools for motion picture acting. Several have had unfortunate experiences with persons who offered to teach them "the secrets of acting."

In the first place there are no "secrets" that I know of. And so far as I know there are no real schools for instructing in the art of screen technique.

In time, there may be such schools, but I doubt it. At present, there are none that I can recommend, and none that are endorsed by leading directors or stars of the industry. Therefore, beware of them.

If you have plenty of money, you may find it profitable to take a course at one of the reputable schools of dramatic art. There are two of three schools which have been established for a number of years and which can point to students who have gone from them to successful careers on the stage.

The same acting ability is required for the stage as for the screen except that the stage requires vocal training while the screen requires more facial expression. But both of them require the development of imagination, the ability to feel and to express feeling in an accurate and effective manner.

Most aspirants for screen careers have not the money, however, to spend on special training courses. For the few schools of dramatic art that are worth while are very expensive.

Experience is always a recommendation, and if a person can find an opening in a stock company or any other theatrical organization he should make the most of it. Work on the stage gives one poise and self-assurance. A great many successful screen stars have started on the stage—Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and others.

Still there are other stars who have gone directly to the studios and gained success.

Because the screen is developing a separate and distinctive art, I believe that the best way is to start as an "extra" in a studio.

But there are several courses which you may develop for yourselves in preparing for a career.

The best textbook of screen acting is the screen itself. By studying the work of leading players you can learn a great deal. I know that I can. If observing, you can learn what not to do as well as what to do.

Naturalness is the most important element in acting. To develop naturalness you must develop understanding of human nature. You must be able to determine just what a certain type of person would do in a certain situation.

In "Molly-O," for instance, I was given the situation of a girl from the slums entering a beautiful and luvurious mansion. What would my feelings be as a washerwoman's daughter coming into a beautiful kitchen? I would be curious, of course, and very intent upon the surroundings. I must not *affect* curiosity, I must really *feel* curious. Then I saw the serving man taking cakes from a box and placing them on a plate. They were very good looking cakes, and naturally I developed interest in them. I wanted one terribly. For a moment my conscience argued with my appetite. I argued the thing over to myself. Then, suddenly, my hand shot into the jar and I

Mabel Normand in a scene from "Molly-O"

took one and stuffed it into my mouth as though doing it while my conscience wasn't looking. After the first cookie, the process was easier. I couldn't get enough of them. There were several emotions in conflict even in such a little scene.

The conflict of conscience and appetite, the fear of being apprehended, the delight at the first taste of a delicious cake such as I'd never tasted before, and the feverish haste with which I secured more of them and secreted them about myself.

It is very easy to do such things after the business has been thought out by the star and the director, but the important thing is to *feel* the impulses that prompt the action. You must place yourself entirely in the character's place and feel exactly what she would feel in such a situation, otherwise your expresions would fall short of realism and be nothing but "mugging." While watching an actress going through a scene on the screen, ask yourself whether or not you would do the things that she does. If not, what would you do? How would you improve on her work? Wherein does her work ring false and why?

Reading is also a great aid toward developing an understanding of character. Endeavor to be the character that an author is depicting, to feel as such a character would feel, to express, if possible, the thoughts and sensations which she would express.

Reading also familiarizes you with the mental processes of people with whom you might never come in contact. And it may help you to understand those with whom you do come in contact.

Haven't you often found a character in fiction that reminded you of someone whom you know? Perhaps through that character you understood more clearly the sort of person your friend is, the reasons she does certain things which you would not do and the effects she creates by so doing.

Psychology, of course, is one of the most profitable studies for a person who would be an interpreter of human nature. It is the key by which you enter the characters of others and experience their emotions.

A writer once said that to be an artist you must become a fluid through which other lives may be pictured. In order to do this you must lose yourself in thinking of others, in contemplating them and striving to understand them.

A selfish person never could be a great artist because his thoughts turn inward and he loses sight of the things which he must see in order to portray.

A ceaseless pursuit of information and a constant observation of all that pertains to life—to such must you dedicate yourself if you are to become an artist.

Robert Louis Stevenson in his little book on how to write tells how he used to sit down on a curb and jot down sudden immpressions or descriptions of objects which struck him as unusual.

An artist—Charlie Chaplin, for instance—is constantly absorbing. He sees the elaborate electrical equipment in a modern hotel which supplies you ingeniously with all sorts of service, and suddenly he conceives a comedy built about a world that runs entirely by electricity, where your every desire is satisfied by pressing a button. The idea is good. He puts it away in a corner of his mind. Perhaps he will use it later, or perhaps it will lead to other ideas for comedy business.

To prepare for a career in motion pictures you must develop your powers of observation, sensation and understanding. The schools that I endorse are the screen—the library—and life.

SECRETS OF THE MOVIES - - *The First Motion Picture*

VIII

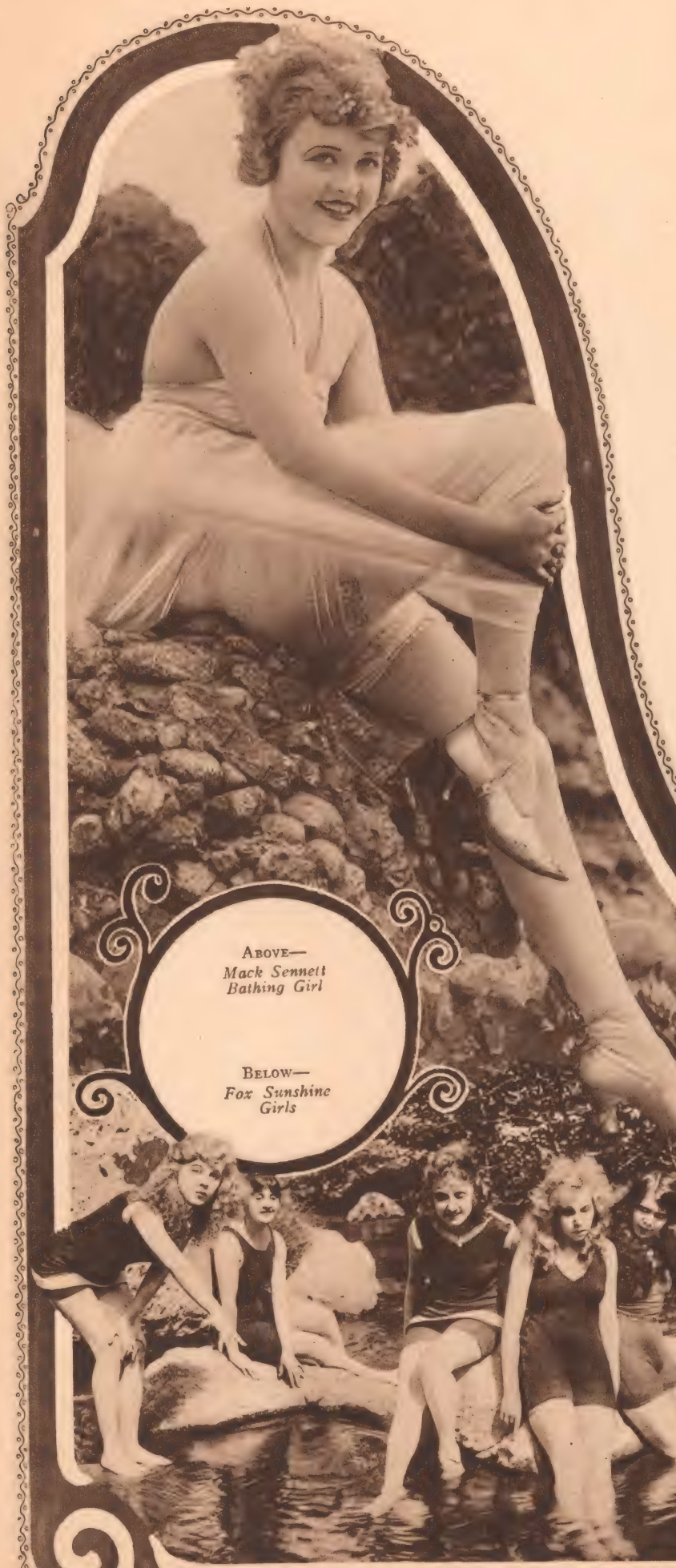
THE first motion picture as we know it today was projected at Richmond, Ind., but it was not much of a success. They walked out on it.

A red-haired boy from Richmond had gone down to Washington and got a job as a clerk. He was also a camera-fiend and liked to tinker with tools. In the backyard of his boarding house he conducted experiments along the line of "animal locomotion" and when vacation time came he went back to his old home in Richmond, sending in advance a mysterious box.

When he arrived he got his father and mother, a few neighborhood friends and the editor of the Richmond paper and asked them to come to his cousin's jewelry store. When they did they found the curtains drawn and a general air of mystery. The mysterious box was opened, a contact made with a passing trolley wire and suddenly the people gasped—a girl was dancing on the wall. And there wasn't any trick door to the wall, either. She was doing the then famous "Butterfly Dance," with the draperies of her attire fastened on the end of a stick that she could move more nearly approximate the movements of a butterfly should it suddenly feel that it must dance. Before the eyes of the good people the girl's skirts began going higher and higher. The good sisters looked at their husbands—but the men folks were crowding forward on their seats. And the skirts went higher! The women nudged their husbands and nodded toward the door, but the husbands only moved slightly nearer. And the skirts continued their upward course. With this the good women, who had always known that Francis would come to some bad end down in the wicked city of Washington, got up and marched out—thus leaving the first motion picture exhibition in the history of the world.

The red-haired boy was C. Francis Jenkins, now a resident of Washington, D. C., and the time was June 6, 1894.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S



ABOVE—
Mack Sennett Bathing Girl

BELOW—
Fox Sunshine Girls

DO any of us really wish to be at our worst?

Not if it can be helped—of course not.

To look fit and trim and vigorous requires more than a good supply of the best cosmetics. The fundamental necessity is personal efficiency which springs from good health. The first requirement of personal efficiency is normal weight.

There is only one sure test of normal weight: the state of energy and vitality that one enjoys. If you have strength and endurance, can work long and hard and never get sick, the chances are that your weight is practically right.

Still, the fact unfortunately remains that only a small percentage of people maintain their correct weight. Most of us are either too thin or too fat. Being too thin is safer and better than being too fat, but at the same time it often indicates a state of exhaustion and a lack of energy and efficiency.

The thin person sometimes—not so frequently these days as formerly—makes the mistake in thinking she wants more "fat," but the truth is that what she wants is more health.

Normal health will give her normal weight.

Instead of putting on ten pounds of fat, you should put on twenty-five pounds of health.

To attain normal weight and the best of personal efficiency,

Selymar Wilkinson, Pathe

BEAUTY PAGES

you must have a general physical culture program, an all-round health-building program.

In many instances the prime essential is not food, but sleep. Remember that what you most need is vitality and energy.

Sleep out-of-doors if you can; otherwise in a room with all windows open and preferably under conditions of quiet.

The next requirement is outdoor life—walking, gardening, chopping wood, piling wood, playing golf, or motoring. Don't say you have no time to spend outdoors. *Take* time. The outdoor exercises and air will enable you to sleep better.

Exercise is another essential to gain weight. We know of any number of instances in which those in poor health have taken up systematic exercise and have promptly gained in weight.

The fact that an all-around system of physical culture will build one up to normal weight is very well proven by the experience of the United States Army.

Army training is intended not to increase weight but to give men strength, endurance and general fitness.

In next week's article, I will give you in detail a physical culture system which I am sure will do you good if you follow it out.

(*To be concluded*)

Gladys Walton, Universal

ABOVE—
Marie Prevost, Sennett

Fox Sunshine Girls

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

Concerning Love Interest

A CONSTANTLY recurring question in photoplay writing is: "Must a photoplay contain a love affair to be successful?" The answer is: "Yes; excepting in rare instances."

The student of photoplay writing, however, must remember that while love is the greatest principle of life, it is not necessarily the fulcrum with which a dramatic plot is always directly motivated. Many of the greatest pictures produced have not contained the accepted "love story," yet at the same time have subtlely conveyed a vital love theme.

There are as many kinds of love as there are persons in this world. The love of Anthony and Cleopatra, for instance, is not to be compared to the love that prompted Leander to swim the Hellespont that he might keep a date with his sweetheart, Hero. The love for Helen of Troy that caused Agamemnon to go forth with his legions to do battle in a war that well nigh brought to destruction an ancient race, is not comparable to the love that Louis XV had for Madame Pompadour, no more than would it be analagous with the faithful devotion of Mrs. Penelope Ulysses who waited so patiently for her travelling husband.

There is a popular belief that true love is generally to be found in the affaire-du-cœur between Sadie, the beautiful shop girl, and Percy, the millionaire's son. As a matter of fact, excepting in comedy-drama, this sort of love affair is decidedly lacking in dramatic possibilities. The love theme upon which is built a story of sacrifice, of misunderstanding, of simple devotion, is the one which will have the greatest appeal to an audience, no matter how greatly sophisticated. This fundamental was the secret of the success of "Humoresque," of "Way Down East," and a number of other powerful photodramas. In fact, it would be hard to name a really successful dramatic motion picture that has been constructed around a "flapper" romance.

"Mother love" is probably the strongest theme in dramatic construction, although one of these days some sincere screen dramatist is going to come along with a story of "father love" that will prove a smashing financial and artistic success. There is also a great unexplored field that may be termed "sister love"—the self-sacrificing love of one sister for another, or, for that matter, of one woman for a woman friend.

The screen dramatist who aspires to success will be very chary of the light, superficial adolescent love affair. It is a theme that has been greatly overworked, and only a well-established writer would be able to develop an angle thereof sufficiently novel to give it appeal.

Racial Prejudice

The wise photoplay writer of today will be exceedingly wary of anything that deals with foreign races. The big studios have from time to time rejected a large number of well written dramas, merely because they have placed Mongolians, or those of other races, in too close juxtaposition with Caucasians. It is regrettable, of course, that there should be such a thing in this world as racial prejudice, but it cannot be denied that there is something inherently repulsive to the average American audience in stories wherein other races are placed on equal footing with characters of their own nationality.

There are exceptions to this rule, of course. Some very beautiful romances may be woven about the "Land of the Cherry Blossoms," or the steppes of Asia, but care should be taken that the atmosphere be in keeping with the subject matter at hand, and that if Caucasians are introduced into the drama they not only hold their own with those of other races, but emerge triumphant from whatever vicissitudes they encounter during the action of the play.

Western Stories

From time to time the cry goes forth that the day of the Western story is over. But despite this constantly recurring wail, the fact remains that a large number of them are being produced and that they invariably find an audience. Just so long as young Americans grow from boyhood and girlhood to maturity, just so long will there be a demand for virile, swiftly-moving, adventurous, out-of-door stories; and there is no better form in which to satisfy this demand than through well-done dramas of the picturesque West.

There are probably two Western plays produced today to one of any other variety. This brings before the writer a very difficult problem: How is he to find new ideas and new ways of treating them in a field that has apparently used up every situation and variation of the same that may be conceived?

I grant that this is indeed a hard question to answer. I believe, however, that Western stories that are "different" may still be written, and that the best way of obtaining this novelty of treatment is to be found in characterization. If you are about to write a drama of the West, look about you for some new character, invest him with a different personality from any Western hero that you have yet seen, place him in strong situations, and you will find that he will act differently than his predecessors. Considerable success has been achieved in this manner by a number of writers. There was nothing, for instance, startlingly new in the plots of "Sundown Slim" or "Overland Red," but at the same time the very unusual traits of character to be found in the leading role stamped both of these pictures as out of the ordinary, and, in consequence, they were financially and artistically successful.

Questions and Answers

Question: Is it plagiarism to use historical incidents in my story?—B. L.

Answer: The use of historical incidents constitutes a form of plagiarism. If acknowledgment is made of the source, however, the author is exonerated from this charge.

Question: How far may an author deviate from history in writing historical incidents?—S. R.

Answer: An author may deviate from strict historical requirements only to a slight degree, if he wishes to keep his material plausible and truthful. The historical story which is exaggerated or false does not find favor with either producer or audience.

Question: What is a "scene?"—M. R.

Answer: A *scene* is that part of the action taken without moving the camera. Every time the camera is moved, it constitutes a new scene.

Question: In describing a character is it necessary to explain about his facial expression, etc.? —T. S.

Answer: In describing a character so as to make him appear real to the reader it is not necessary to give his facial expression, except in unusual instances. Ordinarily it is plain from the action just how the character feels, and in writing of their feelings, their dress, etc., it is customary to use a narrative style similar to short story form, except that all descriptions should be extremely brief.

Question: How is it possible to find a novel situation?—Q. E. R.

Answer: Since there are only thirty-six dramatic situations, it is obvious that these are used time and time again. It would not be wise, however, for you to take a situation out of a story you have read and use it in the same way, so that it would be apparent to one who had read the same story. When you see a situation that appeals to you, reduce it to its basic principles and you will find it possible to develop new and unusual twists to it, which may make a novel appeal.

Question: How may shadows or spirits be projected on the screen?—M. N.

Answer: It is possible to project shadows or spirits on the screen by means of double exposure, but this is a very arduous process from the studio standpoint. Such stories are not very popular with producers because of the difficulties encountered in filming them, and anything of this kind must be of unusual quality and have a strong appeal.

Question: Almost every screen story makes some use of "coincidence." Why, then, is coincidence considered to be an evidence of weak construction?—E. T.

Answer: Regarding the advisability of using coincidence or chance, it is perfectly true that many pictures have been produced that do not conform to all of the rules, and sometimes these pictures are good, sometimes bad. A really good picture may violate certain rules, if it is sufficiently strong and appealing. But also, it is apparent that often the violation of rules makes a picture inferior in quality.

Question: How much explanation, or sub-titling, is permissible in a detailed synopsis?—R. H. N.

Answer: A certain amount of explanation is of course necessary to make a story clear and understandable, and from this material sub-titles are often gleaned by the continuity writer, or the title writer, as the case may be, but this material should be restricted and not allowed to run away with the story, making it fictional nar. tive.

Question: My story contains incidents—for instance, a fight—that could be strung out for a full half reel, but the editor says it is lacking in action. Why?—L. V.

Answer: The reason is that you are studying photoplay writing, and you are not a known author as yet. For beginners, it is best to write stories replete with action that will not have to be "strung out" to make footage. The less effort a beginner's story causes the producers and the continuity writer, the more chance you have of selling it.

Question: My story contains a short prologue. Is this desirable?—R. U.

Answer: As a rule, the prologue should not be used. There is too much danger of confusion of characters, especially if there is a lapse of time. It is better to use a short "cut back," or retrospect, to establish the point in mind, unless the length of the prologue consumes too much time or contains lengthy action. Then, and only then, should the prologue be used.

Question: My story has as its lead a female impersonator. Why was it rejected?—S. D.

Answer: In our recollection there have been but a few of these pictures produced, and then only by nationally known stars. Unless the star is a real artist, these pictures fall very flat. When a story is desired for an impersonator, it is written around the star, consequently a free lance writer has slight chance of disposing of a story of this character.

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

'Gene O'Brien Dramatizes the Yawn

'Gene O'Brien Stifles a Yawn

IT was rather warmish and the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts were eating up what little oxygen remained in the air at the Selznick studio.

'Gene O'Brien emoted through the big scene in his new mystery picture, temporarily entitled "John Smith." Director Herman rehearsed the action with tireless persistency.

'Gene O'Brien

Ye Rambler, sitting on the sidelines, commenced to yawn. 'Gene exited from the range of the camera and took this opportunity to come over and say hello.

"Do you ever feel like yawning in the midst of an exciting scene?" we wondered.

"In between them," 'Gene elucidated. "In between — while the action is going on it's exciting enough to keep you on the alert." Whereupon he demonstrated what he meant by yawning!

* * * * *

From "Way Down East"

We saw another familiar figure on the set. None other than the pert little Vivian Ogden of "Way Down East" fame. Miss Ogden plays the humorous role of the cook, in 'Gene's picture. Incidentally, she and the butler, William Ferguson, supply most of the comedy. They're always fighting or arguing over—oh, anything said by the one is sure to be disagreed to by the other, and then the fun begins.

* * * * *

Off Stage Drama

We were talking to a prop man, when suddenly Miss Ogden came bustling over toward us. Picture her stalking down the street in "Way Down East." That's her natural walk.

"My glasses," she wailed, "where are my glasses? I just paid seventeen dollars for them. Where are they?"

It was a dramatic moment.

"Aren't they on the table?" suggested the prop man.

She stalked over to the table, and a seraphic smile succeeded the distressed one. "Here they are," she stroked them caressingly, put them down, and marched back to the set.

Off stage drama, we'd say.

* * * * *

Mary Astor Leading Lady

That charming little lady who has been playing leads in the Triart productions of stories of famous paintings—Mary Astor—is now 'Gene's leading lady.

She's a charming little person, is Mary Astor—slender, medium height, with glowing brown eyes that can laugh one moment and weep the next, silkened auburn hair of that exquisite sheen that frisks the light about in rustic channels.

And Frankie Mann, Too

As Ye Rambler prepared to leave the set, who should come dashing up, with murder in her eye, but Frankie Mann. "You never recognize me," challenged Frankie.

We thought we had, but we weren't sure, so we took no chances. Frankie looks as chippy as ever, and in the trim maid's outfit she wears in the picture, she is pretty enough to be the president of any Maids' Union.

And by the way, 'Gene will be through with his new picture soon, and then Frankie will play with Owen Moore when that droll Selznick comedian starts in with a new production.

* * * * *

A Line From Dore Davidson

In the leading male role of "The Good Provider," Fannie Hurst's new picture produced for Cosmopolitan by Frank Borzage, Dore Davidson is said to do some of the best work of his long and eventful career.

Indeed, so excellent is his work as the old-fashioned Jewish father, that Miss Hurst has written him:

Hope Hampton

"Dear Mr. Davidson:

I have seen 'The Good Provider.' Please accept my congratulations.

It is a great picture and your art has helped make it so, your fidelity of interpretation, humor, pathos, and intelligence are rare. Thank you!

FANNIE HURST."

Mr. Davidson feels that if he has merited this praise from the author, that public appreciation is assured. We agree with him.

* * * * *

More About Fannie Hurst

Fannie Hurst was not satisfied with just writing a letter to Mr. Davidson. For once, she is highly pleased with the picturization of one of her stories, the one in question being the aforementioned "Good Provider."

You probably recall Miss Hurst's bitter attitude toward "Humoresque," before it met with universal public acclamation. She was frightfully overwrought about it and in no mild terms demanded that her name be omitted from all copy, et cetera.

Well, you know what happened. "Humoresque" became one of the pictures of the ages. The prejudice of the author melted to approval, and everybody was happy.

* * * * *

And Then "Star Dust"

And then along came "Star Dust," starring Hope Hampton. This was an adaptation of Miss Hurst's novel by that name. Hope's production was only *based* on the author's story; Paul Anthony Kelly, in adapting the story, changed it considerably.

The result: When Miss Hurst viewed the production in the projection room, she was inspired to a sustained pitch of fury. In which state she wrote to the various newspapers denouncing "Star Dust," et cetera.

Well, the long and short of this was taking the matter to court and the Hope Hampton Productions suing Miss Hurst to the tune of $250,000 for her excoriating denouncements.

The matter now, insofar as the public is concerned, has been dropped. It was apparently settled peacefully.

* * * * *

Finally "The Good Provider"

BUTalong comes Frank Borzage's production of Miss Hurst's story, "The Good Provider." The scene is changed, and instead of beholding Fannie Hurst bursting with anger, you see her at her desk writing a letter to the Cosmopolitan company, saying:

"I am sailing away an extremely happy lady writer.

"There is a law of compensation at work somewhere in this old scheme of things. The screen version of my story, 'The Good Provider,' which was run off for me in your projection room is, in my mind, a supreme example of how a story may be successfully and sincerely transferred to motion pictures without throwing the narrative version out of the window before starting to photograph.

Dore Davidson

"Not only because of its fidelity to the theme do I regard the screen version of 'The Good Provider' as a beautiful piece of work, but in those instances were it was necessary to develop, or subtract from the theme it has been done with the artist's understanding.

"I want personally to congratulate Frank Borzage (the director), Vera Gordon, Dore Davidson, William Collier, Jr., and every other member of that cast, not to overlook John Lynch (the scenario writer) and the man behind the camera.

"It is a fine, honest piece of work, which enhances and does honor to my story.

"Brava!"

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

JULIA FAYE

Paramount Pictures

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE
"THE YOUNGER SET"

(Continued from page 10)

"I want to ask you something. I never yet came to you without asking something and—you never failed me. Would you tell me now what I had better do?"

"Certainly," said Selwyn, surprised and smiling; "ask me, old fellow. You're not eloping with some nice girl, are you?"

"Yes," said Gerald, calm in his excitement, "I am."

"What?" repeated Selwyn gravely; "what did you say?"

"You guessed it. I came home and dressed and I'm going back to the Craig's to marry a girl whose mother and father won't let me have her."

"Sit down, Gerald," said Selwyn, removing the cigar from his lips; but:

"I haven't time," said the boy. "I simply want to know what you'd do if you loved a girl whose mother means to send her to London to get rid of me and marry her to that yawning Elliscombe fellow who was over here. . . . What would you do? She's too young to stand much of a siege in London—some Englishman will get her if he persists—and I mean to make her love me."

"Y-es. . . . You know how young girls are. Yes, she does—now. But a year with that crowd—and the duchess being good to her, and Elliscombe yawning and looking like a sleepy Lohengrin or some damned prince in his Horse Guards' helmet!—Selwyn, I can see the end of it. She can't stand it; she's too young not to get over it. . . . So, what would you do?"

"Who is she, Gerald?"

"I won't tell you."

"Oh! . . . Of course she's the right sort?"

"Perfectly."

"Young?"

"Very. Out last season."

Selwyn rose and began to pace the floor; Kit-Ki, disturbed, looked up, then resumed her purring.

"There's nothing dishonorable in this, of course," said Selwyn, halting short.

"No," said the boy. "I went to her mother and asked for her, and was sent about my business. Then I went to her father. You know him. He was decent; bland, evasive, but decent. Said his daughter needed a couple of seasons in London; hinted of some prior attachment. Which is rot; because she loves me—she admits it. Well, I said to him, 'I'm going to marry Gladys'; and he laughed and tried to look at his moustache; and after a while he asked to be excused. I took the count. Then I saw Gladys at the Craig's, and I said, 'Gladys, if you'll give up the whole blooming heiress business and come with me, I'll make you the happiest girl in Manhattan.' And she looked me straight in the eyes and said, 'I'd rather grow up with you than grow old forgetting you.' "

"Did she say that?" asked Selwyn.

"She said, 'We've the greatest chance in the world, Gerald, to make something of each other. Is it a good risk?' And I said, 'It is the best risk in the world if you love me.' And she said, 'I do, dearly; I'll take my chance.' And that's how it stands, Philip. . . . She's at the Craigs'—a suit-case and travelling-gown upstairs. Suddy Gray and Betty Craig are standing for it, and"—with a flush—"there's a little church, you know——"

"Around the corner. I know. Did you telephone?"

"Yes."

There was a pause; the older man dropped his hands into his pockets and stepped quietly in front of Gerald; and for a full minute they looked squarely at one another, unwinking.

"Well?" asked Gerald, almost tremulously. "Can't you say, 'Go ahead!'?"

"Don't ask me."

"No, I won't." said the boy simply. "A man doesn't ask about such matters; he does them. . . . Tell Austin and Nina. . . . And give this note to Eileen." He opened a portfolio and laid an envelope in Selwyn's hands. "And—by George!—I almost forgot! Here"—and he laid a check across the note in Selwyn's hand—"here's the balance of what you've advanced me. Thank God, I've made ir good, every cent. But the debt is only the deeper. . . . Goodbye, Philip."

Selwyn held the boy's hand a moment. Once or twice Gerald thought he meant to speak, and waited, but when he became aware of the check thrust back at him he forced it on Selwyn again, laughing:

"No! no! If I did not stand clear and free in my debts do you think I'd dare do what I'm doing? Do you suppose I'd ask a girl to face with me a world in which I owed a penny? Do you suppose I'm afraid of that world?—or of a soul in it? Do you suppose I cant take a living out of it?"

Suddenly Selwyn crushed the boy's hand.

"Then take it!—and her, too!" he said between his teeth; and turned on his heel, resting his arms on the mantel and his head face downward between them.

So Gerald went away in the pride and excitement of buoyant youth to take love as he found it and where he found it—though he had found it only as the green bud of promise which unfolds, not to the lover, but to love. And the boy was only one of many on whom the victory might have fallen; but such a man becomes the only man when he takes what he finds for himself—green bud, half blown, or open to its own deep fragrant heart. To him that hath shall be given, and much forgiven. For it is the law of the strong and the prophets: and a little should be left to that Destiny which the devout revere under a gentler name.

. . . . . .

The affair made a splash in the social puddle, and the commotion spread outside of it. Inside the nine-and-seventy cackled; outside similar gallinaceous sounds. Neergard pored all day over the blue-pencilled column, and went home, stunned; the social sheet which is taken below stairs and read above was full of it, as was the daily press and the mouths of people interested, uninterested, and distinterested, legitimately or otherwise, until people began to tire of telling each other exactly how it happened that Gerald Erroll ran away with Gladys Orchil.

Sanxon Orchil was widely quoted as suavely and urbanely deploring the premature consummation of an alliance long since decided upon by both families involved; Mrs. Orchil snapped her electric-blue eyes and held her peace—between her very white teeth; Austin Gerard, secretly astounded with admiration for Gerald received the reporters with a countenance expressive of patient pain, but downtown he made public pretence of busy indifference, as though not fully alive to the material benefit connected with the unexpected alliance. Nina wept—happily at moments—at moments she laughed—because she had heard all about the famous British invasion planned by the Orchils and abetted by Anglo-American aristocracy. She did not laugh too maliciously; she simply couldn't help it. Her set was not the Orchils' set, their ways were not her ways; their orbits merely intersected occasionally; and, left to herself and the choice hers, she would not have troubled herself to engineer any such alliance, even to stir up Mrs. Sanxon Orchil. Besides, deep in her complacent little New York soul she had the faintest germ of contempt for the Cordova ancestors of the house of Orchil.

But the young and silly pair had now relieved her as well as Mrs. Orchil of any further trouble concerning themselves, the American duchess, the campaign, and the Horse Guards: they had married each other rather shamelessly one evening while supposed to be dancing at the Sandon Craigs', and had departed expensively for Palm Beach, whither Austin, grim, reticent, but inwardly immensely contented, despatched the accumulated exclamatory letters of the family with anintimation of his own that two weeks was long enough to cut business even with a honeymoon as excuse.

Meanwhile the disorganization in the nursery was tremendous; the children, vaguely aware of the household demoralization and excitement, took the opportunity to break loose on every occasion; and Kit-Ki, to her infinite boredom and disgust, was hunted from garret to cellar; and Drina, taking advantage, contrived to over-eat herself and sit up late, and was put to bed sick; and Eileen, loyal, but sorrowful, amazed at her brother's exclusion of her in such a crisis, became slowly overwhelmed with the realization of her loneliness, and took to the seclusion of her own room, feeling tearful and abandoned, and very much like a very little girl whose heart was becoming far too full of all sorts of sorrows.

Nina misunderstood her, finding her lying on her bed, her pale face pillowed in her hair.

"Only horridly ordinary people will believe that Gerald wanted her money," said Nina; "as though an Erroll considered such matters at all—or needed to. Clear, clean English you are, back to the cavaliers whose flung purses were their thanks when the Cordovans held their horses' heads. . . . What are you crying for?"

"I don't know," said Eileen; "not for anything that you speak of. Neither Gerald nor I ever wasted any emotion over money, or what others think about it. . . . Is Drina ill?"

"No; only sick. Calomel will fix her, but she believes she's close to dissolution and she's sent for Boots to take leave of him—the little monkey! I'm so indignant. She's taken advantage of the general demoralization to eat up everything in the house. . . . Billy fell downstairs, fox-hunting, and his nose bled all over that pink Kirman rug. . . . Boots *is* a dear; do you know what he's done?"

"What?" asked Eileen listlessly, raising the back of her slender hand from her eyes to peer at Nina through the glimmer of tears.

"Well, he and Phil have moved out of Boots's house, and Boots has wired Gerald and Gladys that the house is ready for them until they can find a place of their own. Of course they'll both come here—in fact, their luggage is upstairs now—Boots takes the blue room and Phil his old quarters. . . . But don't you think it is perfectly sweet of Boots? And isn't it good to have Philip back again?"

"Y-es," said Eileen faintly. Lying there, the deep azure of her eyes starred with tears, a new tremor altered her mouth, and the tight-curled upper lip quivered. Her heart, too, had begun its heavy, unsteady response in recognition of her lover's name; she turned partly away from Nina, burying her face in her brilliant hair; and beside her slim length, straight and tense, her arms lay, the small hands contracting till they had closed as tightly as her teeth.

It was no child, now, who lay there, fighting down the welling desolation; no visionary adolescent grieving over the colorless ashes of her first romance; not even the woman, socially achieved, intelligently and intellectually in love. It was a girl, old enough to realize that the adoration she had given was not wholly spiritual, that her delight in her lover and her response to him was not wholly of the mind, not so purely of the intellect; that there was still more, something sweeter, more painful, more bewildering that she could give him, desired to give—nay, that she could not withhold even with sealed eyes and arms outstretched in the darkness of wakeful hours, with her young heart straining in her breast and her set lips crushing back the unuttered cry—

Love! So that was it!—the need, the pain, the bewilderment, the hot sleeplessness, the mad audacity of a blessed dream, the flushed awakening, stunned rapture—and then the gray truth, bleaching the rose tints from the fading tapestries of slumberland, leaving her flung across her pillows, staring at daybreak.

. . . . . .

Nina had laid a cool smooth hand across her forehead, pushing back the hair—a light caress, sensitive as an unmasked question.

But there was no response, and presently the elder woman rose and went out along the landing, and Eileen heard her laughingly greeting Boots, who had arrived post-haste on news of Drina's plight.

"Don't be frightened; the little wretch carried tons of indigestible stuff to her room and sat up half the night eating it. Where's Philip?"

"I don't know. Here's a special delivery for him. I signed for it and brought it from the house. He'll be here from the Hook directly, I fancy. Where is Drina?"

"In bed. I'll take you up. Mind you, there'll be a scene, so nerve yourself."

They went upstairs together. Nina knocked, peeped in, then summoned Mr. Lansing.

"Oh, Boots, Boots!" groaned Drina, lifting her arms and encircling his neck, "I don't think I am ever going to get well—I don't believe it. no matter what they say. I am glad you have come; I wanted you—and I'm very, very sick. . . . Are you happy to be with me?"

Boots sat on the bedside, the feverish little head in his arms, and Nina was a trifle surprised to see how seriously he took it.

"Boots," she said, "you look as though your last hour had come. Are you letting that very bad child frighten you? Drina, dear, mother doesn't mean to be horrid, but you're too old to whine. . . . It's time for the medicine, too——"

"Oh, mother! the nasty kind?"

"Certainly. Boots, if you'll move aside——"

"Let Boots give it to me!" exclaimed the child tragically. "It will do no good; I'm not getting better; but if I must take it, let Boots hold me—and the spoon!"

She sat straight up in bed with a superb gesture which would have done credit to that classical gentleman who heroically swallowed the hemlock cocktail. Some of the dose bespattered Boots, and when the deed was done the child fell back and buried her head on his breast, incidentally leaving medicinal traces on his collar.

Half an hour later she was asleep, holding fast to Boots' sleeve, and that young gentleman sat in a chair beside her, discussing with her pretty mother the plans made for Gladys and Gerald on their expected arrival.

Eileen, pale and heavy-lidded, looked in on her way to some afternoon affair, nodding unsmiling at Boots.

"Have you been rifling the pantry, too?" he whispered. "You lack your usual chromatic symphony."

"No, Boots; I'm just tired. If I wasn't physically afraid of Drina, I'd get you to run off with me—anywhere. . . . What is that letter, Nina? For me?"

"It's for Phil. Boots brought it around. Leave it on the library table, dear, when you go down."

Eileen took the letter and turned away. A few moments later as she laid it on the library table, her eyes involuntarily noted the superscription written in the long, angular, fashionable writing of a woman.

And slowly the inevitable question took shape within her.

How long she stood there she did not know, but the points of her gloved fingers were still resting on the table and her gaze was still concentrated on the envelope when she felt Selwyn's presence in the room, near, close; and looked up into his steady eyes. And knew he loved her.

And suddenly she broke down—for with his deep gaze in hers the overwrought spectre had fled!—broke down, no longer doubting, bowing her head in her slim gloved hands, thrilled to the soul with the certitude of their unhappiness eternal, and the dreadful pleasure of her share.

"What is it?" he made out to say, managing also to keep his hands off her where she sat, bowed and quivering by the table.

"N-nothing. A—a little crisis—over now—nearly over. It was that letter—other women writing you. . . . And I—outlawed—tongue-tied. . . . Don't look at me, don't wait. I—I am going out."

He went to the window, stood a moment, came back to the table, took his letter, and walked slowly again to the window.

After a while he heard the rustle of her gown as she left the room, and a little later he straightened up, passed his hand across his tired eyes, and, looking down at the letter in his hand, broke the seal.

(Continued next week)

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree

by Irma, the Ingenue

HOW I love these tea gardens, don't you, dear? So much nicer than stuffy old tea rooms! Always gives a person such a feeling of being an outdoor person, without the trouble of putting on those awful-looking hiking clothes and walking and walking, in that stupid way!"

Irma the Ingenue settled down in a wicker chair and inquired solicitously as to my taste in tea, after which she went on chatting, with ever and anon a perfectly justified glance at her fair face in the burnished gold of her vanity case mirror.

"Have you heard about how all the girls in Hollywood are rushing madly to get their letters back from their sweethearts old and new? Why, sweethearts away back as far as the third before the last are being begged for their letters!

"Just perfectly nice girls are as anxious as can be. Because, as one of them said to me—she's engaged to a film star—no matter how innocuous your letters may be, if you're in love with a man you're just bound to write mushy stuff that would look awfully silly in print.

"I'm getting all my letters back from Bob myself. I love him madly, but who can tell when something might happen to him, and they might be using that goo stuff of mine as evidence!

"One girl I know says she copied four pages of 'Three Weeks' into one of her letters—not the extremest stuff, you know—just some beautiful, sweet stuff—and now she's so scared it might somehow get itself into the papers! She's getting her letters back from Jim—I should say so! And she says she's going to write hereafter in a kind of ink that fades within a few days, that she's heard of. She says it always seems to be old letters that make the trouble—not fresh ones.

So that's that. Irma paused to order a bit of preserved ginger—said she thought that the preserved ginger alone, not to mention silk at reasonable rates for silk lingerie, was enough reason for our being friendly to the yellow races, and then went on to emulate the well-known brook.

"Poor Pauline Starke! The course of her true love isn't running smoothly at all. You know she's engaged to Jack White. Well, one day after she came from New York, she brought with her out to White's set, where he was directing, a man from New York. The man is wealthy and claims he wants to learn about making pictures, but Jack mistook him for a rival, and afterward there was an awful scene between him and Pauline. However, she didn't break the engagement, even if he did behave something lik a caveman. She's really devoted to him.

"Everybody is feeling just awfully about poor Cecil de Mille, coming home from Europe suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. It does seem as though when a man works as long and as hard as Mr. de Mille has done, that he might have a little pleasure like a trip to Europe without getting rheumatism.

"Helen Ferguson is a plucky girl, I'll tell the world! We all think of what we'd do if a masher spoke to us, and then when he does, we just give him a cold glare and pass on. We never do anything original, but Helen did, the other day. Helen is very pretty, you know, and as she entered a cafe where she was to meet Bill Russell to have dinner with him, she stepped into those revolving glass doors. Just as she got started, a dapper young chap, apparently in high spirits, started to leave by way of the same glass cage. He spied Helen, and instantly stopped the doors with his feet. Then he smiled his sweetest, raised his natty beaver, and had visions of telling the boys how he had made a catch. But right there is where the scenario changes.

"It all happened in a jiffy. Helen suddenly threw all her weight against the door, capapulting the fresh youth back into the cafe, and also, and what's more, into the very arms of a tall and husky young man who had witnessed the little episode. He was Helen's waiting escort, William Russell!

"Not for nothing had Bill swung his good right arm as hero of many a picture battle. The engaging young man was game enough to hand the doorman a half dollar for helping him off the sidewalk after Helen's friend had finished with him."

"Poor Pauline Starke! The course of her true love isn't running smoothly at all."

"You know, she's engaged to Jack White."

Irma paused to dish another cup of tea along with the rest of the dishing. Then she went on—

"So Mildred Harris has gone into vaudeville! I do wonder if she has done anything to that weak little voice of hers. I don't want to be catty, nor anything, but really you can't help wondering! Otherwise she is very pretty, and will probably make a hit. Anyhow people will be dying to see in the flesh and blood the girl that made Charlie Chaplin all that trouble.

"And speaking of trouble, even if Madge Bellamy is the nicest little girl in pictures—and sometimes I think she is, being sweet and kind and unspoiled—still she doesn't escape. My dear, I hear that a well-known artist was very much in love with her, that he sent her a bracelet at Christmas, and that she promptly sent it back! Now they're not such good friends any more, because the return of his present hurt his feelings. Madge naturally feels bad, but of course if you aren't engaged to a man you can't accept such presents. Anyhow, that's what the etiquette books say, even though I believe it is sometimes done.

"I think it's just lovely that Bill Hart and his wife, Winifred Westover, are expecting a little arrival. They say that Bill is tickled to death about it. But he got awfully cross, the other day, because Winifred went and bought a dozen or two—well, you know—necessary little things for a baby that you fasten with safety pins—and had them charged to Bill. Bill said it would be all over Hollywood!

"So Leota Lorraine has been heard from again! Viola Dana wrote me a letter, the other day, while on tour, and says she met Leota on the street in Kansas City, and that Leota is married to a business man there, and is very happy. She wanted to go back on the screen, but her husband wouldn't let her; and now, she told Viola, she's glad that she didn't. She says marriage and home keeping are a regular career themselves, and she advised Viola, if she ever married, to give up the profession.

"Which reminds me. Viola has been on tour for several months, you know, and they do say that in Birmingham, Alabama, she has met the most wonderful man! Viola denies she is engaged to him, but she certainly did let him rush her a lot in his motor while she was there, and she danced with him, and he even followed her to Atlanta! Well, if I were a man, and wanted to follow anybody, I'm sure it would be Viola.

"Finished with your tea—already? I'm sure my watch must be fast. But no matter now."

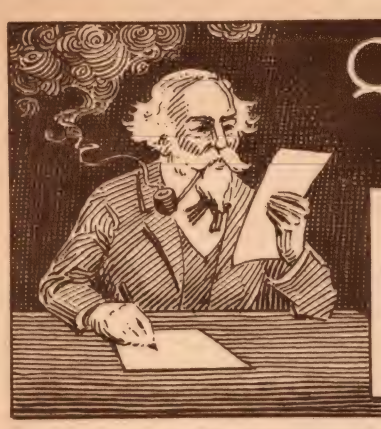
And Irma gathered up her silver fox fur and her gloves, and tip-tilted away on her little high heels.

"Helen Ferguson is a plucky girl, I'll tell the world."

"So Mildred Harris has gone into vaudeville."

"And speaking of trouble, even if Madge Bellamy is the nicest little girl in pictures, still . . . I heard . . ."

"Viola Dana has been on tour for several months. They do say in Birmingham, Alabama, she has met the most wonderful man!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

I have joined the staff of "Movie Weekly" just to answer questions. Wouldn't you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? All right, then, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

During the past month I have been besieged with dozens of inquiries of this type: "Who was born in Oshkosh, is six feet tall and has big feet?" Now when scores of letters come in all asking about the very same players in such a left-handed fashion, it makes me wonder if the writers think they are fooling me. Because they aren't.

And while I would like to see as many of my fan friends as possible win out in their various contests, it seems rather unfair to other publications for me to tell you the answers to their contests. Did you ever ask someone to guess a riddle and then have a third person spoil it all by giving away the answer? Then you see the point.

TUFT LUCK—You know, Tuft, I've a suspicion that you don't know how to spell the word "tough." Am I right? Buck Jones—now known as Charles—is American, born in Indiana at some mysterious date that no one knows but his family and his family's Bible. His growth was stunted just before he reached six feet and he makes the scales jump to 173. Pearl White played in "The Lightning Raider."

BOBBIE BREEN—Do I like to be of service to the ladies? Well, rather! You have but to command! Now don't adore Tom Mix and Frank Mayo too much, because they're both married. Unless you think that doesn't matter. Tom used to be a Texas cowboy and then a Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War, and Frank came from a family of actors. He was born in New York in 1886. I can give you more detailed information about them by mail—but where shall I have the postman take the letter?

B. MITCHELL—This answer isn't very quick, is it? But I have a waiting list of several hundred. Yes, Marie Prevost lived in Denver some years ago. She is twenty-three and not married. Hurrah—is that what you say?

SPLASH ME—How do I know if Wallace Reid has a crush on Agnes Ayres? He doesn't confide his love affairs to me. He probably goes home after work each night, as all model husbands should. Rodolph's next picture is "Beyond the Rocks," and Dick Barthelmess will be seen in "Seven Days." Where am I to find room for all the addresses you want? Shall I publish a supplement for your benefit? Write and tell me where you are at home—when you are.

BLUE EYES—One of these age hounds! Pearl is thirty-two and Bebe is twenty-one. Pearl threatens to go on the stage if she can find a play to suit her. Nazimova was born in Russia.

MRS. MAY NOVAK—Tell your little boy that Tom Mix has a wee little daughter just one month old. Tom's hobbies are horseback riding and writing. I'm sorry I don't know his height. His address is 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood, where you can write him for a picture, enclosing a quarter. I am not sure whether T. Roy Barnes is married.

ELLA C.—You sent your letter to The Rambler, Ella (I'm jealous), but she doesn't answer questions. Casting directors engage actresses, but keep themselves anonymous.

M. E.—No, I am not the same answer man you used to write to last year. He had nervous prostration trying to keep all these movie marriages straight. Sorry, M. E., you're a few months too late with your poetry; "Movie Weekly" isn't publishing any more poems.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW—Abraham Lincoln was anxious to know, too, and that was the secret of his rise to the presidency. I never heard of Jim Westcott. He'd better write me at once and introduce himself. Ruth Roland's address is 605 S. Norton Ave., Los Angeles. Her picture will cost a quarter.

MISS JACKIE CURTIS—You say you will continue to buy "Movie Weekly" until we have Wallace Reid's picture in the center. You don't think that's an inducement for us to publish it, do you? We want you to buy the magazine. However, we will print his picture shortly. It was also published in the issue for June 11, 1921. The only way I know to get a photo of him is to ask him for one.

DODE—Yes, Bill Farnum is still on the job and so is Dustin, and they both draw their pay from William Fox. Bill was the one who played in "Riders of the Purple Sage." His next picture is "A Stage Romance." He can be reached at Fox's New York Studio, 55th St. and 10th Ave.

MOVIE MAD—Have you just seen "The Poppy?" Tell the manager of your picture show that Norma has played in several films since then. Eugene O'Brien doesn't play opposite her any more; he's a star himself now. He was born in Colorado in 1884 and has been in movies for about six years. He doesn't like to commit himself as to his favorite actress. Dorothy Gish's latest picture is "Orphans of the Storm," about six months' old. Agnes Ayres is divorced from Frank Schusker. For the present, she and Rodolph will not again appear together.

A. A.—I'm sure Tom Mix will appreciate it if you write and tell him how much you like his acting. His address is 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood.

TOOTSIE—You ought to be a very nice girl, since you come from a town called Superior. Sorry I don't know Sessue Hayakawa's home address, but he will get your letter at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. And Richard Dix gets his mail at Goldwyn, Culver City.

ZAROOK—You ask me what the right weight is for a seventeen-year-old girl who is five feet four in height. Did you mistake me for the family doctor? However, I believe 125 is given as the proper weight for your size. Gloria Swanson's two ex-husbands are Wallace Beery and Herbert Sanborn. Claire Windsor is also divorced.

ADMIRER—How do all my fan friends guess that pink is my favorite color? Only it isn't; I'm neutral. I don't know why you didn't get Bebe Daniel's picture when you sent for it. The address was right, but sometimes the stars get so much fan mail that it would require a whole office force to answer it. Mary Miles Minter is not married. Betty Compson doesn't give her home address; her studio address is Lasky, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

RITA—So you once knew a Colonel who was awfully cranky? He probably let himself get old; why should he do that when monkey glands will keep us young? Antonio Moreno is thirty-three and five feet eight in height. His address is The Los Angeles Athletic Club.

LITTLE PAL—Nan in "Hail the Woman" was played by Madge Bellamy. She recently appeared in "The Call of the North" and is now at work on "Lorna Doone." She is a new little leading lady and is considered very beautiful. I do not know her personal address, but you can write her at First National, 6 West 48th St., New York.

SEVENTEEN—You know, Seventeen, you and I disagree on one point. You like serials and I do not. And I refused to be menaced by "The Yellow Menace" when it was shown. If you can tell me what company produced it, I will find out about it for you. Dustin Farnum and Ann Little were the principals in the old film production of "The Squaw Man." No, William Fox is not making serials just now.

J. ROYCE—The "great Richard Talmadge" is so great that I had never even heard of him until your letter reached me. I have since learned that posters announce "Douglas Fairbanks knows him," so maybe you had better ask Doug about him. He has the advantage of me. I don't believe "The Mark of Zorro" and "The Mollycoddle" were ever put out in book form.

GREASED LIGHTNING—I see you have "fallen for" one of the bathing beauties whose pictures were published in the magazine. She is just one of the Mack Sennett "also rans" and even the company doesn't know who she is. I have no address for Maryon Aye, but you can probably reach her in care of The Western Pictures Exploitation Co., I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles. She is being co-starred with Bob Reeves in "Fingers of Fate," a Cactus Feature. Florence Gilbert, Warner Brothers Studio, Bronson Ave. and Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Jacqueline Logan, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

BOBBY—No, Bobby, Bebe is not married. "Ain't that grand?" Why not? Gosh, that's a hard one. Write her at Realart Studio, 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. Elaine Hammerstein isn't married either—you're lucky in picking out the single ones, but you guessed wrong with May Allison. She is Mrs. Robert Ellis. She can be reached at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Elaine's address is Selznick, 729 Seventh Ave., New York. Is Eugene O'Brien handsome? All together now, girls, is he?

FORGET ME NOT—I think too much of my life to try to settle your argument as to which is the better looking, Rodolph or Wallie. They both have too many admirers. Agnes Ayres is twenty-three, and has blonde hair and gray eyes. She is divorced from Frank Schusker; no, she has no children. Ruth Roland is twenty-eight and Wallie a year older—though I have also heard that he is thirty-one. Mae Murray doesn't give her age. Did you see the picture of Rodolph in "Movie Weekly," March 4th?

MAE McC.—Such a complimentary letter as yours should be published, like the testimonials in the patent medicine ads. Thanks for the suggestions. We don't get many pictures of Montagu Love or Robert Warwick, but if we ever get a real good one—and that's the difficulty—we'll remember your request.

JUMBO—I doubt, Jumbo, if you expect to be taken seriously when you ask if Wallie Reid is dead. Couldn't you think of enough questions to ask? Yes, Tony Moreno is still in the movies, his latest picture being, "The Secret of the Hills." Forrest Stanley will probably send you his photo for a quarter. Rodolph, so my fan friends tell me, charges thirty-five cents for his picture.

MISS CHERRY BLOSSOM—Gosh, but I'm sick of Rodolph! We published his picture March 4th. Yes, he probably likes to hear from his admirers, but he is so buried in letters that he had to give up trying to answer them.

FILM FLAM

Strike When a Man's Up—Not Down

LESLIE HISCOTT, Director George Fitzmaurice's assistant, has sworn off working with Italian cameramen. Give him nice, untemperamental Americans every time, says Leslie. These "furriners" are too undependable.

This is what happened to Leslie—and no wonder he got peevish.

After the whole company had puffed and climbed and breathed a sigh of relief at reaching the top of an Alp—one of *the* Alps—without so much as stubbing their toes, the Italian cameraman got temperamental.

He suddenly decided the time had come to hit the boss for more pay. He had just been reading those efficiency ads and they went right to his head. And besides, he had a very strong argument.

The argument was that unless he could take home more lires or something in his pay envelope, he would hurl his camera right off the Alp. Not being a serial camera, it would probably never have recovered.

"Of course," said Mr. Hiscott, "it was nothing short of a hold-up, and it needed all my diplomacy to smooth matters over. But I did—for a time, anyway."

Can't somebody find an ambassadorship for Leslie?

* * * * *

Sam Is a Tactful Man

"Sam," said Gloria Swanson to her director, Sam Wood, "do you realize we've been working together nearly a year now?"

"Yes," grinned the director, "and I haven't won a battle yet!"

That doesn't mean that Gloria swings a mean rolling pin or anything. With a face like hers, she doesn't need to!

* * * * *

Jeanie—A Jail Bird

Imagine! Jeanie Macpherson was arrested and sent to jail for four days. No, it wasn't for speeding.

"It's all in the day's work," said Miss Macpherson—or rather, four days' work, and good work, too. Now the scenario writer knows just how it feels and no one can tell her the prison scenes in "Manslaughter" are not true to life.

For on her way east to consult Alice Duer Miller, the author of "Manslaughter," Miss Macpherson made arrangements with the police in a Mid-Western town to be arrested and treated just like a regular prisoner for four days. So that's that.

* * * * *

This Is What George Did

George Walsh, who is appearing in "With Stanley in Africa," has always felt very proud of his skill on horseback; but pride goeth before a fall, so the Bible says, and that's what happened to George. He had the fall. It all happened because George is so polite.

He was galloping along at a great rate when he saw a flivver approaching. George believes in protecting the weak, so he drew his steed to the side of the road to let the flivver pass. Soft ground crumpled under the horse's feet; he made a beautiful bow and then sat right down.

Not to be outdone, George made his bow too, into the air and onto a rock. He bunged up his eye and skinned his nose and mussed up a perfectly satisfactory set of features. Filming was suspended until the features warped back into shape, so Stanley had to worry along in Africa without him for several days.

A Scentimental Scene

Think of it, girls! Gloria played a joke on Rodolph. The very idea!

In a scene in "Beyond the Rocks," in which the two stars play together, Rodolph is supposed to pick up her scented lace handkerchief and crush it to his lips.

So when this episode was filmed, Rodolph dutifully picked up the kerchief with an ecstatic look and pressed it to his face. But the ecstatic look got pushed off his face by a look of dismay as Rodolph dropped the handkerchief. From behind the director came a shriek of laughter, followed by Gloria.

Instead of perfume, she had placed a couple of pieces of garlic in the handkerchief.

"It was supposed to be scented," she explained demurely.

Shirley Mason hears "her master's voice"—or maybe she's learning Spanish.

Safety First

Maclyn Arbuckle in the title role of "The Prodigal Judge," is supposed to fight a duel, but on the morning of the duel he awakens to find that his friend has taken all of his clothes and left to appear in his place. So he wraps a blanket about him and goes to the field of honor dressed like Julius Caesar or somebody. That is all as it should be according to the story.

The scene was shot along a deserted road, where there was no traffic. Mr. Arbuckle took his position and at the signal from Director Jose, he started running down the road. His appearance, of course, was most un-ballroom-like; his blanket flopped behind him in the breezes and he waved a pistol wildly in the air. Altogether, he didn't look like a man you'd be cordial toward on a dark night.

Just at that moment, a negro stepped into the road in front of him and gave one horrified glance. "Oh, Lord, save me," he yelled, "the debbil's done got me." He gave a deer-like leap and cleared a fence, while Arbuckle flapped his blanket with glee.

What If They All Talked at Once?

"What does this Russian mean, I wonder?" asks one of the scribes at the Paramount studio.

"Ask Theodore, he knows!" is the answer, for if Theodore Kosloff doesn't know Russian, who does? And Olga Printzlau, scenario writer, can actually make sense out of those funny looking Danish words. Paul Iribe, Art Director, was born right in Paris and speaks French like a native. Why shouldn't he?

Walter Hiers reminds us that we shouldn't forget his skill as a translator. "I can translate English into slang at any time!" says he.

* * * * *

Reel Fights

"Have you met Clarence Burton?" asked Director Paul Powell, as he introduced to Agnes Ayres the well-known "heavy" who will be the villain of "The Ordeal," her next Paramount picture.

The star smiled as she recalled how often Clarence had been cast as her worthless husband.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "Mr. Burton and I have fought several times before."

* * * * *

Emoting the Wrong Emote!

Priscilla Dean came onto the Universal lot ready for work in "That Lass o' Lowrie's" feeling like a million dollars and ninety cents more. The world was wonderful and so on! Then she was told that she would have to weep today and "The Song of India" was played very dismally to prove it.

Neely Edwards, comedian, arrived at the studio feeling like the first half of the Salvation Army motto. Maybe the name of his new comedy, "The Inheritance Tax" might have reminded him that Income Tax time is with us again. Anyway, he was glum.

And then he was greeted with the information that he was supposed to laugh his head off that morning. "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?" was played for him to laugh at.

So there were he and Priscilla Dean envying each other and weeping and laughing. It's a great life.

* * * * *

It Wasn't Their Blizzard

"Awaiting a blizzard!"

So read the report of one unit of "With Stanley in Africa" for four days in succession. Each day the production managers at Universal City turn in a report to the Director-General regarding the day's activities. But what should they want with a blizzard for scenes in Africa, reasoned the Director-General.

He summoned William Craft and Bert Dorris into his office. They were the director and production manager and should know all about it.

"I've read this story clear through the eighteen episodes," said the Director-General, "and I can't find out why the Sam Hill you need a blizzard."

"We have to have one," said Craft, "but not to photograph. We need L. C. Shumway, one of the principals, for re-takes. He's on location at Truckee with another company waiting for a blizzard. He can't leave to come here until they've had one. So we're waiting for one ourselves."

The reputation of California for hot weather remains intact, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce can breathe freely.

A. M. T.

What if the rope should break!

An Intimate Story of the Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(*Continued from page* 5)

"Dorothy was always getting herself into predicaments because of her seriousness," Lillian added. "Tell about that fire scene in 'East Lynne,' Dorothy."

"Oh, yes," Dorothy laughed. "I was playing in 'Dian O'Dare,' and if you have seen it, you will remember there is a big love scene in which the hero pours out his love to the heroine. Well, in our production, the stage director placed this scene in front of a fireplace. There were logs, realistic enough, to be sure, but beneath them burned some electric lamps instead of the flames which were supposed to lick them. From the audience, the log fire looked just as natural as it would at home, but from backstage you could see all the trappings. There was an opening above the logs, for the back of the fireplace with space in between.

"The hero and the heroine began their scene, and the leading man was carrying it on to its fiery conclusion when suddenly they became aware of snickers and guffaws from the audience. They peered out of the corners of their eyes, looked about to see what was amiss, but could find nothing. Some stagehands looked on from the wings, wondering what the laughter, which was increasing in volume, was about. Finally, one stagehand spotted the cause of the trouble. I had seen the opening in the back of the fireplace, walked into it, not thinking that I could be seen from the audience, and sat down on the logs in the midst of the fire. The stagehand seized me by the waist, and the curtain fell. It was the best laugh 'East Lynne' ever got. I suppose I just dreamily walked through the fireplace, saw the audience, and decided to look them over. That's the only reason I can find for sitting in the fire."

As your acquaintance with the girls grows you notice the difference between them, Dorothy's nervous energy, Lillian's calmer nature. Dorothy went on to relate another story which bears upon her nervousness, something which has prevented her from playing upon the stage since the days when she grew from a child into a beautiful woman.

"We always tried to keep the family together. Mamma always wanted to be with the both of us, but that wasn't always possible, for although most of the old melodramas had one stage child, few required two or more. So eventually we had to separate. I was confided to the care of a woman I knew as 'Aunt Alice,' and she took good care of me.

"But I had a bad habit, that of picking the threads out of the hems of my dresses. I would sit in a corner, start fidgeting, begin picking threads out and finally the hem would slip out and the dress would be down to my ankles. Aunt Alice caught me a couple of times and scolded me, but it did no good. Finally, she told me that if I ever did it again she would take my clothes away from me. That stopped me for a while, but about three days later, I began to pick the threads out as usual. I was in the midst of my game, when in walked Aunt Alice.

"'I meant what I told you,' she scolded. 'Come here!'

"And 'here' I went. Off went my dress, she confiscated it, and gave me in its place, a boy's suit, belonging to a boy member of the company.

"'And now you'll have to go back to the hotel just like that,' she told me.

"Well, I don't suppose it is such a terrible disgrace for a girl of eight to walk down the street in boy's clothes, but it seemed so to me. I cried and cried, but she had no mercy, so to the hotel I walked, dressed as a boy. And I never plucked the threads from my dresses again."

It was Lillian's turn. "You know it sounds just too funny to tell the names of the plays in which we acted," she laughed. "The first one was 'In Convict's Stripes.' Then there was 'East Lynne,' 'Her First False Step,' 'At Duty's Call,' 'The Child Wife.' 'Mr. Blarney From Ireland,' 'Dian O'Dare,' 'The Coward,' 'The Truthtellers,' and Dorothy played down in Philadelphia in 'Editha's Burglar.'"

"That was a funny play," Dorothy suddenly remembered. "It was all about a man who left home one night and returned later as a burglar to steal from his own safe. I had the best role in that play, practically the lead, and I can hear myself piping out the funniest line I ever had.

"You see, I was supposed to be awakened by the burglar and to come downstairs and catch him at his work. I stood on the stairs in my nightgown and said:

"'Leave us enough knives and forks for breakfast, daddy,' in a shrill, piping voice. Well, the audience just roared at that line. It was a big hit."

Reminiscence brought reminiscence, and Lillian recalled with quite apparent joy, how the Gishes and the Pickfords happened upon one another. This happy friendship, which began in childhood, has never ceased.

"The last time Mary was in town, we rode down Fifth Avenue together in her Rolls-Royce," she related. "And Mary couldn't help saying:

"'Well, Lillian, who'd ever have thought in the old days, we'd be as successful as this!'"

"We were playing in Toronto one season and mamma was able to get an engagement in New York. We gave our notice to the management, and they made the rounds of the managers' offices in Toronto looking for someone to take our places. I was there with Aunt Alice at that time, and when the offer was made to a certain Mrs. Smith, who had a daughter Gladys, Mrs. Smith said she could not take the engagement for her little girl without finding a place for her other two children, Lottie and Jack. The play was 'The Little Red School House,' and there was a schoolroom scene in it, in which a lot of children were used. As a rule we got extra children in the towns we played in for a dollar a performance, but the management needed little Gladys and decided to use Lottie and Jack in that scene as well.

"So the whole Smith family went to New York with us. Mrs. Smith wasn't sure at first that we were the sort of stage children for her two girls and a boy to associate with, for stage children are not all particularly nice, but by the time we reached New York, she was convinced that we were all right. She had never been in New York before, and Gladys had only played in stock in Toronto, so we asked her to come to live with us.

"For two weeks we all lived together in the same house on Thirty-Seventh Street. Then Mary Pickford went out with the company, and when she came back we all lived together again for a time.

"When Mary was here last, we planned to visit that house and have our picture taken, sitting on the steps, as we used to sit. Those were the days when it was a joy to go down to the corner and buy an ice cream sandwich for two cents, when Mary, and Jack and Lottie used to play all sorts of games with us. We were a happy, big family, and had lots of fun together. But Mary wasn't able to find time for the picture, so it hasn't been taken yet, but it will be soon. We moved about New York quite a bit, but we lived longest on Thirty-seventh Street, and that is where our friendship really began.

"Mary was always a most serious young lady, even then. To hear her talk to her mother you'd think that Mary was the mother, and Mrs. Pickford the child. 'Now don't forget your rubbers,' she would say to Jack. 'Mamma, have you got your muffler?' she would tell her mother, when she went out. She acted as a little mother for all of us."

The story of how Lillian and Dorothy Gish entered the movies, how Lillian played with Mary Pickford in a stage production, and incidents of the Biograph and Reliance days with D. W. Griffith, will be related in next week's issue.

Back Pay, ***Cosmopolitan Prod.—Paramount***

A screen version of Fannie Hurst's novel of the same name, tells the story of a girl who stole her birthright to worldly success and later tried to pay the bill. With a weather eye on the censors, the makers of this picture have reduced the love and money affairs of Hester, as catalogued in this book, to about two; one, commercialized, with the approved screen type of libertine; the other with a war veteran. Hester steps out of her life of self-indulgence with the first to marry (through pity), the second—a blind, consumptive soldier. The soldier dies soon and she drops back with the cheque book man. Later we see her breaking loose from her dishonest ease, back at the foot of the ladder, a working girl once more at living wages. The work of Matt Moore as the ex-soldier is gratifying in its simplicity. Seena Owen, as Hester, is sincere, but the zigzagging quality of this vacillating Hurst heroine—true, it may be, to life—is magnified when projected on the screen. Considering, however, the sympathy daily accorded to screen figures who go Hester's way with never a veer in the right direction, it seems but fair to extend a little to the girl who sooner or later did "come back."

Glass Houses, ***Metro***

Joy Duval (Viola Dana), a girl of the leisure class, finds that she no longer has an income and that she must marry, work or starve. She makes herself dowdy in horn-rimmed glasses and sloppy things to wear (you should see Viola Dana!) and gets work as a mentor (whatever that is) to one young Billy Norton. Billy is indifferent to the owl-eyed young woman foisted on him by a loving aunt as a sort of female tutor, but compromises Joy quite accidentally, whereupon the aunt insists that they must marry. That Joy is really a beauty in disguise—one of the Duvals, you know—and so on, is divulged, and all ends well. Gaston Glass and Mayme Kelso play in this neat farce.

A Doll's House, ***Nazimova Prod.—United Artists***

The Ibsen play adapted for the screen a third time and this time with Nazimova in the role made famous by her on the English-speaking stage—of Nora, the volatile, puerile, irresponsible wife of Torvald Helmer, or rather the wife who tried to be these things because she thought it was demanded of her by her fatuous husband. Nazimova did not try to make Nora sympathetic on the stage, nor does she on the screen. She is evasive, silly, tantalizing, deceitful—but she is not built for tragedy and she goes out to meet it.

Tracked to Earth, ***Universal***

Frank Mayo in a Western thriller. Mayo plays Charlie Cranmer, vice-president of a bank, who chases horse thieves and is taken for one himself. About to be hung, he makes a getaway but falls up to his neck in sand under the eyes of his pursuers. Then come the thrills. Closeups show Cranmer's reactions to the bullets whizzing about his head, the harrowing uncertainty of the heroine (Virginia Valli). He is, of course, rescued and identified. Mayo acquits himself handsomely of a role calling for acting of an unusual sort.

The Song of Life (*John M. Stahl Prod.*), *Louis B. Mayer—Asso. First National*

A woman forsakes her husband's house and her child because she detests housework. Twenty-five years later we find her paying the price of her desertion as a dishwasher in a restaurant. She gets work as a maid in the house of her son, a writer now and married. His wife who, too, hates housework, betrays him. He learns of it, and shoots his rival. The climax comes when the mother, put through the third degree by the police, admits the prisoner is her son. The wounded man gets well and withdraws his charge; the wife repents.

E. P. G.

THE PHILANTHROPIC BANK BURGLAR

By JOHN W. GRAY

* * *

FIRST INSTALMENT

JACK KENNARD at twenty-nine was good to look at. His four years at Yale, during which he pulled the stroke oar on the varsity eight, pitched for the baseball team and played right half back at football, together with his boxing and wrestling activities, left him physically fit to cope with and dominate any emergency that might arise. He was an athlete and looked the part.

He was a trifle under six feet; he tipped the scales at approximately one hundred and seventy-five—one hundred and seventy-five pounds of bone and muscle. His hair was jet black and was pushed back pompadour fashion, revealing the high, well-formed forehead of the thinker. The face that was lined and tanned by a life spent out in the open, was the face of a leader, a fighter, an individual with a contemptuous disregard for obstacles and a passion for doing the things he had made up his mind to do.

The eyes strengthened the impression that one got from the face, great dark blue eyes that radiated intelligence and understanding, searching and penetrating and sparkling with determination.

Great athletes are seldom good scholars, but Jack was the exception to the rule, a better student never entered the halls of Old Eli, nor a more popular one.

Extraordinary things were expected of him when he graduated with honors at the head of his class in the Yale School of Chemistry. Many thought he would become one of the world's greatest chemists. Jack, however, never lived up to the predictions of his friends, for away back in the well-developed brain of this individual there was something, whatever it was, that always led him into doing the most impossible and the most inexplicable things. This something, call it what you will, caused him to prostitute his knowledge of chemistry and become one of the greatest bank burglars in the world, a scientific criminal, the master mind of the underworld.

Neither environment, booze, drugs, poverty nor any of the rest of the factors that are responsible for most of the criminals that plunder and kill had anything to do with his deserting the beaten trail of respectability for the life of the bandit. He didn't drink, he had never used tobacco in any form, or drugs. Women played a small part in his life and if we look down along the line of his ancestors for a century or more we find nothing but the highest type of men and women, therefore, heredity had absolutely nothing to do with his "fall from grace."

An unusual crook, you will probably say. Yes, very unusual!

The first class hotels of the country with their luxurious furnishings and their atmosphere of wealth and refinement had no more attraction for him than the dumps and dives of the underworld with their cheap, gaudy decorations and their aroma of all that was revolting and devitalizing. He seldom visited either, his havens of rest throughout the country were the different Y. M. C. A.'s, of which he was a member.

For five years after his graduation from Yale he maintained his laboratory in New York. His hours of toil were not regulated, he worked as his fancy and his will dictated. One day he might get down to his work rooms at nine in the morning and work until two in the afternoon, another day it would be from eight in the morning until ten at night, while not infrequently he would get up out of bed in the middle of the night and work with some new formula until the first streak of dawn illuminated the earth.

He was indeed a creature of impulse.

During these five years he cultivated few friends. He was so tremendously absorbed in his work that he had very little time and much less disposition to go out into society.

He had two friends, Henry Haberly and George Biddle, both former Yale men. The latter was recognized as one of the young financial wizards of Wall Street, while Henry had the reputation of being one of the greatest neuro-pathologists in the country. Biddle's passion was making money and mixing with the elite of New York society. He had few constructive interests in life. Henry, on the other hand, was a doer of good; wealth and society meant nothing to him. Society with its meaningless display of wealth, half dressed women and under-educated men gave him no concern whatsoever. Henry and Jack were utterly unlike George in every way and their relationship with him was only continued because of their college sentiment.

For five years after their graduation it had been a custom for the class to meet once a month for dinner in the Waldorf Grill, at which times George never failed to bring up the subject of Jack and Henry "stepping" out into society and the subject, incidentally, was always side-tracked, much to George's chagrin, for society, in his opinion, was an essential element of progress. He didn't believe that one could be a success in life if one didn't have a reputation as a social lion.

"Why don't you do something constructive with your wealth," Henry said to him on the occasion of one of these meetings.

"Ha. Ha," laughed George, "you radicals are a scream."

"There is so much good that you could do," continued Henry, "if you would only do it instead of wasting your time running around the drawing rooms with a lot of half-naked women."

"Tell me," he said, "what would you do if you were wealthy?"

"What would I do," replied Henry, "a thousand different things."

"Be specific," exclaimed George.

"Well," continued Henry, "I should build a hospital for the treatment of criminals that we are now brutalizing in our prisons."

"Prisons," said George, "are necessary."

"Nonsense," replied Henry, "you talk like an idiot."

"Well, what are you going to do with the crooks?"

"Treat them scientifically," answered Henry. "You can't reform criminals by beating them like beasts. Crime is a disease and should be treated by scientific methods."

Henry then launched off into a dissertation on how he could cure at least fifty per cent of the criminal population that society was sending to prison day in and day out. It was evident that Jack was engrossingly interested in what Henry was saying. The cause of the downtrodden always had an especial appeal for him. When Henry finished he said:

"Do you mean to say that you are not able to interest people in such a humanitarian cause?"

"Yes," replied Henry, "I do."

"Well I'll be damned!" exclaimed Jack.

"They're too damn busy entertaining to bother about such projects," declared Henry rather passionately.

"Well," interrupted George, "from now on there will be a decrease of crime amongst one class of crooks."

"Which class are you referring to?" Jack asked him.

"Bank burglars," replied George.

"And why fewer crimes amongst them?" continued Jack.

"The safe makers have just built a burglar-proof safe."

"How sure are you that it's absolutely burglar-proof?"

"I witnessed an experiment today at the safe works, a drill applied to the door left no impression at all," George answered.

"Does that make it burglar-proof?" interrogated Jack.

"Certainly," said George, "they can't drill it, therefore they can't get the powder into it, and since there isn't any other explosive that they can use, why the safe is burglar-proof."

"What's the name of this safe?"

"The Harlan Automatic Time Locker," replied George.

When Jack left Henry and George that night he went direct to his laboratory. He was in deep revery, thought-ridden and filled with strange feelings and fancies that he was hardly able to understand or explain. "It's a hell of a world," he murmured to himself. "A hell of a world," he repeated. "Why all this injustice, inequality, sorrow, misery and poverty? The rich stand by and see people going deeper and deeper into the depths for the want of institutions to treat and cure them, while they bask in the sunshine of wealth and luxury. Think of the good that Henry could do if he only had the means to do it and what a tragedy it is that he cannot get it to carry on his humanitarian work."

He paced the floor of his laboratory like a lion in its cage. Suddenly he exclaimed dramatically:

"By God! if they won't give to those that need help, it should be taken away from them. It's no crime to steal from such people, and if I can only work out a formula for a liquid explosive I'll plunder their banks and give the proceeds to those strange, slum-dwarfed unfortunates to whom smiles, happiness and luxuries are unknown things. I shall see that Henry has a hospital to treat the denizens of the underworld."

For three weeks he labored almost night and day. Several times he thought he had the formula only to find on subsequent experiments that it lacked something or other, he knew not what. He dug into the history of chemistry from the days of Parcelsus, and step by step he covered the long, tortuous trail of its development over century and century by Boyle, Lavoisier, Fourcroy, Lunge, Winkler and Sobrero.

Finally his efforts were crowned with success, for out of nitrate of soda, nitric acid, sulphur and sulphurous acids, glycerine, water, nitrous gas and fulminate of mercury, in peculiar parts, he got a liquid explosive and the agencies with which to explode it. He figured on the possibility of detection, so he arranged the mixture of these ingredients in such a manner that no chemist could analyze it and declare it to be an explosive unless all the different parts were properly apportioned. He intended to carry these chemicals in two separate bottles; if he were ever arrested, no one would know what they were or what they were used for.

The successful consumation of crime was to be a science with him, he was determined that no rogues gallery would ever contain his picture, therefore, he worked out another formula to defeat bloodhounds that he knew would be put on his trail in the course of his criminal career. This was a comparatively easy undertaking, for within twenty-four hours he had solved the problem with a mixture of chloroform, nitrous acid, bromide of potassium and oil of mustard. No bloodhound in the world could follow him once he applied this mixture to rags tied on his shoes. Subsequent experiments with a bloodhound proved that conclusively.

He then read everything that he could find on the underworld, the vernacular of thieves and their methods. He read the book written by Langdon W. Moore, one of the first American bank burglars. He went to the library and got Inspector Byrnes' book on "Great American Criminals," so when he finished he was fairly well posted on the doings of the "prowlers in the dark."

He would use skin tight rubber gloves to obviate the possibility of detection by finger prints.

HELP

IT was nearly midnight when he closed up his laboratory and started for his apartment in Central Park West. The theatres had dropped their final curtains, the restaurants were crowding up rapidly with the after-the-theatre crowds, the jazz bands in the cabarets were jingling, mirth and revelry were prevalent everywhere, the night life was at its height as he walked up Broadway.

At Fifty-ninth Street he turned off Broadway and entered the park. His attention was suddenly attracted to a scene on the lawn. He heard cursing, loud voices and an occasional groan as though somebody were being beaten. He stopped and listened and looked. It was quite dark and he couldn't see very distinctly, but as if by magic the moon came from behind a mane of tawny clouds and threw a ray of light over the lawn, revealing

(*Continued on page 26*)

How would You like to

In publishing the names and photographs of the prize winning girls in the POPULAR HIGH SCHOOL GIRL CONTEST and the names of some of the others whose records placed them in the near-prize-winning-class, "Movie Weekly" wishes to thank every girl who participated, together with their friends and associates who provided such hearty backing.

In view of the large prizes offered the winners in this contest, we had hoped that practically every high school in the United States would enter one or more girls to take part and we believe that in another contest they would do so.

We have been giving some thought to the idea of running another in the fall and will welcome letters of approval from high school girls in all parts of the country who are willing to enter if we decide in the affirmative.

Checks will be mailed to the five winning girls within a few days after the publication of this issue of "Movie Weekly."

1	**HELEN R. BLANK ($3,000)**.. Toledo, O., Scott H. S.	22,887
2	**MARIE LINAHAN ($1,000)**.. Binghamton, N. Y., Binghamton H. S.	13,726
3	**LUCILLE MILLER, ($500)**.... Oshkosh, Wis., Oshkosh H. S.	6,122
4	**ALMA CELLA ($300)**..... E. Elmhurst, N. Y., Flushing H. S.	5,632
5	**LORETTA WAGNER ($200)**.. Cincinnati, O., St. Boniface H. S.	5,282
6	**OLIVE G. FRAZER**..... Oyster Bay, N. Y., Oyster Bay H. S.	4,306
7	**HANNAH JOSEPH** ..... Austin, Texas, Austin H. S.	4,122
8	**YETTA SEINFELD** ..... Brooklyn, N. Y., East Dist. H. S.	2,953
9	**RUTH NEHRING** ..... Brooklyn, N. Y., Erasmus Hall H. S.	2,277
10	**BETTY BENDIT** ..... New York, N. Y., Washington Irving H. S.	1,063
11	**MABEL POLLOCK** ..... Ada, Okla., E. C. S. N.	912
12	**ALLEAT JOHNSON** ..... Fond du Lac, Wis., McKinley H. S.	799

40 Baldwin Street,
Binghamton, N. Y.
February 12, 1922.

CONTEST EDITOR, "Movie Weekly,"
119 West 40th Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

In answer to your telegram, which I received this morning, I will try to give you an account of my life.

I was born in Binghamton, New York and have lived there all my life. January 2, 1922 was my 17th birthday.

In June, 1918 I graduated from St. Mary's Parochial School and entered the "Binghamton Central High School" in September of the same year as a student in the Commercial Course. I expect to graduate in June, 1922.

At present I am vice-president of the "Friday Club" one of the social organizations of our school and secretary of the High School Chamber of Commerce.

I am interested in music but am undecided as to whether I will continue the study of it or enter the business field after graduation.

Very truly yours,
MARIE LINAHAN.

Toledo, Ohio.
2335 Warren Street,
February 12, 1922.

"MOVIE WEEKLY" CONTEST EDITOR,
New York City.

Dear Contest Editor:

This is my first attempt at writing and autobiography and I will try to give you, as best I can, a few facts. I reached my sixteenth birthday last New Year's Eve at (6:30 p. m.). Perhaps that accounts for my being a little out of the ordinary, being a New Year's baby.

As far back as I can remember, I have always been quite a "movie fan" and have quite a collection of pictures (some eighty), of our most noted actresses and actors. When I was younger, I can also remember that I was often called upon to entertain at church festivals, usually singing lullabys with my dolls, etc., and at one time unconsciously winding up with a sort o' what you might call these days, "shimmy dance." I was always considered quite a tomboy, getting into all sorts o' scrapes, at the age of seven being rescued from under a row-boat and many other thrilling happenings which I will not take time to relate. I have always been very fond of music from a child up, and I began when very young to take lessons. My mother, having been a pipe organist and also teaching music, being my first teacher. So it was very natural and very easy for me to play whatever was expected of me. My father, sisters and brothers also are all very musically inclined. So we have some great times together.

Mother and dad say that the first thing of all is that I am domestically inclined. I make friends very easily and I have a great many whom I love dearly.

Since being in the contest and after having seen my picture I was greatly surprised and also delighted to receive a great number of letters from apparent strangers who seemed interested in me and sending in a great many votes for me, as they told me and wishing me all kinds of success in this contest; one of them being from a Honolulu native, who sent in several.

One of my favorite actors in the movies is Mr. Bert Lytell, and I had the great pleasure of meeting him in person a few weeks ago, while his picture "The Idle Rich" was being shown on the screen at Loew's Theatre, Toledo.

I hope I have given you a few satisfactory facts regarding my life in response to your telegram of February 11th, and here's hoping that I win, because I've worked very hard in this contest and I am anxious to hear from you.

Very sincerely yours.
HELEN ROSE BLANK.

P. S.—I am sending in this same mail, picture as you requested me to do. If there is any more information you would like to have, I would be glad to give it to you.

be one of these Lucky girls?

Lucille Miller

February 12 ,1922.

"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

Your telegram of February 11 was received at noon today. In response to your request I am inclosing two photographs of myself. I think neither of them is exactly cabinet size, but they are the only ones available on such short notice. I hope that you will find one of them satisfactory.

The following is a short account of my life: I am seventeen years old, and was born in Oshkosh January 12, 1905. I attended the Dale School of Oshkosh, where I was a member of the Girl's Indoor Baseball Team for several years acting in the capacity of pitcher for the last two seasons before entering high school. (I was never able to acquire the art of throwing a spit-ball, but managed to keep my team well up in the graded school league.)

I entered the Oshkosh High School in 1918, green and bashful, and with a "lost feeling," as I mixed for the first time with a thousand or more students. I soon found that the people I met here were just as human as those I had known for eight years at the Dale School, and much more enthusiastic about athletics. Both our Girls' and Boys' Departments of Physical Education and Athletics were alive and well developed, and together with some of my girl friends I spent a good many spare hours playing the girls' games and following the teams in their interscholastic contests. During the past semester I have held the position of Girl Manager of Athletics, but I think they "picked a lemon." Again, during last semester the student body "picked a lemon," when in a contest put on by the school paper, I was elected the most representative girl in the school. You had better not mention this in print, as I am sure there are a good many other girls in the school more deserving of this honor.

I am in the class of 1922, and hope to prepare myself later to teach Physical Education. It has been with this in mind that I have worked my hardest to win the "Movie Weekly" Contest. Our campaign was carried on with the High School Athletic Association as our working organization. I believe we have one of the strongest organizations on any high school in the country. The campaigners from the association certainly had things going big in spite of some unthinking and unreasonable opposition from a few people in a position to make our work much harder. Unfortunately for the last days of our campaign, school was practically closed for ten days, with no sessions at all for one entire week, during the final examination period. This worked against us in two ways. In the first place it put us out of close contact with our working body. In the second place it gave those who were carrying the hammers and mallets a chance to do their work without the counteracting influence which would have existed had school been in session. The knockers have much to be proud of; we hope they get their dues. However, we believe that in the long run their knocks will prove boosts for your circulation, although they did their damage at a time when we were not in contact with the students to successfully block their mud-slinging. At the rate we had things moving we should certainly have been able to get across another three or four thousand votes, had school remained in session.

I hope this gives you the things you are interested in. Never having been an editor, it is hard for me to tell just which things would make the best reading.

Respectfully yours,
LUCILLE MILLER.

Alma Cella

Loretta Wagner

East Elmhurst, N. Y., February 20, 1922.

Contest Editor,
"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Dear Sir:—

Replying to your inquiry for an account of my life I submit the following facts.

Fifteen years ago I was born in the city of New York. My father is of Italian parentage and my mother French, but I am a full-fledged American girl. When old enough I went to Public School No. 57 in Manhattan, from which I graduated twoWyearsWago.

At the present I am attending the Flushing High School and am a sophomore. I enjoy my lessons but believe that I like to travel more than anything else. In 1919 I went to California, where I spent eight months on the wonderful Western coast. I like the climate there and think it is most ideal, principally because one never experiences zero weather. The vineyards of California claimed my admiration, for there is nothing more beautiful to me than a beautiful expanse of country covered with flourishing vineyards.

I am fond of arts. Music I prefer and enjoy opera. I think that Aida is the most beautiful of all operas and Farrar and Muzzio are the best singers. My mother possesses a wonderful voice and from her I have learned some of my favorite operatic selections. I speak French and Spanish and love all kinds of modern dancing, fox-trotting, waltzing and one-stepping—I love them all and play no favorites.

When "Movie Weekly" started the Popular High School Girl Contest I entered it, but after a couple of months grew discouraged. My mother ousted this feeling and urged me to finish what I had started, so with the help of my younger sister, Ebe, I started out to get busy and capture one of those generous prizes offered to the five most popular girls in high schools all over the country. We worked hard and by making the fact known to our friends in California, in Ohio, in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, that we worked up a large subscription list of customers for "Movie Weekly," that we have all grown to like.

Like all girls, or at least most of them, my sister and myself are very fond of the movies. My favorite actors and actresses are Rudolph Valentino, Pearl White, William Farnum, and Norma Talmadge. Our interest in these movie folks and in the plays they give us, made it easy to introduce "Movie Weekly" to those unfamiliar with film life. Now they are regular readers.

You do not tell me why you wish this autobiography, but I hope that it is because I have won a prize in the popular High School Girl Contest.

Very truly yours,
ALMA CELLA.

February 12, 1922.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
New York.
Gentlemen:

Your telegram was received this A. M. In compliance with your request, I hasten to carry out your instructions. Today I had a photograph taken of myself in the style and size you specified. In regard to my age, I was 15 years old on the 23rd day of October, 1921, and was born in Columbus. After I was four years old we moved to Cincinnati, where I was educated in St. Boniface High School, taking stenography and bookkeeping, where I will graduate in June. I have always been interested in literary work and devote most of my time to Reading and Story Writing, a profession I hope some day to master. I have always been very active with books and magazines during my spare time. in my earlier school days sold magazines and am particularly interested in Western productions. It is because of my interest in the movies that I took to the "Movie Weekly" publication and have lately got others interested so that about 20 subscribers. When I had a little route to deliver—about 20 before I knew it, I immediately accepted proposition for the High School Girl Contest, I believed from the very start that I could set a merry pace for any competitors, and before the issue and got busy and hustled because I was delivering "Movie Weekly," to contest was many weeks old, I must confess in all sincerity, that very near 300 customers each week and I felt much relieved when the contest was it kept me hustling all the time. I felt much relieved when the contest closed, as it surely was a tremendous strain to keep up the pace I made for myself.

Since the contest closed I was able to retain 75 customers who will continue taking the "Movie Weekly." Should I be successful in winning the prize I will feel well repaid for my effort. Thanking you again for your co-operation with me and waiting to receive word of my official standing at the close of the contest at an early date. I wish you success.

Respectfully yours.
MISS LORETTA WAGNER,
4030 Cherry Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Philanthropic Bank Burglar

(*Continued from page 23*)

the uniform of a policeman struggling with what was apparently a prisoner; he hurried over to investigate.

The officer, a big, burly Irishman, was half carrying and half dragging his prisoner and varying the monotony of this by hitting him over the head occasionally with his night stick.

"Come on, come on, you ——— ———," he yelled, as he wrestled with his charge.

Jack was immediately filled with an unconquerable rage. The prisoner was a fairly good-looking young fellow about twenty-eight, tall and very well-dressed. He was desperately trying to get away from the big "bull."

Jack pulled his hat down over his eyes, turned up his coat collar so the cop couldn't see his face plainly and moved nearer.

"Hey, there!" he shouted to Jack, "give me a hand with this burglar!"

"What's he been doing?" asked Jack.

"He's a burglar," exclaimed the cop, "I caught him breaking into a house."

"A burglar, eh?" remarked Jack, sort of meaninglessly.

"Yes," replied the cop angrily; "and a damn bad one. He tried to use his gun when I grabbed him."

"Why use your club on him?" declared Jack. "You look big enough and strong enough to eat him up without all that strong-arm stuff."

This evidently aggravated the cop, for he shouted at Jack:

"T' hell you say! Go on, get away from here or I'll take a crack at you!"

"Don't get sore," replied Jack. "I meant no offense. He looks like a desperate fellow, I'll give you a hand with him."

"All right, come on," the cop answered.

Jack moved over to the side of the big "bull," as though he were going to help him, but quick as a streak of lightning out shot Jack's fist, catching the big policeman under the chin. The officer staggered, reeled and fell to the ground; the crook, being handcuffed, fell on top of him. When the cop fell he dropped his keys which were in his hands. Jack picked them up, unlocked the handcuffs and freed the amazed and bewildered crook.

"Come quick!" he said to him, "let's get away from here!"

"Wait until I get me gun," replied the crook.

"Come on, hurry, never mind your gun," declared Jack. "You've got no time for guns now." He grabbed the crook and started across the park.

Fifteen minutes later he and the crook were sitting in his apartment.

"Say, who in the hell are you anyway!" exclaimed the crook. "Nobody but a right guy could have done what you done tonight!"

"Forget about it," said Jack, "I was glad to have been able to help you. By the way, what's your name?"

"Jimmy O'Connor. What's yours?"

"Frisco Blackey," replied Jack.

"Are you a grifter?" inquired Jimmy.

"Yes," replied Jack, "I'm a grifter."

"What's your racket?"

"Bank burglar," whispered Jack. "Don't talk so loud, somebody is likely to hear you."

"Holy smokes!" exclaimed Jimmy. "You don't mean to tell me that you're a jug man, do you?"

"Yep," replied Jack.

"Where's your broad?"

"Haven't got one," answered Jack, "I live alone."

Jimmy O'Connor was all admiration and gratitude for his rescuer and his eyes filled up with tears when he said:

"You sure saved my life tonight. If that bull had ever got me to de boog, I'd a went to Sing Sing for a long stretch, believe me!"

"Have you ever been there?"

"Yes," he declared, "I've only been out about six months."

"How long did you do?"

"Three years," replied Jimmy. "Three long, hard years."

"What were you sent up for?"

"Stick-up," he grunted; "I stuck up a messenger in Wall Street."

Jack was tremendously impressed with Jimmy. He believed that he had earned his lifelong loyalty and gratitude when he took him away from the cop. That act was the last word in heroism from the standpoint of the underworld. Nothing else that he might have done could have possibly elevated him any higher in Jimmy's estimation. It then occurred to him that Jimmy would make a perfectly trustworthy assistant, and he was overcome with joy when Jack announced that he was going to take him along with him on his bank burglarizing expeditions.

"I don't know nothing about the swell grift," he said, "but, believe me, I will go the limit for you, Blackey, any time you say the woid."

"I will take you with me, provided you are willing to do as I say."

"I'm with you hook, line and sinker," replied Jimmy. "I'll do anything you say and I don't give a damn what it is!"

"Are you willing to devote twenty per cent of what you get out of every haul to a certain cause that I have in mind, without asking any questions?"

"Sure!" replied Jimmy, "you can have the shoit off me back!"

"I shall also want you to go to night school later on," said Jack, "how about that?"

"Fine and dandy!" replied Jimmy with emotion, "I knows dat I'se kaffay hag."

This last expression went clean over Jack's head. He didn't "get" Jimmy on that "kaffay hag" business. "I wonder what he means," Jack murmured to himself, "that surely is a new one on me." So finally he said to him:

"Kaffay hag? What do you mean by that, Jimmy?"

"Don't youse know what dat means, Blackey?"

"No," replied Jack, "I don't."

"Kaffay hag is de name of dat new coffee that says everything is extracted from de bean. Everything is extracted from my bean, dere's nothing dere, dat's why I calls myself kaffay hag, do you get me?"

Jack understood and laughed.

"Now, there's just one more request that I have to make."

"Wat's dat?" inquired Jimmy.

"You've got to give up all your old friends. You mustn't let any of them know what you are doing. You've got to stay away from the underworld hangouts, and after we get started you've got to live by yourself. Are you willing to do these things? If you're not, say so."

"Sure I am," he replied. "I gets you, I gets you, Blackey. If I keeps away from all de dumps in de tenderloin de "dicks" won't know where I am or what I'm doing. Dat's good dope. I'll stay away from them."

"That's exactly what I mean," said Jack. "If you keep away from all those places nobody will ever know anything about your business, and what is more important still, you will never get in prison. If I ever hear of your going into the tenderloin again you'll have to paddle your own canoe. I can't afford to associate with you if you run around those places."

Jack was interrupted in the middle of his talk by the ring of his door bell. Automatically he pulled out his watch and looked at it. Two-thirty! A fine hour for a visitor! "Who could it be?" he thought to himself. Nobody had ever visited at his apartment before at any time and it certainly was no friend calling at that unconventional hour of the morning.

It then dawned on him that somebody had witnessed the affair between him and the cop and had followed him to the apartment. "A fine mix-up," he murmured to himself, "if that's what it is."

He got up, went to the window and looked out on the street. What he saw simply added conviction to his thoughts about being followed to the apartment, for there on the sidewalk stood two cops. He moved back from the window, but didn't say anything to Jimmy about the cops outside. He was trying to organize his thoughts; trying to decide what would be the best thing to do under the circumstances.

"It's the dicks," said Jimmy. "I'll bet a hundred they trailed us to de flat."

"Keep quiet," whispered Jack.

The bell rang again louder and longer.

"Have you got a gun, Blackey?" said Jimmy, "it's the dicks, sure."

"Keep quiet! Keep quiet!" repeated Jack.

Jack then went to his desk, picked up two guns and handed one to Jimmy saying:

"Now listen to what I have to say and then do it. Take this gun and get in that closet and don't come out until I give you the signal."

"Wat's de signal?" Jimmy whispered.

"Keep your eye on the keyhole and when you see me rub my hands, open the door quietly and cover them with your gun. Don't come out of the closet, just open the door wide enough to put your arm through the opening. Understand?"

"I got you," Jimmy replied, "but don't you think that we ought to beat it down the fire escape in the back?"

"No, no!" said Jack rather impatiently. "Get in that closet and do as I tell you! Get in quick!"

Jack went to the window again and looked out. The two policemen were standing in front of the door and though it was extremely dark and raining he could see them plainly from the apartment window which was on the six floor. It then occurred to him that he had brought home with him from the laboratory a small two-ounce bottle filled with the liquid explosive. "What a fool I was to have brought that home with me!" he thought. He hurried to the toilet and emptied it in the bowl. Just then the bell rang again. He slipped into his bath robe and went to the door with the gun concealed up his sleeve. He pulled the door open quickly.

"Mr. Kennard," said the negro operator, "pahdon muh for disturbing yo', but you left your receiver off the hook and ah has a message fo' yo'."

"What's the message, Joe?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Haberly phoned about an hour ago and said that you should be at the Post Graduate Hospital tomorrow morning at nine o'clock without fail."

"All right, Joe. Thank you!"

"Don't forget to put dat receiver back on dat hook," said the negro as Jack proceeded to close the door.

"I won't," replied Jack.

"Well, wat de hell do you think of that?" said Jimmy as he came out of the closet. "And we thought it was the bulls."

"Aren't you glad that it wasn't?" laughed Jack.

"Glad?" remarked Jimmy. "I should say!"

"Well, let's turn in, Jimmy, and get a few hours sleep. We leave New York tomorrow night."

A short while after they were both in the land of dreams.

A BOLD BANK ROBBER

THE Arlington National Bank of Philadelphia was getting ready to close up for the day when a big, fine-looking fellow in the uniform of a Captain of Police entered and announced that he wanted to see the president.

"May I have your card?" asked the president's secretary.

"Just say that Captain Worthington of the Sixth Precinct wants to see Mr. Barker."

The secretary entered the president's office and said:

"Mr. Barker, Police Captain Worthington of the Sixth Precinct would like to see you for a few moments."

"Police Captain Worthington?" repeated the president.

"Yes, sir," replied the secretary.

"Very well, show him in."

When the captain entered, Mr. Barker got up and shook hands with him.

"Glad to know you, Captain, what can I do for you?"

"I want to talk with you privately for a few moments, Mr. Barker."

"Very well, Captain, pitch in."

There was a stenographer in the corner, so the captain waited for Mr. Barker to usher her out of the office. Barker, of course, did not understand that the captain wanted her out of the office, but he noticed the captain's hesitancy, so he said:

"Don't be concerned about this girl, Captain, she is absolutely trustworthy. Anything she hears in my office she never repeats."

"I don't question that for a moment, Mr. Barker, but if you will pardon my insistence, this is one conversation that nobody is going to hear outside of you and myself, so I will have to ask you to have the young lady leave the office, please."

"Oh, very well, Captain—and—ah—Miss Lewis, will you pardon us for a few moments? Thank you."

When the stenographer left the office, the captain resumed his conversation.

"I have information, Mr. Barker, that a gang of New York bank burglars is coming over to Philadelphia tonight to rob your bank."

The president was stunned and when he regained his composure he exclaimed:

"Bank burglars coming here to rob my bank!"

"Tonight," replied the captain.

"Well, this is interesting!"

"However," continued the captain, "I've laid my plans to capture them and I'm here to tell you what they are and to request you to do just as I suggest. The success of my plans depends upon your cooperation."

"Very well, Captain," he replied. "I'm at your service; you may be sure of my hearty cooperation. What are your plans?"

"I will come to the bank tonight at nine o'clock with two of my plain clothes men. I want you to instruct your watchman to let us in when I knock on the door three times. Under no circumstances are you to breathe a word of this to a living soul outside of your watchman. The utmost secrecy must prevail. The slightest slip will mean defeat and the escape of the burglars. When you leave the bank go to your home and stay there. Don't let your curiosity get the better of you and come sneaking around the bank to witness the capture, because if the burglars see you it will be all off; you'll spoil everything absolutely. I shall hide my men in different parts of the bank and make the arrest after the crooks get on the inside of the bank. It's a risky job when we're dealing with bank burglars, and the overlooking of the smallest detail may mean death for me and my men. So please do as I suggest."

The president sat spellbound while the captain was imparting these instructions. He was fascinated and it was clearly evident that he was extremely nervous.

"I will do as you say, Captain," he said with a voice quivering with emotion, "I will do as you say; you may be positive of that."

"That's fine," replied the captain. "By the way, has your watchman arrived yet?"

"I'll see in a moment," answered Mr. Barker.

He pushed one of the buzzers on his desk. The secretary responded immediately.

"See if the watchman has arrived yet, if he has, send him to me."

(*Continued on page 30*)

THE LOVE OF A HUMAN TIGER CAT

Beautiful of Face and Figure, Mentally a Sharp, Creative Genius—the Girl of the Story Rises from Farm Lass to Movie Queen

Viola Glade, human tiger cat, overhears Royal Merton and her "grandmother" planning to destroy papers revealing her identity. Viola acquires the papers and hides them in a tree. Dale Vernon, screen star, falls in love with Viola, but Isobel Merton checks his declaration of love. Viola is placed in an insane asylum at Merton's direction. She escapes and wanders into the grounds of a large estate. Viola hears two men who plan to rob an old colonel. She frustrates their plan. Afterward, she tells her story to the colonel, and is taken into his household. The colonel falls in love with the girl and they are married.

On their honeymoon they go to recover the papers hidden in the tree and meet Dale Vernon, who in despair after learning of Viola's marriage, agrees to wed Isobel. Royal Merton wrecks the train on which the colonel and his bride are traveling. The colonel is killed and Viola, also thought dead, is left in the wreckage by Merton, after he recovers Viola's papers. Merton's hirelings, however, take the girl to the insane asylum. She escapes, and wanders back to the Merton house. She sees Dale Vernon and Isobel together and is about to turn away when she decides to try and recover the papers from Merton. He sees her and shoots. She falls, but when he looks for her she has disappeared.

She is found by gypsies who rob her and leave her near the gate of a cottage. She is found and taken inside, where she is well treated. Isobel comes and, finding Viola there, tries to poison her. Her plan is foiled by the doctor. Dale Vernon follows Isobel to the house and she nearly betrays herself by her anxiety to get him away.

THE doctor sought long and earnestly for a solution of the mystery and found none. Viola was, as yet, too weak to question and he felt frustrated, then, all at once the way seemed opened. He was reading his favorite Richmond paper when he came across the following personal:

"Information is earnestly desired of Mrs. Colonel Grafton, widow of the late Colonel Grafton, killed in railway accident at Barton's Corners on the 17th of this month. Mrs. Grafton was with her husband and has not been seen since. She is not above sixteen years of age, medium height, hazel eyes, red-gold hair, clear and delicate complexion, and strikingly beautiful. $1,000 reward will be paid for information leading to her discovery."

The doctor was on his feet without finishing the paragraph. His face was pale with excitement.

"She is Mrs. Grafton. There is no doubt about it. But that bullet-wound did not come from an accident. Mystery and mystery! Who has inserted the advertisement?

He turned to the paper and read:

"Address all communications, or call personally, at any time of day or night, on S. G. Gladwyn, attorney at law." This was followed by the address.

The doctor whipped out his watch, dashed down the paper, clapped his hat on his head, and rushed into the sitting room, where his wife sat sewing.

"Kate, I'm going to Richmond. Just in time to catch a train. Tell all about it when I return. Lucky there's no serious patients! Home in the morning!"

He was gone leaving his wife staring after him in astonishment.

In Richmond one of the first persons he saw was Dale Vernon. The latter was surrounded by a throng of admirers all clamoring for the autograph of the famous movie star. He was so busy that he did not see the doctor.

The lawyer was in his library when the doctor was ushered in. In a few brief words the latter acquainted him with the reason for his call.

"Good," the lawyer cried. "I'll get my hat and we'll go to her at once."

The doctor shook his head.

"There is no train until morning. Besides it may not be Mrs. Grafton at all. She had no wedding ring on her hand, and she was dressed in the shabbiest of gowns."

"Robbed by some wretch who saw her at the accident," suggested Mr. Gladwyn.

She had a bullet wound in her side," said the doctor. "I put her into a cottage, and there she remained unconscious, murmuring something about Dale, and unworthy."

It was the lawyer's turn to look doubtful.

"I am sure I know nothing about what the words could mean in connection with Mrs. Grafton."

"Yesterday at noon," the doctor went on, "a Miss Isobel Merton . . ."

"Ah!" ejaculated the lawyer. "Go on."

". . . Came to the cottage as if by chance. Dale Vernon, the movie actor, her fiance, found her in a swoon in the cottage. She was quite alone there, excepting for the sick girl, for the occupant of the cottage was outside trying to fasten the horse."

"I believe your patient and my client are the same," the lawyer said emphatically.

"When Isobel Merton was gone," continued the doctor with impressive slowness. "I went to my patient to give her medicine. I found something wrong with it. I took it home and tested it. It had enough poison to kill six girls."

"And Isobel Merton put it there!"

"I do not say so; I only suspect it. But is there a connection that you know of, between your client and this Isobel?"

"That I do not know; but I do know that it is to the interest of Royal Merton to get her out of the way. Once he had her placed in an insane asylum."

"Mr. Gladwyn," cried the doctor, "there can be no doubt but what my patient is your client. In the morning we shall know. Will you help me hunt down the poisoner?"

"Of course. But have you any clue to a reason why the daughter should wish to poison Mrs. Grafton?"

"Mrs. Grafton, if indeed it be she, loves Dale Vernon. So does Miss Merton."

"We must return at once," the lawyer insisted. "If it was worth while to poison your patient, don't you suppose that her enemies have discovered by this time that she is alive?"

"My God!" gasped the doctor, realizing the possibilities of the case at once. "They will try to kill her again; and I am away."

"We'll go back at once," the lawyer stated. "It will only take a few moments for my chauffeur to get the car in readiness."

In two hours' time they were at the cottage.

Once More in the Hands of Her Foes

"Someone has left Mrs. Hawkins' gate open," said Doctor Belden in a low tone, as he and Mr. Gladwyn stopped in front of the cottage. "The good lady would be very angry if she knew."

"She is particular, then?"

"Yes; she is afraid cows or dogs will get in at her flowers. Queer that some one should be here after she had retired."

"Let us go in," Mr. Gladwyn said quickly.

The doctor put his hand on the lawyer's arm.

"The cottage seems so very quiet. I wonder if we should disturb them at this hour?"

"Yes, I think so. At least we should communicate with the woman of the house, even if we let your patient sleep. Ah, by the way, is it your friend's habit to leave her windows wide open?"

The doctor turned quickly and saw the window of Viola's bedroom wide open.

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried. "What can have happened. Have the poor women been murdered?"

"It may be simply carelessness. Do nothing that will startle either one of them. Let us go to the door and knock loudly. Better waken your patient than remain in this suspense."

The doctor knocked furiously. Almost immediately they heard the widow's voice.

"Who's there? What's the matter? Hush! Hush!

"Thank Heaven you are all right," gasped the doctor. "Open the door. It is I, Doctor Belden."

He turned the knob of the door as he spoke and pushed, as if he would hasten the movement of Mrs. Hawkins. To his alarm the door opened at once.

"Do you no longer lock your door?" he cried.

Mr. Gladwyn who grasped everything, pushed past him and cried anxiously:

"Where does your patient sleep?" Quick."

"Mercy, doctor! Who is the gentleman? Don't rouse her in that way, doctor. Good gracious!"

The doctor leaped into Viola's room spurred on by the lawyer's fears. In an instant he was by the bedside.

"She is gone!" he cried.

Mrs. Hawkins was by his side at once, feeling over the empty bed.

"Where is she?" she gasped.

"A light!" cried Mr. Gladwyn, the first to recover.

Mrs. Hawkins nervously struck a match, and with trembling hand lighted the lamp that stood on the table. Then she suddenly remembered that she stood in her nightgown, and with a cry of dismay, fled from the room.

"It is just as I feared," the lawyer said in a sharp, incisive tone. "Was she well enough to go of her own free will?

"She could not stand on her feet."

"I surmised so much. Do you see that the bedclothes are gone? They wrapped her up in it and carried her away. Mrs. Hawkins!"

Mrs. Hawkins entered, wrapped in a dressing gown.

"Yes, sir."

"Your patient is gone. Can you throw any light on the matter? Did you hear any noise?"

"None."

"You can not help us with a suggestion?"

"No, sir. If she had been well enough, I might have thought that she had gone herself, but she was not able to sit up, let alone stand."

"Doctor," said the lawyer decisively, "let us go to Merton's place at once."

"You think he did it?"

"I suspect him. He has the greatest need to have harm come to her. I have been investigating the case ever since the colonel's death." There is something rotten in Denmark and Merton is the cause of it."

"You will go to his house now?"

"We'll go first to this Judge Denison that you have told me about. He is acting magistrate, I believe. You can make affidavit that you believe Isobel Merton attempted to poison your patient. With that in our hands and a constable with us, I fancy we can bring him to terms.

"Ah," sighed the doctor, "I am glad you are in charge of the affair. I would not have thought of that."

"I shall never rest until I have rescued her, or avenged her if they have harmed a hair of her head," Mr. Gladwyn said in a tone that made the doctor glad the lawyer was his friend.

Morning was breaking when the two arrived at the door of Judge Denison's mansion. They had to wait some little while for the judge who was not an early riser. He listened with absorbing interest to the tale they had to tell. In many ways he could fill in the gaps that strengthened the belief of the lawyer that, that in some way the father and daughter were concerned in the present disappearance of his client.

"There can be no doubt of it," he said emphatically. Merton and Isobel were with us at dinner last night. But I should add that it was not by invitation."

"I see, plain as day," Mr. Gladwyn cried, "it was as a sort of alibi. Some one did his dirty work for him. Now the question is: do you feel that you can give me a warrant for the arrest of the girl, Isobel? I could handle her better than her father, and through her could reach him."

The judge hesitated.

"It seems a strong case against her, Gladwyn, but, you see, he has great wealth, and can fight hard."

"Mrs. Grafton has more than a million," the lawyer replied, meaningly. "Besides, it would be a case for the county, you know. You are safe to give a warrant."

"I am not troubled about that," the judge replied. "Let me advise you. Breakfast here. I'll send a message to Merton, asking him to call on a matter of importance to him. You may be sure he will come."

"No doubt of that. His guilt will make him anxious."

"You will leave for the Merton place and as soon as he leaves for here, you will be able to see Isobel alone."

"You are right, judge. I shall do as you say."

"It seems cruel to subject a girl to such an ordeal," the judge said pityingly, "but I can see no help for it."

Royal Merton was at breakfast with his daughter when the letter from the judge was handed him. He read it with a growing pallor. Its non-commital character frightened him.

"What is it, papa?" Isobel demanded. "Has she escaped again?"

"No, she is too ill," the doctor said, to stand on her feet. I wish you had poured the poison down her throat as you first intended."

"What's done can't be undone," she said bitterly. "If I bungled then you have done the same now in having her carried off, instead of killing her, when I told you that she had escaped your bullet and was still living."

"I thought it was the best thing to do. What a blood-thirsty creature you are. You are worse than I am, and God knows that is bad enough. This is a letter from Judge Denison asking me to come over at once to see him on a matter of the utmost importance to me."

"Can he have discovered anything?" she gasped.

"Curse it! I can't tell. I must go without delay!"

He pushed his plate away as he spoke, and hastened to the library. His first act was to take his revolver from the desk drawer and place it in his hip-pocket.

"It is as well to be prepared for the worst!" he muttered to himself ominously.

Isobel at Bay

SHORTLY after Merton left the two men were ushered into the presence of his daughter.

There was a hunted look on her face.

"What—what do you want?" she asked in a faltering tone.

"Isobel Merton," said the lawyer in a solemn tone, "we are here to demand of you a human life."

"She is not dead!" Isobel panted, hardly realizing that she had betrayed herself by her words.

"No," the lawyer agreed; she is not dead, unless she has been killed in the shock of abduction. If she has you will be her murderer."

"Who are you?" she demanded, her brain unable to meet the strain upon it.

He drew from his pocket a warrant for her arrest, and slowly unfolded it before her, saying sternly:

"I am a special officer, holding a warrant for your arrest for attempted murder."

Waving her hand at him as if she would keep him off, she wailed:

"It is a mistake; I did not do it."

"We know you did it and you must either go with us to prison, or reveal where your victim is at this moment."

"How should I know?" she gasped.

"We know you know. You have your choice of prison or telling us where she is."

She glared around the room like some trapped creature seeking a way to escape.

"Make your choice," the lawyer said sternly.

She was silent for a moment, her hands pressed to her heaving bosom as if to calm its turbulence. At last she spoke. "She is in an insane asylum, near here. That is all I know"—and fainted.

"Is there a place of that kind near here?" the lawyer asked of the doctor, ignoring the fallen girl.

"Yes, it hasn't a very good reputation. Why didn't we think of that before?"

"Such places are always closely guarded," murmured the lawyer, "but a warrant from Judge Denison will open the gates."

Calling a servant to look after her mistress who was still in a swoon, they hurried back to Judge Denison's.

As soon as she recovered Isobel hastened to her room and, with feverish excitement, began to toss together various articles of wearing apparel.

"Order my car and find out when the next train leaves for Richmond," she commanded her maid.

When it was brought around she told the same servant to tell her father that she was going to Richmond.

Arriving in that city she went to the hotel where she knew Dale Vernon was staying. She ordered the best suite in the hotel, then asked if Dale Vernon was still there.

"Yes, Miss Merton," the clerk replied, "he is still here."

Resting for a few moments in her rooms she then sent her card to the suite occupied by her fiance. He was in and lost no time seeking her. She leaped up and ran to him, arms outstretched as he entered.

"Why are you here?" he cried in astonishment.

"Dale, I loved you so I could not remain away from you."

"And your father?" he queried.

"He is not here. I came alone."

"Alone? How imprudent! You should not have done so."

"I came to see you, Dale," she said, pleadingly. "I came because I shall soon be your wife and have a right to be with you. I came, Dale," she continued with a burst of passion, "because I want you to make me your wife, now. Why should we wait for the few days that have been set? Dale, dear, take me in your arms and say that the wedding shall take place at once—to-day."

"Isobel, are you mad?" he cried. "I can not—will not do such a thing. It would cause the tongue of scandal to wag. Isobel, you must go back to your father."

"As your wife, Dale," she said, rising inflection in her voice. "You must marry me, now that I have come to you. I shall be forever disgraced if you do not."

He grew cold.

"No, Isobel, I'll never marry you in this way," he said. "I'll leave you for a little while and a little reflection will convince you that it is not wise to do such a thing."

"You shall not leave me," she screamed, leaping between him and the door. "You have promised to marry me, and you shall. I came her for that purpose. It would be dishonorable for you to refuse."

Dale was more alarmed than angry. He saw by her excitement, and the expression in her eyes that something was wrong with her.

"You are not well, Isobel," he said soothingly. "Let me send for a doctor. We will talk this matter over afterward."

A wild laugh rang from her lips, and with a swift movement, she snatched from her bosom the stiletto which her father had procured for her.

"You shall never leave me alive except as my husband!" she screamed. "Do you think I will give you back to her?"

With these words she suddenly lowered her voice, and spoke in a whisper.

"Of course she is dead; you know that; but you don't know that I killed her. No one knows that. I would not let her live to take you from me."

He knew now that her brain was affected and realized, as he saw her creeping toward him with the gleaming weapon in her hand, and the light of reason gone from her eyes, that his life was in danger.

"We'll die together," she said in a low tone that made his flesh creep. "Better lie in the grave in your arms than to live and see her your bride."

She leaped upon him as she spoke, and then there ensued a struggle that was the more difficult owing to the fact that he strove not to injure her, while she strove with maniacal rage to drive the blade of the weapon in his heart.

What the outcome might have been it is impossible to say, had not some of the hotel servants been attracted by the sound of scuffling and screaming, and rushed in.

She was secured, after some difficulty, and was conveyed to a private insane asylum and a telegram sent to Royal Merton, bidding him come to see Isobel at once, who was ill.

Queen of Hearts

WHEN the telegram arrived Royal Merton was cold in death. Viola had been rescued from the insane asylum; the cowardly doctor had turned state's evidence and confessed the crimes against both Viola and her mother. Realizing that he could cheat justice no longer a bullet ended the cruel man's career.

Viola, now one of the richest women in the south, was taken to the residence of Judge Denison, where, with a trained nurse and Dorothea as a loving companion, she rapidly regained her customary health.

For several days there had passed no words between them on a subject which Dorothea had confidently expected would be the first one broached—that of Dale Vernon.

It was Dorothea, in fact, that broached the subject; she had been unable to keep silent, and believed that Viola was well enough now to talk without fear of unduly exciting herself.

Viola was in a becoming wadded wrapper of turquoise blue silk, and reclining in an easy-chair on the upper veranda of the house. Dorothea sat by her side, looking doubtfully at her.

"Viola, dear," she said at last, "why don't you ask me any questions about your old friends and acquaintances?"

The color rose in the beautiful face, and there was a little quiver of the full lower lip.

"If there had been anything to tell," she said in a low tone, "I supposed you would tell me."

"Don't you want to know anything about Dale Vernon?"

"Is he married yet?" Viola said, with a little catch in her voice.

Dorothea shook her head gravely.

"No; he will never marry Isobel. She is insane—hopelessly insane."

"The two little hands held each other in a convulsive grasp.

"I am sorry to learn it. Does he feel badly?"

"He feels—badly to think she is insane, but he did not love her. Don't you know Viola, that he loved no one but you?"

Viola bit her lips to suppress a sob that rose in her throat.

"He despised me because I married my dear old colonel."

Dorothea nestled close to her and took her hand in both of hers, saying eagerly:

"You are mistaken, Viola. I heard him say yesterday that he thought you were the noblest, purest woman that ever lived."

"He said that?" gasped Viola. "Yesterday? He is here?"

"He has been here every day since he returned from the New York studio. He is to start on the long delayed picture soon. Also he has been helping Mr. Gladwyn settle the affairs of Royal Merton, who—who, died, you know."

Viola cared nothing for Royal Merton; her thoughts were on Dale Vernon. Dorothea went on slowly and cautiously.

"Doctor Belden said you might see company any time you wished now."

"Did he?"

"Dale has been begging every day to be allowed to see you."

"Yes?"

"Will you see him? Say yes, Viola dear! He is waiting downstairs for your answer. He says he must beg your pardon for something he once said to you. May he come up?"

She did not stop for the words that trembled on Viola's lips, but ran to the door, looking back over her shoulder as if to assure herself that she was making no mistake.

Viola did not look up or call her back. Her heart was yearning to look at Dale again. It seemed to her that even if he had come to revile her she must see him.

It seemed to her that she could hear a heavier step than Dorothea's on the stairs. It even seemed that it came more rapidly than even Dorothea's had done. Her heart began to throb violently.

The footsteps were in the hall. It seemed to her that she would choke if she did not cry out and relieve the tension at her heart.

* * * * *

"Viola! Viola!"

"Dale!"

It did not happen as she had expected. There was no formal greeting; there were no slow explanations; she rose unsteadily as he came on the porch, and was in his arms as naturally as a child nestles in the arms of its mother.

He held her there as if he would never let her go again, and she, with a sigh of perfect contentment, let herself remain, as if she had at last found home and rest.

There were no words for many minutes. His lips sought hers, and she yielded them to him; and it seemed to her that she floated away at that moment on a sea of ecstasy. His voice recalled her to the world.

"Viola, dear! You do forgive me?"

"You do not despise me, Dale? I did not know I was doing any wrong. He was so good to me I could not help loving him."

"Dale Vernon smiled to hear her speak of loving the old man. There was no jealousy in his heart at her words.

"He was a noble man, Viola, and you can honor his memory no more than I do. Some day I will show you a letter he wrote to me about you, and you will understand why I say so."

She smiled up at him.

It was not necessary to say anything, and she was too happy to think of words. It was enough for her that she was in his arms, her heart beating to his.

"You do love me then?" he asked in a low tone.

"Do you doubt it?" she murmured.

"But I want to hear you say it," he insisted with a lover's perversity.

"I do love you, Dale. I have always loved you, and I thought I should die when I feared I had lost you."

"Then we'll be married right away," he cried joyously. "After our honeymoon we'll start on my new picture, 'The Finger of Fate' and you shall be my leading lady."

THE END

A Fiery Romance of Love

* * *

Or the Exciting Kidnapping of Doris Dalrymple, famous movie star, and the ripening of a real love

* * *

"You're a darling," she breathed, "but I can't marry a man just because I'm out of sorts with my career, can I? No, I've got to go on starring!" It was Doris Dalrymple gently refusing a proposal of marriage.

And then, swift as an arrow, the motor-cycle shot ahead of the yellow car, swept a wide circle and came swooping back to stop at the very elbow of the astonished Doris.

"Quick!" commanded the man. "Into this seat." And suddenly his arm was around her, snatching her bodily from the yellow car, depositing her on the side seat of his own vehicle, which immediately shot forward with astonishing speed.

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The Philanthropic Bank Burglar

(Continued from page 26)

The secretary returned with the information that the watchman had come. He was changing his clothes and would be in the president's office in a minute or two.

About five minutes after this conversation the watchman, a big lumbering Irishman, entered the office.

"Dan," said the president, addressing him, "have seat. This is Captain Worthington. This is our watchman, Mr. Kelly, Captain." The captain and Dan shook hands. The president resumed his conversation.

"Dan," he repeated, "the Captain has just been telling me some startling news and I want to talk with you about it, but before I tell you anything I want to caution you against saying a word to anybody in the bank, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dan.

Continuing, the president said:

"A gang of New York bank burglars are coming over to Philadelphia tonight to rob our bank. The Captain here has laid his plans to capture them on the job. Now please listen attentively to what I have to say and then follow my instructions to the letter."

"All right, sir," answered the watchman.

"At nine o'clock tonight the Captain will come to the bank with two of his men, both of whom will be in plain clothes. The Captain will be in his uniform. He will knock on the door three times, that will be your cue to open the door and let him in. Do you understand that thoroughly?"

"I do, sir," replied the watchman.

"And," cut in the Captain, "just go about your duties as though nothing were going to happen; don't let your routine vary in the slightest detail, for the chances are that these fellows have been watching you and your movements for a good many nights, and if you should do anything that will arouse their suspicions I shall not be able to capture them."

The president cautioned Dan once more and then dismissed him.

"Well, Captain, I can see that you're going to have a very interesting night."

"Yes," laughed the captain, "it may be more interesting than I expect."

"Suppose you phone me at my home after you've captured the burglars, I'll never be able to sleep tonight with this affair on my mind, and if you don't mind I should love to come down to the bank after you've made the arrest."

"All right, Mr. Barker," declared the captain; "I'll phone you after we've caught them; what's your number?"

"Race three-four-nine. I shall be waiting for the call. As soon as I get it I will hop in my car and drive down."

"Well, I guess I've covered everything," declared the captain, "so I'll be on my way back to the station."

"Very well, Captain," replied the president, "everything is in your hands. I shall see that you're substantially rewarded for this matter, the bank will be everlastingly obligated to you for your work tonight."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Barker. It's my job and I'm glad to be of service to you. If you feel that what I've done warrants a reward, why speak to the Mayor for me, I should like to be made an inspector."

"The Mayor is a personal friend of mine," said the president, "and I will be delighted to go to him in your behalf. Yes, sir," he repeated, "I shall be delighted."

"Thank you, Mr. Barker," replied the captain, "I'll see you later."

"Good-bye, Captain, and don't forget to phone me."

"I won't forget you," replied the captain as he departed.

It was now about four-thirty, all the bank employes had gone, the night watchman, who was sitting by the door, arose to let the captain out.

"I shall be back at nine o'clock, Mr. Kelly, and don't forget the signal—three knocks on the door. You'll remember, won't you?"

"Yes, sir, Captain," the watchman answered. "I'll remember. I'll be looking for you."

"Good night, Mr. Kelly."

"Good night, Captain."

Frisco Blackey laughed as he walked up the street. "What a joke it would be," he murmured to himself, "if I should bump into the real Captain Worthington."

Two blocks away from the bank he got into a big high-powered touring car, upon which the curtains were up.

"All right, Jimmy, drive slowly until I get this uniform off. I really feel like an officer of the law after my session with the president of The Arlington National Bank."

"Did everything pan out all right, Blackey?"

"Fine and dandy," said Blackey, "the watchman himself will let us in the bank tonight at nine o'clock."

"Ha ha!" roared Jimmy, "dat knocks me a twister. Da night hack is going to let's in da jug, he's goin' to open the doors and let's in? Well, I'll be damned! Ha, ha, ha!" he roared with laughter.

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"Don't be too optimistic, Jimmy," cautioned Blackey. The hardest part of the job is yet to come; many things can happen between now and nine o'clock."

"Wat da ya mean?" said Jimmy. "What da ya mean dat many things can happen between now and nine o'clock?"

"I mean this," said Blackey, "suppose the president should telephone to the Sixth Precinct for Captain Worthington and learn that the Captain Worthington with whom he had been talking at the bank this afternoon was not the real captain, but a fraudulent one. You know what would happen, Jimmy, don't you? When we get to the bank tonight there will be an array of "dicks" waiting for us with an arsenal and away we would go to the "stir" for ten or fifteen years."

"By God!" exclaimed Jimmy with emotion, "I never thought of that."

"Of course," continued Blackey, "there's only one chance in a million of his doing that, yet, if he should happen to do it, you can see what a jam we would be in. That's why I say don't be too optimistic, Jimmy, figure on every possibility. Try to anticipate the other fellow. By doing these things you will be better prepared to meet the unexpected when it comes before you."

When they stepped out of their car in front of the Y. M. C. A., Blackey had discarded the Police Captain's uniform and deposited it in his bag. Before going to dinner he dived into the pool, then went into the gymnasium for twenty minutes of strenuous exercise. He made Jimmy do the same. They ate a hearty dinner, took a walk, returned to their room, got the bag and proceeded to the bank.

On the way, Blackey once more donned the uniform. They parked the car about three blocks from the bank.

"Be careful, now," cautioned Blackey, "and bear in mind what I said to you about the possibility of the president having telephoned to the real Captain Worthington."

Jimmy's nerves were tingling with excitement and suspense as they neared the bank, and his voice trembled when he said:

"Wat are you going to do, Blackey, if the "dicks" should be waiting for us? Will I blaze away at 'em?"

"No," replied Blackey with decision, "you do as I say. Don't get nervous. I'll handle them if they're there and don't forget that your name is Detective Donahue and that the watchman's name is Kelly."

"All right," mumbled Jimmy.

When they arrived at the bank, Blackey knocked on the door three times, there was no response. He bent his head and listened. A low murmur of voices on the other side of the door came to his ears. Suddenly the door was swung open.

(Continued next week)

The Brain Wave

(Explanation: The idea is to make snappy sentences from a list of motion picture titles, using them to get the idea across. The following are the winners of the first batch that has come in to us. No prize is offered for the best sentence. Just credit given to the author.)

"Too Much Speed," cried "The Little Minister," don't you see there's a "Dangerous Curve Ahead?" I do, said "The Nut," but keep seated we're "Good For Nothing" anyhow, and we've still got "Two Minutes To Go."

EARL M. HERTZOG,
390 E. Auburn Street,
Allentown, Pa.

"Don't Tell Everything," cried "Pollyanna" across "The Great Divide," as "The Affairs of Anatol" are "Forbidden Fruit" to "The Three Musketeers."

WALLACE PRICE,
117 West 46th Street,
New York City,
New York.

If "Princess Jones" were to be seen in a "Silver Car" with "The Little Minister," driving through "The Crooked Streets," what would "Foolish Wives" say? "Scandal," of course.

After being "Shipwrecked Among Cannibals," "The Man of Stone" saw a "Light Out of the Clearing," which opened his eyes to "Civilization."

"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," known as the "Romantic Adventuress," took a hike "Over the Hill" to see "The City of Silent Men."

"The Divorcee" planned "A Trip to Paradise" with "The Dancing Fool," he being "Just Out of College."

As we sat in "The Old Nest," "Old Lady 31" and her husband, known as "Old Dad," told us the story of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Elaine Hammerstein
PRIZE WINNERS

Annabelle Virginia Elliott
ONE

It gives us pleasure to announce that our readers have selected the two young ladies who most nearly resemble ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN and whose pictures we are re-printing from the ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN page of February 4th.

ANNABEL VIRGINIA ELLIOTT

of East St. Lous, Illinois, is the LUCKY GIRL who wins the $25.00 first prize with 160 votes. Her picture was Number 1.

ANITA SHERMAN

of Chicago, Illinois, whose picture was Number 2, received 107 votes, entitling her to two subscriptions to the "Movie Weekly."

The other seven young ladies who were contestants received votes giving them the following places:

Jennie Walker	3rd	Place
Mary Bonner	4th	"
Mary Pasco	5th	"
Ruth Kairner	6th	"
Julia Clausen	7th	"
Pauline Littleton	8th	"
Anna Peters	9th	"

Anita Sherman-TWO

We thank the girls who have taken part in this interesting contest, and our readers who, as the final judges, have made the above decision.

Next week we will announce the BEBE DANIELS winners.

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Agnes Ayres in Sir Gilbert Parker's Story
"The Lane That Had No Turning"

Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was"
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel
"Enchanted Hearts" by Darragh Aldrich

Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play"
by Donn Byrne
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions

Bebe Daniels in "Nancy From Nowhere"
by Grace Drew and Kathrene Pinkerton
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A George Fitzmaurice Production.
"Three Live Ghosts" with
Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry.

Mary Miles Minter in "Tillie"
From the novel by Helen R. Martin.
A Realart Production

Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Saturday Night" By Jeanie Macpherson

Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

"One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer

George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris

May McAvoy in "A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull. A Realart Production

"Boomerang Bill" With Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle. A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang" With Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua"
By Dion Clayton Calthrop

Constance Binney in "Midnight"
By Harvey Thew. A Realart Production

Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"

Bebe Daniels in "A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Realart Production

William S. Hart in "Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production.

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by George Du Maurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production

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Mia May. Directed by Joe May.
From the novel by Carl Figdor.

Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
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By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden.

Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger.

Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production.

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady."

Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production.

Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr.
A Cosmopolitan Production

Betty Compson in
a William D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the story "The Noose"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner.

May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window"
By Olga Printzlau
A Realart Production.

"Find the Woman" with Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugene Brieux

Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morison
A Realart Production.

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in
"Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst

Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"

Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"

Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne.
A Realart Production

John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade" by Maurice Hewlett

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" with T. Roy Barnes,
Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"Beyond the Rocks"

Mia May in "My Man"

Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in
"A Stampede Madonna"

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Man from Home"
with James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson,
Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming
and John Miltern
From the play by Booth Tarkington and
Harry Leon Wilson

Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"

Thomas Meighan in "The Proxy Daddy"
From the novel by Edward Peple

Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"
By Byron Morgan

Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"Over the Border"
with Betty Compson and Tom Moore.
A Penhryn Stanlaws Production

"Sisters" By Kathleen Norris.
A Cosmopolitan Production

George Melford's Production
"The Cat That Walked Alone"
with Dorothy Dalton

Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
By George Ade

Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"

Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"
By Hamilton Smith

Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Elmer Rice

Mia May in "Truth Conquers"

Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"
By Rachel Crothers

"The Beauty Shop" with Raymond Hitchcock
From the musical comedy by Channing
Pollock and Rennold Wolf
A Cosmopolitan Production

Mary Miles Minter in "South of the Suva"
By Ewart Adamson

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

JULIA FAYE

Paramount Pictures

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MOVIE WEEKLY

April, 8, 1922

10¢

Hollywood Morals
by
Benj. B. Hampton

Dick Barthelmess'
Happy Struggles
to Star
by
His Mother

Doris
Kenyon

A Study by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

Federal Censorship in the Offing

A CONTRIBUTION reaches the Editor's desk from one who has made a conclusive study of Federal Censorship, and so enlightening is this contribution, that we print it herewith. After reading it, we are sure our readers will have a firmer grasp of this subject, one that has, hitherfore, proven rather elusive:

"The Federal Censorship Bill has been introduced into the House of Represenetatives by Representative T. Frank Appleby, of New Jersey. It provides for a commission of three members to be appointed by the President, the chairman to receive a salary of $6,000 a year; the other two, $5,000 a year.

"The commission may appoint a secretary and such deputy and advisory commissioners as may be necessary to assist in the examination and censoring of films. No one shall be appointed an advisory commissioner who has any direct or indirect pecuniary interest in motion pictures. The entire cost of the commission is to be limited to $60,000. The commission is to have power to make rules and regulations and to exercise functions necessary to the efficient performance of its duties.

"Every film submitted to the commission shall be licensed 'unless such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, or depicts an actual prize fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to impair the health, or debase or corrupt the morals of children or adults, or incite to crime, or produce depraved moral ideas, or debase moral standards, or cause moral laxity in adults or minors.'

"The commission may grant a license upon condition that objectionable parts are eliminated, and may require all condemned films, both positives and negatives, to be left in its possession. Provision is made for an appeal from the decision of a deputy commissioner to at least one member of the commission, and a further appeal to the full commission.

"Licensed films are to be provided with a special tag which must be attached when the film is offered for transportation. It is to be unlawful to transport or to exhibit unlicensed film. The penalty for any violation of the Act may be a fine of not more than $500 or imprisonment for not more than one year, and the films unlawfully transported or exhibited may be seized and destroyed.

"A fee of one dollar is to be charged for the examination of each 1,000 feet of film, and fifty cents for each duplicate. It is provided, however, that the license fee may be reduced from time to time to such a sum as will produce no larger income than is necessary to defray the cost of the commission. Any change in a film after it is licensed is to be considered as a violation of the Act and to be punished by fine or imprisonment.

"Just now there are only seven States that have motion picture censors. No two censors agree on what should be passed or what should be forbidden, and no producer has yet been heard to express unbounded enthusiasm over any censor. If it did nothing more, possibly Federal Censorship might stave off State Censorship in the remaining forty-three commonwealths."

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

MOVIE WEEKLY

APRIL 8, 1922

Vol. II *No. 9*

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TELL US WHAT YOU THINK

Having printed this authorized report of one who has made a study of Federal Censorship, and having printed from time to time editorials concerning State Censorship, we are especially interested in knowing what our readers think of both forms of censorship.

Do you believe in either? Do you think motion pictures, today, need "censorial guardians?"

We are prone to shy at the familiar clause in the Federal Censorship Bill: "Every film submitted to the commission shall be promptly licensed 'unless such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, inhuman, or depicts an actual prize fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to impair the health, debase or corrupt the morals of children or adults or incite to crime, or produce depraved moral ideas, or debase moral standards, or cause moral laxity in adults or minors."

Personally, we can't figure out how a commission of three people is fitted to decide such momentous problems for over 100,000,000 people. What do *you* think?

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Hollywood Morals

Is Hollywood a Wild Jungle of Drunken Orgies?

By Benj. B. Hampton

DO you believe that Hollywood is a wild jungle of drunken orgies, dope parties and free love? Have you a general, hazy idea that the ten commandments and federal state and civic laws have no connection with daily life in the capitol of movieland?

A newspaper editor recently suggested that Hollywood should be burned to the ground, his theory being that such a holacaust would purify the morals of the world. He pointed to the case of a comedian arrested on the charge of contributing to the death of an actress. He pointed to the assassination of a motion picture director. Holding these two cases before his readers he shrieked that Hollywood should be destroyed.

If you have such thoughts, let us reason together, as fair-minded folks are always willing to do, and see if we can get at the truth.

The geographical, civic entity bearing the name of Hollywood, California, is one of the most beautiful, best behaved, best schooled, best managed cities on earth. Neither the comedian nor the dead director lived in Hollywood. The comedian lives in the most fashionable section of the fashionable West Adams district of Los Angeles, and the director's home was in a modest, comfortable bungalow in a most respectable residence district of Los Angeles. So that if Hollywood should have been burned to make a holiday for a frantic editor, the comedian's social events would not have been disturbed, nor would a cowardly assassin have been prevented from murdering an unarmed man.

* * * * * *

No one can get at the truth of motion picture morals until he understands the creation of star salaries, and the events that follow in the train of suddenly acquired wealth.

Five thousand dollars a week!—$10,000 a week!—$20,000 a week! Figures such as these stagger the ordinary mortal.

"Such wages cannot be possible. These stories are mere fictions of press agent imagination," you say.

Yet the figures are true. For several years a number of young women and men each have been receiving $50,000, $100,000, $150,000 to $200,000 year. A very few have exceeded $250,000 a year, but many have been paid $500 to $750 a week.

These huge salaries were made possible—yes, they were made imperative—by the public's approval of the same men and women who created the "Hollywood" that is at present receiving so much attention.

As an illustration of the workings of the system of making screen stars, and the effect of the operation on the star and on public opinion of the picture industry, let us briefly review the history of an actress whom we will call Georgia Columbia.

In 1918 this girl was "free lancing," that is, she was accepting such positions as she could get, and her salary was $75 to $100 a week. Toward the end of the year she was chosen by a famous picture maker to play a part in one of his productions, and for this employment she was paid $125 a week. The photoplay was a tremendous success and the girl leaped from obscurity to fame in a few months.

Georgia became known quickly to millions of theatre goers; and picture producers, believing that audiences would welcome her as a star, entered into a bidding contest for her services. Early in 1919 she accepted a contract at $1,500 a week salary, and when

WOODBURY

The author, Benj. B. Hampton

this ended within a year she went with another company at $2,500 a week. Within less than two years this girl has progressed from $125 a week to $2,500 a week. Public approval of her work has given her this "box-office value" and the producers believe it good business to give the public what it wants.

One of the several great differences between the screen and the spoken drama is revealed right here. The enormous salaries of the screen are not duplicatd in spoken drama nor in vaudeville. There are high salaries on the stage, but they are not so large nor so numerous, nor do they come into existence so quickly as in picture circles. Stage audiences choose their entertainments more carefully. A play may become a great success on its merits, without the support of a star's name. Picture audiences have developed "star-worship" to a heighth unknown to the stage, and "star-worship" is followed by sudden inflation of incomes, as illustrated in the case of Georgia Columbia.

* * * * * *

Can you imagine what happened to Georgia Columbia, whose "free lancing" in 1918 brought her an income of perhaps $2,000, when she found a check for $1,500 or $2,500 in her pay envelope every Saturday night in 1919 and thereafter? Well, many things happened.

First of all, Georgia was swamped with new "friendships." She was deluged with "fame" and "popularity." Women and men who had barely nodded to her as she made the dull round of the studios looking for work in 1918, now thrust forward to greet her effusively, obsequiously. Others whom she had never known, never heard of, pushed into her orbit, pleading and flattering for a share of the great star's attention.

Newspapers and magazines sent writers and photographers to see her. Her mail suddenly filled several baskets daily. This is not a flight of fancy; it is a solemn recital of facts. Letters from admirers of a screen star reach enormous daily totals. And this correspondence comes from all sorts of people—boot-blacks, servant girls, college presidents, bankers, newspaper editors, ministers; all of the groups in the social system are represented.

The merchants of Los Angeles were ready to assist Georgia in meeting her new responsibilities. The realtors were present to sell her a "palatial residence." Decorators and furnishers assured her of their ability and willingness to make her new home the most artistic in America. The automobile dealers showed her the grades of limousines, town cars, and runabouts appropriate to her new position. The jewelers, the gown makers, the milliners—everyone was present with earnest, eager offers of assistance.

Is it any wonder that Georgia was bewildered? Would any girl in any industry anywhere keep her head when bushels of press clippings and thousands of letters assure her that she is the most beautiful, most finished, most exquisite, most everything artiste that ever came into a world hungering for the radiant inspiration of her glorious personality?

* * * * * *

Georgia does not read the press notices and the fan letters of other stars. Indeed, she cannot take time to read her own! Her secretaries skim through the postman's burden and select the cream, the most flattering specimens, to read to Georgia. How, then, can Georgia realize that every star receives identical publicity stuff and fan letters so nearly alike that all of them might have been written in the same insane asylum? Georgia does not know, and being quite a human little person, she quickly accepts herself as a genius thrust into this world for the purpose of elevating its artistic standards, as per press stuff and admirers' mail.

Every week the $2,500 check finds its way to her bank account. True, it is like a bird of passage. It is quickly absorbed by payments on the new mansion and its contents, and the beautiful new motor cars, and gowns and furs and jewels, and wages of secretaries, butler, house servants, personal maids, etc., etc.

Georgia's new host of friends

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

A section of Hollywood where "wild life" is supposed to sizzle. Take a look.

press her with social invitations. Georgia has youth's yearning for "a good time." Why have beauty, wealth and fame unless these elements co-ordinate in the tangible result of "having a good time?" Georgia enthusiastically enters into "having a good time" by following the path of all newly-rich since riches first began. When Georgia's chauffeur drives her gaily decorated limousine into the pathway of pleasure, it rolls along the ancient highway of peacock display, of vanity, selfishness and carelessness.

The thrifty Egyptian steward who got rich quick three thousand years ago—the political and business bosses of the Roman Empire who fattened by exploiting colonies—the group of new millionaires thrust into the limelight when Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan reorganized the steel industry—the Wall Street plungers that rise to great wealth in every boom period—in each group history repeats itself.

Few men and women can be drawn suddenly from poverty into riches, from obscurity into dazzling publicity, and avoid folly. Adulation, flattery by speech, letter and printed page, in addition to a weekly check of huge size, is too great a burden for any human being to assume easily. Georgia and her associates have been no more successful, nor no less successful, in attempting the impossible than have any of their predecessors from the time of Thebes to date.

There is, however, the noteworthy distinction that film stars are more widely known than the "fast sets" of Pittsburg steel or Newport high society. The screen is a mighty engine of publicity, and the professional personalities of its famous players have become familiar to members of millions of households. Because of this intimacy—this "star-worship"—there is deep-seated, genuine distress and indignation when scandal attaches to the name of a famous player.

* * * * * *

Unfortunately for the motion picture industry, the playground of its pleasure-seekers is Los Angeles instead of New York. Los Angeles has six hundred thousand population, and New York has six million. In Manhattan, Georgia's extravagance and enthusiastic manners would pass unnoted. Georgia would be swallowed and easily digested by the great Broadway of the East. But the smaller Broadway of the West is composed of different material.

"Dishing the dirt" is the favorite pastime of studio people. It is their great indoor and outdoor sport. "Dishing the dirt" is movie lingo for gossip, and no folks anywhere can excel the picture people in this line of exercise. If a girl buys a new gown, if a man gets a new motor car; if a director is pleasant to an actress; if two players dance together twice at Cocoanut Grove or Sunset Inn—the tongues begin to twitter. No small-town barber shop or sewing society equals the movie group as gabblers and scandal-mongers.

Every journey of a star's limousine is noted. Every dollar she owes on her jewels is discussed. Gossip travels rapidly from the studios to the hairdressing parlors, dressmaking and other establishments and filters into the hotels and apartments that house the tourists. Not only are Georgia and her playmates made famous by press and screen—they are subjects of such constant, colorful gossip in Los Angeles that every visitor hungers to get glimpses of them in real life. Admission to studios is hard to get, so that the ordinary tourist must be contented to gaze at the residences of the stars or to stand in admiration as Georgia's limousine flashes through the streets. The wealthy visitors can afford to visit Cocoanut Grove, the Green Mill, Sunset Inn and other public places where kings and queens of moviedom congregate, and when Georgia appears at one of these places, eastern bankers and their wives struggle for a glimpse of her, and the daughters of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago industrial kings park their eyes on her from her entrance to her exit.

The gossip does not stop in Los Angeles—it is taken home by the tourists, and the stories lose nothing in their travels. The silly or jealous tittle-tattle of the studios assumes the form of serious slander after it has passed into national circulation.

"Dishing the dirt" in the studios is the foundation stone of the widespread misunderstanding of picture morals—and movieland has only itself to blame for this condition. It has gossiped about itself, and slandered itself—in jealousy, vanity, carelessness and ignorance it has sown the wind of tittle-tattle and it is now reaping the whirlwind of unjust and terrible notoriety.

Foolish? Yes. Extravagant? Yes. Lack of refinement? Yes, often, and in the same degree that gave fame to the Waldorf-Astoria's "Peacock Alley" in the days of the Pittsburg effort to make a dent on little old New York.

A "modern Babylon," with a dash of "Sodom and Gomorrah?" Let us see.

When you think it over, do you not agree that you expect picture people to be *human beings?* Although the press agents strive earnestly to portray the players as a group of supermen and superwomen— gods and goddesses far removed from ordinary mankind—the players themselves are merely plain folks, such as you and I. There is no difference between them and other residents of any large city. Is it not reasonable, then, to measure them by the same standard of morals and ethics that is used in appraising the conduct of lawyers, bankers, merchants, stenographers, clerks, school teachers, newspaper reporters, mechanics and other classes? Is it not fair to regard the picture people as *human beings* and to insist that they subscribe to the same laws as other human beings and that they receive the treatment from press and public similar to that accorded to other members of society?

Priscilla, Dean, wife of Wheeler Oakman, and a home lover, who, nevertheless, admits to living in Hollywood.

Individuals deserving of censure should be censured, but the entire motion picture colony should not be thrown into the shadows because of a noisy, foolish minority.

A minister's son is on trial for murder. Does the community declare that all minister's sons are murderers?

A doctor is charged with assault. Does the community infer that all doctors may be charged with assault?

A lawyer is threatened with disbarment because of alleged dishonorable practices. Does the community believe that all lawyers are dishonorable?

Certainly not. *The public distinguishes between individuals.*

* * * * * *

The overwhelming majority of players, directors and highly paid technical workers conduct themselves in the same manner as other residents of Los Angeles. They buy homes, raise children, pay taxes, go to church or play poker, according to their individual tastes and inclination. Their conduct differs in no degree from that of the other business and professional people of Los Angeles.

This statement is supported by abundant evidence. The court records of Los Angeles county prove that very few players, directors, technical or business people have been accused of crimes. The cases are so few in number as to be negligible. The one outstanding criminal charge is that against a famous comedian.

Hints of "wild parties," "drunken orgies," "dope parlors" and "licentious debaucheries rivalling those of Rome in her days of decline," are conspicuously not accompanied by specific information in regard to these degrading events, but a stream of innuendo causes the public to absorb the idea that Los Angeles is a hotbed of iniquity.

The evidence is to the contrary. Los Angeles is preeminently a church and home city. The religious elements of the community are so powerful that Los Angeles is regarded as almost Puritanical. Long before the Volstead act, Los Angeles drove the saloons out of existence by the passage of sensible enforceable laws; and for years there has been no "red-light district." I am familiar with nearly all the large cities on this continent and I am confident that no large city is better governed than Los Angeles nor is any city more jealous of its reputation.

The leading industry of Los Angeles is that of caring for the scores of thousands of tourists who go there annually. These tourists are nearly all family folks, and Los Angeles is careful to convince its visitors that it is the best city in America for them to choose as permanent homes. That Los Angeles succeeds in so convincing them is proved by her steady large increase in population.

If dope, drunkenness and licentiousness prevailed in the picture colony, the police force and sheriff's office would be compelled by the church people and the city's business interests to drive the movie makers out of town. The case of the comedian and the assassination of a famous director have caused most rigid, most complete examinations of every phase and every detail of picture life. Not only have scores of detectives, and private investigators spurred by the offer of large rewards, gone into every scandal, they have traced each piece of gossip to its farthest end. No corruption, and no hint of corruption, has escaped them. It is doubtful if any group in the country has ever been subjected to such an exhaustive examination.

What evidences of degradation and debauchery have been revealed by these investigators? Almost none, or the jails of Los Angeles would now be packed. The officials of the law have learned that there are very few evil men and women in pictures, and that the great majority of even the foolish, vain, extravagant newly-rich are neither dopsters, drunkards, nor degenerates. This is the testimony not only of police officers, but of business men, ministers and club women and other citizens who have studied the situation, and of famous novelists who live in the colony.

* * * * * *

Estimates of the number of people employed in the production of motion pictures in Los Angeles places the total at forty to fifty thousand. Artisans and mechanics of all trades and laborers form the bulk of this army.

I have tried to calculate the number of prominent men and women in the industry, including all professional, business and technical departments, and the number cannot fall short of three thousand. Perhaps five thousand would be more nearly correct.

Aside from those I have classified as "prominent," many men and women are employed in small parts in pictures. These are known as "extras." They work day by day, as they can secure employment. If a picture requires several hundred cowboys, they are available. If a hundred girls are wanted for a Turkish harem scene, several hundred apply for the positions. Smartly dressed men and women furnish the "atmosphere" for great ballroom sets. Thousands of men, women and children can be obtained for street scenes in a strike or a riot, or for any of the sets in which large crowds are required.

(*Continued on page 29*)

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

by Truman B. Handy

IN a room of a far downtown New York hotel, a worn, anxious man showing the after-effects of intoxication, paced the floor nervously. He would walk to the window ever so often and look out. He seemed to be expecting someone.

A knock on the door . . . he is nervous, yet cheered. It is a messenger . . . and William D. Taylor, the expectant, seems gladdened.

The messenger brought him what, a short while before, he had telephoned to his office for—six hundred dollars. The money, in greenbacks, he pocketed eagerly, and he could hardly wait for the messenger to depart before he took his hat and also departed.

For blocks he walked—down through crowded business streets, small by-ways where sidewalk peddlers hawked their wares, narrow alleys where tenements flanked the sidewalks and children played noisily, dirtily, in the streets. At length he reached the waterfront—and it was there, among the dross, that he intended to seek solace for the time being from his inner woes.

Taylor was worried. For several days past he had been drinking rather heavily. Trouble with his wife, certain of his friends asserted. But this pilgrimage of his into the slums was not necessarily a new thing for him, for, frequently in those days, he would relieve his mind of its varied cares by participating in the life the "other half" of society lives.

On numerous other occasions—on other pilgrimages—he had thus communed with his less fortunate brothers. Throughout his entire life, however, he never regarded wayward humanity as beneath notice. Other artists, at other times, have communed likewise—and, like him—have returned to their uptown habitations mentally refreshed and spiritually enlivened for their contact with the other half's suffering.

There were wharvesmen on the Battery who used to call Taylor "Bill." And, in tiny Washington Square, there was even a gin-sotted old woman who referred to the handsome art connoisseur as "her son," for he befriended her at a moment when a policeman was on the verge of arresting her as a vagrant.

With the shades of early evening falling, with the lights of boats in the river twinkling on the water, Taylor sought refuge in a "joint" wherein corned beef and cabbage formed a questionably delectable menu for the lower strata of New York's humanity. He was seated at a table eating and drinking; various acquaintances, knowing that he would have money to "stand treat," joined him—and a good-natured revelry ensued wherein Taylor was host to as varied an aggregation of types as could be possibly found. Some were already in their cups, and he was the merry toastmaster, singing his "Pat O'Leary" song and getting them to join in the chorus.

And the party continued until late. He arose to go and paid for his "feed," and when he walked out of the establishment two dark-visaged men who had been standing by, watching him—men who had not joined in his merry-making—followed.

Up dark streets he picked his way, headed for the more happy section of New York that was his home. Around a corner . . . into an alley . . . a short cut . . . hurried, muffled steps behind him . . . a sudden blow . . . and Taylor fell to the sidewalk, stunned . . . two men going through his pockets.

Having robbed him of his remaining green backs, the thugs picked him up and carried him back up the alley, through other alleys—and eventually to a wharf where a wind-beaten schooner lay with the muddy waters of the East River lapping its sides. They took him into a darkened hole below decks and left him to revive—and when he came to, he could hear the pounding of waters on wooden ship walls, and could realize that he had been—shanghaied.

The trip was a long one, months in the making. The ship, a "tramp," sailed at random into many ports on many seas. Africa, the Canary Islands, and the Mediterranean were included in its itinerary, and Taylor had become used to the seaman's hard labor lot to which he had unwittingly fallen.

At an African port he had an opportunity to leave the ship, but the life appealed to him and he stuck to its standards. There were other landings made and other seas sailed—and, finally, one day, the weather-scarred "tramp" put into the harbor at Portland, Ore.

With money in his pockets, new life in his body, Taylor set about rehabilitating himself according to his precepts of a gentleman. He heard of a repertoire company forming to play in Eastern cities, and, by virtue of his past experience with Fanny Davenport, was able to qualify as one of its actors.

But, on arriving in Montreal, he found that the fortunes of the company were not altogether lucrative. The actors fought among themselves, and discord reigned generally.

A group of men were making plans for a trip into the Klondike, where gold offered alluring enticements—sufficient reward for the hardships

(*Continued on page* 8)

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

In his Captain's uniform in the British Army.

Ethel Clayton, one of the stars directed by Taylor.

The Happy Struggles of Affectionately recounted by

Mrs. Caroline H. Barthelmess, Dick's mother. This photo of his mother in her youthful days, reveals the likeness between mother and son.

It is hard to make a diffident person talk about himself. Dick Barthelmess doesn't like to. He prefers to be accepted by those he meets as a "regular feller." You have to talk with his mother to hear stories of him, of how he grew up under her care, how he went to school, wrote poems, articles, short stories, was cheer-leader at college, and valedictorian, how he paraded about in a uniform when he was at military school, how he dabbled about with theatricals, amateur and professional, until finally he made off to a motion picture studio, to rise slowly at first, and then with amazing suddenness, into prominence as a featured player and then as a star. But enough, Mrs. Barthelmess tells "Movie Weekly" readers about the son she so dearly loves:

DICK takes after his father. There never was such a man as his father . . .

We were living in an apartment on Central Park West, overlooking the park, when Dick was born, in 1895. In those days we never thought any of us would attempt to make our living on the stage, and the motion picture wasn't even heard of then. I had spent my own youth in China. My uncle was the episcopal bishop, William J. Boone, and I had lived in the atmosphere of the foreign mission in the Orient. We had had no professionals to amuse us, so occasionally we put on amateur performances, and I played in some of them when I was a girl. But that had been the extent of my experience with the stage.

A little over a year after Dick's birth, his father, who had belonged to the 22nd Regiment, died. We lived on at the old place on Central Park West, but when my resources became low, about the time Dick was eight years old, I determined that Dick would not suffer for lack of education or the proper upbringing on my account, so I determined to try my hand at the stage. I had met Mr. Belasco, and through him I obtained an engagement with Mrs. Fiske, in "Mary of Magdalen."

Until that time, Dick had gone to Hamilton Institute, opposite the American Museum of Natural History, a few blocks from where we lived. But as soon as I saw that my efforts to become an actress were meeting with success, I knew that I would have to send him to an institution where his entire welfare would be watched over. He had been a dutiful boy; he was entirely devoted to me, but I was just as well satisfied that he should go to a boys' school, where he would learn to be a man among men.

After a great deal of examination of the prospectuses of various schools, I chose the Hudson

A later photo of Dick and his mother. They are great pals, and Dick usually goes over a story with her.

River Military Academy, near Nyack. It was ideally situated, overlooking the river, and it offered education plus plenty of good exercise out-of-doors. This was during the height of Col. Roosevelt's popularity and the school was built on the lines of a cavalry academy, training the boys for special horsemanship and in cavalry drills. Dick wore a cavalry uniform, with a broad yellow stripe down the pants, and he was a pretty picture as he strode along beside me. The boys rode on small ponies, and Dick went through his part of things very manfully.

Nevertheless, I think he must have been more or less awed by his freedom at first, and not at all unafraid of the drills. One reason why I chose the Nyack school was that a distant relative of ours had sent his boy there. This lad, who was known as "Sud" Palmer, was Dick's constant companion.

I remember visiting the school one day and asking Dick whether he had been a good boy. He told me he had been good, but later, when he was talking about the drills, he mentioned that "Sud" had been afraid of the ponies and had gone through the formation with tears streaming down his face.

Then Dick's habit of telling the truth came to the front. "Mother," he said, "you think I was a good boy. Well, I pummelled the life out of 'Sud' Palmer for crying."

Dick's first appearance in public took place at that school. At the commencement, he recited a poem called "Little Brown-Eyed Rebel." I arrived at Nyack too late to be present at the commencement, but early enough for the dance that was to follow. Dick met me at the station, looking rather peculiar.

"Well, what happened, son?" I asked him.

"Nuthin'," he replied.

"But why do you look at me so funnily? Something must be wrong."

He could contain himself no longer. He pushed back the lapel of his coat and showed me the medal he had won for his recitation.

Dick's first trip with show people took place at that time. During one of the holidays, I took him with me to Chicago. Tyrone Power headed the company. He played the part of a man who was supposed to be down-and-out, and on his return to his home, he appeared on the stage in a makeup that was positively repulsive. The critics scored his makeup, but he persisted in using it, saying that the role required it. One day Dick remarked:

"Why does Mr. Power make himself look so dirty?"

The stage manager laughed, and remarked that the boy certainly had good judgment in determining stage effects.

Dick's first appearance on the stage took place in those Nyack days. Mrs. H. C. de Mille had produced a play for children which was being offered at holiday week matinees in Boston. Dick came down to visit me, wearing his uniform as manfully as possible. The play, which was called "The Little Princess," had a boy's part in it, a part played then by Donald Gallagher, but required also the use of a large number of little

Dick's father, Alfred W. Barthelmess, an officer in the U. S. 22nd Regiment.

Dick Barthelmess to Popular Star
his Mother, Mrs. Caroline H. Barthelmess

girls. Dick fitted in as a little girl and so he was made up for that part and played it, as an extra. He enjoyed it mightily, so much so, that when, during the following year, Mrs. de Mille obtained the use of the Lyceum Theatre in New York, she was given a full two weeks' engagement.

Dick came to New York that time, his trunk full of Christmas gifts, and during the first week he went back to his old part, one without lines, as a girl. But Donald Gallagher fell ill at the end of the first week, and the manager of the company suggested to me that Dick would do in the part.

I told him quite frankly that Dick had had no real experience, and might make a miserable failure of it.

"I think he can do it. Let's give him a chance," he replied.

I was playing the role of a mother of several children, in steps, from a tiny tot to a sizeable girl. Dick was to be the only boy. He cried bitterly because he couldn't play a girl. We rehearsed the boy's role together at home, and Dick learned it letter perfect, all except one part. I was supposd to wear a long train, and to play a great lady. I was to rise in my drawing room and to greet a visitor, saying:

"I am charmed to know you."

As I turned and extended my hand, Dick, in the boy's part, was to unroll himself from my train, to execute a flop and to come up standing. This bit was always worth a good laugh, and Dick was so afraid that he would miss on the flop that he made me rehearse him in it a dozen times, and he went on with the part successfully.

When Dick completed his course at the Hudson Academy, he didn't know what prep school to enter. He was visiting some friends at that time, and found himself in a Christian Science group. During his visit, the family dog, a beautiful shepherd named Tad, fell ill. Dick's hosts, instead of calling in a veterinarian, employed Science to cure the dog. They succeeded so well that Dick was greatly impressed, and insisted on adopting their recommendation to go to Manor School, at Stamford, Connecticut, a Christian Science institution.

Dick, a rolly-polly youngster at the age of five.

There he again lived in ideal surroundings. Manor was on a bluff overlooking the ocean, and Dick had a room in an old house which had formerly been occupied by Edwin Booth. He was very active at Manor. At Hudson he had been trained in horsemanship, and he had gone skating, ice-boating on the river and had had considerable out-of-door exercise, although he was not particularly inclined toward athletics. At Manor he did a little in the track meets, but he excelled more as a writer. He was editor of the Papyrus, the school publication, he tried out for the football team, and he was the valedictorian.

When he was still at Hudson, I had forbidden him to swim in the river, principally because the school was below Nyack and I was afraid that the water would be contaminated by the sewage. But you couldn't keep him out of the water. I visited the school one day, and was with a group of the boys. Dick had assured me he had never gone in swimming, but I heard the boys say they thought they would go in for a swim.

"But you don't swim down here, do you?" I asked.

At the age of 14.

"Oh, no," one of them replied. "We don't go in swimming, do we, Dick?"

And my boy looked at me rather sheepishly. He was too active to withstand restraint of that kind. And it was this same activity which earned for him the honor of being valedictorian at Manor. The school wanted to honor some of the sons of richer parents than Dick had, but his work had been so good that the offer was made to him, after the failure of a boy who had been designated previously to write something acceptable. Dick was told to choose any subject he cared for. He went to the library and, as he had seen Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" with me, he wrote an article called "The Joy of School Life," based on that play.

When Dick left Manor, we knew that we did not have a business man on our hands. Like his father, who often said that he could not stand being cooped up in a business office, Dick had shown evidences of a desire to break away from the routine of a business life. He had shown

One of Mrs. Barthelmess' favorite pictures of her son, during his school days.

some little talent as an artist, principally in drawing valentines for me, I must confess, but he had written a great deal, and had entered actively into the literary life at school.

I still have a copy of one of his poems. It is a crude thing, but it is an evidence of his tendencies.

It is called "Friends of Shakespeare." The frayed, yellowing copy I have is pencilled, and was written when he was no more than twelve."

It was only a childish effort, yet it showed what Dick preferred. But I could not afford to send him to college just then. That season I was playing the mother in "The Only Son" on the road. We had booked Kansas City, and when I reached that city I was visited by Sidney C. Partridge, whom I had known in China. He was a pastor and he had always shown a deep interest in Dick. We talked Dick's future over one evening during my stay in Kansas City. On my way back to the East, I stopped off again to see Mr. Partridge. He had recommended Trinity College, and said he might be able to arrange to help Dick through Trinity. I had written to Dick in the meantime and asked if he would like to go to Trinity. It was near Manor. He had met several Trinity boys and it was acceptable to him in every way. Later, he was given a scholarship there, and his university career began.

In her concluding article, Mrs. Barthelmess relates the story of Dick's days in Trinity. How Dick went into pictures will be related both by his mother and by himself.

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

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UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Showing Director Taylor wearing the stripes of a "non-com" in the ranks of the English Army.

that an Alaskan expedition would surely bring forth.

But Taylor was used to hardships. In his heart was the continual desire for adventure, and he felt that no hardships that he would experience on a gold-hunting expedition could in any way compare with those he had rather recently undergone as a seaman on the tramp schooner.

He set out from Montreal via the famous "long route" across Canada. Eventually he found himself crossing the Canadian Rockies—and still he and his fellow *voyageurs* kept on.

History tells of the rough-and-tumble assortment of characters that went into the Klondike in those boom days. There were the dregs of humanity and the dross of civilization gone "north of 53" to seek their fortune, but Taylor was undaunted. He had met rough people before in his life; in fact, he enjoyed the freshness of their viewpoint, the primitive quality of their inherent conventons.

At first he worked with other prospectors in the ice-clad Alaskan fields. Later, however, he found it to his advantage to keep a store for miners, and this proved to be a bonanza for him. In Nome he fell ill with typhus fever and nearly died, and, weakened, he began to yearn once again for his home in the States. With a small fortune in his pockets he returned, and finally made his way to Boston, where he was a member of the famous Castle Garden theatre company.

But, at that time of his life—when he was merging from youth into the fullest of manhood—when he had found his ideals alternately strengthened and shaken, shaken and strengthened—he could not control his desire to see the land of the midnight sun. Alaska seemed to be in his blood.

And, beside, he was embittered, made sorrowful by the outcome of his marriage, for he learned that his wife had divorced him.

Again he set out for the frozen north; and again do we find him fighting in the eternal struggle of mankind for his stake. The scratching of the earth for its gold did not directly appeal to him and, in Dawson, a town that had sprung up mushroom-like and comprised only the most basic fundamentals of civilization, Taylor soon came to be known as "the man who could play a banjo."

But he had both ability and ambition. Merely playing a banjo—even though its metallic tones brought him ready money from the amusement-hungry denizens of the north country—failed to satisfy him. The proprietor of a small theatre, wherein a company of stock actors labored unceasingly, recognized, in Taylor, a man who could carry on the work successfully.

He was engaged as producer and stage director. Often he would act—and, frequently, he would paint the scenery to suit his requirements.

None of the old sourdoughs who are now scattered throughout the country, living on the wealth they amassed in those earlier days, are impressed by a name so imposing as William Desmond Taylor. But they all remember him as "Bill," who produced what they considered very high-class plays at "Arizona Charley's" popular house. Some recall him as Jimmy Taylor—and, to others, he was known as 'Gene.

But, according to an old miner acquaintance of Taylor's, the carefully-groomed, reserved, quiet Englishman harbored a secret sorrow, which, with him, was deep and everlasting.

And it was apparent to his two housemates, a prospector and a poet, both of whom had gone north to recoup lost wealth and fortunes. He would work at his theatre until late at night and, frequently, on arriving home, would be steeped in deep thought.

But he never divulged the reason for that sorrow—and persons who knew him could only sense what he was suffering by the deep sighs that occasionally made themselves heard, much against his wishes.

For Taylor's was "a grief that you can't control," to use the phrase of a poet.

The money Taylor made in the north he invested unwisely in the United States. Came a letter to him one day telling him that his presence was needed in San Francisco. As silently as he had slipped into Alaska, he slipped out of it. Perhaps, he kept thinking, he could live quietly in the States on his earnings—perhaps . . .!

But, as the hand of tragedy has pointed so poignantly in his direction all through his life, so does it point again toward him. For, in San Francisco, his solicitors informed him that he had lost his savings.

He was penniless!

Again there was that heart-rending search for work—something, *anything*, to do to keep food in his mouth and a roof over his head. And yet even though his talents were many, he suffered horrible privations for days, for work was scarce.

Finally he met Harry Corson Clarke, the globe-trotting actor, who was preparing to take his company *en tour* to the Hawaiian Islands. He offered the down-and-out man a chance, once again, to return to the stage, and Taylor took it. Nevertheless, his craving for the money-fields of Alaska had not been stilled. He told his employer tales of the northern Eldorado—of the chances a man had to rehabilitate himself in the graces of his God and his fellow men. And, further, he would say that he had a claim "up there" that he wanted money to work—a claim that would make him fabulously rich if he could but get sufficient backing to open it.

Always with this ambition of getting fabulously rich in mind, he set sail for Honolulu with the Clarke aggregation. Rehearsals were in progress while the boat journey was being made, and by the time the company reached their mid-Pacific destination, the show was ready to go on.

For a month Taylor acted in the play. And then, one day, he learned that carpenters were needed to help build a new theatre which was in course of construction.

Alaska! His dream of getting money to work his claim!

Once again did his mind revert to these musings. And, to earn more money—or, as he afterward said, to "bring Alaska some months nearer"—he got work as a carpenter.

It was a trying ordeal, this working by day with hammer and saw and acting in the theatre at night, but Taylor did it for the remaining two months that Clarke played in Honolulu.

His one thought—his sole ambition—was then to make a success of his mining claim in far-off Alaska. But, even though he had worked un-

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Director William de Mille, one of Taylor's studio co-workers.

Doris Kenyon says:—
"Take your work, not Yourself, seriously.."

by Billie Blenton

WITH memories of Doris Kenyon's excellent work as feature player in the Broadway success, "Up the Ladder," and in such screen productions as "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" "The Ruling Passion," and others, we meander over to her New York apartment, one delightful spring day in April to see that charming individual in person.

You are exuberant with the vague promise of something new that springtime breathes into your being. And so you enter the elevator and up to Doris' apartment, where she lives with her mother and father. It is Doris, herself, who opens the door to your ring. And the promise of spring is personified in the sincerity of her who smiles gladly as she welcomes you.

You are guided to the living room, simply and artistically furnished, with a row of fascinating books at the far end. The spirit of home is in this room. And you are happy.

Doris takes your things and as you seat yourself with a grateful sigh into the yielding softness of the chaize lounge, your eyes view with pleasure the tall, willowy graceful figure that walks across the room. Your heart responds to the radiant smile and the happiness shining from the violet-blue eyes. They revel in the dimple that is the natural beauty spot that guide them to the soft lips. It is good to be alive.

APEDA

Doris Kenyon in a happy mood.

Tramping—a favorite outdoor pastime.

On the lawn of her country home.

You talk—of many subjects. Not of Doris. You commence to air your views with daring emphasis on things you don't know much about. Doris is interested. So are you. Why not? Aren't you doing all the talking? Doris listens earnestly, and now and then disagrees, whereupon an argument ensues. Suddenly you become conscious of a dark suspicion—Doris is an extraordinarily good interviewer. If you don't watch your p's and q's she'll get a story—not you. Therefore, finding yourself at a loss how to approach the subject of Doris with interview—subtlety, you resort to bluntness.

Naturally, those of us who are doing this interview want to know how Doris achieved her first humble start on stage and screen. She sighs, and gazes at you dolorously, a whimsical smile slightly parting the lips. Deliberately you gaze fiercely at nothing. Being thus trapped, Doris needs must talk about herself.

"To tell you the truth," she confesses with a laugh broken by a serious undertone, "I didn't intend going into pictures at all. I aspired to be an opera singer, I hope to be one, some day. So while I went to school, I studied voice. One day at my teacher's studio, I sang for Victor Herbert. He knew Madame Von Feilitzach and through her, became interested in me, and offered me a small part in his new musical comedy, "Princess Pat."

"Wasn't I the proud person when I entered to say my few words! And wasn't I surcharged with a confidence that awes me to this day. I had all my nerve them. But not now.

"Well, we opened on Broadway. The prima donna was suffering from first-night nervousness. I wondered how she could. I don't anymore! Being fired with confidence, I taxed it to the extreme by gazing blissfully around at the audience. In the front row was a man who stared at me continually, only to turn to talk to his companion and then to resume his staring.

"I was standing next to Sam Hardy and was so thrilled at this attention that I turned to him and whispered: 'That man in the first row there is talking about us.' Sam motioned for me to be quiet but I couldn't, I was so excited.

"The long and short of it," chuckled Doris, "was the stage manager came to see me after the performance and told me that the President of a motion picture company, believed I had a screen face and wanted me to 'phone him the next day to make an appointment for a test.

"I wasn't especially excited at this. My career was to be a singer—not an actress. Nevertheless, I wrote the produce_ a note, and in due course an appointment was made and we motored over to his Fort Lee Studio where a test was made.

"I didn't want to go into pictures, but the offer was too interesting, and I signed up for two years with an option for the third.

"My first picture part was in an Alice Brady production, "The Rack." And her leading man was Milton Sills. This was a coincidence," she leaned forward, lightly claspin her hands, a movement peculiarly her own when she is enthused.

"When I went to private school, my chum and I used to save our allowance and cut afternoon classes to go to a show. We saw one in which Milton Sills played, and we both fell in love with him at once. You know how school girls are.

"We went to see Milton Sills again and again, until the play finally left for the road. When I met Mr. Sills at the studio, his face struck me as vaguely familiar but I couldn't place him, not until those school days came back to me. Then I told him all about it, and he enjoyed the telling as much as I did. But wasn't that an interesting co-incidence my first picture being with him?" She paused, the better to relish the memory.

"Well," taking up the thread of the narrative, "it seemed that I was destined to stay in pictures, for I'm still in. I never abandoned my stage work, though, or my music—And so I've just kept on working."

"But what," we question, "what is the secret of your success?"

She laughed heartily, but disagreeingly, at the word "success."

"I have no secret. I simply believe in taking your work seriously; not yourself. If you take yourself seriously, it won't take you long to be warped by egoism. If you take your work seriously, you never forget just how long and hard a road really lies before you before you arrive anywhere near the goal, Success."

Perhaps, too, this explains Doris' broad-mindedness. Her onward march as a poetess,

(*Continued on page 29*)

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, man about town, is visited by a former sweetheart who is now married to an acquaintance of Desboro's. She tells him that she cannot stand her husband any longer, and asks Desboro to take her in.

Her husband has followed her and comes in at this point, and Desboro prevails on her to return with him.

He goes to se an antique dealer and finds he has died and his daughter is keeping up the business.

He is strangely interested in her and engages her to catalogue his antiques.

He puts off a pleasure trip to the south so that he may be home when she calls to start work.

AT eleven o'clock the next morning Miss Nevers had not arrived at Silverwood.

It was still raining hard, the brown Westchester fields, the leafless trees, hedges, paths, roads, were soaked; pools stood in hollows with the dead grass awash; ditches brimmed, river and brook ran amber riot, and alder swamps widened into lakes.

The chances were now that she would not come at all. Desboro had met both morning trains, but she was not visible, and all the passengers had departed leaving him wandering alone along the dripping platform.

For a while he stood moodily on the village bridge beyond, listening to the noisy racket of the swollen brook; and it occurred to him that there was laughter in the noises of the water, like the mirth of the gods mocking him.

"Laugh on, high ones!" he said. "I begin to believe myself the ass that I appear to you."

Presently he wandered back to the station platform, where he idled about, playing with a stray and nondescript dog or two, and caressing the station-master's cat; then, when he had about decided to get into his car and go home, it suddenly occurred to him that he might telephone to New York for information. And he did so, and learned that Miss Nevers had departed that morning on business, for a destination unknown, and would not return before evening.

Also, the station-master informed him that the morning express now deposited passengers at Silverwood Station, on request—an innovation of which he had not before heard; and this put him into excellent spirits.

"Aha!" he said to himself, considerably elated. "Perhaps I'm not such an ass as I appear. Let the high gods laugh!"

So he lighted a cigarette, played with the wastrel dogs some more, flattered the cat till she nearly rubbed her head off against his legs, took a small and solemn child onto his knee and presented it with a silver dollar, while its overburdened German mother publicly nourished another.

"You are really a remarkable child," he gravely assured the infant on his knee. "You possess a most extraordinary mind!"—the child not having uttered a word or betrayed a vestige of human expression upon its slightly soiled features.

Presently the near whistle of the Connecticut Express brought him to his feet. He lifted the astonishingly gifted infant and walked out; and when the express rolled past and stopped, he set it on the day-coach platform beside its stolid parent, and waved to it an impressive adieu.

At the same moment, descending from the train, a tall young girl, in waterproofs, witnessed the proceedings, recognized Desboro, and smiled at the little ceremony taking place.

"Yours?" she inquired, as hat off, hand extended, he came forward to welcome her—and the next moment blushed at her impulsive informality.

"Oh, all kids seem to be mine, somehow or other," he said. "I'm awfully glad you came. I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't believe you really existed, for one thing. And then the weather——"

"Do you suppose mere *weather* could keep me from the Desboro collection? You have much to learn about me."

"I'll begin lessons at once," he said gaily, "if you don't mind giving them. Do you?"

She smiled non-committally, and looked around her at the departing vehicles.

"We have a limousine waiting for us behind the station," he said. "It's five muddy miles."

"I had been wondering all the way up in the train just how I was to get to Silverwood——"

"You didn't suppose I'd leave you to find your way, did you?"

"Business people don't expect limousines," she said, with an unmistakable accent that sounded priggish even to herself—so prim, indeed, that he laughed outright; and she finally laughed, too."

"This is very jolly, isn't it?" he remarked, as they sped away through the rain.

She conceded that it was.

"It's going to be a most delightful day," he predicted.

She thought it was likely to be a *busy* day.

"And delightful, too," he insisted politely.

"Why particularly delightful, Mr. Desboro?"

"I thought you were looking forward with keen pleasure to your work in the Desboro collection!"

She caught a latent glimmer of mischief in his eye, and remained silent, not yet quite certain that she liked this constant running fire of words that always seemed to conceal a hint of laughter at her expense.

Had they been longer acquainted, and on a different footing, she knew that whatever he said would have provoked a response in kind from her. But friendship is not usually born from a single business interview; nor is it born perfect, like a fairy ring, over night. And it was only last night, she made herself remember, that she first laid eyes on Desboro. Yet it seemed curious that whatever he said seemed to awaken in her its echo; and, though she knew it wa an absurd idea, the idea persisted that she already began to understand this young man better than she had ever understood any other of his sex.

He was talking now at random, idly but agreeably, about nothing in particular. She, muffled in the fur robe, looked out through the limousine windows into the rain, and saw brown fields set with pools in every furrow, and squares of winter wheat, intensely green.

And now the silver birch woods, which had given the house its name, began to appear as outlying clumps across the hills; and in a few moments the car swung into a gateway under groves of solemnly-dripping Norway spruces, then up a wide avenue, lined with ranks of leafless hardwood trees and thickets of laurel and rhododendron, and finally stopped before a house made of grayish-brown stone, in the rather inoffensive architecture of early eighteen hundred.

Mrs. Quant, in best bib and tucker, received them in the hallway, having been instructed by Desboro concerning her attitude toward the expected guest. But when she became aware of the youth of the girl, she forgot her sniffs and misgivings, and she waddled, and bobbed, and curtsied, overflowing with a desire to fondle, and cherish, and instruct, which only fear of Desboro choked off.

But as soon as Jacqueline had followed her to the room assigned, and had been divested of wet outer-clothing, and served with hot tea, Mrs. Quant became loquacious and confidential concerning her own ailments and sorrows, and the history and misfortunes of the Desboro family.

Jacqueline wished to decline the cup of tea, but Mrs. Quant insisted; and the girl yielded.

"Air you sure you feel well, Miss Nevers?" she asked anxiously.

"Why, of course."

"Dont be *too* sure," said Mrs. Quant ominously. "Sometimes them that feels bestest is sickest. I've seen a sight of sickness in my day, dearie—typod, mostly. You ain't never had typod, now, hev you?"

"Typhoid?"

"Yes'm, typod!"

"No, I never did."

"Then you take an old woman's advice, Miss Nevers, and don't you go and git it!"

Jacqueline promised gravely; but Mrs. Quant was now fairly launched on her favorite topic.

"I've been forty-two years in this place—and Quant—my man—he was head farmer here when he was took. Typod, it was, dearie—and you won't never git it if you'll listen to me—and Quant, a man that never quarreled with his vittles, but he was for going off without 'em that morning. Sez he, 'Cassie, I don't feel good this mornin'!'—and a piece of pie and a pork chop layin' there onto his plate. 'My vittles don't set right,' sez he; 'I ain't a mite peckish.' Sez I, 'Quant, you lay right down, and don't you stir a inch! You've gone and got a mild form of typod,' sez I, knowing about sickness as I allus had a gift, my father bein' a natural bone-setter. And those was my very words, dearie, 'a mild form of typod.' And I was right and he was took. And when folks ain't well, it's mostly that they've got a mild form of typod which some call malairy——"

There was no stopping her; Jacqueline tasted her hot tea and listened sympathetically to that woman of many sorrows. And, sipping her tea, she was obliged to assist at the obsequies of Quant, the nativity of young Desboro, the dissolution of his grandparents and parents, and many, many minor details, such as the freezing of water-pipes in 1907, the menace of the chestnut blight, mysterious maladies which had affected cattle on the farm—every variety of death, destruction, dissolution, and despondency that had been Mrs. Quant's portion to witness.

And how she gloried in detailing her dismal career; and presently pessimistic prophecies for the future became plainer as her undammed eloquence flowed on:

"And Mr. James, *he* ain't well, neither," she said in a hoarse whisper. "He don't know it, and he won't listen to *me*, dearie, but I *know* he's

(*Continued on page* 27)

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How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

VIII.

AS I said in the previous chat, your first stop in Hollywood should be at the Studio Club, where you may get some tips as to to employment, and learn in particular, the studios which are using "extras."

You must know that certain pictures require only a small cast, while others have scenes that call for a large number of people. Such scenes may take only a day to shoot; then again they may run along for a week or more.

Occasionally a studio inserts a notice in the papers calling for extras. Usually, however, they can get all they want by telephoning those whom they have listed and whom they have employed before.

Unless you are exceptionally fortunate, you will have to take your place in line with those who patiently wait at the casting offices of the studios. It is impossible for me or for anyone to tell you how to attract the attention of the casting director or his assistant who stands behind the little window marked "casting department."

In a previous article I did advise you about your appearance. Dress neatly in your best suit. See that your shoes are trim and polished, your nails manicured and your hair done in its most becoming fashion. Do not attempt to attract attention by gaudy clothes or affected manner. The scenes which call for "extras" are usually ballroom scenes, cafes or social functions of some sort, and for these girls are required who appear to be ladies.

If possible make the acquaintance of someone who can introduce you to the casting director or his assistant. Even though there is no work at the moment he will be able to give you some advice and probably will tell you to register at an exchange from which 'extras" are employed. This exchange is a regular employment agency for players who do "atmosphere" or "bits."

It will be necessary for you to have photographs of yourself to leave at this exchange and at the offices of the casting directors. Before you have finished you will find that you need several dozen, for once you part with them you will see them no more. They will be placed on a file with a card giving information as to your appearance, your previous experience if any, your address and telephone number.

Decide at the outset that you have perseverance and that you will keep going the rounds until you get in. Don't feel that you are being turned down when the casting director tells you coldly that there is nothing doing. He probably speaks the truth. There are no companies needing extras at that special time. Ask him in your best manner to take your name and telephone number in the event that something turns up later. Casting directors usually are willing to register applicants.

I would try first to find someone who could introduce me or give me a note to a casting director, or to someone in a studio who would perform the introduction. Then I would make my call at once. It will be impossible, of course, to get letters to all the studios. Those where you have no introduction must be approached, as I have said, through the casting office.

Get a list of all the studios in Hollywood, Culver City and Los Angeles. Visit each in turn until you have made yourself known to the casting office—then keep on going until you are given a chance to earn an extra's pay.

It's hard work, this making the rounds. You will have to spend a good many hours on the trolley going from Hollywood to Los Angeles,

Mabel Normand
-the Author

from Los Angeles to Culver City or Edendale, or out to the Selig studio near East Lake Park. It's tiresome and discouraging as are all pursuits that are worth while. But if you start out with determination and optimism you will be able to enjoy the game of it. By making friends you will find the road more congenial and much, much easier.

A great deal is said about the necessity for "pull" in getting into pictures. 'Pull" means simply friendships. You have a better chance of getting into any business and securing promotions if you have friends in that business. Personality counts off screen as well as on. An engaging, genial person soon has a lot of acquaintances, some of whom are travelling the same road as she is and others who may be somewhat ahead in the game. It isn't necessary to make a chum of everyone you meet, but it does no harm to make a friend of everyone.

You will find that there are a great many people in the film game who are not your sort, people with whom you haven't a great deal in common, but there is no harm in being friendly toward them. Every girl must cultivate tact, if she doesn't already possess it, for it will be needed in making friends and also in keeping from being drawn too intimately into associations that she does not desire. It is fine to be a good fellow—the right sort of good fellow. Directors like to have players who are cheerful, who can mix fun with work and who can endure hardships without grumbling. A girl who can live up to Kipling's poem "If" should have a great future in films. But a lot of beginners imagine that being a "good fellow" means doing exactly what others do. That isn't so. People respect you for having the character to do what you want to do, provided that in so doing you do not interfere with the rights of others. You do not have to go on parties to be a good fellow. You only have to be amiable, sincere, and always on the job at the studio. A girl who stays up late at night is not going to appear at her best at nine o'clock in the morning when the studios start work. Of course, you need recreation, but be conservative. If you want to go to a dance, make it a week-end night when there is no work the next day. I have made it a habit to go to bed early every night previous to a working day. Sometimes I retire as early as eight o'clock, have my dinner served in bed and just read and relax until sleep comes. Sleep is the greatest beautifier and health-giver in the world. And you cannot have too much either of beauty or of health.

I cannot tell you in advance just which studios will be needing girls for extra work, but I do advise you to pay special attention to those which make comedies—such studios as the Mack Sennett, Christie, Hal Roach, Buster Keaton, Vitagraph and Universal. A producer of two-reel comedies is willing to take an inexperienced girl if she is pretty, because not much acting ability is required for minor parts in comedies. I recently heard a well-known comedian complain that he found it impossible to secure enough really pretty girls for his comedies. There are plenty who are attractive to the eye, perhaps, but not many who stand the camera test.

I consider the two-reel comedies the best primary schools of motion picture work. They make you over-act, and that is a good thing, for the trouble with most young actresses is that they cannot let go of their emotions. They seem cold. Comedy calls for quick and breezy action, which eventually relieves a girl of self-consciousness and gives her spontaneity of expression. Consult the list of popular stars today and you will find that the majority started in two-reel comedies—Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Priscilla Dean, Marie Prevost and even Pola Negri, I'm told.

SECRETS of the MOVIES - - - At the Bottom of the Ocean

XI

THERE was a young cartoonist in Norfolk, Va., who had a hobby of photography. His father was an old sea captain who had invented a contrivance for removing treasure from sunken ships and, if possible, raising them. It consisted of a big steel coil covered on the outside with canvas and rubber and down the inside of which they could go. At the bottom it flanged out into a bell shape, and with glass sides to look out the divers could see what was going on.

Between the hours on the paper, the young cartoonist-photographer would slip out to Hampton Roads and enjoy life. He found that by running a light to the bottom the fish would come flocking around it—that is, if fish flock. He made some pictures under water by pressing his camera against the sides of the diving-bell and photographing some "croakers."

An idea hit him. Why not put people there instead of croakers? He did, with a more complex and elaborate equipment—and thus made the first under-water motion picture. The man was J. Ernest Williamson, and today he and his brother make practically all the under-sea pictures.

Most of the submarine movies are made around the Bahamas, as the water is clear. There is much sunlight to help out and the white coral on the bottom also reflects the light. Big electric lights are used, and thus equipped, a camera will reach more than a hundred feet under the water.

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

Mack Sennett

IT is a source of interest to me to know how the various motion picture players indulge themselves in physical relaxation, for, after all, that is what exercise amounts to.

Lila Lee, now, of the younger contingent of players, says her two favorite sports are basketball and swimming. In fact, she goes a step further to say: "no duck was ever happier in the water than I when I am taking my plunge and swim."

Having been on the stage and screen since she was a little girl, Miss Lee's time has been pretty well occupied with her work, but the "busier one is, the more he does." So it is that she says: "I have always taken advantage of every opportunity to indulge in outdoor exercising. This is one reason, perhaps, for my splendid health and physical condition. I can't remember ever being sick and am always in the best of health."

Then there is Charlie Chaplin who works continuously, either in completing one comedy or in planning his next. A producer-star is kept busy attending to the commercial as well as the artistic end of his affairs, and, even though a special man takes the burden of actual financial details off his shoulders, Charlie is kept "on the go."

Betty Compson

BEAUTY PAGES

He recognizes, however, the value of bodily welfare. Thus it is that right on the lot he has a swimming pool. A plunge and a hard rubdown quiets the nerves and pummels the blood through the weary body with renewed force. From what I have been told, Charlie also is quite a gym goer. Muscles must be kept strong and not be permitted to get flabby and soft. It stands to reason that only by actual work can the brain achieve success. Borne down by physical weakness, how can success come to any man or woman?

Wallie Reid is another who is an enthusiast for sports and exercises. Mr. Reid is a member of the Hollywood Athletic Club, and here he enjoys the pleasure of a well equipped gym. "The value of athletics and good, consistent exercise," he says, "is three-fold. They prevent many of the small ills and indispositions to which a weak physique is subject; they give one the stamina to withstand any physical hardship which might arise at any time, and they develop and sustain the body in its normal, healthy state, hardening the muscles and keeping the human mechanism in perfect running order."

Exactly! And very well put. Mr. Reid admits he never lets a day go by without spending an active hour in the gymnasium, this being quite outside his partaking of such sports as golf, tennis, polo and swimming.

Those who read, take a lesson from picture players who take care of themselves physically with the same attention as most people attempt to earn their own living.

Mack Sennett

Mack Sennett

Mack Sennett

Norma Talmadge—FORTUNE TELLER

Try These At Your Hallowe'en Party

YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD

IF an engaged girl wishes to know if her lover is faithful she must, on the eve of the festival, put two nuts on the bars of the grate, naming one after her lover and one after herself. Should the nut named after her lover crack or jump, he will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a true regard for the person making the test; if both nuts burn together, the girl and her lover will be married within a short period.

One of the most fortunate of Hallowe'en love spells is to put on a tray, near the bedside, before going to sleep, three berries—one white, one red, and one black. On waking, stretch out the hand and take one of the berries with the eyes closed. If it is the white one, tradition says you will be married within twelve months; if red you will be engaged within the same period; but if black, your destiny is to remain an old maid.

To put a horseshoe under the pillow on this night will keep away evil influences from yourself and your lover for the year to come.

Here is another Hallowe'en method by which a girl can discover her lot in marriage. Place three dishes on a table—one should be empty, another should be filled with plain water, and the other should contain colored fluid. Then, blindfolded, she must dip her fingers into one of these dishes at random. If the empty dish is touched, a single life is portended; if the plain-water vessel, a happy marriage is denoted: whilst the dish of colored fluid means that the girl will outlive him whom she marries.

A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA by Spurr

WHOM SHALL I MARRY?

It is not difficult to discover the initials of your future husband. You have only to make a circle with the letters of the alphabet. In the center mark a small circle. Over this a wedding ring must be steadily suspended on a single hair of your head. Watch to which letter the ring swings. The first time it will indicate the initial of the Christian name, the second that of the surname.

AND WHEN?

To discover when you will marry, pull a long hair from your head and sling on to it a borrowed wedding ring. Hold the ring suspended on the hair just below the top of a tumbler half-filled with water. Try to keep your hand as still as possible. The ring will begin to swing gently, and at last to touch the glass, and as often as it tinkles against the glass so many years will you have to wait ere you wed.

By a slice of wedding cake it is said one may readily learn the future, since if a piece of it be passed nine times through a wedding ring and then laid under the pillow without the owner speaking or eating, the magic of the ring, combined with the cake, will cause the future spouse to appear in a vision to the sleeper.

If you receive a written promise of marriage, or any declaration of love in a letter, prick the words with a sharp-pointed needle; fold in three folds, and place it under your head when you retire to rest. If you dream of diamonds, castles, or even a clear sky, there is no deceit in the letter; trees in blossom, or flowers, a proposal soon; washing or graves show you will lose him to a rival; and water shows he is faithful, but that you will go through severe poverty with him for some time, though all may end well.

AN INDIAN LOVE CHARM

If you wish to know how your present love affair will turn out, take two halves of a walnut shell, fix a wax match in each with sealing-wax, light the matches, name the half shells for yourself and your lover, and set them floating in a basin of water. All will go well if they keep side by side with their lights burning; but if they drift apart or overturn, love will grow cold or troubles will come to mar your happiness. As the lights burn, so you may judge of your sweetheart's fidelity and your own feelings. This is an Eastern love charm which comes from ancient India.

Another spell is to wet a shirt sleeve, hang it up near the fire to dry, and lie in bed watching it till midnight, when the apparition of your future partner in life will come into the room and turn the sleeve.

SIGNS TO LOOK FOR AT TEA TIME

To leave a teapot lid open undesignedly is an indication that a stranger is coming.

A tea leaf floating in a cup is a sure sign of a visitor. If two or more leaves float there will be two or more visitors. If the leaf is hard the visitor will be a gentleman; if soft, a lady.

The leaf, on being taken from the cup, should be placed on the back of the left hand and struck with the side of the right fist, the striker repeating at each stroke the words—Monday, Tuesday, etc. The day the name of which is repeated when first the leaf adheres to the right hand is that on which the visitor may be expected.

If you are not prepared to receive visitors, take the stick to the door and throw it from you, saying:

"Pass the door,
You've come before
You're wanted."

Two spoons in one saucer foretell a wedding, and to tell the number of months that will elapse before it happens, balance one of the spoons on the edge of the cup, making sure it is perfectly dry. Then fill the other spoon with tea, and let the tea drop gently into the balanced spoon. Every drop counts for a month and the number of months that are to pass before the wedding comes round is indicated when the spoon sinks.

The bubbles that rise up in the teacup, if they come from sugar in the tea, are kisses; but if the tea has no sugar in it, money; to secure either you must skim them off and sip them up from the spoon.

More Things you don't know about the Stars

Anita Stewart, Musician

ANITA STEWART once gave music lessons! It was when she was a little girl of twelve, too! Just when most girls are either playing with dolls or beginning to scorn them.

It all came out this way. I was visiting Miss Stewart one day at her home in Hollywood, and her mother was lunching with us. After lunch, noting the piano in the corner, I asked Miss Stewart if she played. I found that she did, and very nicely.

Then her mother told me of Miss Stewart's beginnings in music.

It seems the family were not wealthy, as has been so often said. Miss Stewart's father was in the insurance and stock broking business, but was a merely fairly successful business man. Anita wanted to study the piano, but the family finances did not warrant her studying with the best teachers.

'One day," related her mother, "Anita came home all elated. She had been visiting a neighbor. 'Mamma!' she exclaimed, 'What do you think? I've got some music pupils!'

"She was just twelve years old then, but had made fair progress in her studies. So she faithfully stayed at home on Saturdays, when other little girls were playing or attending the matinee, and gave music lessons to stupid children. She earned enough to study with an excellent teacher. She's a wonderfully good girl, Anita."

Rambling Through the Studios of the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Pola Negri Says Charlie Chaplin "Is Charming"

John Barrymore Taken to Task

THERE is now playing on Broadway an artistic novelty originally from Moscow, known as Baileff's "Chauve-Souriz." Ye Rambler successfully purchased seats for an evening's performance and anticipated a jolly time.

John Barrymore and a loquacious friend sat directly behind us, and if Barrymore wasn't talking, the other man was, thus keeping up a steady murmur of annoying masculine comments.

George Arliss

The girl sitting next to us turned around to glare at Mr. Barrymore, and, seeing our sympathetic smile, sarcastically confided: "I wonder how he would feel if some one talked during one of his performances! These artists—pah!"

We recalled a time when he did have occasion to feel in a similar situation. It was while he and his brother Lionel were co-starring on Broadway in "The Jest." Someone in the audience inadvertently whispered to a friend, whereupon John interrupted the action to step forward and sternly state that the play would not continue until the audience was quiet!

The girl next to us, however, not being in a star position of advantage, did the next best thing. She turned around:

"Would you mind keeping quiet for at least a few minutes?" acidly. Barrymore appeared surprised, which may explain why he complied for "at least a few minutes."

* * * * *

Another Company Gone

The East is beginning to resemble the biblical desert of yore after the vociferous Children of Israel successfully made their long pilgrimage out out it. Motion picture company after company are pulling up stakes and embarking for the Coast.

Selznick is the latest, and with Selznick goes Owen Moore, Elaine Hammerstein, 'Gene O'Brien and a batch of directors, et cetera.

Ye Rambler conversed with several minor picture players only the other day, and they were ready to weep tears at the departure of a company hitherfore considered a sure standby.

* * * * *

George Arliss to Sail

George Arliss plans to return in June to jolly old London, the scene of his early histrionic struggles, there to play in his latest stage triumph, "The Green Goddess." This play has run in New York for the past year to capacity houses.

Mr. Arliss plans to sail sometime in May, perhaps, making one more picture before that time, one that will be a worthy successor to "Disraeli" and "The Ruling Passion."

It will be a shame to have one of our foremost artists leave us for any length of time, and this is what Mr. Arliss may have to do, if "The Green Goddess" scores a London success on a par with its New York one. Meaning, he may be gone for an entire year. It is up to the folks in London.

Emlee Haddon Engaged

Word reaches us that Emlee Haddon, winsome little dancer and comedienne of numerous Broadway musical comedies and a newcomer to motion pictures, has been engaged by Larry Trimble, that extraordinary director of Strongheart, the German police dog of "Silent Call" fame, as leading lady in his next production. Mr. Trimble, according to this report, thinks highly of Miss Haddon:

"One is almost tempted to descend to the commonplace in describing her," he is said to have remarked; "and use the words of a one-time popular song, to say that everything about Miss Haddon causes her to stand out as a feature in any scene with which she is connected."

Coming from Larry Trimble this means a great deal. More power to Miss Haddon in her climb to success.

* * * * *

"Foolish Wives" in New York

Don't be misled by the scarehead. An Egyptian Prince recently arrived in these parts, but no

Pola Negri

foolish wives. "Foolish Wives" refers only to Von Stroheim's million dolar production of that name. And those in the cast now here in New York number: Miss DuPont, whose name in the picture is Margaret Armstrong; Maude George, one of the cousin-heavies of the "no-count" Monte Carlo vagabond, and Mae Busch.

Folks have asked us why Miss DuPont ever adopted this name. Well, we don't know. It seems no one else does, either—at least those up at Universal, whom you would suspect would know, are guilelessly innocent of an answer.

* * * * *

Constance Goes Shopping

Constance Talmadge is buying out the baby departments in New York. "It's expected in May," she thrilled in explanation. "It" may be the successor to Buster Keaton or to Constance or Norma, for "it" will be no other than Natalie Talmadge Keaton's precious baby.

Constance hopes for a girl. So does Norma. "We all do," reiterated Constance, emphatically. "And you should see what things that baby will have!" She shook her head dolorously.

"Such a foolish thing to do. The baby will outgrow practically everything in no time."

But, in the meantime, she and Norma are having a wonderful time busying themselves with adorable purchases for the newcomer.

* * * * *

From Charlie's Book

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has written a "scenario" of his trip to Europe, and it is published in book form under the title, "My Trip Abroad." In reading through this sweeping narrative, we were especially interested in Charlie's account of his first meeting with Pola Negri upon his arrival in Germany:

"At the Heinroth (the most expensive place in Berlin and the high spot of night life), everybody was in evening dress. We weren't. My appearance did not cause any excitement. (Charlie is not very well-known in Germany). We check our hats and coats and ask for a table. The manager shrugs his shoulders. There is one in the back, a most obscure part of the room. This brings home forcibly the absence of my reputation. It nettled me. Well, I wanted rest. This was it.

"We were about to accept humbly the isolated table, when I hear a shriek and I am slapped on the back and there's a yell:

"'Charlie!'

"It is Al Kaufman of the Lasky Corporation and manager of the Famous Players studio in Berlin.

"'Come on over to our table. Pola Negri wants to meet you.'

* * * * *

Charlie Meets Pola Negri

". . . Pola Negri is really beautiful," continues Charlie. "She is Polish and really true to the type. Beautiful jet-black hair, white, even teeth and wonderful coloring. I think it such a pity and wonderful coloring.

"She is the center of attraction here. I am introduced. What a voice she has! Her mouth speaks so prettily the German language. Her voice has a soft, mellow quality, with charming inflections.

* * * * *

Making a Hit

Charlie Chaplin

"Language again stumps me," bemoans Charlie. "What pity! But with the aid of a third party we get along famously. Kaufman whispers: 'Charlie, you've made a hit. She just told me that you are charming.'

"'You tell her that she's the loveliest thing I've seen in Europe. These compliments keep up for some time, and then I ask Kaufman how to say, 'I think you are divine' in German. He tells me something in German and I repeat it to her.

"She's startled and looks up and slaps my hand. 'Naughty boy,' she says.

"The table roars. I sense that I have been double-crossed by Kaufman. What have I said? But Pola joins in the joke, and there is no casualty. I learn later that I have said, 'I think you are terrible.' I decided to go home and learn German."

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

MR. H. O. POTTS,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 6th imminent received, and was sorry to hear that the Official Board of Movie Censors of Hog Run had been exactly doubled in number of members and capacity for evil by the addition of Ephraim Sowerly to the municipal payroll. Gamaliel Whitley was bad enough as a paid guardian for Hog Run's few remaining morals, but adding Ephraim S. to the cheerful little film wrecking crew is heaping insult on injury, or "Papier maché, Dardanella," as Confucius sadly remarked to the Medes and Persians that fatal evening on the bridge at Waterloo. Because honest, Maw, beside of Ephraim's general intelligence, that of a fish would seem like Buddha.

I am enclosing you under separate covers a late picture of me which I wish you would try to persuade

"The figure in the centre, holding the sack, is me."

the Editor of the "Hog Run Clarion" to run on the Theatrical, Housekeeping and Truck Farming Page sometime in the near future. It is a sort of an allegorical picture supposed to represent "Helen of Troy at the Sack of Carthage," and the figure in the center, holding the sack, is me. Be sure and get it put in the "Clarion" somewhere, even if you have to pay advertising rates to do it, because publicity with our dear public is as necessary to us actresses as a dislike for chewing gum is for an individual with a full set of false teeth.

And speaking of us actresses, Maw, if you ever happen to run into some otherwise intelligent little girl who is possessed of a craving to get into the movies, advise her to enter the ranks of the Russian capitalists, or some other such peaceful like occupation instead. Because this morning I had a job which would of made the career of a temperance lecturer in Havana, Cuba, look like a positive sinecure in comparison. During a time lapse of a little over three hours, I lost all my love for natural history, about one square yard of epidermis, and all desire to be a comedy actress. The result is that my temper and general disposition are in such a state to-night that, if Solomon was right when he made that brilliant remark about like attracting like, then me and a dyspeptic grizzly bear should exercise a very strong case of mutual attraction just at present.

It was all my fault, though. I should have known better in the first place than to destitute my art by appearing in a one-reel comedy, and in the second place, I should have remembered the horrible examples of Cleopatra and other great emotional actresses and shunned animal stuff like a Greenwich Villager does manual labor. But I didn't, and when the Casting Director called me up and told me to report for work in Culver City this morning, I went.

The place of action was the Hal Roach Studio, the principal characters was me and Snub Pollard, and the disturbing element which eventually ruined an otherwise fairly perfect day was a large he-ostrich. The plot of the story was a trifle ancient, to say the least, and concerned Caveman days.

This was that benighted period, Maw, when men didn't wear Kollege Kut Klothes and tweed golf suits like they do now, but went out when they needed a new suit of clothes and proceeded to engage some shaggy-furred animal in mortal combat. Whoever won the argument got to wear the animal's furs from that time on. The consequence was that most of the male members of the cast was attired something like a cross between a vaudeville strong man and the Hermit of Lone Pine Lake. As for me, my costume consisted of bear-skin and bare skin in about equal proportions.

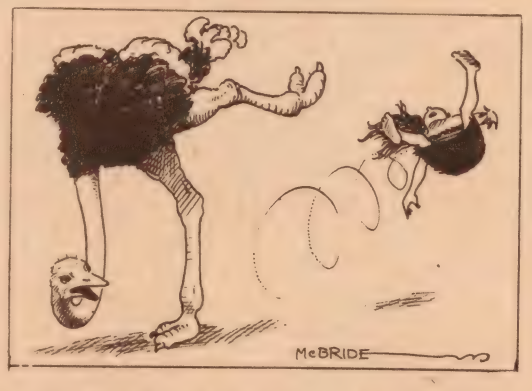
The morning started fairly auspicious with me acting as the feminine element in some love scenes with Snub Pollard. As near as I could gather from the action, the Caveman method of courtship consisted of about equal parts of assault and battery and attempted murder, the chief weapon *d'amour*, as the Portuguese would say, being a large spiked club, and the mode of procedure combining all the finer elements of a prize-fight and an Irish picnic. Honest, Maw, I had my skull caressed with that darned club so many times that I began to feel like I was co-starring with a locoed pile-driver or something! But still it was sorta romantic like, even at worst, so I managed to endure it for a while.

Then I had the ostrich wished on me. It seems that Cave Girls had pets like modern flappers have, only instead of a Pomeranian on a leash, they had a pterodactyl on a logging chain. A pterodactyl, folks, was a prehistoric animal which was half snake and half bird, and looked like a Haiti voodoo worshipper's idea of the Old Nick. But, not having an pterodactyl handy at the time, we had to use an ostrich instead, and it didn't make a bad substitute, it being about half snake, anyway—from the shoulders up. In fact, an ostrich looks like somebody had took a sizable boa constrictor in the first place and mounted it on a pair of stilts, and then had carelessly thrown in an odd-sized body on the assemblage just as a kind of an afterthought.

The catastrophe happened in the very first scene in which I tried to act with the brute. According to the script, I was scheduled to herd the ostrich in front of me just across the scenery in front of the camera. But the feathered reptile refused to herd, and stopping just in front of the camera, which was clicking away by then, proceeded to give an excellent impersonation of the Rock of Gibraltar.

Being in a hurry and trying to save the scene, I grabbed the beast by the first thing handy which, it being two-thirds neck, happened to be in the vicinity of that spot concealed by a collar-button on a human being. Then it happened! That plumed monstrosity did the last thing on earth I would ever of expected a bird to do—and *kicked* me!

And take it from me, Maw, beside the kick of an adult ostrich, the famous functioning of a Missouri mule's rear section would seem like a mere caress with a feather in comparison. I've always wondered what the feelings experienced by Job Digger's goat were that time when he tried to dispute the right of way with the Dixie Limited, but now I know. And,



"The last thing I ever expected a bird to do—kicked me!"

believe me, henceforth I'm through with one-reel comedies in general and ostriches in particular. Because I ain't no hog for punishment—I know when I've got enough.

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if I was Luther Burbank, I think I would try to cross an ostrich with a fish or some other non-kicking animal like that.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS,
Via HAL WELLS.

MOVIE WEEKLY Screen Dictionary

"Movie Weekly" presents to its readers the following dictionary of special terms which have developed with the growth of the screen industry. This dictionary includes words and phrases which apply to everything from the writing of the script to the projection of the completed film on the theatre screen. Clip the instalments and save them, they will enable you to obtain a more complete understanding of the technique of motion picture production.

D

Dissolve—A fade directly from one scene into another.

Double exposure—The photographing of two scenes on the same film.

Doubling—The use of a substitute stunt actor for a player who is unwilling to or cannot play a difficult scene.

Drop—Plain background to a scene.

E

Exhibitor—Universally used instead of theatre owner or theatre manager.

Emulsion—Preparation used to coat positive film.

Exchange—Branch selling office of a releasing company.

Exterior—Any scene on location.

F

Fade-out—To cause a scene to vanish by decreasing the amount of light, either by chemicals applied to film or camera device.

Flood lighting—Use of all lights on a set.

Fade-in—To cause a scene to photograph by increasing the amount of light.

Floor—Stage of set, on which scene is being taken.

Full shot—The full scene.

Flash—A few feet of film.

Flash-back—Insertion of a few feet of a previous scene.

Flop—To fail.

G

Grips—A man who moves sets. A stage hand.

Gyp—To deceive.

Gagging—Forcing a laugh by slapstick comedy or humorous titles.

Gag man—One who spends his time developing comedy scenes or comic situations.

H

Hazard man—Stunt actor, used to double for players in especially dangerous roles.

Hokum—Un-original situations, used because of their effectiveness.

I

Interior—Any scene taken in the studio.

Iris—To increase or decrease the size of the picture by opening or closing the shutter of the camera.

Insert—Scene inserted between two others.

(Continued next week)

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree

by Irma, the Ingenue

MY dear, aren't you tired of the thirstless palms! How glad I'll be when the cherry blossoms are out! And that's just what I was telling Herbert Rawlinson, yesterday, when we were talking about loving California, and all that, but saying that sometimes the weather was rotten, just the same as anywhere else, in spite of the funny little green and yellow and pink and blue Chamber of Commerce folders, saying— But, oh, yes, about Herbert Rawlinson: It just is too sad about his divorce, isn't it?"

Irma, the Ingenue rustled into a seat in the tea garden, drew her fox fur a little closer around her shoulders to keep off the March wind, and ordered:

"Thin wafers—and weak hot water!"

"What is this sort of order all about?" I asked.

"Dieting," she explained briefly. "But I don't want to talk about such a painful subject," she went on. "Where was I? Oh, yes, about Herbert Rawlinson. You know they've been married for years and years, he and that stunning looking Roberta Arnold. They got married eight years ago, and she gave up the stage. She had only played in one thing, 'Peg o' My Heart,' with Laurette Taylor—she was the catty girl—but she made a big hit. But she married and gave up her chance to go to New York because Herbert wanted her to quit the stage. I remember Herbert talking to me awfully seriously about it then.

"I remember how Herb felt when Roberta got that chance to go back to the stage with the Morosco company in 'Upstairs and Down.' She made an awfully big hit in it, and he was very proud of her. But he said to me, one day, 'I'd so much rather she would stay home.' He built her a lovely little home. Then she went away on the stage with 'Upstairs and Down.' And she stayed in New York, and went into Frank Craven's 'First Year,' and other plays. Herb went back to New York, and played in pictures there in inferior productions, just to be near her.

"Can't imagine what the trouble was, except the absence, which is said to make the heart grow fonder—of the other fellow. I know Herb never went around much with any particular girl. Of course he wasn't exactly a hermit—used to step out occasionally with some girl to dance or supper or something like that—but he always adored his wife.

"Well, at any rate, the divorces are all balanced up nicely with marriages in this picture business, that's one thing you can say for it. Now it's John Davidson who is engaged!

"His fiancee? Oh, of course. I always do forget the most important part of my story; just like De Maupassant—I never really finish 'em up. She is Helen Dryden, the artist who makes those fascinating, weird covers for Vogue. They've been engaged for years. It's just like a book. He met her first when he was just going on the stage and had no money to support her. Then he made more money, but she was always just a bit ahead of him in the artistic world and financially, and he just wouldn't marry her, he's so proud, until he makes a great success. I think he's on the way to it now, as they say Cecil de Mille is going to make a director of him. He played his role so well in 'Fool's Paradise,' that Mr. de Mille drew him aside one day and whispered in his ear that he would make a good director. John jumped a foot—but didn't deny the soft impeachment. And now John is fairly sitting on De Mille's doorstep, waiting for him to get well and come back to the studio to direct 'Manslaughter.'

"Well, you certainly can hear anything in Hollywood! They had it around that Mabel was so ill that she couldn't go on and finish 'Suzanne,' but that a double who looks almost more like Mabel than Mabel looks like herself, was going to do the part, finishing up the picture. But Mabel denies it.

"There have been so many reports that Charlie Chaplin was going to make a serious play, that I asked him point blank the last time I saw him. 'Charlie,' I said, 'are you really going to make a serious play?' 'Not intentionally!' answered Charlie."

Irma, the Ingenue, paused for breath, and sipped another sip of hot water. "If it only had a little taste of almost anything!" she wailed, but kept bravely on.

"The most exciting little thing happened the other night at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove! Coleen Moore and John McCormick were there, and who should trip in with a man from the business world but Virginia Fox. Virginia and John used to be engaged, you know, but somehow it was broken off. Maybe Colleen tunnelled under Virginia, I don't know. Anyhow, as luck would have it, the place being crowded, the four were seated together at the same table before they knew it, because Colleen and John were dancing whn Virginia and her escort came in. Everybody got red in the face, and nobody knew whether to speak or not. Finally Colleen piped up—I don't think Colleen's wits would desert her if the heavens fell and she met St. Peter—'Why, John,' she said, 'here's Miss Fox and Mr. Blank! Isn't that nice? I'm sure they won't mind keeping the table for us while we go over and visit with Bill Russell and Helen Ferguson a few minutes!' 'Of course not,' said Virginia. And as the music chimed up just then, and the dances are so long, they didn't come back for quite some time, and when they did everybody was prepared to keep the parlor face and be perfectly pleasant.

"Isn't that Helen Ferguson the cutest girl! I'd like to follow her around with a phonograph and then write her sayings. Bet I could get rich. The other day, talking about the scarcity of work in Hollywood studios, she exclaimed:

"'Tell you what I'm going to do! I'm going to take all my cuttings out of the pictures I've played in, stick 'em together, and make a starring vehicle for myself!'

"Oh, did I tell you about the letter I had from Viola Dana? Something very funny happened to that little pocket Venus.

"Viola was invited to address the students of Utah University—can't you imagine Vi up there trying to make a speech?—and one of the boys, the freshman, stepped up to act as her escort. Viola naturally thought that he had been detailed to be her escort. But it seems not. In fact, he violated a tradition of the college in taking her up the steps of the Park Building, which building is denied the freshmen. The upper classmen got jealous, regarded the boy's self-appointed gallantry as presumptious, and proceeded to punish him. They seized him, tore his shirt and coat from him, and though the weather was freezing cold, they ducked him into a tub of cold water, then lustily spanked him and took him over to the college infirmary.

"But at that, Vi's freshman had the best of it. For Vi went over that afternoon, cooled his fevered brow with her fair hands, and brought him a big bunch of hot house violets!"

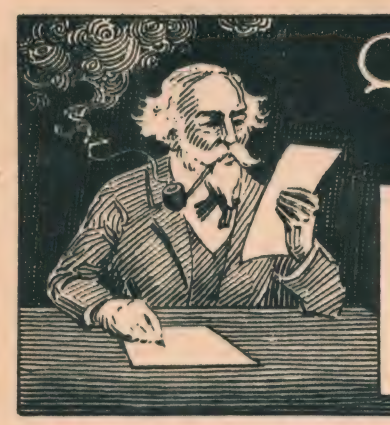
"You know Herb Rawlinson and that stunning looking Roberta Arnold got married eight years ago. It is just sad about his divorce, isn't it? . . . I know Herb never went around much with any particular girl."

"They had it around that Mabel Normand was so ill she couldn't go on and finish Suzanne. Mabel denies it."

"The most exciting thing happened the other night at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove! Colleen Moore and . . ."

"Oh, did I tell you the letter I had from Viola Dana? Something very funny happened to that little pocket Venus at the University of Utah . . ."

"There have been so many reports that Charlie was going to make a serious play. 'Not intentionally,' Charlie told me when I asked him about it point blank."



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

"Where can I get back issues of 'Movie Weekly'?" people write me, or sometimes they ask me to send them copies. You know, of course, that when it comes to mailing out magazines, that is a little out of my line. You see I have my hands full just with my little job, and I don't print the magazine or pick out the pictures we use or mail out copies or sweep the floor or—well, anyway, there are lots of things around here that I don't do. Back numbers of the magazine can always be obtained from "Movie Weekly's" Circulation Department.

GEORGIE—You bring back my childhood and the old nursery rhyme about the boy who kissed all the girls and made them cry. Was that you? Agnes is 23, Gloria, 27, May McAvoy, 21 and Wallie, 29. Wanda Hawley and Will Rogers do not give their ages. I have no room here for long casts, but the principal roles in "Through the Back Door," were played by Mary Pickford as Jeanette Reeves, Gertrude Astor as her mother, Wilfred Lucas as her step-father and Helen Raymond as the nurse-maid.

JACK HOXIE'S FAN—I didn't know Jack Hoxie used a fan. But then I suppose he gets hot in the summer time. No good picture of your favorite has wandered into the office and until it does we can't very well publish his photograph. Richard Tucker played the part of the oldest son in "The Old Nest." I don't know whether he played in "Partners" or not. Who produced that film?

HONEY—My favorite star, Honey, since you ask, is the one just at the end of the dipper. Yes, it is fun to ride horseback, but I'm so busy pretending that I'm the encyclopedia that I don't have time to canter along nice country roads. Shirley Mason's address is 1770 Grand Concourse, New York. No, Mary Miles Minter is not married. Her next picture will be "The Heart Specialist," and Richard Barthelmess' next will be "Sonny."

MISS MIGNON LA VERE—Your hope came true, Miss La Vere. When the postman dropped your letter, he dropped it right at my door. He's a smart postman; he knows just where to drop things. Mack Sennett's address is 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles.

MICHAEL CARROP—Hoot Gibson was born in Nebraska in 1892. Is it hard for a man to become a movie star? You said it, Michael—it's almost impossible. There are only about ten million people in the U. S. who have that ambition, so, of course, directors can't take any of them seriously. The nearest studio to Pittsburg is in New York.

JACK DENMARK—I hope, Jack, you didn't look for your reply in the next number of "Movie Weekly." Do you know what happens to a reader who looks for his answer in the next issue? He doesn't find it. No, Bebe has never been married, and as for her engagement—well, you know you mustn't take engagements too seriously these days. We published a double-page picture of Bebe in last week's issue.

LOSSIE—What a flossie name you have. Eddie Polo's daughter who plays on the screen is named Malveen; she is fourteen. Charles Chaplin is engaged to a new girl every week according to the gossips. There have been several rumored engagements since Claire Windsor was supposed to be the lucky lady. Harold Lloyd is twenty-nine; he keeps lots of fond mammas in suspense by refusing to get married. Agnes Ayres is divorced from rank Schusker. She is about 23. Neither Mary nor Norma has any children. Carol Dempster is not married. Come again, Flossie, I welcome work.

K. FLANAGAN—I think you're just trying to make me look ignorant by asking me such hard questions. I can't answer them. I never heard of Margaret Gibson or Seena Oliver. If you mean Seena Owen, her latest picture was "Back Pay." Yes, Ann Pennington was in movies for awhile; she made four or five pictures, the first of which was "Susie Snowflake."

SMILING BROWN EYES—You bet I like my job; if you don't believe it, just watch somebody try to take it away from me! That was a clever suggestion of yours that someone might take the quarter out of the envelope when you were sending it to a movie star. You think a great deal; I can see that. Try stamps or money order for sending your money. William Farnum's address is Fox Studio, 55th St. and 10th Ave., New York. He is married to Olive White. Jack Pickford has not married Marilynn Miller, unless they were mean enough to do it after this magazine went to press. Marie Prevost lives at 451 S. Hampshire, Los Angeles. Betty Compson and May McAvoy both get their mail at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

ANOTHER CARMEL MEYERS—Are you any relation to your favorite? Yes, Carmel is still in movies; she and Wallace MacDonald were busy most of the past year making a serial, "Breaking Through." She is twenty-one and married to Isadore Kornblum. She lives at 5721 Carlton Way, Hollywood. We published a story about her in "Movie Weekly" in the April 9th issue of last year, and another in the issue for November 26th.

SYLVIA—Yes, indeed, I read "your silly nonsense"—since you call it that. No, I'm sorry I don't know your answer man friend. Is he nice? Sorry, Sylvia, but the only way I can think of to get in the movies now is to win a beauty contest or something. Lots of studios are closed now and some of the regular actors are doing whatever they can so they can eat. So you see what a slight chance a newcomer has of getting in before conditions improve.

HONEST SCRAP—Why did you change your name? I like 'Red 'Ed better. No, I don't mind answering questions about players I don't like; it's all in a day's work with me, only I get tired of writing his admirers "all that I know about Rodolph." Yes, Doug played "Officer 666" on the stage. Ruth Renick was born in Galveston, Texas, though she grew up in Arizona. "Snub" Pollard is now reported engaged to Marie Mosquini; yes, he is Margarita Fischer's ex-husband. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry were married late in 1921. I never heard of Elaine and Ivan St. Johns or Barbara Beall. Yes, Dore Davidson played in Hope Hampton's new picture, "The Light in the Dark."

ALLISON SPRAGUE—Is there anyone left in the world who doesn't know Rodolph's age and height by now? He is 26, five feet eleven inches tall and has black hair and dark brown eyes. His next picture is "Beyond the Rocks." Lowell Sherman is in his late thirties. His newest picture is "Grand Larceny."

ANOTHER JANE—Too bad! Edmund Lowe is your "favorite favorite," and I know almost nothing about him. He plays on the stage more than in movies. He is not a star. His latest picture is "Living Lies."

SARAH—You surely are not anxious any longer to know Rodolph's address. In case you are, here it is: 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

BABY DIMPLES—For one who is just learning to speak English, you certainly do well with it. The little girl who traveled with Mary and Doug is Lottie Pickford's daughter, Mary Rupp. Bebe Daniels does not give her home address; she can be reached at the Paramount Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

SHREVEPORT—I like your nice modest way of asking questions. Theda Bara has not been on the screen for several years, but an announcement was made recently that she is to return to the movies with her own company. Wallie Reid is twenty-nine. The movie girls keep their good complexions by constant care and expert attention.

NESTROLA—You threatened to get writer's cramp, with the questions you had to ask, and then you didn't ask any. Just wrote me a nice letter instead. Do write and tell me what you thought of Hope Hampton when you saw her in person. Bert Lytell's wife, Evelyn Vaughn, does not act on the screen; perhaps that is why we have had no picture of her. She may not care for publicity.

ARMISTA—Is that feminine for Armistice? You must be a peaceful person to have around. Eugene O'Brien was born in Colorado. His hobbies are riding and swimming. For a photograph, write him at the Players' Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City. Rodolph's hobbies are riding and dancing, and his address is 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

A. C. M.—Surely, A. C. M., you have seen all that information about Rodolph since you wrote me? As I have almost turned over my page to him for weeks, I can't allow him any more space for his history. If you haven't learned all about him by now, send me your address and I will be glad to write you personally.

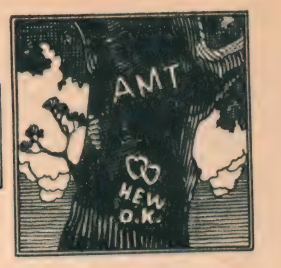
A SAINTLY FUN FAN—And yet you are a school girl! I never heard of a saintly school girl. I'm sorry I don't know much about Jack O'Brien, but, as you say, he is not very well-known. I don't know what he has played in since "Love's Penalty." Leonard C. Shumway was born in 1884, Herbert Rawlinson a year later. Of course I want to hear from you again; I like especially to get letters from school girls.

STELLA STETSON—Are you any relation to the well-known hats? Wanda Hawley is Mrs. Burton Hawley. She is a blonde with gray eyes; she does not give her age. Antonio Moreno is thirty-four, Pearl White thirty-two and Ruth Roland twenty-nine. Frank Mayo is married to Dagmar Godowsky; he is thirty-six. Kingsley Benedict must be on the stage rather than the screen; I never heard of him.

PEGGY—Bebe Daniels has black hair and eyes and Gloria also has black hair—though there is some dispute as to that. Gloria is 5 feet 3 and about 27 years old. The leading man for Bebe in "The Speed Girl" was Theodor Von Eltz.

DOROTHY AND ONEDA—Yes, Rodolph has gotten his divorce. Sessue Hayakawa is thirty-three. Raymond McKee and Frances White will be married whenever they get ready—that's all I know about it. Connie has not yet sued for a divorce. Jackie Saunders went on the stage and that is why you have not been seeing her in recent movies. Yes, Lila Lee has black eyes—the real snappy kind.

Film-Flam



Clothes to Nature

YOU didn't hear so much boasting as usual in California this last winter. For the much vaunted sunny climate put one over on the natives, and now they know what it feels like to live in a measly state like New York where the Palm Beach suit is laid away for the winter.

And the worst of it is, according to Harry Myers, the movie makers refused to acknowledge that the weather was cold. And Harry found it rather hard to pretend he was Robinson Crusoe in an Esquimo environment.

During one particularly cold spell, Harry was called out every day at the crack of dawn for exteriors and he had to appear in skins.

"Not my skin," he explained hastily as the feminine interviewer blushed, "but it was almost as cold."

Thus clad, the star was exposed to long shots and short shots—in fact, he was almost shot to pieces. About the time Director Hill would call for a closeup of the beloved DeFoe character, Myers' teeth would be chattering so he'd look like a victim of St. Vitus dance.

Now that the sun is shining and the studio is all warmed up, Crusoe, summoned before the camera for interiors, is swallowed up in heavy fur garments. When he is asked to pose and is supposed to be half frozen, he has to take time off to mop the perspiration from his brow.

If Harry weren't such an amiable person, he'd go find the weather man responsible for all this and beat him up.

* * * * *

They Haven't Punished Him Yet

Bill Farnum is a deep student and lecture hound, so no one was surprised when he announced one evening that he had just attended a lecture.

"It was given by a chap named—McCollum," said Bill scratching his head thoughtfully.

His companions registered interest. "What was his first name?" they inquired.

"Whatcha!" grinned Bill, as he ran for safety.

* * * * *

A Bird of a Present

Charlie Chaplin arrived at Max Linder's dinner party with a beautiful bird as a present. The bird sang and danced and preened himself and the guests were all delighted.

"Maybe he's hungry," remarked Max, starting to feed and water it.

Charlie grinned as the bird refused to eat—it was only a mechanical toy.

* * * * *

Where Was Her Sense Humor?

The woman came out of a theatre where "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" had been showing. Evidently Mark Twain's humorous satire had been completely lost on her.

"The very idea of some of these movies," she exclaimed indignantly. "Why, they showed several knights riding on motorcycles The very idea!"

His Shaving Grace

Jack Holt and William Walling, out on location for "Val of Paradise," wielded their razors in front of the same segment of broken mirror.

Suddenly a stiff wind swung the mirror from side to side.

"Hey," yelled William Walling in the midst of the operation, grabbing his chin where a gash suddenly appeared, "whose face do you think you're shaving?"

* * * * *

"Flu"—and the Flesh Flew

It's bad enough to have the "flu," as portly Sylvia Ashton can testify, but when the "flu" makes its victim lose weight, and the victim's future depends upon her not losing weight, well—it's all very complicated, but the gist of this tale of woe is that poor "Mother" Ashton lost 26 pounds.

Wanda acts real bossy toward Bebe. Can this be reel?

"If I get sick again," mourns the character actress, "I'm likely to lose my job. Another 26 pounds lost, and I'll be thin!"

* * * * *

A Dashing Deed

Wanda Hawley's revolver has a pearl handle and looks as if it were strictly ornamental. But the burglar whom she discovered in her house when she came home one evening didn't feel that way about it. Wanda dashed up the stairs and the burglar dashed out the window—just in time to save himself a dash to the hospital.

A Thoughtful Mule!

Recently they were using a mule in a Larry Semon comedy that was "owned and operated" by a colored man.

"Doesn't that animal ever kick you?" asked the comedian one morning, as Sam was trying to saddle the beast.

"No, sah, Boss," he replied with a broad grin, "he nevah done kick me, but he mighty frequent kicks where ah's just bin."

* * * * *

Another One on Married Life

"Now, Tom," said Director Alfred E. Green to Thomas Meighan, "these folks are celebrating their celluloid wedding—congratulate them."

The Paramount star registered surprise.

"Celebrating their what?" he asked in amazement.

"The anniversary of their marriage," Director Green explained patiently, "their celluloid wedding."

"Well, sure," said Tom, "I've heard of wooden and golden weddings, but a celluloid one is a new one."

"You see," the director chuckled, "celluloid is to celebrate 75 years of married bliss."

Still Tom couldn't see. "I thought the diamond—60 years—was the highest these anniversaries go—why do they call it celluloid?"

At last Director Green could explain his little joke. "My dear Tom," said he, "you see this is in the movies, the only place where they could live together for 75 years and still be happy."

"Click!" said the camera.

* * * * *

She Hasn't Learned to Ride Horseback Yet

Tom Mix is one of the most original men we know. He even sent out unusual cards for the arrival of his baby daughter, Thomasina—and of course she's a most unusual baby. No one would be more willing to tell you that than Tom himself.

And just to show the way he felt about it, he sent cards to all his friends expressing his sentiments on the subject.

"Helluva Fine Cowgirl Arrived," says the card. "At Home On Rainy Days."

* * * * *

What the Director Says

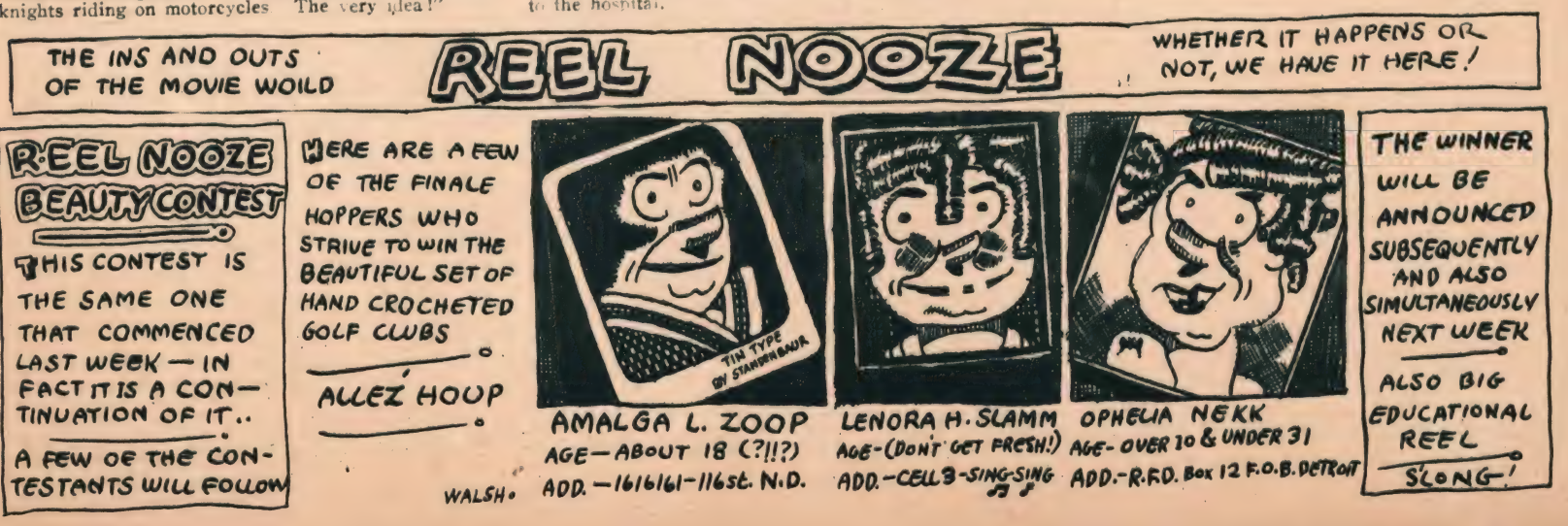
Did you ever wonder what the director says to a star in her great dramatic moment in a picture? It may be most anything of course, but when Claire Windsor was emoting all over the place in "Grand Larceny," Director Wallace Worsley megaphoned:

"Hit her with the ash-can! Give her the Winfield baby."

His remark was not so vicious as it sounds, however, for the "ash can" is what they call a specially built lamp in the Goldwyn studio, and "Winfield baby" means small Winfield lights.

Claire Windsor fortunately knew what these words meant, for it wouldn't do for her to stop and register surprise. She went right on emoting and weeping glycerine tears.

A. M. T.



Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

"SITUATIONS OF CONVENIENCE"

ONE plot "recipe" is, "Get your characters into difficulties, and then get them out." It is comparatively easy to devise a situation which contains the elements of danger or unhappiness for your characters, but to get them out in a plausible and logical manner is what differentiates the craftsmanship of the professional from that of the amateur writer. It is the "mechanics" of a story which makes it your own. For example, how many love stories have this plot? John and Mary love each other; something separates them; they overcome this, or the difficulty is removed; John and Mary are again united. Given this much data, twenty people would turn out twenty different stories. The most novel means of getting over the difficulty would, of course, make the most interesting story.

The inexperienced writer who has failed to study the peculiar technique of the screen story is prone to think of the very obvious, the situations most used in overcoming the difficulty, or else he goes to the other extreme and uses something which, while possible, is not probable. I have heard the following recounted as being actually true: A young man had quarreled with his father and left his home. The father died and willed the young man his estate. One morning, vexed at his alarm clock, the young fellow hurled it through his window. It landed on the head of a man walking in the street below. This man proved to be his father's lawyer, who was looking for him in order that the estate might be turned over to him. Imagine using this in a photoplay! The audience would protest against the situation as being too palpably "arranged." It would be too much a "situation of convenience."

Tragedians of the old school satisfied the bloodthirsty inclinations of the audience by killing off most of the persons in the play. They also solved their dramatic difficulties in this manner, for having maneuvered the characters into a tight place, they got them out by removing them from this world.

This is a poor practice to follow, although it is still done. I but recently read a story by a well-known novelist who had worked up a suspenseful story by having the hero tightly engaged to one girl and madly in love with another. At the proper time, the unloved one was removed through "heart failure," although the readers up until that time had not been advised that the lady's heart was weak.

The main reason for avoiding such a means of getting your characters out of the troubles which beset them is that it leaves the audience dissatisfied. They go away feeling cheated. They say, "It wouldn't have happened that way in real life; it's only a story." If you wish to write worthwhile photoplays, do not have situations which strike your audience as "made." Solve your problems in a logical manner, one that is plausible and probable; and if your audience has been really gripped by the struggle in your story, they will feel satisfied when your ending or denouement is logical and therefore convincing.

THEME

It is often puzzling to students of photoplay technique to know just what is meant by "theme."

"Theme" may be defined as the abstract idea of which the story is a concrete presentation or example. "Humoresque," for instance, had the theme "mother-love." The story itself was an example of mother-love. The theme, or basic idea, of "The Miracle Man" was "faith." Another play based on this was "The Faith Healer." Both plays had the same theme, and yet were distinctly different in development. Both were examples of stories based on the idea of faith.

A writer has in mind a basic principle such as mother-love, father-love, sacrifice, jealousy, miserliness, and so on. From such an abstraction comes perhaps a character or a situation which he develops into a plot. The plot becomes the concrete statement of this abstraction.

The theme is the underlying thought throughout a play. It is the cord upon which the situations of your plot are strung.

The great benefit derived from basing a story upon a theme is that it aids in developing unity in the story; it creates one impression, thereby making a more definite and more lasting appeal to the audience.

"COLOR" IN YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Writers of dramatic technique employ the terms "color" and "local color." While these two are similar in meaning, there is, nevertheless, a distinction between the two.

"Color," in a photoplay, is sometimes called "atmosphere." It means the vividness with which the characters and environment of a story are brought out by means of touches of really human portrayal. It means writing into your script the small bits of action which, taken as a whole, give to the audience a real human being, instead of the stereotyped hero, heroine, or villain.

The term "local color" applies to the development in your story of the "atmosphere" of some particular locale. While this is done by a faithful portrayal of the people in that section, much emphasis is usually laid on the settings or background against which the action takes place. A very fine example of "local color," in which both the people and the country are faithfully portrayed, is to be found in "Hail the Woman," the story being laid in northern New England. This play also is a good example of "color," since the action of the story developed really human characters.

One fault of inexperienced writers is that they are prone to be carried away with the picturesqueness of some locale, and use much valuable space in describing it. While this is all right in a novel or short story, in a photoplay, if the studio reader has to spend too much time reading about Panama hats, Palm Beach suits, and palm trees, he loses track of the story. It is well to suggest the locale by a few well chosen phrases and leave the rest to the studio art director who will build the scenes. In other words, the photoplaywright should devote his energies toward developing "color," instead of "local color," in his stories.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) I hear that producers pay enormous prices to well-known authors for stories. If it was possible for me to write a story just as good as one by a famous author and if it was received at the same time, and if the subjects were similar, would the producer prefer to pay the famous one his big price or would he economize by buying my story?—D. F.

(A.) It is more than probable that the producer would decide to pay the famous author his price. A nationally, or better, internationally known name has great advertising value. Then, there is another point: an author who has attained a big reputation has years of work back of him that unconsciously produces results in novel treatment and skill in story craftsmanship that a new writer will rarely have. The stories on the surface will seem practically of the same merit, but analysis will reveal the differences in favor of the seasoned writer.

(Q.) Why don't the studios put out better comedies? Is it true that they are nearly all made up in the studios? If so, why don't they get some from the outside and get something really worth laughing at?
—G. W.

(A.) (1) There are various reasons—shortage of good comedy material, sometimes poor direction, and often poor comedians. (2) Yes; the greater part of the comedies put out by the companies that specialize in comedy are written in the studios to suit the personalities and abilities of the comedians under contract. (3) Comedy material is the most difficult to obtain. There are very few people who can write real, irresistibly humorous comedy, although the majority of amateur writers seem to think themselves humorists. The standard situations and gags have been worn threadbare from hard use. It is only the trained writer who can give them new and funny twists, and he finds it by no means an easy task.

(Q.) Is it better to have the end of your story come as a surprise or to have it foreseen?—L. N.

(A.) That depends upon the type of story. If it is a mystery or detective story, it is best to keep the end problematical. In other stories, the end may be foreseen, but not the manner in which it is to be brought about. You must not reveal too much; suspense must be maintained. Knowing what the end will be does not rob a story of its interest if we do not know the steps to that end. Even when viewing a mystery play, if we are "in the know" we watch absorbedly to see the characters ferreting out the plot, and sometimes are more interested and apprehensive as we see them making what we know to be false moves.

(Q.) Should a photoplay be written just to entertain and nothing more?—S. I.

(A.) Primarily that is its object. But every worth while play has a theme, and this theme contains a lesson or drives home a truth of life or morals; so that it unobtrusively instructs as well as entertains.

(Q.) What type of story stands the best chance of acceptance?—B. H.

(A.) Styles and standards change; but it is safe to say that at any time the story that will get consideration is the one with the strong human plot, deep heart interest, with loyalty, honor, courage and justice featured, and a romantic love theme running throughout the story.

(Q.) My story has been rejected because its "dramatic objective" is weak. What does that mean?
—L. W.

(A.) The dramatic objective is the purpose of the story, the goal to be attained, and over which conflict is waged. You probably had a trivial object for your leading character to work for. It must be of such a nature as to arouse the desires and passions of your antagonistic characters.

(Q.) Is the writer expected to estimate the number of reels the scenario will take?—L. J.

(A.) It is best for the writer to learn to judge how many reels his story will cover. With a little practice it becomes an easy matter to see whether one has sufficient action for a full five reel photoplay, by analyzing the "spots" of the story and counting the situations. Fifty make about a five reel picture.

(Q.) I fear that I am too old to become a successful photoplaywright. I am over forty-five. Have I any chance?—A. C.

(A.) Do not worry about your age. Your life has given you a background and much experience which is valuable when writing screen stories. A number of writers never succeeded until they were past middle-age and their best work has often been done at that time of life.

(Q.) Why is it that all my friends tell me they would love to see my story on the screen and all producers have consistently rejected it? It is different and does not follow the beaten path.—E. N. S.

(A.) Producers are guided in the selection of their stories by reports from exhibitors as to the type of production that brings in the biggest returns and the most favorable comments. Friends, who do not know the problems of producers, the limitations of the camera or censorship requirements, are apt to think a story is wonderful whereas it would be a big failure if produced. Furthermore, there are styles in pictures. A story might be rejected now and accepted in a few years when conditions have changed in the industry.

(Q.) By characterization do you mean the description of a character's thoughts or his physical appearance?—H. W. L.

(A.) Both. When you create a character, you must describe him as you see him; you must try to make the reader of your story visualize him as you do, mentally, morally and physically.

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which he proposes to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, the noted neuro-pathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park and makes a pal of the crook, "Jimmy" O'Connor. Together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia. Kennard, in the uniform of a Captain of Police, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him to be admitted to the bank that night with his pal, Jimmy, so that they can make the capture of the supposed burglars. They succeed in getting into the bank and tie and gag the watchman. Blackey then prepares to blow the safe open while Jimmy makes the rounds of the bank and punches the alarm clocks. The phone rings and Blackey answers it. It is Mr. Barker, the President of the bank. Blackey tells him that he has captured the burglars and that if he will come to headquarters in the morning he may see them. They have secured the money and are preparing to go when they hear voices outside the door.

They hide just as two policemen step into the bank. Blackey covers them, and Jimmy ties them up and places them with the watchman.

They make their getaway, and driving the car into the woods, Blackey blows it up. When they have hidden the money, they go to New York, and arriving at their apartment, go to sleep.

In the evening papers they read that Mike Morrisey, the celebrated detective, has taken the case. While they are discussing this, Blackey's friend, George Biddle calls up and says that Morrisey, the detective, a friend of his, would like to meet Blackey.

DETECTIVE MORRISEY!" gasped Jack as he fell into a chair beside the phone. "Detective Morrisey," he repeated, "wants to see me. Hum," he grunted, "I wonder what's up?"

Jimmy sat in another chair, speechless, like a person in a trance; finally he got up and began to pace the floor.

It was perfectly obvious that Blackey was very much concerned as he sat in the chair with his eyes closed and his hands behind his head. The unexpected entrance of Morrisey on the scene jarred both of them from the tops of their heads to the bottom of their feet and the more they racked their minds for a possible solution of the matter, the more impossible it became; they were in the dark, baffled, stunned.

"What do you think of it, Jimmy?" said Blackey, "do you think he has caught on to anything?"

"Wat do I think of it?" replied Jimmy in a rather unsteady tone. "Wat do I think of it?" he repeated. "I think we had better beat it out of town right now, quick."

"Beat it out of town?" snapped Jack.

"Dat's wat I said."

"That would be the worst thing we could do and it would confirm his suspicions if he has any."

"Well, you don't mean to tell me dat you're going to meet him, do y'?"

"Of course, why not?" declared Blackey.

"Say," said Jimmy, moving over to Blackey and looking him in the eye, "are you going bugs altogether? On de level, are you going down to meet this wise dick?"

"Right now," snapped Jack as he jumped out of the chair and went to the wardrobe for his tuxedo. He hummed an aria from Madame Butterfly as he dressed.

Jimmy was a study in deep thought as he moved over to the corner of the room and threw himself on the peach colored plush divan. He was trying to think, but he couldn't get his mind off Morrisey sufficiently long enough to organize his thoughts. Blackey had regained his composure and as he slipped into his vest he started to whistle the Toreador song from Carmen. This irritated Jimmy.

"How can y' whistle and sing with de boob staring y' in de kisser? I guess if y' was on yer way to de chair y' would be telling funny stories."

"I'm a long ways from the boob and the chair, Jimmy; forget about those things. You've got the imagination of a Dante."

"Dante!" exclaimed Jimmy. "What's a Dante?"

"Not 'what,' but who. Dante was the great Italian poet who wrote Purgatorio, Paradisio and Inferno. The story of Purgatory, Heaven and Hell."

"It's hell for us from now on, I'm thinking."

"Now, now, now," said Blackey cheerfully. "Cheer up. We're not licked yet. This fellow Morrisey may not have a thing on us."

Jimmy grabbed his coat and hat and started for the door.

"Where y' going?" shouted Blackey.

"Take a walk," replied Jimmy, "see y' later."

Outside he hailed a passing taxi. "To the Knickerbocker," he ordered the driver. As the cab rumbled down Broadway, ablaze with a myriad of electrical illuminations that threw a kaleidoscopic glitter across the street and up into the sky, he sat back in the corner and thought. He remembered gratefully how Blackey had rescued him but a few weeks ago from the big cop in the park, and he was determined to liquidate that debt tonight if he got the opportunity to do so. He adored Blackey and revered him as one would revere a saint, and away back in the depths of his slum-dwarfed soul the fires of gratitude and loyalty were smoldering.

"Blackey saved me once," he murmured to himself, "and I'm going to save him tonight. I'll croak dat copper Morrisey if he tries to nail him. If I don't I've got a streak o' yellow in me a yard wide."

The old saying: "There is honor among thieves," is almost as old as the world itself. There is truth in it, for there *is* honor among certain types of thieves, always has been and always will be. There is just as much of the Damon and Pythias to be found in the underworld, among the prowlers in the dark, as you will find among their more fortunate brothers who tread the beaten trail of respectability, perhaps more. Jimmy was of this type. He had never known anything save the club of the cop and the fists and the "billys" of the detectives when they sent him through the third degree. He hated them with all the fervor of his being. "Rattlesnakes" and "skunks" were the terms that he applied to them and the thought of his idol, "Blackey," being "nailed" by Morrisey filled him with rage and desperation. There was murder in his heart when he got out of the taxi at the Knickerbocker.

He took a seat in the corner of the dining room, at a table behind a cluster of palms, where he could observe all that entered without being seen. In a few moments he saw Morrisey enter with two other gentlemen.

Blackey followed a few minutes after, stood at the door for a moment, took in the diners at a glance, spied his two friends, Biddle and Haberly, then made his way to the table.

"Hello, old boy," Biddle greeted him, then turning to Morrisey, "shake hands with Mr. Kennard, Mr. Morrisey."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Morrisey," said Blackey.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Kennard."

Henry and Blackey greeted each other and then all hands sat down. Morrisey's eyes, deep set, small and penetrating, never left Blackey for a moment and Blackey, incidentally, was conscious of the observation. It irritated him a little, but he gave no outward indication of his perturbation. He was relieved beyond any possibility of expression in words when the orchestra drifted into the divine and soul-stirring melody of Brahm's C Minor Symphony. He felt an uplift, a feeling of ease and was strangely fascinated by its superb sonority. It gladdened him, brought tears to his eyes, made him sad, as though with the rendering of each note of the melody of gold, a human heart was broken! Music always stirred him to the depths of his soul.

He noticed that Morrisey, too, was overwhelmed, and that just as soon as the music began he ceased to scrutinize him. He hummed the melody and moved his head to and fro in rhythm with the orchestra. He applauded vociferously when the orchestra finished.

"Wonderful," he remarked as he directed his attention to Blackey.

"Gorgeous," replied Blackey. "I see you like good music."

"I love it," said Morrisey with a ring of sincerity in his voice. "It stimulates me intellectually, emotionally and every other way. I have solved some of my greatest cases under its absorbing influence."

"Really?" asked Blackey curiously.

"Yes," he continued, "when I get up against a knotty prob'em it helps me tremendously, especially Wagner and Brahm."

"Come, come," laughed Biddle. "Let's get down to business. Forget about Wagner, Brahm and all the rest of the masters of music. I'm more concerned about bank burglars at this moment."

"And I," said Blackey, "am more concerned about how Mr. Morrisey ever came to know that such a person as poor me lived. Are you on my trail, Mr. Morrisey?" he laughingly inquired.

"I'm responsible for his knowing you," interrupted Biddle, "and if you will forget about music for a moment I will tell you the story."

"Proceed, George," exclaimed Blackey, "I'm all attention."

"Since you, Henry and myself had dinner a month or more ago, I have had new honors conferred upon me."

"Ha, ha," said Henry with a smile.

"Honors that mean nothing in my young life," continued Biddle.

"What are the honors?" quizzed Blackey.

"Chairman of the Protective Department of the American Bankers Association. In other words, I'm the fellow who sees that the crooks who plunder our banks are persistently hunted and properly prosecuted."

"Good for you!" said Henry and Blackey simultaneously.

"But if my memory serves me correctly," remarked Henry, "the last time we dined together you told us that bank burglaries were to be a thing of the past, since the safe makers of the country had succeeded in making an absolutely burglar-proof safe."

"That's what I thought," answered Biddle.

"That's what you thought?" inquired Henry. "Ha, ha," he laughed, and continued, "and were you wrong?"

"From what Mr. Morrisey has told me today, I presume that I was very much wrong."

"It's a mystery," grunted Morrisey, "I can't make it out."

This expression filled Blackey with unlimited confidence and yet he was still a trifle concerned about how Morrisey came to know him.

"What's the mystery, Mr. Morrisey?" he asked him. And then, turning to Biddle, "Where do I fit in this mystery?"

"Maybe they think you robbed the bank," roared Henry.

This remark brought a laugh from everybody, particularly from Blackey.

"Mr. Morrisey," said Biddle, "has just come in from Philadelphia where he investigated the robbery last night of the Arlington National Bank, one of the biggest and cleverest burglaries in the history of American crime. He is satisfied that a new explosive has been discovered and he intimated that he wanted to talk with some first class chemist.

"I'm at your service, Mr. Morrisey. What can I do for you," said Blackey, "and why do you think a new explosive has been discovered? I haven't heard of such a discovery in the realm of chemistry."

"I have made a specialty of bank burglars," declared Morrisey. "I have known all of them from the days of Langdon W. Moore to the famous Jimmy Hope. I know their methods. I know that this new safe, the Harlan Automatic Time Locker, cannot be drilled. I know that bank burglars haven't used any explosive other than powder for the past twenty-five years, and I also know that this new safe cannot be blown open with powder."

"You're surely up against a problem," Blackey replied.

"Yes, a tough one, but I shall work it out. I've had more difficult ones than this case."

"Really," said Biddle, "this is a tremendously important matter to the American Bankers Association. We must get this new master mind of the underworld before he goes any further. I'm going to advise offering a $50,000 reward at our meeting tomorrow. We must get him before we have an epidemic of bank burglaries."

"And that's what you're going to have," interrupted Morrisey, "if we don't get this fellow quick."

"Personally," said Henry, "I have a certain amount of admiration for this fellow, this master cracksman, as you call him. He must be a fellow of some merit even though he is a cracksman. He must be a man of ideas and imagination if he can defeat the safe-making brains of the country with his liquid explosive and I'm thinking what a constructive force he would be in society if his energies were directed along other lines. I should love to meet him. More power to him."

It was perfectly obvious that this displeased Morrisey and Biddle, but Henry paid no attention to them and continued with his declaration:

"And if we don't get away from the preposterous idea that prisons will reform criminals we're going to be confronted with more serious things than bank robbing epidemics. If we don't get away from the creed of selfishness, personal greed and the survival of the fittest, and devote more serious thought to the matter of how criminals come to be and why our big cities all over the country are filled with unfortunate women, we will be looking into the staring, white, stony eyeballs of race decadence which will ultimately spell social dissolution, and that is tremendously more tragic than a million epidemics of bank burglaries."

"Moralizing again," laughed Biddle.

"Has it ever occurred to you **why** men plunder your banks? Have you ever asked yourself, where do these men come from and where do these unfortunate women come from and wherein they differ from you and your wives? Why all this outlawry, banditry and murder and social malajustment of every sort? Have you ever thought of these things and then sought an answer?"

"Booze and drugs create most of our criminals," replied the detective.

"Not at all, not at all," continued Henry more passionately than ever.

Neither booze nor drugs in themselves were ever the sole, fundamental causes of any man committing a crime, or any girl drifting into a life of shame. They have been merely incidents in their downfall, not causes. If a man commits a crime while under the influence of a drug you immediately attribute the commission of the crime to the drug. That's the intolerable sophistry of society! "

"Henry, Henry," said Biddle rather indignantly, "surely you don't mean what you say. Your idealism has got the better of you."

"I mean every damn word of it!" snapped Henry. "The truth hurts you fellows who are always thinking in a groove, you fellows who have everything in life that you want and who don't care a rap about those in the depths."

"Henry's correct," said Blackey. "There isn't any such thing in this country as equality of opportunity, the golden rule and the brotherhood of man. It's a case of dog eat dog, the survival of the fittest, while the weak perish. If education and physical culture were compulsory up to a certain age, say twenty-one, there would be less crime and a higher type of man and woman."

"Prisons are a necessity," said Morrisey, "Criminals never reform."

"Of course they don't reform," replied Henry, "because we don't encourage reformation, because we view their protestations of reformation with suspicion. We hound them from pillar to post, dog them from city to city. These social parasites must be protected, therefore they advocate prisons, detectives and electric chairs. Get more schools, more gymnasiums, make mental and physical training a compulsory thing and you can convert all your prisons into hospitals."

Henry's denunciation thrilled Blackey and it gave him renewed energy and confidence. "I'm not doing wrong when I plunder their banks," he thought to himself, "no—I'm not doing wrong, I'm right."

Back and forth they debated the subject until nearly midnight, and when Biddle had paid the check and they all prepared to leave, Morrisey turned to Blackey and said:

"Can you come to my room tomorrow evening about seven, I should like to have a chat with you alone."

"Yes, indeed, I will," replied Blackey.

JIMMY was stretched out on the divan when Blackey returned to the apartment.

"Ha, Jimmy, old boy," he shouted, "how goes it? And where did you spend the evening?"

"At de Knickerbocker."

"At the Knickerbocker!" exclaimed Blackey.

"Yep."

Blackey's face lighted up with a smile of understanding. He moved over to Jimmy, placed his hand on his shoulder, patted him affectionately, and said: "So you followed me to the Knickerbocker?"

"No," replied Jimmy, "I didn't follow y'. I was dere when y' got dere, all set for a gun play if dat mug Morrisey tried to nail y'."

"Ready to go the limit for me, were you?"

"Y' went it for me in de park dat night, didn't y'?"

"You're a game little fellow," said Blackey with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "and I'll never forget that little thing you did tonight."

"What did he say? Is he on to anything?"

"Not a thing," said Blackey.

"How did he get wise to your name?"

"From my friend, Biddle, who is chairman of the American Bankers Association Protective Department."

Blackey had never told Jimmy anything about his life's activities, but he now felt that Jimmy was perfectly trustworthy and loyal, so he rehearsed in detail what he had been and how he had come to be a bank robber.

Throughout the recital Jimmy sat spellbound, his eyes glittered with admiration, and when Blackey had finished, he said: "I thought y' were a high class guy. I always knew dat dere was something funny about y'. but I couldn't dope out what it was. Count me in fifty-fifty on dat hospital fund for your friend, the Professor."

"You feel that you want to help out on that, do you?"

"Hook, line and sinker," replied Jimmy.

"That's fine," said Blackey, "and don't ever breathe a word to anybody about what I have just told you."

"Dey could put me in the chair," declared Jimmy, "and I'd croak before I'd squawk on y', Blackey. You can gamble your life that dere's no yellow in me."

"I know that Jimmy," said Blackey, "I was only cautioning you."

"I got y'."

Blackey pulled out his watch. "Eleven-thirty," he said. "If we hustle we can make the twelve-fifteen train for Trenton, get the money that we planted and be back in New York before three. Get those guns out of the wardrobe, fill and oil them, while I slip out of this tuxedo and dress."

They arrived at the station just in time to catch the train.

"Say," remarked Jimmy, "we are coming back on a passenger, ain't we?"

"Of course," replied Blackey, "why not?"

"I'm glad of that."

"What are you talking about, anyway?" Blackey inquired. "What do you mean by saying you're glad of that?"

"Dere's a bunch of nigger bandits running up and down this road sticking up poor hoboes and throwing them off de trains and I didn't want to run into dem with all that dough on us."

"Nigger bandits?" repeated Blackey.

"Three of 'em," continued Jimmy. "Boston Shine, Memphis Yellow and Scarface Joe. They prowl the train while it's running, with a rope ladder, which they fasten on the running board to climb in and out of the box cars."

"We're not going to ride any freight trains, Jimmy, so we won't meet them."

Upon their arrival in Trenton they walked out to the woods where the money was planted. As they passed the watering tank, around which were a number of "weary willies," Jimmy pointed outthe Boston Shine and his two pals to Blackey.

They had some trouble locating the plant, and before they got back to the station, the last passenger to New York breezed by them like a streak of greased lightning. While they stood in the middle of the track bemoaning their misfortune and debating the advisability of going to a Trenton Hotel for the night, a New York bound freight pulled into the yards.

"Let's ride this to Jersey City," said Blackey, "then De can get the ferry or the Hudson Tube to New York. What do you say?"

"And take a chance of being stuck up by the Boston Shine?"

"Oh, to hell with the Boston Shine," snapped Blackey, "come on!"

They got aboard the freight and were on their way to Jersey City within a few minutes. As the "rattler" rambled through Jersey City at a forty-mile-an-hour gait, enveloped in a whirlpool of dust as it "rat-tated, rat-tated" over the crossings, they heard a groan. They looked out the door, but saw nothing. Suddenly the fireman started to feed coal to the speed demon of the rails, and as he opened up the fire box, it illuminated the sky so that when Blackey looked out of the car up towards the engine, he saw three or four men jump from the train one after the other. And as they passed him he heard groans. He continued to look. He then saw three forms climb up the rope ladder to the top of the train. Within a few seconds he saw them come down the ladder and enter another box car. Again he saw three or four forms jump from the train and as the train rambled by them, he heard more groans. When the train pulled into a cut, he saw another form leap in the dark, and bound back under the train. Within a few seconds they heard the wheels pass over the body, grinding it up.

"Christ!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"We'll be next!" snapped Blackey.

They backed up in the corner of the car and awaited developments, knowing that it was only a matter of a few seconds before the Boston Shine and his murdering pals would be after them.

"Get ready, Jimmy," warned Blackey.

He had hardly uttered the words when the rope ladder came swinging into the car, and the Boston Shine, hat pulled over his eyes, and, gun in hand, came clambering down the ladder. His two pals followed him immediately. They closed both door , lighted a candle and then shouted, "Hands up, by God, and get 'em up quick as hell!"

Blackey and Jimmy blazed away at them with their forty-fours and in the gunning match the candle was blown out. They continued to fire at each other as the train pounded the rails and surged from side to side. Suddenly the door was pushed open and two of the coons jumped in the dark as the train dangled along. Jimmy had fallen to the floor with a bullet in his shoulder. Blackey moved over to the door where the Boston Shine lay a corpse, with eyes wide open and his gun clenched tightly in his hand.

"It was his life or ours," said Blackey, as he stood looking at the dead bandit, stretched out stiff on the floor.

Jimmy's wound was a minor one, the bullet having just grazed his shoulder. He was more upset than hurt. Blackey tore up the tail of his shirt and bandaged the shoulder.

It was close to three-thirty when they pulled into Jersey City and wended their way to the Hudson Tubes for a train to New York. They alighted at Eighth Street and went direct to Blackey's laboratory.

"I think we had better destroy these bonds," said Blackey. "Morrisey may get a line on us if we try to dicker them."

"Sure," replied Jimmy, as Blackey tossed them into a huge crucible and applied a match.

"We have $235,000," said Blackey when he had finished counting the money. "$235,000," he repeated, "$175,000 of which goes for the hospital. Are you satisfied with $30,000 for your share, Jimmy?"

"Bet your life," snapped Jimmy, "tickled to death. Y' can give the professor more if y' want to."

"All right, that's fine," declared Blackey as he opened up his safe and put the money into it.

"Say, say," said Jimmy, rather alarmed, "you're not going to leave all dat coin in dat phoney little pete, are y'? Why dat thing can be opened with a can opener!"

Blackey smiled and replied, "That little safe is a damn sight more burglar-proof than that big automatic time locker that we blasted open in the Arlington National Bank. Put your hand on the combination."

Jimmy grabbed the "com" and as he did so he let out a yell and went stumbling across the room. He scrambled to his feet, shouting: "What that hell ya got in that pete, anyway?"

Blackey roared with laughter. "Well," he said, "do you still think my little pete can be opened with a can opener?"

"The dough is safe in dere," answered Jimmy, "dead safe."

After this demonstration they closed up the laboratory, got a taxi and proceeded to the apartment.

"I have an engagement with Morrisey at seven in his rooms at the Knickerbocker," remarked Blackey as he undressed and prepared for bed.

"What's he want to see y' for now?"

"I don't know," replied Blackey.

"Say," said Jimmy rather seriously, "are y' sure he isn't on to anything? Are y' sure, dead sure?"

"I hardly think so," answered Blackey deliberately. "I hardly think so," he repeated, "and yet there is a bare possibility that he may have something up his sleeve. It is possible, of course. However, it's his brains against mine and may the cleverest man win."

"Be careful, be careful," exclaimed Jimmy.

"I will," said Blackey as he turned over and closed his eyes.

It was noon when Blackey awoke. The golden beams of the warm, mid-day sun were streaming through the curtains of the room. In the smooth, soft green of the park below, some children were romping, while a hurdy gurdy jangled forth the strains of the "Sidewalks of New York." A bird twittered in a tree just outside the window, as though it were trying to harmonize with the music and the voices of the children as they sang the chorus: "East side, West side, all around the town, etc." Blackey stood by the window, looked and smiled and drank in the rich, winey air as though it contained some healthful anodyne. Never had life seemed more beautiful to him!

He closed the window and picked up the morning papers on the front page of which he read:

"Detective Morrisey says he has a clue to the Arlington Bank burglars. He would not divulge the nature of the clue or the source of his information, but it is known that the Arlington Bank officials had him on the phone at midnight. He predicts an early capture of the burglars."

"Huh," he grunted, "perhaps he has an ace up his sleeve."

"Talking to yourself," laughed Jimmy from the bed.

"Read this," replied Blackey as he got up, and handed him the paper.

"Holy ———!" exclaimed Jimmy "What y' think of it?"

"I don't know what to think or what to do."

"I tell y', Blackey, dat guy is a wizard and I think we better beat it while the going is good."

Blackey sat and soliloquized. In his imagination he went over every detail of the job from the time that he arrived in Philadelphia until he left the bank. He recalled what Barker, the bank president, and Morrisey had said about the gold tooth and the lisp in the voice, the artifices that he had resorted to for the purpose of concealing his identity. He was quite sure that he had covered up his tracks. He ridiculed the possibility of any definite clue and yet he realized that it was not absolutely improbable.

"Possible," he said to himself, "but damn improbable."

He and Jimmy dressed and went out to get breakfast, after which they arranged to deliver the money to Haberly at the Post Graduate Hospital by a special messenger.

They returned to the apartment about six, whereupon Blackey immediately prepared to keep his appointment with Morrisey at the Knickerbocker. Jimmy was decidedly nervous, but Blackey was as calm and as self-contained as could be.

"Don't nothin' ever worry y'," he asked Blackey.

"No," laughed Blackey, "nothing."

"Watch your step tonight, old pal," he remarked to Blackey as he left the apartment for the Knickerbocker.

"I'm all set, Jimmy," replied Blackey, smiling as he closed the door.

When Blackey arrived in front of Morrisey's room on the eighth floor he heard him talking on the phone. He grabbed the door knob, then hesitated and listened:

"Looks good," he heard him say, "I think I'm on the right trail."

He opened the door. There in the room sat Barker, the president of the Arlington National Bank, the man to whom he talked as "Captain Worthington" when he planned the robbery.

(Continued next week)

A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry

SYNOPSIS

Doris Dalrymple, beautiful screen star, out with her company on location, wanders away during a lull in the work and meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is now out of work. He tells her of his ambitions and she sympathizes with him.

She then starts back to where the company are staging the next scene, and Jerry, following her with his eyes, sees her picked up by a man in a yellow racer and thinks she is kidnapped. In reality, she is merely taken up by one of the players in a scene they are working on but Jerry, not knowing this, steals a motorcycle standing near and follows the yellow car.

Doris and her companion stop their car and the man, Jimpsey, the villain of the company, goes into a store, while Jerry following on his machine, perceives his advantage, and swooping down on the motionless car, snatches Doris and dashes away just as Jimpsey comes out of the doorway. He also thinks Doris is being kidnapped and, in turn follows the fleeing motorcycle.

Jerry, eluding Jimpsey, brings Doris to the city and she leaves him at a corner, refusing to allow him to see her home. He is on the point of turning away, when Doris is snatched into a big, blue car standing on the side street, which immediately dashes off, with Jerry in grim pursuit.

Jimpsey, still searching, comes into the city and sees Jerry. He also follows, but his car turns turtle and they get away from him.

Jerry, still following, is arrested for speeding and loses the blue car entirely.

Doris is taken to a lighthouse on a lonely island, where the wife of the lighthouse keeper recognizes her as a motion picture star, and sees that they have kidnapped the wrong girl.

INTO the moment of tense silence the woman's voice broke, cool and sane, bringing immeasurable relief to nerves that were perilously near the breaking point.

"Of course we can keep her," she said. "Why not? There's the top room vacant—for tonight, at least. It's not the young lady's fault the mistake was made. The least we can do is to make things comfortable for her."

"But tomorrow," demurred the man. "Suppose they bring the right one tomorrow—or suppose they don't? What's to be done with this one?"

"Let tomorrow take care of itself," advised the woman. "It's not our mistake, and we don't have to patch it up. Talk to The Chief tonight. He'll tell you what to do next. In the meantime," she turned to Doris with the friendliest, most reassuring of smiles, "Miss Dalrymple must be both tired and hungry. Suppose we eat."

"But I think I have a right to know something about this extraordinary proceeding," Doris said boldly.

Again the couple exchanged questioning glances and again it was the woman who spoke.

"We were asked to take a young lady to board for a short time. Miles, my husband, was to meet them with the boat and bring her over. There were reasons why it wasn't best for her to know where she was going. Well, they brought you, and that's all we know about it. Evidently a mistake was made."

"Then why not take me to shore, right now?" Doris demanded. "I have a picture to work on tomorrow, you know."

"Tomorrow's a whole night away," the man said brusquely. "Better eat your supper and make yourself easy, as the Missus says."

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow I die?" Doris tried to laugh it off, lightly, but there was that in the man's grim look which chilled her blood again. The woman, however, gave her pleasant, throaty laugh and laid a gentle hand on the girl's arm.

"Come on inside," she urged. "You must be tired. The kettle's boiling and everything's on. A bit of food and some hot tea will do you a world of good."

In spite of her nervousness and anxiety, Doris gave a little cry of pleasure as they stepped from the balcony into the circular room whose western window overlooked a sea that was all aglow now with the reflected colors of the sunset. Everything was spotlessly clean, the white woodwork shining, the blue painted furniture cushioned in gay chintz. A round table was laid beside the open window. There was a fine white cloth, blue and white china, a quaint brass kettle boiling over an alcohol flame. Hot rolls, a cool salad and a thick and tender mutton chop, were followed by fresh berries in a smother of cream, and delicious tea. Doris, being young and healthy, responded to the stimulus of attractive surroundings and perfect food. It was with her second cup of tea that she broke her silence to ask abruptly:

"You're English, aren't you? Only the English can brew such tea or cook such mutton chops."

The woman flushed a little and glanced quickly through the open door. Assured that the man was not within hearing, she answered:

"I came from England only a year ago. And I came straight to this island. I've never been on mainland since. You see, when he goes, I have to stay. We can't leave the place alone."

"You must get fearfully lonely, even in all this beauty! But of course many people land here, in the fine weather."

"No landing. The government put a ban on visitors in wartime and it isn't lifted yet. Every now and then an inspector, that's all."

"But what do you *do* all the time?" Doris was plainly aghast at thought of such a life. The woman smiled.

"Come up and see the light. You'll see the amount of cleaning there is to do. We never know when the inspector's coming, and there mustn't be a spot anywhere! He was here yesterday."

Doris' heart sank a trifle. Her mind had leaped to the possibility of help from the inspector. She followed the woman up the winding stairs, passing three bedrooms, each smaller than its predecessor, all beautifully clean, and adequately furnished. Then she stood with the woman beside the big light, with gray waters far below, gray sky overhead, the glory of the sunset gone, twilight closing in relentlessly. A sense of utter helplessness swept over her, as if her own world were thousands of leagues away. The woman seemed to read her thought, and smiled.

"It's lonely, but safe here," she said. "I often tell myself that when I'm here alone. Now I'll show you how the light works. It's just time for it to go on. See? Step back here."

She drew Doris back a few paces, pulled a handle, and a shaft of white light sprang out, sending a gleaming trail far across the darkening waters. Steadily the mechanism worked, without further touch from the woman, turning the great lantern steadily, cutting the light off, on, off, on, with automatic precision.

"It's fascinating," breathed Doris. "I've seen lighthouses winking at me, from the sea, but I never thought how it was done. I believe I had an idea that someone had to stand up here and wave a lantern, or at least keep turning it."

"Not in these days," laughed the woman. "One of us sleeps up here, of course, and wakes up every hour to keep an eye out. That gets to be habit. You wake up, give a look at the light and the sea, and go to sleep again, without hardly knowing it. This is my night up here. Your room is the one right underneath. Miles has the one below that. So you see, you'll be well guarded."

There was the slightest shade of emphasis on the last sentence. Was she assuring her of safety, or warning her against an attempt to escape, Doris wondered. She had a sudden desire to be alone, to think over the amazing events of her hectic day.

"May I stay in my room now, then?" she asked. "I'm really very tired, and—and I want to think things over," she finished frankly.

"I don't wonder. I'll bring you hot water in a few minutes." She led the way into the room and left Doris there. Presently her voice came up from below, mingled with the man's rough tones. He seemed to be excited, or angry, for his voice rose higher and higher.

"I tell you, we've got to do something about it," he barked distinctly. "If she leaves here, she's bound to tell—and the jig's up for us. She can't leave here a——"

Silence, as if the woman's hand had crushed the word on his lips. A silence that lasted. Upstairs, Doris waited, shivering, her mind running on and on, but coming back always to that last unfinished sentence. It was all too impossible, too fantastic! Such things didn't happen, in real life—only in the movies. And suddenly her lips twitched as her old, irresistible sense of humor bubbled up.

"And they think we put over a lot of impossible situations," she breathed. "Think what this day of mine would be on the screen!"

The woman, returning with hot water, nodded approvingly as she caught the smile.

"That's the idea! You've got real pluck! You'll find a few things in the closet there you can wear, and the toilet articles are all fresh and new. Extra blankets on this shelf, and—if here isn't our old friend Wee-jee! Ever play with one?"

She emerged from the closet with a Ouija board in her hands, holding it up laughingly.

"There was a time when I believed all it said," she declared. "I got over that, but it's an amusing thing. If you feel restless, try it. You know how?"

"I've seen it done," Doris said, "but it never interested me. Just now I'd rather think out my own problems." And suddenly the girl's eyes darkened with a new, impulsive feeling. She came closee to the woman, putting both her slim hands on the strong arm in its gingham sleeve, lifting a face that was very lovely and appealing.

"I don't know what it's all about," she breathed. "I'm *afraid*. You're kind—but the man—and I'm all alone—there's nothing *any*where. Oh, won't you help me?"

"Now listen, child," the woman's voice dropped very low now. "Nothing's going to happen! Miles is mad and disappointed tonight. But I'll manage things. I'm going to lock you in, but the key will be in *my* pocket! He daresn't go too far with me."

They heard the man's step below. "I'm coming," called the woman, and with a reassuring pat for Doris' arm she was gone. Doris, standing quite still in the center of the room, fought for self-control as she heard the key turn in the lock. Slowly her gaze traveled over the little room with its shining circular walls, its clean little bed of iron, painted white, its white chairs and dressing table. She opened a closet. A white gown of fine cotton hung there, a kimono, slippers, a warm robe. On the shelf, more blankets, and—yes, a thick coil of heavy rope. For a moment her eyes lighted. Then she shook her head. Even if she made the escape from the window, what then? Could she swim out into the sea and hope to be picked up by a passing boat?

Seated on the floor, chin in cupped palms, elbows resting on the low window sill, she stared out. It was very dark, with occasional thick

clouds scudding across a sky that was but thinly star-sprinkled. The water lapped at the rocks—the only sound in a vast chasm of silence. Doris tried to keep a grip on her power of clear thinking.

"Someone had planned to kidnap a girl, for some reason," she pondered. "They were waiting, and they mistook me for the right girl. Oh, if I'd let my motorcycle hero take me home! If I hadn't been so silly! Why did I care whether he found out I am an actress? Why did I let him hide me away from poor old Jimpsey? Where's Jimpsey now? Where's my motorcycle hero? If he'd been properly interested he would have watched from afar, and ridden to my rescue, like the knights of old!"

That last thought persisted for a moment, bringing a little resentful hurt. Why hadn't he watched? Why hadn't he saved her? He had seemed so resourceful, so devoted, so—so different!

"But now, here I am, and nobody knows! And this awful beast downstairs knows if I get away he isn't safe! Can I bribe him, promise not to get him in trouble? He wouldn't believe me . . ."

On and on and on raced the mind of Doris, growing more doubtful, more terrified, more desperate, as time slipped by and the silence continued. At last she heard the woman go upstairs, to her couch in the little room back of the light. She pictured her there, asleep, waking to look out and sleep again. She heard the man move about in the room below. Then, steps, soft and cautious, on the stairs. Steps that stopped, while Doris held her hands over her lips to keep back a scream. She saw the knob of her door turn, silently. Then, after an eternity, the steps, going back. Silence again, and terror!

"If he had been able to get in," she shivered. "Will he find a way?"

Presently she turned from the window, resolutely determined to compose herself. In soft slippers she went silently about, bathing her face, deciding not to undress, settling down beside the light to try to read. Abandoning that as hopeless, she picked up the Ouija board, and set it on the little table beside her.

"Now's your chance, Wee-jee," she whispered. "What have you to suggest?"

And suddenly under her tense fingers the pointer began to move, to point. Amazedly she watched, her eyes growing wide, a soft flame of excitement leaping to her cheeks as her lips whispered the letters.

"R-o-p-e, rope!" she breathed, incredulously, "G-o, go a-t, at, t-w-e-l-v-e! H-e-l-p, -f-r-o-m, t-h-e, e-a-s-t, —"

Abruptly, it stopped. Doris was white to the lips now. Her fingers fell limply from the board. Over and over her stiff lips whispered.

"It said: 'Rope. Go at twelve. Help from the east.' Shall I? It must have been my imagination—my fingers must have done it unconsciously! If I left this room I might be killed. That man might be watching . . ."

But in the end Doris did the thing that she had been taught to do in her last serial but one. She knotted the rope to her iron bed. She dropped it from the window. She wound her hands thickly with pieces of the cotton gown, and she went down, steadily and securely, to the rocks below. There she ran lightly to the eastern side of the island, made her way over high rocks and down to the water's edge. There was a tiny strip of pebbled beach here, scarcely more than a yard long. She dropped on it, just as a moon came riding out of the clouds, throwing a light almost as bright as day down over the island, bringing everything into plain view.

"The rocks hide me from the house," she thought. "If that man comes out I shall fling myself into the water and stay under until I drown."

But no sound came from the house. For a half hour Doris strained her eyes toward the east. The light was fitful, the moon obscured now by the clouds, now breaking out with a dazzling radiance. It was after an unusually long bit of darkness that Doris saw the boat!

It was coming straight toward her, out of the open sea. It was quite near at hand she thought at first but it seemed a long time before it came close enough for her to see that it was a small boat with high sides, and it was being rowed by someone in a dark suit. Someone who rowed slowly, as if very tired and uncertain.

"Is it my hero-man?" she asked herself excitedly. "Is it? Is it?"

Under the clouds went the tantalizing moon again. In the darkness the boat grated on the pebbles "Be careful," Doris whispered hoarsely. "Oh, be careful. Don't let anyone hear!"

The moon popped out. There was the boat—a motor boat with its engine stalled. And on the seat, oars in drooping hands, face white and drawn with fatigue, sat a girl—a very pretty girl in knickers and a dark, closely fitting coat. A girl with a halo of fluffy gold hair, and wide, startled blue eyes.

PROFESSIONALLY, James Barrington Gillette, commonly known as Jimpsey, was a "heavy man." Personally, he was active of mind and agile of body, possessing that rather indefinable quality that is known as being quick on the trigger. The pile of soft dirt which received him from the arms of the yellow roadster held his manly form for exactly thirty seconds. Then he struggled to his feet, gasping for the breath that was coming back to him with slow painfulness, gave the punctured tires one sweeping look and one eloquent remark, and turned his attention to his surroundings.

Already the blue limousine and the motorcycle had disappeared. A crowd was gathering around Jimpsey—the sort of crowd that springs up in a New York street by magic, with nothing whatever to do but stand and look at an accident, or a moving safe, or a human fly. Jimpsey ran his eye over them impatiently, then dashed across to the opposite curb where a man had brought a battered little ord to a stop and stepped out to be numbered among those present at the gathering.

"Say, brother," Jimpsey proposed genially. "I'll trade you that Stutz, a month old, perfectly sound but for two wrecked tires, for your little Lizzie here. Is it a go?"

"But—but," stammered the stranger, "yours is worth——"

"It's worth nothing to me lying there. And my time just now is worth a million dollars a minute. Your car will go. What say? You on?"

"Y-y-yes. S-s-s-sure! She's a s-s-s-self-st-t-t-tarter," stuttered the man, dazed by the rapidity of the transaction.

"Right-o. Much obliged, friend." And Jimpsey was off, his new conveyance carrying him briskly ahead with the dogged reliability for which its whole family is justly noted.

"It's a cinch they were making for the Queensboro Bridge," he decided, guiding the snubby nose of "Lizzie" toward the Plaza. "Now, old girl," he cautioned, half aloud, "mind your step. No getting into trouble with the cops, you know. This is no time for a hold-up."

So, edging decorously along, he came to a point where he could see, only a few yards ahead of him, the blue car, waiting for the whistle that would allow it to move out on the bridge.

"Good luck is ours, Lizzie-girl. We can keep her in sight," he chuckled, "but where——"

Almost, his muttered question ended in a whoop of sheer joy. For there, standing dismally beside a tall traffic officer, his face a study of despair, was the man with the motorcycle. It was plain that he had been held up, and that he would not be allowed to proceed at once. Chuckling with unholy glee, Jimpsey watched until the shrill whistle rang out. Then, moving forward with the orderly mass of vehicles of every description, he flung one soul-satisfying taunt at the helpless prisoner.

"S'long, brother. We mourn your loss!" he yelled.

The look of utter despair and fury on the victim's face was worth lingering to watch, had Jimpsey had leisure for lingering. As it was, he grinned but once, and settled down to the business of keeping his eye on the blue car.

Once across the bridge, luck was with him and he was enabled to push up to the place he wanted. For a half hour they followed the smooth, hard boulevard, with its endless procession of motors whirring in both directions. Doggedly, Jimpsey maintained his position, for the driver of the blue car, evidently meaning to attract no attention, kept well within the speed limits.

"If he ever decides to let 'er out on this road, we're lost, Little Lizzie," fretted Jimpsey.

But he didn't. Instead, he swerved suddenly off on a southeasterly road, and followed it steadily with a speed that gradually increased as travel lessened and the villages became farther and farther apart. There was no question now that Jimpsey would presently be left far behind! And then, suddenly, the blue car swerved and struck off into a narrow dirt road.

Jimpsey, as has been noted before, was quick on the trigger. He knew better than to seem to be following, so he drove straight past the little road, peering down to see that it was green and crooked and ran away into a tangle of low-hanging trees. When he turned and drove back, the blue car was out of sight and he slowed down and looked at the marks of its tires in the soft dirt.

"Good luck again, Lizzie," he declared. "If they keep to dirt roads we can't miss that tire tread. Not while it's daylight!"

He glanced at the sun, and drove on, every sense alert, keeping his eyes on the tell-tale trail.

On and on and on! Abruptly, the little road took the bit in its teeth and plunged out of its obscurity into flat, open country. There was a strong tang of salt in the air now. Swamp grass began to wave from sandy stretches. Here and there a clump of scrub-oaks stretched out gnarled arms. The little road was running away to sea! But all along its sandy length still lay the peculiar stamp of the blue car's tires, and Lizzie put her stubby nose to the ground and followed them faithfully.

Followed them, until, without noise or turbulence or warning, she suddenly stopped in her tracks, like a faithful horse protesting at last against pitiless overwork. Gradually the awful truth dawned on Jimpsey. What he said need not be recorded. Over there, where the sand met the sky, there might be a village, there might be a garage where one could buy gas. Again, there might not! Grimly, he pushed the dejected little car out of the road, over beside a bunch of scrub pines. Grimly, he took up the trail again, on foot.

A mile of trudging brought him out on sandy dunes that ran down to meet the sea. Jimpsey stopped, staring. It seemed incredible that so desolate and lonely a spot could exist within two hours of the city. Sand dunes stretched away on either hand; gray waves ran up to thunder at barren rocks; and nowhere was there sight or sound of human visitants.

"But the trail's here," breathed Jimpsey, and followed it. There, a few feet back from the rocks, the trail swerved, followed the curve of the water's edge, struck back again in a southwesterly direction across the dunes.

"They're going to hit another road over there, and circle back," mused Jimpsey. "But what—ah!"

From the seaward side of the blue car's trail a line of footprints ran down to the rocks that edged the sea. Jimpsey followed them, anxious-eyed, deeply moved.

"A man and a girl went down. A man came back alone. Someone met them here with a boat. She's out there somewhere! My God!"

Up to this time he had been anxious, but not stirred to the depths of his being, as he now was. He had been confident he could handle the situation, could somehow keep near and bring her out all right. But standing there alone in a waste of gray sand and gray sea, with the sun dropping swiftly down the west, with one gaunt bird winging a black trail across a desolate sky, Jimpsey's nerve was badly shaken.

"Little Doris!" he breathed heavily. "What's it all for? Where have they gone with her? That little, innocent thing! How . . ."

Abruptly he began to run, with floundering steps, through the deep sand, along the trail the blue car had made.

IT seemed to Jerry that he stood for an hour, at least, beside the inexorable officer, hemmed in by the vehicular mob that the rush hours bring to the Queensborough Plaza. In reality it was exactly twelve minutes before the keen eyes were turned on him, taking in the straight, up-standing figure, the anxious face, the frank, imploring eyes, the tiny service pin on the left lapel of the well-cut but rather worn coat.

"There, lad, be off with ye," he said, "but mind your step. Keep your own place in the procession. Ye can't be doin' trick stunts in a jam like this."

"Thanks, officer," Jerry said, "I'll remember." Steadily he moved forward, outwardly decorous, inwardly raging, as he kept his place in the procession over the bridge.

"A snail could race this outfit and win," he grumbled. "But after all, why hurry? I've lost 'em! What can I do when I get across the bridge?"

To the traffic officer at the bridge's end he put a faint-hearted question that was met by an unfeeling grin.

"A blue limousine, me boy? Yes, I've likely seen a hundred of them in the last hour. They ain't so uncommon that I put 'em down in my diary, you know."

"But this one had all the curtains drawn and there was a Ford trailing it," Jerry persisted.

"Is that so? Now that would identify it. A Ford behind it!"

"Oh hell!" exploded Jerry and took the first road ahead. A few miles along it divided, and the branch that turned to the north looked as smooth, as well-travelled and as uncommunicative as the one that curved southward.

"My luck's left me!" he gloomed. Disconsolately he rode up to the garage which had, with a keen eye for business, planted itself in the crotch of the two roads.

"Fill 'er up," he directed, peeling a greenback off an exceedingly fragile roll. "I can't run a chance on being stuck for lack of gas."

"Goin' far?" asked the man, pumping expertly. "Which road?"

"I wish I knew! You see, I was trailing some—some friends, and I got held up at the other end of the bridge and lost them. Now I don't know what to do. I'll just have to hunt the Island over."

"Some job, I'll say. Talk about a needle in a haystack——"

"Oh, I know," Jerry broke in irritably. "But I've got to do something! Of course you didn't see a big blue limousine with a Ford close behind—too common to notice."

"A big blue—say, bo, the angel of good luck was hoverin' right close when you come into the world. The big blue one stopped here for a couple of minutes. Chauffeur in uniform drivin'. Curtains all tight in the back. That it?"

"Yes, yes," yelled Jerry. "And the Ford?"

"Just happened to notice it. One man in that. Stopped just down the road there and waited till the blue one went ahead, then followed along. Didn't think a thing of it then, but——"

"Hooray!" yelled Jerry. "Which way did they go? South? Thanks a million times." He glanced at the fragile roll, but the man shook his head, grinning good-naturedly.

"Keep it, son, keep it. My son seen service, too. On-your-way, now, as my boy says. Good luck."

With youth's amazing redundancy Jerry's spirits rocketed skyward as he set off on the southerly road. "My lucky day!" he chuckled. "Everything works my way. Old lady Fate's on my side. I'll catch up with them and keep them in sight, and trust to my guardian angel to send help when I need it."

Mile after mile flashed by. Gradually, the stream of motors thinned until the road was sparsely dotted with them and he could look far ahead. A signboard announced a crossroad. Jerry slowed down, and as he came near he saw Old Lady Fate, to whom he had just referred with such jovial affection, standing in the middle of the road, holding up a hand which unquestionably meant STOP! She had taken the form of a blue-uniformed Hercules, and Jerry's heart began to settle toward his shoes, even before the rich and half-jovial voice spoke:

"Just a minute, my lad. Let's see the number of that little machine. I thought so. Sorry, my boy, and you an ex-service man. You should of had more sense. Don't ye know the telephone system works yet, even if it do be a bit slow at times? Why did ye have so little brains as to think ye could get away with it?"

And suddenly the full extent of his new dilemma crashed in on Jerry's bewildered mind. Under his healthy coat of tan his face went pale.

"Look here, officer," he protested, "I wasn't stealing this Indian. It was an emergency! I HAD to take it. I HAVE to go on, I tell you. I'll return it, all right. I never thought—you see, there was a girl——"

"Of course there was a girl. There generally is, I'm noticin', but that's neither here nor there. The point is, ye took that Indian and it belongs to the Chief up in the Bronx."

"But I tell you——"

"That'll be all, me lad! There's no argument. Ye can do your explainin' to the Jedge in the mornin'."

There was no relenting in voice, or eyes, or tightly closed jaw. Desperately, Jerry felt his hope, his optimism, his abounding confidence in a kindly fate slipping from him.

(Continued next week)

Roles They'll Never Play

Could you imagine a lineup like this?

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" .....William S. Hart
"Passion" ..... Sylvia Ashton
"Huckleberry Finn" .....Theodore Roberts
"Too Much Sleep" .....Walter Hiers
"Fair and Warmer" .....Elsie Ferguson
"Lucretya Borgia" .....May McAvoy
"Rags" ..... Gloria Swanson
"Uncle Tom's Cabin" ....produced by Cecil DeMille
"Seventeen" .....Theodore Kosloff
"Old Lady 31" .....Lila Lee
"The Frisky Miss Flighty" .....Ethel Clayton

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(Continued from page 10)

got a mild form of typod—he's that unwell the mornings when he's been out late in the city. Say what you're a mind to, typod is typod! And if you h'ain't got it you're likely to git it most any minute; but he won't swaller the teas and broths and suffusions I bring him, and he'll be took like everybody else one of these days, dearie—which he wouldn't if he's listen to me——"

"Mrs. Quant," came Desboro's voice from the landing.

"Y—yes, sir," stammered that guilty and agitated Cassandra.

Jacqueline set aside her teacup and came to the stairs; their glances met in the suppressed amusement of mutual comprehension, and he conducted her to the hallway below, where a big log fire was blazing.

"What was it—death, destruction, and general woe, as usual?" he asked.

"And typod," she whispered. "It appears that you have it!"

"Poor old soul! She means all right; but imagine me here with her all day, dodging infusions and broths and red flannel! Warm your hands at the blaze, Miss Nevers, and I'll find the armory keys. It will be a little colder in there."

She spread her hands to the flames, conscious of his subtle change of manner toward her, now that she was actually under his roof—and liked him for it—not in the least surprised that she was comprehending still another phase of this young man's most interesting personality.

For, without reasoning, her slight misgivings concerning him were vanishing; instinct told her she might even permit herself a friendlier manner, and she looked up smilingly when he came back swinging a bunch of keys.

"These belong to the Quant," he explained. "—honest old soul! Every gem and ivory and lump of jade in the collection is at her mercy, for here are the keys to every case. Now, Miss Nevers, what do you require? Pencil and pad?"

"I have my notebook, thanks—a new one in your honor."

He said he was flattered and led the way through a wide corridor to the eastern wing; unlocked a pair of massive doors, and swung them wide. And, beside him, she walked into the amory of the famous Desboro collection.

Straight ahead of her, paved with black marble, lay a lane through a double rank of armed and mounted men in complete armor; and she could scarcely suppress a little cry of surprise and admiration.

"This is magnificent!" she exclaimed; and he saw her cheeks brighten, and her breath coming faster.

"It is fine," he said soberly.

"It is, indeed, Mr. Desboro! That is a noble array of armor. I feel like some legendary princess of long ago, passing her chivalry in review as I move between these double ranks. What a wonderful collection! All Spanish and Milanese mail, isn't it? Your grandfather specialized?"

"I believe he did. I don't know very much about the collection, technically."

"Don't you care for it?"

"Why, yes—more, perhaps, than I realized—now that you are actually here to take it away."

"But I'm not going to put it into a magic pocket and flee to New York with it!"

She spoke gaily, and his face, which had become a little grave, relaxed into its habitual expression of careless good humor.

They had slowly traversed the long lane, and now, turning, came back through groups of men-at-arms, pikemen, billmen, arquebussiers, crossbowmen, archers, halbardiers, slingers—all the multitudinous arms of a polyglot service, each apparently equipped with his proper weapon and properly accoutred for trouble.

Once or twice she glanced at the trophies aloft on the walls, every group bunched behind its shield and radiating from it under the drooping remnants of banners emblazoned with arms, crests, insignia, devices, and quarterings long since forgotten, except by such people as herself.

She moved gracefully, leisurely, pausing now and then before some panoplied manikin, Desboro sauntering beside her. Now and then she stopped to inspect an ancient piece of ordnance, wonderfully wrought and chased, now and then halted on tip-toe to lift some slitted visor and peer into the dusky cavern of the helmet, where a painted face stared back at her out of painted eyes.

"Who scours all this mail?" he asked.

"Our old armorer. My grandfather trained him. But he's very old and rheumatic now, and I don't let him exert himself. I think he sleeps all winter, like a woodchuck, and fishes all summer."

"You ought to have another armorer."

"I can't turn Michael out to starve, can I?"

She swung around swiftly: "I didn't mean that!" and saw he was laughing at her.

"I know you didn't," he said. "But I can't afford two armorers. That's the reason I'm disposing of these tin-clothed tenants of mine—to economise and cut expenses."

She moved on, evidently desiring to obtain a general impression of the task before her, now and then examining the glass-encased labels at the feet of the figures, and occasionally shaking her head. Already the errant lock curled across her cheek.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired. "Aren't these gentlemen correctly ticketed?"

"Some are not. That suit of gilded mail is not Spanish; it's German. It is not very difficult to make such a mistake sometimes."

Steam heat had been put in, but the vast hall was chilly except close to the long ranks of oxidized pipes lining the walls. They stood a moment, leaning against them and looking out across the place, all glittering with the mail-clad figures.

"I've easily three weeks' work before me among these mounted figures alone, to say nothing of the men on foot and the trophies and artillery," she said. "Do you know it is going to be rather expensive for you, Mr. Desboro?"

This did not appear to disturb him.

"Because," she went on, " a great many mistakes have been made in labelling, and some mistakes in assembling the complete suits of mail and in assigning weapons. For example, that mounted man in front of you is wearing tilting armor and a helmet that doesn't belong to it. That's a childish mistake."

"We'll put the proper lid on him," said Desboro. "Show it to me and I'll put it all over him now."

"It's up there aloft with the trophies, I think—the fifth group."

"There's a ladder on wheels for a closer view of the weapons. Shall I trundle it in?"

He went out into the hallway and presently came back pushing a clanking extension ladder with a railed top to it. Then he affixed the crank and began to grind until it rose to the desired height.

"All I ask of you is not to tumble off it," he said. "Do you promise?"

She promised with mock seriousness: "Because I need all my brains, you see."

"You've a lot of 'em, haven't you, Miss Nevers?"

"No, not many."

He shrugged: " I wonder, then, what a quantitative analysis of mine might produce."

She said: "You are as clever as you take the trouble to be——" and stopped herself short, unwilling to drift into personalities.

"It's the interest that is lacking in me," he said, "—or perhaps the incentive."

She made no comment.

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't know."

"—And don't care," he added.

She flushed, half turned in protest, but remained silent.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I didn't mean to force your interest in myself. Tell me, is there anything I can do for your comfort before I go? And shall I go and leave you to abstruse meditation, or do I disturb you by tagging about at your heels?"

His easy, light tone relieved her. She looked around her at the armed figures:

"You don't disturb me. I was trying to think where to begin. Tomorrow I'll bring up some reference books——"

"Perhaps you can find what you want in my grandfather's library. I'll show you where it is when you are ready."

"I wonder if he has Grenville's monograph on Spanish and Milanese mail?"

"I'll see."

He went away and remained for ten minutes. She was minutely examining the sword belonging to a rather battered suit of armor when he returned with the book.

"You see" she said, "you are useful. I did well to suggest that you remain here. Now, look, Mr. Desboro. This is German armor, and here is a Spanish sword of a different century along with it! That's all wrong, you know. Antonius was the sword-maker; here is his name on the hexagonal, gilded iron hilt—'Antonius Me Fecit'."

"You'll put that all right," he said confidently. "Won't you?"

"That's why you asked me here, isn't it?"

He may have been on the point of an indiscreet rejoinder, for he closed his lips suddenly and began to examine another sword. It belonged to the only female equestrian figure in the collection—a beautifully shaped suit of woman's armor, astride a painted war-horse, the cuirass of Milan plates.

"The Countess of Ooroposa," he said. "It was her peculiar privilege, after the Count's death, to ride in full armor and carry a naked sword across her knees when the Spanish Court made a solemn entry into cities. Which will be about all from me," he added with a laugh. "Are you ready for luncheon?"

"Quite, thank you. But you said that you didn't know much about this collection. Let me see that sword, please."

He drew it from its scabbard and presented the hilt. She took it, studied it, then read aloud the device in verse:

" 'Paz Comiga Nunca Veo Y Siempre Guera Dese.' "
("There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!")

Her clear young voice repeating the old sword's motto seemed to ring a little through the silence—as though it were the clean-cut voice of the blade itself.

"What a fine motto," he said guilelessly. "And you interpret it as though it were your own."

"I like the sound of it. There is no compromise in it."

"Why not assume it for your own? 'There is never peace with me; my desire is always war!' Why not adopt it?"

"Do you mean that such a militant motto suits me?" she asked, amused, and caught the half-laughing, half malicious glimmer in his eyes, and knew in an instant he had divined her attitude toward himself, and toward her own self, too—war on them both, lest they succumb to the friendship that threatened. Silent, preoccupied, she went back with him through the armory, through the hallway, into a rather commonplace dining-room, where a table had already been laid for two.

Desboro jingled a small silver bell, and presently luncheon was announced. She ate with the healthy appetite of the young, and he pretended to. Several cats and dogs of unaristocratic degree came purring and wagging about the table, and he indulged them with an impartiality that interested her, allotting to each its portion, and serenely chastising the greedy.

"What wonderful impartiality!" she ventured. "I couldn't do it; I'd be sure to prefer one of them."

"Why entertain preference for anything or anybody?"

"That's nonsense."

"No; it's sense. Because, if anything happens to one, there are the others to console you. It's pleasanter to like impartially."

She was occupied with her fruit cup; presently she glanced up at him:

"Is that your policy?"

"Isn't it a safe one?"

"Yes. Is it yours?"

"Wisdom suggests it to me—has always urged it. I'm not sure that it always works. For example, I prefer champagne to milk, but I try not to."

"You always contrive to twist sense into nonsense."

"You don't mind, do you?"

"No; but don't you ever take anything seriously?"

"Myself."

"I'm afraid you don't."

"Indeed, I do! See how my financial mishaps sent me flying to you for help!"

She said: "You don't even take seriously what you call your financial mishaps."

"But I take the remedy for them most reverently and most thankfully."

"The remedy?"

"You."

A slight color stained her cheeks; for she did not see just how to avoid the footing they had almost reached—the understanding which, somehow, had been impending from the moment they met. Intuition had warned her against it. And now here it was.

How could she have avoided it, when it was perfectly evident from the first that he found her interesting—that his voice and intonation and bearing were always subtly offering friendship, no matter what he said to her, whether in jest or earnest, in light-hearted idleness or in all the decorum of the perfunctory and commonplace.

To have made more out of it than was in it would have been no sillier than to priggishly discountenance his harmless good humor. To be prim would have been ridiculous. Besides, everything innocent in her found an instinctive pleasure, even in her own misgivings concerning this man and the unsettled problem of her personal relations with him—unsolved with her, at least; but he appeared to have settled it for himself.

As they walked back to the armory together, she was trying to think it out; and she concluded that she might dare be toward him as unconcernedly friendly as he would ever think of being toward her. And it gave her a little thrill of pride to feel that she was equipped to carry through her part in a light, gay, ephemeral friendship with one belonging to a world about which she knew nothing at all.

That ought to be her attitude—friendly, spirited, pretending to a "savoir faire" only surmised by her own good taste—lest he find her stupid and narrow, ignorant and dull. And it occurred to her very forcibly that she would not like that.

So—let him admire her.

His motives, perhaps, were as innocent as hers. Let him say the unexpected and disconcerting things it amused him to say. She knew well enough how to parry them, once her mind was made up not to entirely ignore them; and that would be much better. That, no doubt, was the manner in which women of his own world met the easy badinage of men; and she determined to let him discover that she was interesting if she chose to be.

She had produced her notebook and pencil when they entered the armory. He carried Grenville's celebrated monograph, and she consulted it from time to time, bending her dainty head beside his shoulder, and turning the pages of the volume with a smooth and narrow hand that fascinated him.

They stopped before a horseman, clad from head to spurs in superb mail. On a ground of blackened steel the pieces were embossed with gold grotesqueries; the cuirass was formed by overlapping horizontal plates, the three upper ones composing a gorget of solid gold. Nymphs, satyrs, gods, goddesses and cupids in exquisite design and composition framed the "lorica"; cuisses and tassettes carried out the lorica pattern; coudes, arm-guards, and genouilleres were dolphin masks, gilded.

"Parade armor," she said under her breath, "not war armor, as it has been labelled. It is armor de luxe, and probably royal, too. Do you see the collar of the Golden Fleece on the gorget? And there hangs the fleece itself, borne by two cupids as a canopy for Venus rising from the sea. That is probably Sigman's XVI century work. Is it not royally magnificent!"

"Lord! What a lot of lore you seem to have acquired!" he said.

"But I was trained to this profession by the ablest teacher in America—" her voice fell, "—by my father. Do you wonder that I know a little about it?"

They moved on in silence to where a man-at-arms stood leaning both clasped hands over the gilded pommel of a sword.

She said quickly: "That sword belongs to parade armor! How stupid to give it to this pikeman! Don't you see? The blade is diamond sectioned: Horn of Solingen's mark is on the ricasse. And, oh, what a wonderful hilt! It is a miracle!"

The hilt was really a miracle; carved in gold relief, Italian renaissance style, the guard gentre was decorated with black arabesques on a gold ground; quillons curved down, ending in cupid's heads of exquisite beauty.

The guard was engraved with a cartouche enclosing the Three Graces; and from it sprang a beautiful counter-guard formed out of two lovely Caryatids united. The grip was made of heliotrope amethyst inset with gold; the pommel constructed by two volutes which encompassed a tiny naked nymph with emeralds for her eyes.

"What a masterpiece!" she breathed. "It can be matched only in the Royal Armory of Madrid."

"Have you been abroad, Miss Nevers?"

"Yes, several times with my father. It was part of my education in business."

He said: "Yours is a French name?"

"My father was French."

"He must have been a very cultivated man."

"Self-cultivated."

"Perhaps," he said, "there was once a 'de' written before 'Nevers.'"

She laughed: "No. Father's family were always bourgeois shopkeepers—as I am."

He looked at the dainty girl beside him, with her features and slender limbs and bearing of an aristocrat.

"Too bad," he said, pretending disillusion. "I expected you'd tell how your ancestors died on the

scaffold, remarking in laudable chorus, 'Vive le Roi!'"

She laughed and sparkled deliciously. "Alas, no, monsieur. But, ma foi! Some among them may have worked the guillotine for Sanson or drummed for Santerre.

"You seem to me to symbolize all the grace and charm that perished on the Place de Greve."

She laughed: "Look again, and see if it is not their Nemesis I more closely resemble."

And as she said it so gaily, an odd idea struck him that she did embody something less obvious, something more vital, than the symbol of an aristocratic regime perishing en masse against the blood-red sky of Paris.

He did not know what it was about her that seemed to symbolize all that is forever young and fresh and imperishable. Perhaps it was only the evolution of the real world he saw in her opening into blossom and disclosing such as she to justify the darkness and woe of the long travail.

She had left him standing alone with Grenville's book open in his hands, and was now examining a figure wearing a coat of fine steel mail, with a black corselet decorated with "horizontal" bands.

"Do you notice the difference?" she asked. "In German armor the bands are vertical. This is Milanese, and I think the Negrolis made it. See how exquisitely the morion is decorated with these lions' heads in gold for cheek pieces, and these bands of gold damascene over the skull-piece, that meet to form Minerva's face above the brow! I'm sure it's the Negrolis work. Wait! Ah, here is the inscription! 'P. Jacobi et Fratr Negroli aciebant MDXXXIX.' Bring me Grenville's book, please."

She took it, ran over the pages rapidly, found what she wanted, and then stepped forward and laid her white hand on another grim, mailed figure.

"This is foot-armor," she said, "and does not belong with that morion. It's neither Milanese nor yet Augsburg make; it's Italian, but who made it I don't know. You see it's a superb combination of parade armor and war mail, with all the gorgeous design of the former and the smoothness and toughness of the latter. Really, Mr. Desboro, this investigation is becoming exciting. I never before saw such a suit of foot-armor."

"Perhaps it belonged to the catcher of some ancient baseball club," he suggested.

She turned, laughing, but exasperated: "I'm not going to let you remain near me," she said. "You annihilate every atom of romance; you are an anachronism here, anyway."

"I know it; but you fit in delightfully with tournaments and pageants and things——"

"Go up on that ladder and sit!" resolutely pointing.

He went. Perched aloft, he lighted a cigarette and surveyed the prospect.

"Mark Twain killed all this sort of thing for me," he observed.

She said indignantly: "It's the only thing I never have forgiven him."

"He told the truth."

"I know. But, oh, how could he write what he did about King Arthur's Court! And what is the use of truth, anyway, unless it leaves us ennobling illusions?"

Ennobling illusions! She did not know it; but except for them she never would have existed, nor others like her that are yet to come in myriads.

Desboro waved his cigarette gracefully and declaimed:

"The knights are dust,
Their good swords bust;
Their souls are up the spout we trust—"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Mademoiselle?"

"That silly parody on a noble verse is not humorous."

"Truth seldom is. The men who wore those suits of mail were everything that nobody now admires—brutal, selfish, ruthless——"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Mademoiselle?"

"Are there not a number of such gentlemen still existing on earth?"

"New York's full of them," he admitted cheerfully, "but they conceal what they really are on account of the police."

"Is that all that five hundred years has taught men—concealment?"

"Yes, and five thousand," he muttered; but said aloud: "It hasn't anything to do with admiring the iron hats and clothes they wore. If you'll let me come down I'll admire 'em——"

"No."

"I want to carry your book for you."

"No."

"—And listen to everything you say about the vertical stripes on their Dutch trousers——"

"Very well," she consented, laughing; " you may descend and examine these gold inlaid and checkered trousers. They were probably made for a fashionable dandy by Alonso Garcia, five hundred years ago; and you will observe that they are still beautifully creased."

Under the careless surface, she divined a sort of perverse intelligence; she was certain that what appealed to her he, also, understood when he chose to; because he understood so much—much that she had not even imagined—much of life, and of the world, and of the men and women in it. But, having lived a life so full, so different from her own, perhaps his interest was less easily aroused: perhaps it might be even a little fatigued by the endless pageant moving with him amid scenes of brightness and happiness which seemed to her as far away from herself and as unreal as scenes in the painted arras hanging on the walls.

They had been speaking of operas in which armour, incorrectly designed and worn, was tolerated by public ignorance; and, thinking of the "horseshoe," where all that is wealthy, and intelligent, and wonderful, and aristocratic in New York is supposed to congregate, she had mentally placed him there among those elegant and distant young men who are to be seen sauntering from one gilded box to another, or, gracefully posed, decorating and further embellishing boxes already replete with jeweled and feminine beauty; or in the curtained depths, mysterious silhouettes motionless against the dull red glow.

And, if those gold-encrusted boxes had been celestial balconies, full of blessed damosels leaning over heaven's edge, they would have seemed no farther away, no more accessible to her, than they seemed from where she sometimes sat or stood, all alone, to listen to Farrar and Caruso.

The light in the armory was growing a little dim. She bent more closely over her notebook, the printed pages of Mr. Grenville, and the shimmering, inlaid, and embossed armor.

"Shall we have tea?" he suggested.

"Tea? Oh, thank you, Mr. Desboro; but when the light fails, I'll have to go."

It was failing fast. She used the delicate tips of her fingers more often in examining engraved, inlaid, and embossed surfaces.

"I never had electricity put into the armory," he said. "I'm sorry now—for your sake."

"I'm sorry, too. I could have worked until six."

"There!" he said, laughing. "You have admitted it! What are you going to do for nearly two hours if you don't take tea? Your train doesn't leave until six. Did you propose to go to the station and sit there?"

Her confused laughter was very sweet, and she admitted that she had nothing to do after the light failed except to fold her hands and wait for the train.

"Then won't you have tea?"

"I'd—rather not!"

He said: "You could take it alone in your room if you liked—and rest a little. Mrs. Quant will call you."

She looked up at him after a moment, and her cheeks were very pink and her eyes brilliant:

"I'd rather take it with you, Mr. Desboro. Why shouldn't I say so?"

No words came to him, and not much breath, so totally unexpected was her reply.

Still looking at him, the faint smile fading into seriousness, she repeated:

"Why shouldn't I say so? Is there any reason? You know better than I what a girl alone may do. And I would like to have some tea—and have it with you."

He didn't smile; he was too clever—perhaps too decent.

"It's quite all right," he said. "We'll have it served in the library where there's a fine fire."

So they slowly crossed the armory and traversed the hallway, where she left him for a moment and ran up stairs to her room. When she rejoined him in the library, he noticed that the insurgent lock of hair had been deftly tucked in among its lustrous comrades; but the first shake of her head dislodged it again, and there it was, threatening him, as usual, from its soft, warm ambush against her cheek.

"Can't you do anything with it?" he asked, sympathetically, as she seated herself and poured the tea.

"Do anything with what?"

"That lock of hair. It's loose again, and it will do murder some day."

She laughed with scarcely a trace of confusion, and handed him his cup.

"That's the first thing I noticed about you," he added.

"That lock of hair? I can't do anything with it. Isn't it horribly messy?"

"It's dangerous."

"How absurd!"

"Are you ever known as 'Stray Lock' among your intimates?"

"I should think not," she said scornfully. "It sounds like a children's picture-book story."

"But you look like one."

"Mr. Desboro!" she protested. "Haven't you any common sense?"

"You look," he said reflectively, "as though you came from the same bookshelf as 'Gold Locks,' 'The Robber Kitten,' and 'A Princess Far Away,' and all those immortal volumes of the 'days that are no more.' Would you mind if I label you 'Stray Lock,' and put you on the shelf among the other immortals?"

Her frank laughter rang out sweetly:

"I very much object to being labeled and shelved—particularly shelved."

"I'll promise to read you every day——"

"No, thank you!"

"I'll promise to take you everywhere with me——"

"In your pocket? No, thank you. I object to being either shelved or pocketed—to be consulted at pleasure—or when you're bored."

They both had been laughing a good deal, and were slightly excited by their game of harmless **double entendre.** But now, perhaps it was becoming a trifle too obvious, and Jacqueline checked herself to glance back mentally and see how far she had gone along the path of friendship.

She could not determine; for the path has many twists and turnings, and she had sped forward lightly and swiftly, and was still conscious of the exhilaration of the pace in his gay and irresponsible company.

Her smile changed and died out; she leaned back in her leather chair, gazing absently at the fiery reflections crimsoning the andirons on the hearth, and hearing afar, the steady downpour of the winter rain.

Subtly the quiet and warmth of the room invaded her with a sense of content, not due, perhaps, to them alone. And dreamily conscious that this might be so, she lifted her eyes and looked across the table at him.

"I wonder," she said, "if this is all right?"

"What?"

"Our—situation—here."

"Situations are what we make them."

"But," she asked candidly, "could you call this a business situation?"

He laughed unrestrainedly, and finally she ventured to smile, secretly reassured.

"Are business and friendship incompatible?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Are they? I have to be careful in the shop, with younger customers and clerks. To treat them with more than pleasant civility would spoil them for business. My father taught me that. He served in the French Army."

"Do you think," he said gravely, "that you are spoiling me for business purposes?"

She smiled: "I was thinking—wondering whether you did not more accurately represent the corps of officers and I the line. I am only a temporary employee of yours, Mr. Desboro, and some day you may be angry at what I do and you may say, **'Tonnerre de Dieu!'** to me—which I wouldn't like if we were friends, but which I'd otherwise endure."

"We're friends already; what are you going to do about it?"

She knew it was so now, for better or worse, and she looked at him shyly, a little troubled by what the end of this day had brought her.

(Continued next week)

The Sign of the Rose, ***George Beban Prod.***

This dramatic story of an Italian laborer has for years served Beban on the speaking stage, where he is recognized master of his character. It goes very *big* indeed on the screen. Emotion runs highest in the scenes showing the Italian falsely accused of kidnapping a millionaire's child, while his own baby girl (killed by the same millionaire's motor car), is not yet even buried. The utter pathos of the story is relieved by quiet comedy touches. Beban has surrounded himself with a strong support. A fairly happy ending.

Mistress of the World, ***U. F. A. Prod., Chapter*** **1.** ***Hamilton Theatrical Corp.***

Melodrama no more exciting than the average serial instalment shown at picture houses nightly, but offered in four five-reelers. Mia May plays an Englishwoman captured by Orientals, and later saved by an Anglo-educated Chinaman. This is about the substance of "The Dragon's Claw." *Broadway* was plainly bored.

The Sheik's Wife, ***Vitagraph***

Not even a cousin to "The Sheik" of Paramount is this tale of a woman who marries an Arab, and makes a stab at adopting the customs of his tribe. Marcel Vibert does good repressed work as the Sheik. This picture is not so attractive to the eye as it might be, although it is a French production.

Determination, ***State Rights***

London slum atmosphere carefully preserved is the salient thing in this picture some 10,000 feet long, based on the likenes of twin brothers. People who like slum settings, even if a little tired of the mistaken identity situation, will get their money's worth here.

The Ragged Heiress, ***Fox***

Shirley Mason takes her usual screen walk from rags to riches. Here the riches are a little shady, it being first registered that the heroine's father goes to prison for bank robbery, and next that he thoughtfully left behind in trust for her 10,000 dollars a year. Anyway, Lucia (Shirley Mason) does not see the money, because her uncle sees it first. Matters improve when her father is released. Johnnie Harron plays a nice young man in the picture. Edwin Stevens and Claire MacDowell are others in the cast.

Polly of the Follies, ***Asso. First National Pictures***

When so much goes under the name of comedy that is not comedy at all, it is refreshing to see pretty, witty Constance Talmadge out to amuse in earnest. No one who needs a laugh can afford to miss the movie show staged by Polly in her small, but severe, home town; or the burlesque on Caesar and Cleopatra with Polly as the Queen.

Beyond the Rainbow, ***R-C Pictures***

William Christy Cabanne directed this ingenious story by Solita Solano, with a really powerful cast, including such names as Helen Ware, George Fawcett, Edmund Breese, Rose Coghlan, Marguerite Courtot. A mysterious shooting lends a detective flavor to this picture. The interest centers about a stenographer, played by Lillian (Billy) Dove.

The Prodigal Judge, ***Vitagraph***

From the novel of Vaughan Kester. Maclyn Arbuckle is first rate as the dissipated, genial Judge with one foot outside the social pale; as is Ernest Torrence, who plays Mahaffy, the Judge's dry, sardonic, but unswerving friend. Jean Paige, the featured player, does well within the narrow limits of her role. A good story and fine team work.

Morals In Hollywood

(Continued from page 4)

These extras come from every stratum of society. Here is an old man who was once an English actor of Shakespeare roles. Beside him stands an ancient of days who lived on a Kansas farm until his ambitious son moved to Los Angeles—and the father's luxuriant whiskers got him into the movies! Here is a man who was assistant to a famous revivalist, and at that table is a former gunman from Alaska. An animal trainer who learned his trade with Hagenback, a boy "borned and raised in a saddle in Arizona" and an ex-Baptist minister are employed on the same set.

The handsome young woman in evening clothes was prominent in Minneapolis society. She is talking to a Russian countess who fled when Kerensky fell. Three "chickens"—with the brains of leghorns—are flirting with an ex-saloonkeeper from the Bowery. On one stage is a mob of bathing beauties, whose "art" consists of running through a comedy in pajamas or lacey night robes; these are the girls that supply the magazines with photographs of "famous film stars" clad in next-to-nothingnesses.

The group that I have classified as "prominent" men and women supply almost none of the notoriety that flashes in great headlines in the daily prints. I have liberally estimated this class as numbering three thousand to five thousand. I am safe in saying that the several "fast sets" in this entire group do not total more than two hundred or three hundred individuals. Certainly this is a small minority! Most of these few hundred are not vicious—they are vain, foolish, "swell-headed" to a degree of carless asininity, but they are not dopesters nor degenerates nor murderers.

Only a small part of the reputation of the Los Angeles film colony is made by obstinate disregard of public opinion by these "fast sets." The newspaper stories come from the thousands of "extras" and other employees of the studios. An analysis of the cases during two years proves the truth of these statements.

There are two reasons for the existence of this condition: First, the California laws dealing with vagrancy; and second, the eagerness with which the public buys newspapers containing stories of scandal in the film world.

Whenever a Los Angeles woman of doubtful morals runs afoul of the police, she must declare that she has an occupation or risk a prison sentence on the charge of vagrancy. It is easy for her to say that she is a screen "actress" and to mention a few studios at which she has worked. This is recorded on the police books, and a few hours later the press announces that a "Beautiful Picture Star" has been caught in raid of the vice squad.

A "famous film star commits suicide in love mystery" furnished headlines three inches high—but in four lines of small type in the same article on the same page of the same newspaper was a statement that a search of the studios showed that the girl had never been employed in pictures!

A young woman came to Los Angeles with letters of introduction from the president of a great eastern university. A picture company employed her as stenographer. A few months later she and a newspaper reporter dined at a restaurant near a studio and drank a bottle of soft stuff sold at the soda fountain. On their return to the studio office the girl became sick and fell in a faint. The reporter called a studio policeman to assist him in caring for her. The officer reported the incident to police headquarters. Next day's headlines: "One of the well known stars of Hollywood quarrels with her lover, a famous young actor, and takes over-dose of dope." No names mentioned. Of course neither had ever appeared before the camera.

The newspapers are not unfriendly to the picture people. The newspapers have no time for detailed investigations; they must print the news, or that which appears to be news, while it is not; of the public will transfer its pennies to rival publications.

Experienced newspaper men agree that no subject has interest for so many readers as motion picture customs and habits. A rumor of a movie marriage is worth "playing up" and a divorce case in which even a fourth-rate star is named is desirable news.

A cowboy, employed in pictures because of his ability to perform daring stunts, drives a motor car into a pedestrian. In the car with the cowboy is a society man of wealth and prominence. The newspapers devote a column to the escapade of a "drunken star" and in two lines mention the presence of a society man. A young man employed as a porter in a studio was wounded, apparently by his mother-in-law. This youth was a $25-a-week laborer, but his story was featured in big headlines for more than a week. At the same time in a downtown hotel a gambler was murdered, and his case received only a tiny percentage of the space given that of the studio laborer. A prominent lawyer killed his wife, his mother-in-law and himself. He got brief, quick treatment in Los Angeles. Nationally he was ignored, but at the same time the wedding of an actress received several columns of text and illustrations in the daily press of the country.

* * * * * *

The producers are working earnestly, intelligently and constantly to weed out the undesirables. During the past year, every "mob scene" in the better studios has had in its numbers several careful detectives. These "inspectors," as they are officially termed, watch for gamblers, bootleggers, crooks, prostitutes, dopesters and other degenerates, and report on them daily. The man at the head of this work is a fine, clean, noble, kindly, inspiring gentleman. He is very careful. He moves slowly and surely. When he has evidence enough to convince him of the guilt of an extra he notifies the studio authorities, and that man or woman is no longer employed.

The great public that enjoys motion pictures and gives its enthusiastic admiration to the players, can be assured that their good will is not misplaced. Your favorite screen heroes, heroines, villains and comedians are, as a class clean, sensible, lovable human beings, whom you would enjoy in person as you now enjoy them in the film.

Page Mr. Aesop

Ever wont to follow angles of popular appeal, the humorists and column conductors are penning witticisms and comments from a new slant. The showing of "Aesop's Film Fables" on the motion picture screen has wits to paragraph their wordings along this line:

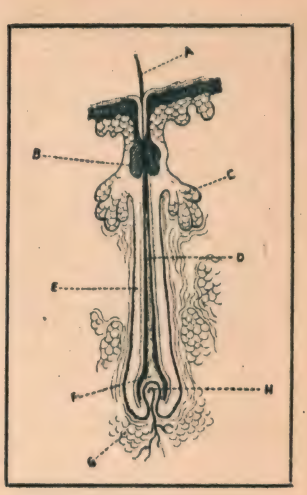
Conceited Donkey

Fable: Once upon a time there was a citizen of a republic who didn't think he could handle matters better than the elected officials.—Baltimore (Md.) Sun.

Wayward Dog

Fable: There was once a man who made an announcement that he intended to become a canditate for office who didn't claim he had been urged to run by his friends.—Portland (Me.) Express.

No Need to Have GRAY HAIR Since New Discovery



In this diagram A is the hair shaft which receives nourishment and pigment supply from the tip of the papilla H. This papilla supplies the bulb F and the follicle E, which in turn supply the root B and hair shaft with natural foods and natural coloring matter. It is only by nourishing the cells of pigmentation that the color can be restored to gray hair.

If your hair was auburn, black, brown, or blond before it started to turn gray, Tru-Tone will restore it to its original shade. Tru-Tone is not a dye, stain or tint. It restores former youthful shades to gray hair by renewing the color-producing power of the cells in the roots. See (H) in picture. Gray Hair is simply hair that has lost its power to color itself. Tru-Tone recreates this power—and the original color comes back.

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Doris Kenyon says:—

"Take Your work, not Yourself, seriously"

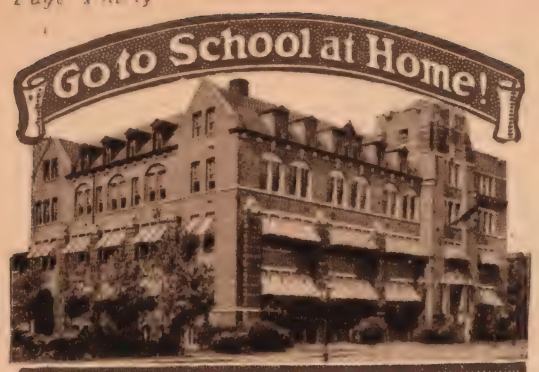
(Continued from page 9)

for, as you know, besides contributing to such publications as Good Housekeping, Munsey's Magazine, and others, Doris is co-author with her father of a book of poems, entitled, "Spring Flowers and Rowen."

You see at once that Doris, a regular American girl, who comes from a regular American family, such as you do, had no "pull" to elevate her to her present position. Admitted, she possessed beauty and personal charm. Such as many of you do, too. But we rather suspect it is her philosophy: "Take your work seriously; not yourself," that answers the question of her rise on stage and screen.

And as you leave the cheery home that so delightfully whispers of Doris Kenyon's own radiant personality, you are a little sad at your inability to write the story you would like, about her, and in the minor plaint of her own poem, "The Sole Remembrance," you comfort yourself with.

"And when fond Memory strives to paint
Upon the shadows your dear face,
She trips and falters and grows faint,
Seeking each lineament to re-trace."



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Bookkeeper	Surveyor (& Mapping)
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DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

Member of

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119 West 40th Street, New York City

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City ..... State .....

The Brain Wave

(*Explanation: The idea is to make sn[illegible]gen-ces from a list of motion picture ti[illegible]ing em to get the idea across. The follo[illegible]g are e winners of the first batch that has come in to . No prize is offered for the best sentence. st credit given to the author.*)

"A Woman's Place" is at home, "Wives and ther Wives" would say, but "The Girl Who ayed at Home" did not believe it to be true. ie longed for "Romance," for "Adventure." nd this is "Why Girls Leave Home."

BLANCHE KATZ,
2183 Washington Ave ie,
Bronx, New York.

"Jackie" and "Queenie" were such tomboys hat ey were ready to fight "The Kid," but "L tle ord Fauntleroy" came along and he was o-aimed "The Champion."

EDGAR W. BOREY, JR.,
300 Marine Bank Building,
New Orleans, La.

"Polly of the Follies," who is "Dangerou to Men," was "Pinched" on "Saturday Night in "Peacock Alley" for putting on "Too M ch Speed," while on her "Way Down East" to play "Checkers" with the "Four Horse of he Apocalypse," who were waiting "Beyond he Rocks" by "The Great Divide." "She Was in For Thirty Days."

H. M. CAREY,
2919 Madison Street,
Omaha, Neb.

"Out of the Dust" rode "The Mysterious Rider," "Fightin' Mad" because he and "Moran of the Lady Letty," being "Partners of the Tide," had felt the "Sting of the Lash" when "The Conquering Power" took possession of the "Prairie Trails."

But the "Conflict" within him subsided when he came upon "The Green Temptation" in "Peacock Alley."

HARRY KLINGENSMITH,
723 Second Avenue,
Tarentum, Pa.

"One Glorious Day" "The Champion" had "Two Minutes to Go." Then he collected his "Back Pay" and joined "The Idle Class" until "The Little Minister" saw him standing with "His Back Against the Wall" and said "My Boy" "Stick Around" for you can make good in "A Nine O'clock Town."

LOUISE QUINTAL,
619 North East Street,
Jacksonville, Ill.

It was "Saturday Night." "Camille," "A Homespun Vamp," had reached "The Foolish Age." Being a "Game Chicken" and tired of hanging on to "Apron Strings," she changed her name to "Nancy From Nowhere" and just at the "Gleam o' Dawn" left "The Old Nest" and "The Call of Home" behind and ran "Over the Hill" "Down the Iron Trail" "Beyond" where the same "Smilin' Through" the crowd "Just Around the Corner." "Through a Glass Window" she saw a sign "The Broadway Peacock." "The Wonderful Thing" called "The Invisible Power" drew her up "At the Stage Door" where she met "Boomerang Bill" her "Fourteenth Lover." "Tired of His Kisses" and desiring to earn "Her Own Money" by working "From the Ground Up" the little "Wildfire" rushed to "The Woman's Side." Donning "Blue Jeans," she was given the part of "Molly-O" along with "The Man From Lost River." At last she had attained "The Golden Gift" behind the "Footlights" also meeting the "Girl From Porcupine" who looked like "The Five Dollar Baby." Starting out for a walk down "The Lane That Had No Turning" she met "Chivalrous Charley." He collected his "Back Pay" and they were married by "The Little Minister." Now, "If You Believe It, It's So!"

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The Colorful Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

(*Continued from page* 8)

ceasingly for three months, he had worked only for *three months*, and his earnings were insufficiently great to enable him more than to make a start at getting his bonanza started.

He was in San Francisco, again casting about for lucrative employment—again beginning to yearn for the ice-fields—and again setting out to conquer new worlds. In New York he had been friendly with the family of an actress, and Fate would have it that that same family should then have been in San Francisco.

And Taylor—the dapper, polished man who once had been one of the leading members of the fashionable Larchmont Yacht Club, who had been known in Gotham's art circles as a scholarly beau brommel, who had won and lost a small fortune, and who was finally more or less a bit of driftwood on the California Coast—set about making the details of his misfortunes wholly unknown.

He gave gay parties for his New York friends. It was a bit of his old self that came to light again. Apparently he had forgotten the tragedy that seared his heart—*the one thing* that had induced his previous disappearance from New York's society and had kept him again from trying to resume his old-time social intercourse in his former haunts.

He was living like a gentleman, at a fashionable hotel, although he realized that his savings were dwindling and that each dollar spent kept him farther from his mining claim.

And it began to look as if he would have to start all over again—as if he were not, after all, to be able to reap the benefits of his mining discovery in the Klondike. His bank-book told him he could *not* be lying—yet there it was before him, its columnar pages proclaiming the fact that he had only a few dollars standing between him and utter starvation.

And, as he looked and pondered—and wondered, perhaps, how the hand of Fate would again strike him—he found himself seized once more with that same melancholy that, before, had nearly broken his life.

For he was practically a papuper—and he could not summon courage to apprise his friends of the situation. Yet he could not possibly continue his gentlemanly existence among them.

What would he do?

(*In the final instalment will be told how the slain director, in almost a breath, became independently wealthy—and how he entered, and made his success, in the movies.*)

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MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

CORINNE GRIFFITH

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MOVIE WEEKLY

April, 8, 1922

10¢

Hollywood Morals
by
Benj. B. Hampton

Dick L
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MOVIE WEEKLY

April 29, 1922

10¢

Peeps into the Stars' Dressing Rooms

What Are My Chances to Get a Job in Pictures?

Gladys Leslie

Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Vol. II

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

No. 12

Through the Picture Mirror

A CURSORY survey of motion pictures throughout the country indicates a slump in attendance at picture houses. Everywhere theatre managers suffer losses through lack of drawing power of the pictures booked.

Several issues ago, we asked our readers if they believed motion pictures were retrograding. We endeavored to stimulate interest and activity in behalf of writing to producers and to us, expressing your frank opinion, demanding better productions, or else, boycott the theatres.

It seems a mild epidemic of boycotting is now under way. The answer may be one of several reasonings:

(1) Due to economic conditions and dearth of amusement funds among the average families;

(2) Due to poor pictures and disgust with them all.

Ranked among those pictures that are slumping, we list, our guide being trade item notes:

"Turn To the Right," a Rex Ingram-Metro comedy special, with Alice Terry and a feature cast, failed to make a smashing appeal when it played at the Capitol Theatre in New York.

"Molly-O," starring Mabel Normand in her latest comedy, isn't going so good. Perhaps the explanation for the drop for this picture is Miss Normand's unfortunate—according to circumstantial deductions—connection with the William D. Taylor mystery.

Mary Miles Minter's pictures, too, have suffered a setback because her name sifted into the Taylor mystery.

Several weeks ago, Vitagraph's foreign-purchased production, "Gypsy Passion," played at the Strand Theatre in New York. The distributors, having made a guarantee in the event of a gross under $25,000 they were not to share in the box office receipts, received no payment, inasmuch as business was below $18,000. For a Broadway motion picture theatre, this is reckoned poor.

Pictures are slumping in Los Angeles, as well as in other sections of the country. "Turn to the Right," the Rex Ingram-Metro comedy special also took a flop in Los Angeles.

Down in New Orleans, "Turn to the Right," among the big pictures, again failed to attract the crowds.

On the other hand, the people flock to see such pictures as "Orphans of the Storm," Douglas Fairbanks' "The Three Musketeers," "Over the Hill," et cetera.

"The Old Nest," a "mother" production featuring Mary Alden and produced after "Over the Hill" had enjoyed an extended run in New York, crossed the Atlantic and arrived in London. It failed, however, to attract much attention, possibly because of is similarity of theme to that of "Over the Hill."

We have mentioned a few different types of pictures, and have made a cursory survey of motion picture conditions that indicate how picture attendance has fallen off.

Perhaps this condition is the backfire of the general economic confusion harassing the country today—what with strikes and high-handed burglaries being perpetrated daily. It is our belief, however, that when fifty or seventy-five cents will permit one person to see a good picture, he or she will go. But if pictures are retrograding the way countless we have seen appear to be . . . well, the public is slowly commencing a picture boycott.

Warning to producers!

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WE REGRET TO SAY

We regret to announce that due to an unfortunate delay, the initial instalment of Charlie Chaplin's "My Trip Abroad," which was scheduled to have run in this week's issue of "Movie Weekly," is postponed to next week. There will be no further delay in publishing Charlie's engrossing account of his exciting and stimulating sojourn on the Continent. Get next week's copy of "Movie Weekly" early. Charlie will be only one big feature among many others.

ANOTHER POPULAR COMEDIAN

In next week's issue of "Movie Weekly," we begin the first instalment of Buster Keaton's fascinating life story. Buster is considered, by many, to be foremost among our ranking artistic comedians, his frozen-faced expression and clever stunts making him a prime favorite—even with the censors!

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Searching for Sin in Hollywood—by Truman Handy

WOULD a moving picture studio be a place of wickedness? Would its *habitues,* the actors and actresses, comprise a strange new race of wild people who believe in free living and free love?

Frankly, I was curious. My uncle Cyrus, back in Crazy Corners, has an idea that all actors drink strong likker and subsist on a diet of caviar and lobster.

In fact, in one of her letters, my Aunt Hetty even told me that unless I wanted to be ruined I should stay away from "them play-actors" and their satin habits.

But what I could see of Universal City from the *outside* disappointed me. Built some five miles out from Hollywood on a country road amid low, green, tree-dotted hills, it looks for all the world like a small village of one-story cement buildings.

In front of the main structure are a small lawn, graveled walks and a fountain in which varied-sized goldfish swim lazily. Two cowboys in overalls and with *no* guns sprouting from their hips stood in front of the pool and dabbled in its clear waters with a twig.

"Got 'im!" exclaimed one excitedly, making a stab into the pool depths. "Nope—but almost got 'im, b'garry!"

"*Try* an' get 'im," soothed the other dispassionately, and helped himself to a cigarette from a packet hidden somewhere in the oblivion of his blue jumper.

It developed that this is a favorite outdoor sport of certain denizens of the wild-and-woolly movie West, none of whom have ever yet been able to successfully ensnare Mike, a fat goldfish, whose very avoirdupois has made him king of this particular fountain.

For Mike, as I could note, has a mannerism of successfully eluding the prodsticks of the cowboys by hiding himself among the moss and plant-fronds that grow in the depths of the pool.

No film studio is easily accessible to the general public. At least, gateman have a habit, so I've found, of making you present various credentials before you can get in. But, once past the Charybdis, the conglomerate members of our bus party found themselves on parade down a long hall of the administration building, whose walls were punctuated every so often by doors bearing the signs, "Bookkeeper," "Library," "Manuscript Dept.," "Cashier," "Auditor," and, finally, "General Manager."

An office boy or two brushed by us, one carrying a heap of mail. And, eventually, the light again.

Sidewalks, tall stages, a paved roadway, various low buildings. Near the door through which we make our exit from the hallway stand a group of characters chatting. Some of the men wear khaki shirts, and trousers and leather puttees. These, I am told, are either property men, cameramen's assistants or assistant directors and can invariably be distinguished by their garb.

Others in the group inevitably are actors by the makeup of their faces. A Russian peasant. A Canadian Northwest mounted policeman. A soldier. An elderly man in full dress talking to a young girl in a nurse's costume.

A collection of "sets" on the Universal City ranch. These are rented to other companies at so-much a day.

Ahead of us Frank Mayo, his hair curled and wearing a wool shirt, storm boots and heavy corduroy trousers, stands talking to a woman who is evidently interviewing him, judging by her stenographer's pad and her pencil. He chats with her easily, and both seem to be enjoying some sort of joke.

But our guide is dragging us over toward one of the barn-like grey buildings on which is painted "Stage 1."

The roof of the stage is high and composed solely of rough, wooden boards. Arc lights hang from some of the beams. Here is a "set" representing the interior of a log cabin. It is darkened, for no one is working in it.

But, coming from far up the passageway ahead of us, are the strains of violin and 'cello music. And, high up against the roof at the opposite end of the stage, can be seen a greenish light glow.

"Company is working there," declares our guide.

That "set," our destination, is an English colonial ballroom. Lights, a hundred times brighter than sunlight, shed their radiance into every corner. I chanced to glance at the face of someone near me. It had assumed a peculiar greenish hue, and the lips were purple.

But the faces of the people working in the picture were not thus affected. Greasepaint over the skin presents a clear facial surface to the light and gives a proper photographic effect.

No one would be actually good-looking in the films unless he wore makeup, because the strong light would bring out every blot, every blemish—and the face would be speckled and the skin dark.

Many people seemed to be working in the scene before us. The girls

(*Continued on page* 14)

Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix fix their makeup between scenes at the Goldwyn Studio, much to the amusement of the pretty youngster.

Frank Mayo, wearing glasses, on his way to the Projection Room at the Universal Studio. The various small buildings are directors' offices.

Do You Want to Know Your Chances *of getting in Pictures?*

By L. M. GOODSTADT

Casting Director for Paramount Pictures, Lasky Studio.

WHAT are my chances to get a job in the pictures?

This question was put to me the other day and my answer now, as it was then, is:

"Dependent on your previous experience, of course, very poor!"

This sounds discouraging to the aspirant, I know, and I intend that it shall be so, for I could do no worse service to the world at large than to give false hopes to the countless thousands who want to get into the motion pictures.

For the inexperienced person to get a job, even as an extra, the chances are slim; for such a person to immediately get a part or even a bit, there is no chance at all.

I can recall no instance, in my experience of several years, where an applicant "walked into" a part, having had no previous acquaintance with either stage or screen acting. If fortunate enough to get a position in the extra ranks, perhaps one in a thousand, in six or eight months' time, might get a part with screen credit.

It should be obvious to even the most obtuse or the most enthusiastic individual that no producer will take a chance in giving an inexperienced person a part of importance, any more than the manager of a concert company would put a person who had no knowledge of musical technique on the concert platform. The immense cost of making pictures would preclude such a thing, in the first place. If a company were held up half a day by someone who did not know how to act, the loss would be considerable. So, from a cold-blooded business standpoint, the thing is impossible.

Out of the thousands of girls who every year come to Hollywood looking for positions, all of whom, presumably have come to the Lasky studio at one time or another, I recall few who have landed in even small parts. Last year netted only two or three—and they are still doing minor parts.

For the kind of pictures made for Paramount, extra people must have breeding and intelligence and the ability to wear clothing correctly and effectively. Generally, if they possess these qualifications, they can fit into the other requirements. Of these types there are usually plenty to be had, but the vast majority of applicants, especially among girls and women, are those who lack individuality.

Walk down the street of any large city and watch the girls who pass: you will find that there are thousands who look alike and who have about as much individuality as a flight of blackbirds. These are the types which flood the market of the pictures. They are really all of one type. Pretty, perhaps—but with no outstanding characteristics, nothing striking about them. For these there is virtually no chance at all in the film world.

There are more applications today, however, than there were a year ago. This is due, no doubt, to the general business conditions and the unemployment of many persons in all walks of life, of all ages and conditions. Somehow the public at large has gained the erroneous impression that the pictures offer an opportunity for easy work, good pay and plenty of excitement.

Those who come West with such an idea are doomed to a terrible disappointment. The work is hard—even for the stars themselves. There is little or no leisure (with pay) and jobs are few and far between. The excitement consists principally in getting to the studio on time and getting through the day's work with difficulty. It would cause me many a hearty laugh to read some of the wild stories of Hollywood parties, were it not such a serious libel on the community and the people in it. I have never yet discovered the actor or actress who could indulge in dissipation and long remain successful. The camera is too good a detective!

My advice to readers of magazines and papers is this: Get the idea out of your heads that the films offer positions that are all play and no work and offer large financial returns. Never was there a greater fallacy. Do not believe that the Hollywood life is a sort of replica of Murger's "Vie de la Boheme." It is not!

Let me repeat: The work is extremely hard; the opportunities are few and far between; stars are not made over night; inexperience necessitates long apprenticeship in the extra ranks; experience may not gain an immediate position or one of any great importance.

If the average extra could be sure of three or four days' work each week, he could doubtless do very well. But he is not even sure of one day! Some of the most desirable people we have—who have the most to offer—often find it hard to get three days in, out of six.

Of late, a number of those who have been working off and on in the extra list, have told me that there seems to be an unusually large number of new girls seeking jobs in the films. Girls who have surprisingly good qualifications, coming from all parts of the country. And one fears they are often sadly disillusioned. Some have money, backing enough for a year, perhaps.

A girl came with her mother to see me recently. She was from Minnesota, where her father was in business. She is prepared to stay a year without work! She may not find it even then. I may sometime use her as an extra because she has qualifications for the work, earmarks of culture, so to speak. But I can't even be sure of that.

The day of big mob scenes in pictures is largely gone by. Today the average cafe or reception calls for twenty people as against a hundred a few years back. It has been found more effective in most cases, leaving more for the imagination of the spectator. Also in the big mob scene, few faces are distinguishable. In the smaller crowds, everyone can be seen pretty clearly. This demands extra people of better type than of yore.

I try to see everyone who applies at least once. If someone looks especially good, I make a note of it and see that they are ultimately used. Then it is up to them to make good. I get the reports of directors and assistant directors; also I see the

Frank McCoy, Casting Director for Paramount Eastern Studio, interviews a prospective motion picture actress.

An extra's job isn't exactly an easy one. Here are a few of them, supposed to be at a political meeting. They'll probably sit the greater part of the day, under hot Klieg lights.

daily rushes, or runs of the pictures. The best appearing people and those who seem to have some talent, are used as much as possible. It is a weeding out system, simply, and finally resolves itself into the familiar "survival of the fittest."

The whole thing is a time process. Once in, it may take a year or two or three before good-bye can be said to the extra list, and the actor be said to have arrived at the next stage—the "bit" and the small part. From then on, it is a sheer matter of individual ability and industry.

The supply exceeds the demand, by a low estimate, about five hundred per cent.

Could I reasonably be expected to offer encouragement to the great army of people who want to "get into the movies?"

I am just as sorry as anyone to be obliged to refuse work to the many who seem to be deserving. But the limits are very close and the supply is excessive. For thousands upon thousands there is no chance at all. The comparatively very few may get in and may succeed after a long, hard journey.

So, let me counsel you—you who think that Hollywood is a Mecca of glowing prospects—take stock of yourselves! Don't believe your friends who tell you that you are just right for the screen and ever so much cleverer than so-and-so, who is a star! Don't even believe the mirror that tells you that you are pretty, or upstanding and manly-looking. Reflect that there are probably thousands who are just as well qualified in these respects.

Don't imagine that because you have seen hundreds of pictures and read all the fan magazines and have acted in high school plays and so on that you are cut out for a career before the camera.

Just decide this point: Am I different? Have I some quality that is striking, unusual, exceptional?

If so, then there may be a chance. But it is a remote one at best—and the home or certain position where you are, is a lot better than disappointment, possible want, and final failure in Filmland.

If you have a friend who has tried, or who lives in Hollywood, write first and ask for the facts.

In fine, motion pictures are not a philanthropic institution, a bonanza equalling the Klondike in its palmiest days, nor yet a school which provides a comfortable living while learning. It is a business just like any other business—neither more nor less.

* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Goodstadt's article brings to mind motion picture conditions here in New York at this writing. Thousands of players are roaming the streets. Many of them have experience and know the "tricks of the trade." Even they are unsuccessful in locating jobs.*

Few are to be had. One big company is working, now: Marion Davies' "When Knighthood Was In Flower." Hundreds of people are being used, but each is a type and each is experienced.

The vast numbers of extras are slowly fading out, merging into other lines of work. Various casting directors here in New York have told us that girls who formerly applied every day for a job, now come infrequently. Asked what they are doing, they mention a commercial position.

The frank, forceful style and presentation of Mr. Goodstadt's article is a dramatic close to the series of Mabel Normand articles, entitled: "How to Get Into the Movies," which ended in last week's issue of "Movie Weekly."

Apropos of getting into pictures. We have been receiving numerous letters from our readers asking for the address of the studios and suggestions as to the best way to get in. Each and every letter has been answered. But it is our opinion that every girl and every boy who cherishes a cinematic ambition re-read Mr. Goodstadt's article several times, the better to get the real gist of the vital things he has to say.

To every success in motion pictures, we were oncetold, there are at least one hundred failures. Successes are so stimulating, however, that we cannot refrain from mentioning a few of the most prominent:

Betty Compson started with Christie as a bathing girl. Finally, George Loane Tucker engaged her for "The Miracle Man." She was made.

Gloria Swanson didn't have clear sailing, in the beginning. She was a bathing girl with Essanay and played small parts. Then she went West to play in Cecil de Mille productions. Next, stardom.

Rodolph Valentino traveled a bumpy road. He played bits in pictures for years, until Rex Ingram gave him his first chance in "The Four Horsemen." "The Sheik" added the final glamor to his name, and now Rodolph ranks among the foremost in popularity.

Alice Calhoun trudged from studio to studio in a vain endeavor to get a look-in, before the tables turned. Now, on the strength of her excellent work with Vitagraph, she is one of their most liked stars.

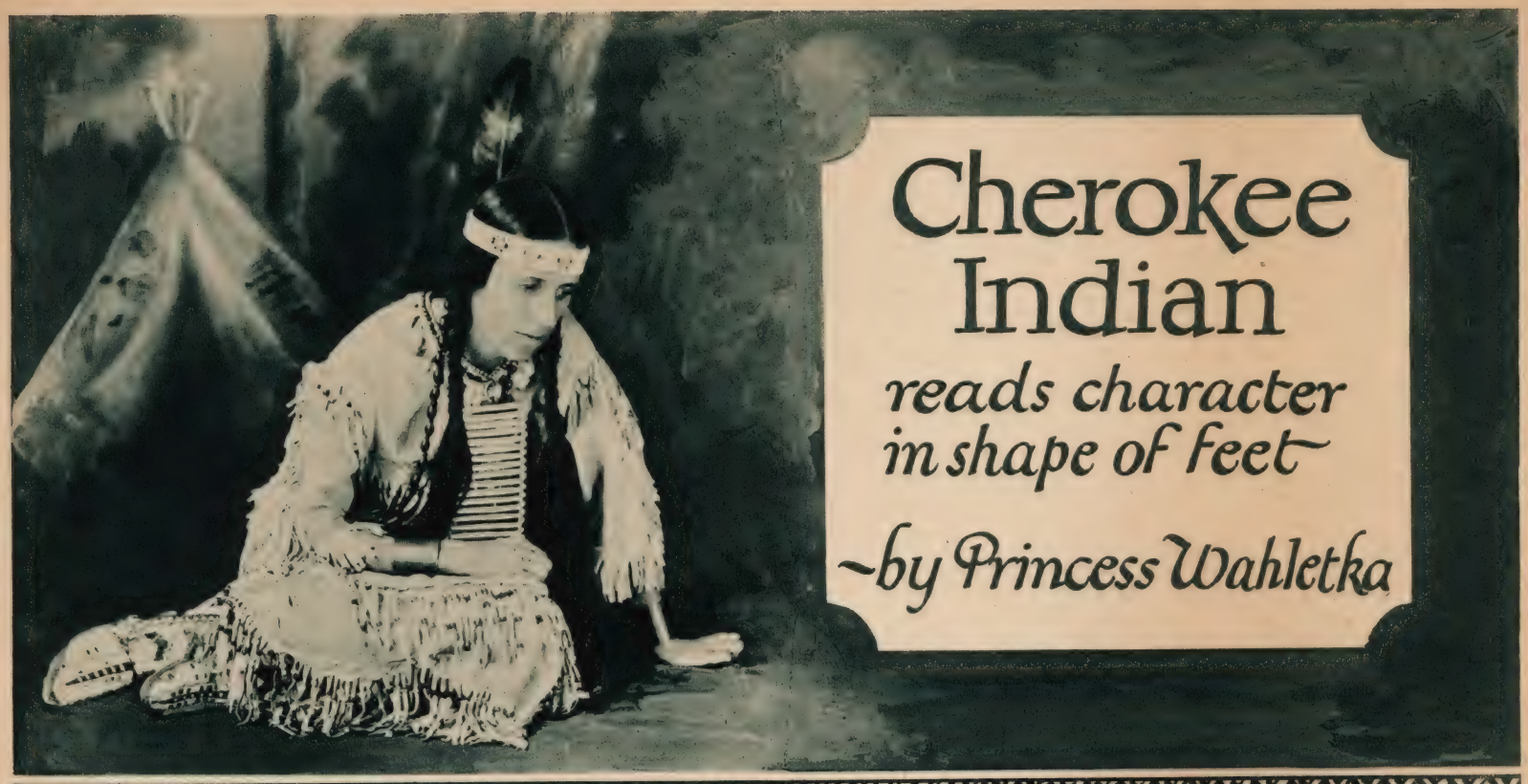
Motion pictures offer much. But they are relentless in their exaction of toll.

An extra registers with Neal Hart, assisting casting director at Lasky's West Coast Studio. NOTE: *Mr. Hart is on the inside; the girl on the outside.*

Word went out that Mexicans were wanted in Wallie Reid's picture, "The Dictator." Look what happened.

Various types of extras waiting for the casting director, Mr. Goodstadt, to show up, each of them hoping to be lucky enough to be selected for a day's job.

A few of the hundreds of extras who hope to star some day. Do you think any of them have the "makings?"



Cherokee Indian reads character in shape of feet

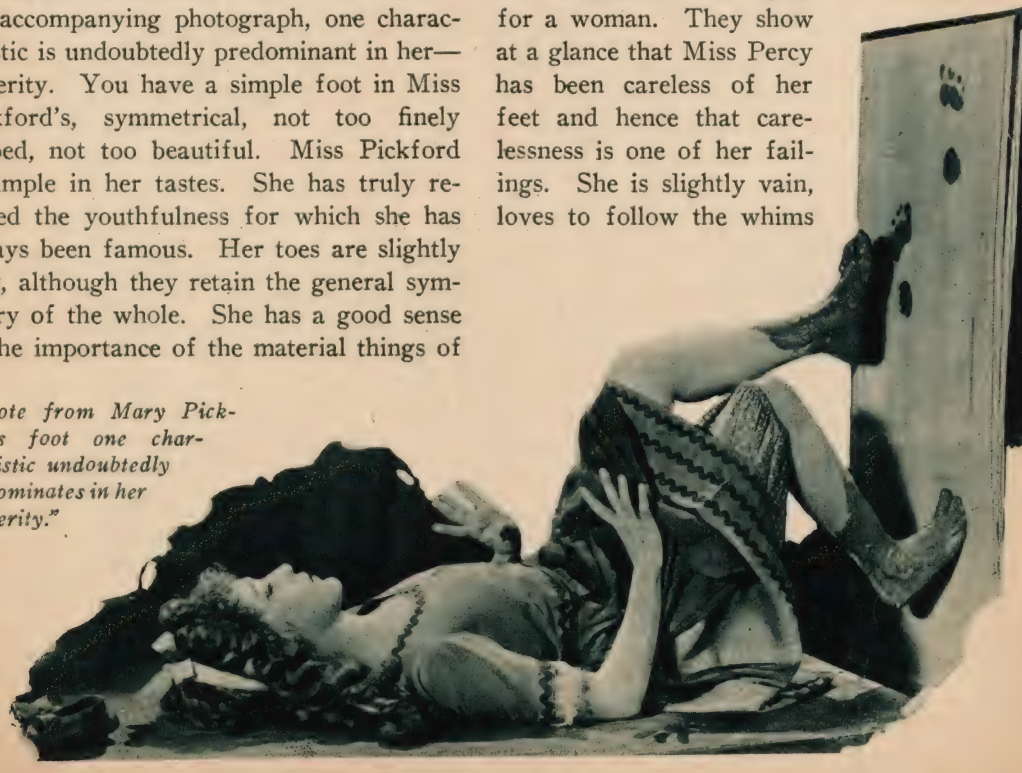
—by Princess Wahletka

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second article by the well-known Indian seeress, Princess Wahletka, in which she reads the character of popular picture players in the shape of their feet. It is somewhat an unusual method, but admittedly effective.*

PART II

I SUPPOSE it is not a very difficult task to read the character of Mary Pickford from her feet. I note from Miss Pickford's foot, caked as it is in mud in the accompanying photograph, one characteristic is undoubtedly predominant in her—sincerity. You have a simple foot in Miss Pickford's, symmetrical, not too finely shaped, not too beautiful. Miss Pickford is simple in her tastes. She has truly retained the youthfulness for which she has always been famous. Her toes are slightly long, although they retain the general symmetry of the whole. She has a good sense of the importance of the material things of the world. She does not abuse her possessions; she knows, adequately, how to retain them. In her foot, you find quite as much reason for her marvelous success as in her beautiful face. Her face enabled her to be successful. But her foot embodes within it that other element which has made permanent her success: her ability to stand firmly upon ground which she has won. She is not too fine a woman. She approaches the average in all except beauty, and this talent for retaining the fruits of success. So much does her foot tell.

The feet of Eileen Percy are singularly unshapely for a woman. They show at a glance that Miss Percy has been careless of her feet and hence that carelessness is one of her failings. She is slightly vain, loves to follow the whims



"I note from Mary Pickford's foot one characteristic undoubtedly predominates in her sincerity."

Richard Barthelmess' feet display "two splendid qualities: fineness, despite his typical masculine carelessness; and youthfulness . . ."

of fashion, but all of these characteristics are due to the fact that she has not, during the brief years of her life, been able to assimilate all of the good and evil which experience has brought to her. Miss Percy has yet to grow.

Richard Barthelmess' feet are those of the average young man, but they are not the feet of an athlete. They are finer than those of many men. Unfortunately, Mr. Barthelmess, like all men, has sometimes worn shoes which did not fit him. His foot has expanded, been flattened here, squeezed there, yet it has retained two splendid qualities: fineness, despite all his typical masculine carelessness, and youthfulness. The toes are not too long. Mr. Barthelmess cares more for the better things of life than for mere money. He would rather moon over a book than fight over a contract. The high arch, the small heel, the entire smallness of the foot, are the traits of a man whose mind dominates his body. Mr. Barthelmess has something of the poet in him. He would have been a dreamer, if he had not been a very active actor. The breadth of his foot, slightly broad in proportion to its length, shows Mr. Barthelmess' solidity. He is apt to be a bit stubborn; he would prefer to have his own way. But who would not?

Agnes Ayres' nature is fundamentally that of a simple young woman, a trifle stubborn, fond of exercise, active, full-blooded. Miss Ayres' foot is none too small, her toes fairly large and blunt. Miss Ayres herself would rather spin along smooth roads in her car than worry her head over the deeper problems of life. By that I do not mean that Miss Ayres is superficial. On the contrary, she is too healthy not to enter into things deeply. Miss Ayres is calm, warm-hearted, a warm defender in those in whom she believes. She is to be trusted. Those who know her do not need to question her integrity. That is self-evident. There are no tortuous side-paths for Agnes Ayres. She picks the smooth main road. Moreover, she is sensible. Note the well-spaced, naturally formed toes. She prefers quiet clothes, has no illusions about herself, loves healthy things, is of the highest type of young womanhood.

In Alice Calhoun, we have another of the simple, splendid types that it is such a pleasure to meet. Miss Calhoun is not so careful about herself as Miss Ayres. You will note that her toes have not been treated too well. Her foot is flatter and slightly larger, but it still possesses that satisfactory breadth, despite its flatness, that indicates the earnest, industrious, high-minded woman. Miss Calhoun is of a determined nature. She has always known what she wants, and has usually succeeded in getting it. But she has not always possessed the strength to win from the very start. She has had to struggle ever so little and her struggle has made her soberer, more earnest than ever. Miss Calhoun still must learn a great deal about life. She is not yet convinced that Pollyanna was no more than a myth. Her very gladness, however, is her own reward. Fragrant, charming, is Miss Calhoun's nature. One feels like praying that it may ever remain so. The very unhandsomeness of Miss Calhoun's foot is proof that she will very likely survive to the end, never dominating life entirely, but always riding safely on the current.

"Agnes Ayres' nature is fundamentally that of a simple young woman, a trifle stubborn, fond of exercise, active, full-blooded."

"The feet of Eileen Percy are singularly unshapely for a woman . . . Miss Percy has yet to grow."

"In Alice Calhoun, we have another of the simple, splendid types . . . an earnest, indutsrious, high minded woman."

For all its smallness, the foot of Shirley Mason has strength. You will note first of all the great toe. Next you see that the other toes are proportionately large for the smallness of the foot itself and the smallness of Miss Mason's body. I should say that Miss Mason is self-reliant, sometimes too much so, with the result that she is likely as not to make mistakes. The breadth of the base of Miss Mason's foot tells me that she is physically strong; a sturdy body means a sturdy mind. You could lose Miss Mason in the middle of the Sahara Desert and yet feel sure that her intuition would lead her straight to the nearest oasis. Yet Miss Mason does not reverberate to the finer things of life as she really should. Fate made her "cute." If only she had been cast in a greater mould she would have surprised the world with her breadth. You cannot imagine Miss Mason at a Wagnerian concert. But if she was asked to get up and sing, you could safely wager that whether she has a voice or not, she would carry her audience with her and win their applause in the end.

Peeps into the Stars Dressing Rooms

Their Little Bumps of Orderliness

By Grace Kingsley

MY sister Loro always laughs at me because I say, when she scolds me about the state of my dressing table, that I have an orderly mnd! But it's true. Even though things seem to be in a state of disorder, I know where each thing is. Now isn't that having an orderly mind?"

That's what Theda Bara said to me once when she was making pictures for Fox out in California. I was interviewing her, and she was apologizing for the disorder of her dressing room, though its disorder was just enough, it seemed to me, to make the place atmospheric. Sister Loro is married now, so I don't suppose that she scolds sister Theda any more.

That remark of Miss Bara's has always seemed to me as indicating something characteristic of those who live a good deal in their imaginations and minds. What of a misplaced hair-brush or scattered lingerie? Art is long and life is fleeting.

Katherine MacDonald scatters hair-pins, she says.

"Oh, my dear," she explained, "if ever I get lost, just send a search party out with instructions to look for hair-pins. They'll be able to trace and find me by them!"

You wouldn't think it of Miss MacDonald, either, when you see her with those perfect coiffures of hers.

"I think that otherwise I'm orderly," the beautiful star went on. "I remember what a painfully neat little girl I was as a child. Once I wept copiously and was so ashamed I nearly died because, when I gave a dolls' party, sister Mary teased me by putting a doll that had a dirty face and uncombed hair among my perfectly groomed dolls."

"All depends on my moods whether I'm orderly or not," declared Priscilla Dean, the volatile. "Wheeler Oakman, my husband, says that he can tell, the minute he comes into the house, whether I'm in a sweet temper or not, whether I'm blithe or blue, even whether I have a spendthrift or economical mood on. If I'm cross, I'm always very, very neat. Wheeler says that's one compensation about my being cross. There's a fingernail buffer that I always forget to put back into the dresser drawer,

Katharine MacDonald says: "If I ever get lost, just send a party out with instructions to look for hair-pins. They'll be able to trace and find me by them!"

"All depends on my moods, whether I'm orderly or not," smiles Priscilla Dean. "If I'm cross, I'm very, very neat."

"When I'm excited, I'm disorderly," declares Bebe Daniels.

no matter whether I'm in a neat mood or not. Wheeler says that if ever he comes home and finds that buffer put away—well, he's going to get right out of the house. I must be in a terrible humor, that's all!

"Oh, well, no, I must say that I'm not so very neat so very often, for you can see that I'm a good-tempered person usually. But I have a neat maid, so she sees that I'm not disgraceful. When I'm economical I'm neat, too. And when I'm blue. But I said that I wasn't neat very often, didn't I?"

"When I'm excited I'm disorderly!" declared Bebe Daniels. "Oh, that does sound dreadful, doesn't it? As if I hit people

"How can one stop to worry about a measly little old makeup box," breezes Marguerite de la Motte, "when there are great social-artistic doings afoot!"

lead such a breathless existence! How can one stop to worry about a measly little old makeup box or pin cushion or comb when there are great doings, social and artistic afoot?"

And Marguerite turned a pirouette, and settled her skirts widely on the floor to cover up a wide-open hat-box.

"I'm wonderfully orderly by spells," declared Agnes Ayres. "And like the little girl with the little curl, when I'm good, I'm very, very—well, you know the rest of it. When I have a neat spell on, I cannot bear to see a speck of dust on anything nor the tiniest thing out of place. Then for weeks at a time, I'll forget all about it—and my maid will have to see to it that I'm not smothered in misplaced clothing and other things."

"I don't know what I'd ever do without my hus-

"I'm wonderfully orderly by spells," declares Agnes Ayres.

"If I were to turn really orderly, my family would send for a doctor!" said Helen Ferguson, matter-of-factly.

or something. What I mean is, that I can't remember to put things where they belong if I'm excited either pleasurably or otherwise. I was so delighted, for instance, when I got my nice big contract with Lasky that I couldn't find anything for a week."

"Well, I don't think that's a fair question," said Marguerite de la Motte, "once you've seen my dressing room. But I was not ever thus!" And Marguerite stopped to kid by blinking her eyes fast as they do in the movies when they want to register "youth and innocence." "But you see, I

"I'm like Peggotty," wails Connie Talmadge, dramatically. "Buttons always fly in every direction. So I have as many of my clothes hooked as I can. Otherwise, I'm fairly an orderly person."

band," said Anita Stewart. "I have a maid, of course, and she's a wonder. Mitzi is her name. But Rudey is the most patient person in the world with me when I leave things about, which I'm always doing, I don't know why. Nothing seems very important to me except my work, when I'm working, and a lost purse or so means nothing in my young life. Then when the picture is finished, I find that Rudey has carefully gathered up the things I've strewn behind me—in my car, my dressing room, and at home."

Leatrice Joy is as orderly as a school teacher. And she has fixed up her dressing room at the Lasky studio, even if it is considered the very worst luck to adorn a dressing room.

Just couldn't stand the disorder and bareness," said Leatrice. "I might live happily without a job, but I couldn't possibly live happily in the midst of disorder."

"My bump of order is a hole in my head!" declared Barbara Le Marr. "And personally I revel in a bit of disorder.

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town, meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He is strangely interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood, Desboro's home, any longer. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

He takes her home and they find themselves drifting till Desboro takes her in his arms and kisses her good-night, making her promise to come again on the morrow.

AFTER a moment Jacqueline slowly turned her head and looked at him. There was no answer, no question in her gaze, only the still expressionless clairvoyance of a soul that sees but does not heed.

There was no misunderstanding in her eyes, nothing wistful, nothing afraid or hurt—nothing of doubt. What had happened to others in the world was happening now to her. She understood it; that was all—as though the millions of her sisters who had passed that way had left to her the dread legacy of familiarity with the smooth, wide path they had trodden since time began on earth. And here it was, at last! Her own calmness surprised her.

He detained her for another moment in a swift embrace; inert, unresponsive, she stood looking down at the crushed gardenia in his buttonhole, dully conscious of being bruised. Then he let her go; her hand fell from his arm; she turned and faced the familiar stairs and mounted them.

Dinner waited for her; whether she ate or not, she could not afterward remember. About eleven o'clock, she rose wearily from the bed where she had been lying, and began to undress.

As for Desboro, he had gone straight to his rooms very much excited and unbalanced by the emotions of the moment.

He was a man not easily moved to genuine expression. Having acquired certain sorts of worldly wisdom in a career more or less erratic, experience had left him unconvinced and even cynical—or he thought it had.

But now, for the moment, all that lay latent in him of that impetuous and heedless vigor which may become strength, if properly directed, was awakening. Every recurring memory of her had already begun to tamper with his self-control; for the emotions of the moments just ended had been confusingly real; and, whatever they were arousing in him, now clamored for some sort of expression.

The very thought of her, now, began to act on him like some freshening perfume alternately stimulating and enervating. He made the effort again and again, and could not put her from his mind, could not forget the lowered head and the slender, yielding grace of her, and her fragrance, and her silence.

Dressing in his rooms, growing more restless every moment, he began to walk the floor like some tormented thing that seeks alleviation in purposeless activity.

He said, half aloud, to himself:

"I can't go on this way. This is damn foolish! I've got to find out where it's landing me. It will land her, too—somewhere. I'd better keep away from her, go off somewhere, get out, stop seeing her, stop remembering her!—if she's what I think she is."

Scowling, he went to the window and jerked aside the curtain. Across the street, the Olympian Club sparkled with electricity.

"Good Lord!" he muttered. "What a tempest in a teapot! What the devil's the matter with me? Can't I kiss a girl now and then and keep my senses?"

It seemed that he couldn't, in the present instance, for after he had bitten the amber stem of his pipe clean through, he threw the bowl into the fireplace. It had taken him two years to co'or it.

"Idiot!" he said aloud. "What are you sorry about? You know damn well there are only two kinds of women, and it's up to them what sort they are—not up to any man who ever lived! What are you sorry for? For her?"

He stared across the street at the Olympian Club. He was expected there.

"If she only wasn't so—so expressionless and—silent about it. It's like killing something that lets you do it. That's a crazy thing to think of!"

Suddenly he found he had a fight on his hands. He had never had one like it; didn't know exactly what to do, except to repeat over and over:

"It isn't square—it isn't square. She knows it, too. She's frightened. She knows it isn't square. There's nothing ahead but hell to pay! She knows it. And she doesn't defend herself. There *are* only two kinds of women. It *is* up to them, too. But it's like killing something that lets you kill it. Good God! What a damn fool I am!"

Later he repeated it. Later still he found himself leaning over his desk, groping blindly about for a pen, and cursing breathlessly as though he had not a moment to lose.

He wrote:

"DEAR LITTLE JACQUELINE: I'm not going to see you again. Where the fool courage to write this comes from I don't know. But you will now learn that there is nothing to me after all—not even enough of positive and negative to make me worth forgiveness. And so I let it go at that. Good-bye. DESBORO."

In the same half blind, half dazed way, cursing something all the while, he managed to seal, stamp, and direct the letter, and get himself out of the house with it.

A club servant at the Olympian mailed it; he continued on his way to the dining room, and stumbled into a chair between Cairns and Reggie Ledyard, who were feasting noisily and unwisely with Stuyvesant Van Alstyne; and the racket and confusion seemed to help him. He was conscious of laughing and talking and drinking a great deal—conscious, too, of the annoyance of other men at other tables. Finally, one of the governors came over and very pleasantly told him to shut up or go elsewhere.

They all went, with cheerfulness unimpaired by gubernatorial admonition. There was a large dinner dance for debutantes at the Barkleys. This function they deigned to decorate with their presence for a while, Cairns and Van Alstyne behaving well enough, considering the manners of the times; Desboro, a dull fire smouldering in his veins, wandered about, haunted by a ghost whose soft breath touched his cheek.

His manners were good when he chose; they were always faultless when he was drunk. Perfectly steady on his legs, very pale, and a trifle over polite, the drunker he was the more courtly he invariably became, measuredly graceful, in speech reticent. Only his pallor and the lines about his mouth betrayed the tension.

Later, one or two men familiar with the house strolled into the distant billiard room and discovered him standing there looking blankly into space.

Ledyard, bad tempered when he had dined too well, announced that he had had enough of that debutante party:

"Look at 'em," he said to Desboro. "Horrible little fluffs just out of the incubator—with their silly brains and rotten manners, and their 'Bunny Hugs' and 'Turkey Trots' and 'Dying Chickens,' and the champagne flaming in their baby cheeks! Why, their mothers are letting 'em dance like *filles de Brasserie!* Men used to know where to go for that sort of thing——"

Cairns, balancing gravely on heels and toes, waved one hand comprehensively.

"Problem was," he said, "how to keep the young at home. Bunny Hug solves it. See? All the comforts of the Tenderloin at home. Tha's 'splaination."

"Come on to supper," said Ledyard. "Your Blue Girl will be there, Jim."

"By all means," said Desboro courteously. "My car is entirely at your disposal." But he made no movement.

"Come to supper," insisted Ledyard.

"Commer supper," echoed Cairns gravely. "Whazzer mazzer? Commer supper!"

"Nothing," said Desboro, "could give me greater pleasure." He rose, bowed courteously to Ledyard, included Cairns in a graceful salute, and reseated himself.

Ledyard lost his temper and began to shout at him.

"I beg your pardon for my inexcusable absent-mindedness," said Desboro, getting slowly onto his feet once more. With graceful precision, he made his way to his hostess and took faultless leave of her. Cairns and Ledyard attempting vainly to imitate his poise, urbanity and self-possession.

The icy air of the street did Cairns good and aided Ledyard. So they got themselves out across the sidewalk and ultimately into Desboro's town car, which was waiting, as usual.

"Little bunny-hugging, bread-and-butter beasts," muttered Ledyard to himself. "Lord! Don't they want us to draw the line between them and the sort we're to meet at supper?"

"They're jus' fools," said Cairns. "No harm in 'em! And I'm not going to supper. I'll take you there an' go'me!"

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Ledyard.

"No—I'm through, that's all. You 'sult nice li'l debutantes. Rotten bad taste. Nice li'l debbys."

"Come on, you jinx!"

"That girl in blue. Will she be there—the noe who does the lute solo in 'The Maid of Shiraz'?"

(*Continued on page 22*)

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Richard Dix - Coming Star - and Why

by Grace Kingsley

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second of "Movie Weekly's" series of youthful star comers among the as yet not so widely known picture players. Our first success story appeared in the April 8th issue—about Doris Kenyon. Richard Dix is our next choice. Other popular comers will appear from time to time. If you have a favorite among the younger lights, write and tell us. We don't want to miss any.*

LOOK out for the new star—Richard Dix!

Sometimes you can't stop 'em, no matter what enthusiastic things the producers have to say about all-star casts—which of course means no star.

It looks, indeed, as though Dix has become a star whether they call him that or not. And they'll be calling him that very soon!

Dix has experience to his credit, perseverance, optimism, brains, acting ability, and a huge sense of humor and good-will toward men. And as for looks, he is tall, handsome, with merry brown eyes and even features. And most of all, he has personality—dynamic, vivid, original personality—along with his other gifts.

Our worship is divided these days between the he-man heroes, who swing a wicked right, and the fascinating, dark, foreign devils. The pretty heroes are out. They're puttying up their chin dimples, and the marcel wavers wave in vain.

I used to know Dickey Dix in the old days when he was a matinee idol at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles; but now the hero hounds don't have to wait for Sunday afternoon to come around to see their idol. His celluloid double is frequently on view at two or three theatres at once.

Dix went back to New York, where he did some good work on the stage for a couple of seasons. Then he returned to Los Angeles and went into pictures. That was a year ago. He has never been idle since.

Upon coming back to Hollywood, Dix went to see David Butler and Douglas MacLean, both of whom used to play around in small parts at the Morosco Theatre when Dix was playing leads and juveniles. Now both had become stars, and Dix says he could hardly get into their outer offices for the jam of people kneeling and touching their heads to the floor.

"I said to the girl in the office," explained Dix, "that I wanted to see Dave Butler. 'Can't see him now,' she answered. 'Got an engagement with him?' I told her he was an old pal of mine. 'That's what they all say,' the girl answered scornfully. And it was a whole hour before I could talk with him, and then I had to walk carefully so as not to step on any of the kneelers. And when Dave finally came out, rushed over, clasped my hand and said, 'Hello, old boy!' in his old hearty way, I was so puffed up I couldn't see straight.

"'Why, Dave,' I asked, 'what's it all about?'

"'Darned if I know,' laughed Dave, 'but you better get in!'

"Dave fixed me up for a test and it was carefully taken, I can tell you. Then I went out and applied for an engagement on the strength of it. But I let on

(Continued on page 18)

ABOVE: *A closeup of Dick.*

Holing out with a pretty shot.

He's quite a violinist, too.

AT RIGHT

Richard Dix is quite a golfer. He is being presented with the President's Cup of the California Country Club, in which all-comer's tournament he was the victor.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

From the ~

Mary Milford as "Cauliflower"

THE VALUE OF SONG

WHEN you were a youngster, did you ever sing while splashing around in the bathtub?

I suppose very few do it when grown, although now and then there are exceptions. Singing is healthy. When you sing, the bodily mechanical efforts associated therewith are naturally inclined to arouse the mental attitude of joy, delight and allied emotions. If singing is naturally the expression of joy—and joy is one of its interpretations—then by forcing yourself to sing when mentally downcast, you encourage, and at times actually produce, happiness and good cheer.

It is not, however, only for its influence upon the mind that singing is valuable. It is a physical exercise requiring considerable effort. It wakes up the diaphragm. It promotes active circulation. It improves digestion. Therefore, it has a double value for stimulating the physical as well as the mental functions. I would by all means encourage every inclination towards physical efforts of this sort.

It is well to learn to use the voice in a strictly natural manner, and without straining or forcing of the tone. For instance, it is advisable to avoid any constriction of the muscles of the throat; that is to say, there

The "Tips" Chorus in

BEAUTY PAGES

"Music Box Revue"

should be no tension in the throat when singing. One should learn how to "place" the voice. Resonance is all important.

I believe in every one who has a fairly good voice having it cultivated. Even if you have not the ability to be an opera or concert singer of renown, still, with a "small voice" a great deal of enjoyment can be derived.

Many really good teachers differ as to the proper methods of using the voice. Although there may be a reasonable excuse for a difference on some of the minor details of voice culture, yet there are certain fundamental principles upon which there should be a definite agreement. There is nothing particularly difficult about voice culture. It is a question of concentrating and devoting time and thought to it.

Song, both as a natural expression of joy and as an Art, is a tonic. Whenever you find responsibilities crowding upon you beyond your power to bear them, or when you realize that your mental attitude is sour, crabbed and pessimistic, then is the time to break forth into song. Nothing will bring about a pleasing change more quickly. Hum a tune. Sing some popular song. Put your soul into your efforts as much as possible, and you will literally be amazed at the value of this suggestion.

Mary Milford as "Cauliflower"

— the "Restaurant" scene

Searching for Sin in Hollywood

Continued from Page 3

wore evening gowns and the men were, of course, in full dress. They sat around in little groups talking and waiting to be called to work.

One of the young women, a fur cape thrown over her shoulders, sat in a high-backed Renaissance chair knitting. Another embroidered, and a young man, I could see, was manicuring his finger nails.

Behind the camera two musicians, a violinist and a 'cellist, sat playing their instruments. The cameraman, his assistants, and the director, nearby, seemed engrossed in conversation, and other men in garbs ranging from overalls to street attire hurried about adjusting lights.

A canvas chair, like one I use when I go camping, stood near the camera, and from the name painted on it, was evidently reserved for Miss Du Pont, who, we were told, was then in her dressing room changing her gown.

While an air of informality pervaded the 'set" and its atmosphere, it seemed hardly credible that *this* were the famed Movieland. None of the girls were smoking cigarettes—and, with perhaps two exceptions—were not even talking to the men they worked with.

"This is nothin'," said the guide, in reply to one of his customer's questions. "They do this waitin' stuff all the time in pitchers. If everything ain't ready they can't shoot the film.

"They gotta have the lights just so, an' the camera has to be set up exactly right, an' all the actors has to be rehearsed in their parts. Miss Du Pont is makin' a quick gown change, but it only takes a minute."

Which, in reality, was right.

For voices—women's voices—well modulated and pleasant-toned, could be heard. Turning around, we could see Miss Dupont, resplendent in an evening gown and wrap, threading her way over the electric cables which formed a network on the floor behind the camera.

Another girl, a trifle smaller in stature, followed her. She was not in her makeup, and wore a tailored suit, a street coat slung over one arm and a jaunty turban on which a tall, black bird of paradise waved gracefully.

"*Hel*-lo, Priscilla!" cried the director, joyously. "How'd you like your location trip?"

"It was fine!" replied Priscilla Dean smilingly.

The studio luncheon is as cosmopolitan a rendezvous as you can hope to find. A long table, set in the middle of the room, bore a sign:

"Reserved for Members of the Robinson Crusoe Company."

At a side-table, near a long row of windows, sat Max Linder, the French comedian, wearing a cavalier's cape and baggy, cloth-of-gold trousers—his costume for D'Artagnan of his production of "The Three Musketeers."

A group of young men, dark greasepaint makeups on their faces and wearing Roman togas, occupied a second table nearby, and a half dozen cowboys guffawed and laughed somewhat noisily over their lunch at still another place. Four or five girls, among them Laura La Plante, sat not far away, one of them adding rouge to a spot on her lips where the makeup had been rubbed away by the application of a napkin.

And, at another table, Gladys Walton sat with a man who was reading something from a typewritten manuscript. Miss Walton really looks like her photographs, except her hair is rather reddish blonde. But, as she sat listening to her companion, she seemed a wholly settled and composed young lady rather than the flirtatious flapper we see her on the screen.

Any large studio—Universal City, for instance—has practically the same features. There are the huge stages, of course, where "sets" and cycloramas are put up as scenery and where the actual work is done by the stars. And then there are property rooms, replete with everything from a hairpin to period furniture; carpenter shops where scores of busy workmen manufacture the wooden framework for the "sets"; wardrobe rooms where any—and every variety of costume is instantly on tap, and where innumerable seamstresses are kept terrifically busy filling new sartorial needs; mechanical departments where whirring electric motors generate the motive and lighting power for the studio; scenic rooms with deep pits descending into the earth many feet where vast landscapes, vast panoramas, are recreated on canvas by skilled artizans.

There is, too, dressing-room row. At Goldwyn the dressing-room building is a monstrous Gothic affair where the men's rooms are downstairs and the women's upstairs a flight.

"They don't let men even *talk* to the ladies while they're dressing," Mae told me.

Mae is the Universal maid. A bunch of keys rattle from a chain hung to her belt. She is the sort of person who knows the likes and dislikes of nearly every actor in the film industry.

"They're very strict in these studios," she said. "But, y' know, where men and women work together all the time they get to be real friends and forget all about the rough stuff."

But, at about this moment, George Walsh came strolling up the aisle. He had on his makeup.

"H'lo, Mae," he said, in passing.

"Howdy, Mr. Walsh," came the answer. "You look tired—an' I presume you have a date this evening?"

"Not so's you could *notice* it! it! No date except with the bed. I've got an *eight-thirty* call tomorrow—you know what *that* means."

"Eight-thirty!" exclaimed the maid, sympathetically, to me. "Not *very* early. It only means he has to be made up, on the set an' *ready to work* at that time."

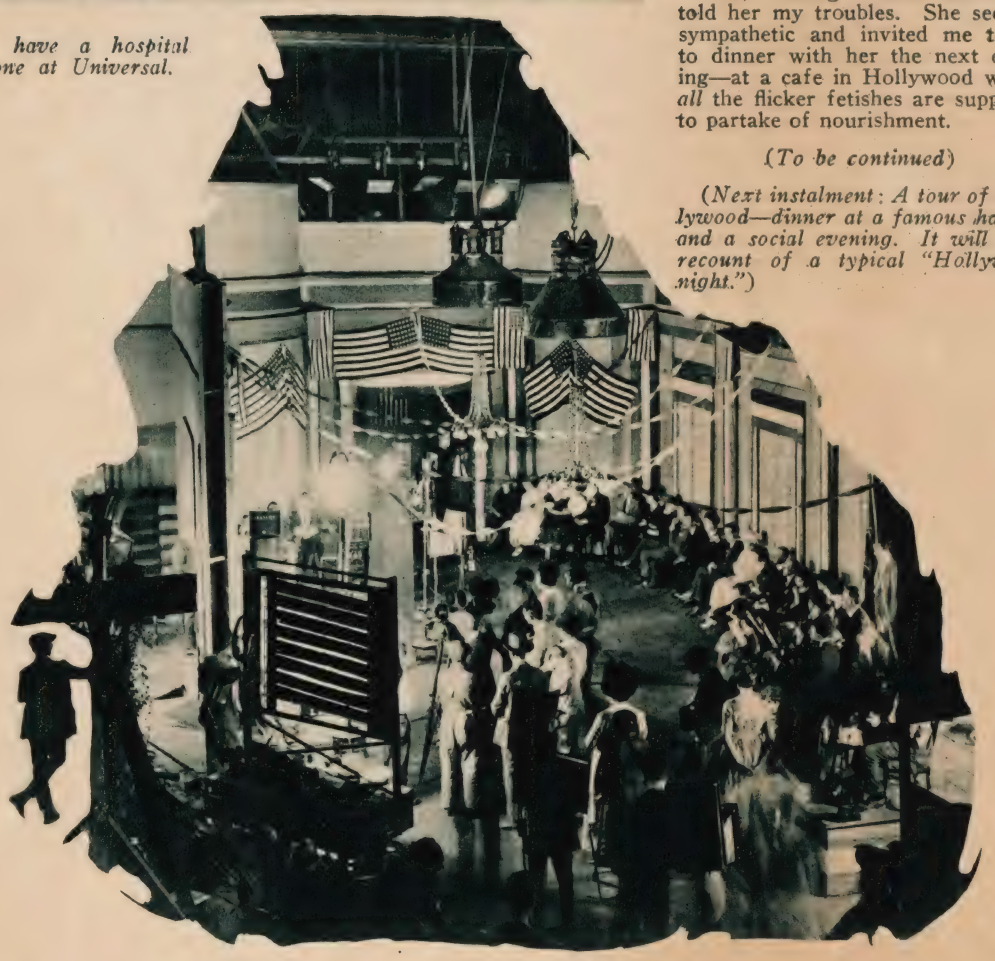
But, as to Hollywood itself—I have not as yet chronologized that little city. Nor have I as yet observed the "parties" at either the Ambassador Hotel or at any of the film-famous' homes.

And, meeting Wanda Hawley, I told her my troubles. She seemed sympathetic and invited me to go to dinner with her the next evening—at a cafe in Hollywood where *all* the flicker fetishes are supposed to partake of nourishment.

(To be continued)

(Next instalment: A tour of Hollywood—dinner at a famous habitat and a social evening. It will be a recount of a typical "Hollywood night.")

Some studios have a hospital Here's the one at Universal.



A typical motion picture set. Everybody's either working or all ready to jump in.

Doris Kenyon

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Pauline Frederick

Doris Kenyon Denies Engagement

Marion Davies Hard at Work

OUT at the Cosmopolitan Studios, Marion Davies is defying union restrictions to work day and night on her special production, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." We haven't seen Marion for a coon's age, but from the news relayed to us she wears some of the most gorgeous creations that ever graced the silver sheet.

If you haven't read Charles King's "When Knighthood Was in Flower," borrow a copy from the library. It won't be time wasted. The story is sweet, adventurous, romantic.

* * * * *

Molly and the Four Kittens

Marion came onto the set one day, fired with the zeal for work. Alongside where Director Vignola was shooting stood the beautiful Princess Mary's (Marion's) bed. Nearby, a box, wherein basked Molly, the studio cat (and daughter of the cat who played in "Humoresque"), and her four new kittens. Suddenly, without any to do, Molly rose, stretched herself, seized a kitten by the nape of its neck and swishingly padded toward the Princess Mary's bed.

Molly carefully deposited her sleepy offspring in the center of the gorgeously embroidered and lacy silk spread. With calm dignity, she executed her duty in behalf of her remaining three children, after which, curling herself beside them, she joined them in righteous slumber.

* * * * *

"Let Sleeping Cats Lie"

When Molly's blasphemous performance became known, the propmen trembled wrathfully. Marion, however, laughed at Molly's prodigious "brass" and said "let sleeping cats lie." Wherefore, the studio feline slept in state on the Princess Mary's bed, while Marion and her "When Knighthood Was in Flower" company gazed enviously upon the slumbering beauties.

Marion Davies takes a rest—but the cameraman catches her.

* * * * *

Doris Kenyon Denies Engagement

A persistent rumor on the Rialto circulated the news of Doris Kenyon's engagement. Inasmuch as Doris is being featured in the Broadway success, "Up the Ladder," and is preparing to begin work on a new picture shortly, we wondered how she had time be engaged!

She hasn't—rather, she *isn't!*

"That's absurd," denied Doris, laughing heartily, when we asked her if the rumor smacked of truth. "Of course I'm not engaged

"Why, of course," suspiciously.

"Well, because I'm not," hedging. "What was the story you heard?"

"We heard that a newspaper man interviewed you in your dressing room Wednesday after the matinee performance, and spied a big diamond gracing the fourth finger of your left hand. There was naturally only one thing for a sagacious penflinger to believe. He voiced his belief. Now, was he right?"

Doris stifled a shriek. "He *was* not. The diamond belongs to the newly married girl in 'Up the Ladder,' who happens to be played by me. It's no relation to Doris Kenyon at all."

Miriam contemplates her new portraiture. Mr. Nelson observes his small model quizzically.

"Well," despairingly, "there's another good story chucked in the discard basket."

To appease us, Doris hinted of something big that's on the verge of breaking. Just what "something" is, we haven't any idea, but we'll camp on the lady's trail and . . .!

* * * * *

Dick Barthelmess' Wife to Star

Little Mary Hay, in private life, Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, is going to be starred soon on Broadway in a play being written especially to vivify her droll jerkiness of movement and mischievous flashes of expression. Mary has been bound to a five-year star contract, so "watch her speed." Who can tell, perhaps she may find time to play in a picture with Dick, but, at the present, what with studying dancing and singing, practising long hours and learning new lines—well, being a star isn't exactly what "us fellers calls a pipe."

* * * * *

Are They Going Into Pictures?

Everybody in these parts is wailing about hard times—both in pictures and on the stage. But along comes a rumor hinting that Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer, partners in private life and co-stars in the Broadway success, "The Music Box Review," are considering an offer to sign on the dotted line for a picture or two. Neither have appeared in pictures heretofore, but when young folks are talented and good-looking to boot . . . well, there's always a sagacious producer lolling around with a choicy contract.

* * * * *

Pauline Frederick Off Soon

We were told that Pauline Frederick will sail soon for London, to open in A. H. Woods' production of 'Lawful Larceny." Miss Frederick, you remember, recently severed her connection with Robertson-Cole, with which company she has been working since leaving Goldwyn, a year or so ago. The reason is financial. R-C passed into new control recently, and the initial edict of the new regime ordered a cut in salaries.

Pauline received a weekly sum averaging around $7,000. It was cut, so we were told, to about $3,500, but when this stipend won disfavor, too, she concluded the time ripe to part company with R-C. The break was amiably sundered, and Miss Frederick, freed from her cinema associations, again considered returning to the stage.

* * * * *

True to Her Promise

IN 1914, Pauline made her last stage appearance under A. H. Woods' direction. She promised him at the time she left to go into pictures, that if she decided to return to the legitimate, it would be under his management.

Accordingly, when Mr. Woods became cognizant of Miss Frederick's move, he wired her. They met in Chicago. She had her terms drawn up; likewise, Mr. Woods. A happy compromise. Woods returned to New York; Pauline, to the Coast to settle her affairs.

If present plans materialize, Miss Frederick sails for London to star in "Lawful Larceny," returning to New York in the fall to star in Somerset Maughan's new play, "East of Suez."

Will Pauline combine stage with screen during the five years she has signed with Woods? Perhaps. Not, however, without special arrangement with her manager.

* * * * *

Miriam Battista Painted

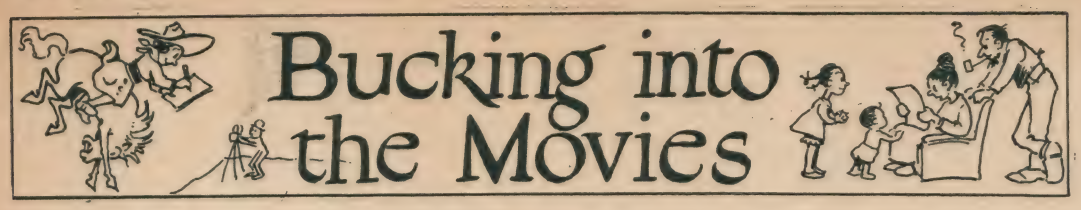
Miriam Battista is about the busiest little bit of precocious humanity ever heard tell about. It was hinted she had quite a time making out her income tax for Uncle Sam! And then, no sooner did she complete "perplexing arithmetic" than George Lawrence Nelson, winner of the Gold Medal at the last National Academy winter exhibition, asked the mite to be his model for a series of child portraitures.

The Santleys and their real boss—little Joseph Junior.

Miriam an accommodating youngster, acquiesced with a bright smile. So while her last motion picture effort, appearing with Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through," appears throughout the country, Mr. Nelson captures her in his New York studio for his child studies.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

EUGENE O'BRIEN



Bucking into the Movies

MR. H. O. POTTS, Hollywood, 1922.
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 27th insipid received, and tell Paw that he needn't mind trading that Jersey heifer of mine for Ed Nye's bay colt as he had planned, because I underwent an experience today which has left me with a violent prejudice against horses of any kind for the rest of my natural life.

It all started last night when I answered the telephone and found a male voice at the other end which, after a little persuasion, proudly admitted that it belonged to an Assistant Casting Director of the Universal Film Company. After I had acknowledged the information with the awe-struck respect which seemed to be demanded, it continued the conversation.

"Can you ride a horse with any fluency, Miss Potts?" it asked.

As a matter of fact, Maw, I know about as much about horses as a Zulu head-hunter does about higher mathematics, my entire previous equestrian experience having been confined to riding the wheel-team on a merry-go-round on various occasions—but you'll never get anywhere if you don't take a chance once in a while. So I did.

"I've probably forgotten more about the art than Tom Mix ever knew," I admitted modestly.

"Yeah?" came the skeptical answer. "Well, suppose you wander out to Universal City about nine o'clock tomorrow morning then, and display your prowess on the 'back ranch.'"

The "back ranch," folks, is that portion of Universal City which the average tourist never sees, being situated back in the hills from the municipality proper, and consisting of about equal parts of barns, hand-made jungles, Monte Carlo sets and vest-pocket editions of the Great American Desert. It was on one of these latter that I reported for work this morning and, the set being for a Western thriller, the scene consequently was decidedly reminiscent of the Grand Finale in "Piute Pete's Greater Wild West and Pioneer Days' Shows" which played in Hog Run last summer.

Well, anyway, I had no sooner reported for duty on the set than the Director promptly called my horsemanship bluff by assigning me and a pinto to be co-stars in the very first scene. A "pinto," Maw, is not a variety of small, hard-shelled nut, which it sounds like, but is a Western genus of horse which is noted for its relatively small size, and its unique scheme of exterior decoration, the latter looking very much like a cross-eyed sign-painter and a color-blind paper-hanger had been turned loose on an originally white horse, and told to do their level worst.

The animal may have been small but, believe me, it made up in meanness of facial expression anything it may have lacked in the matter of size.

So, having heard that kindness soothes the most savage heart, I resolved to use the interval while they were setting the camera up in a few benevolent efforts at self-preservation. I decided there wasn't no use in flattering the animal vocally as it probably wouldn't know what I was talking about anyway, and in all probability any attempt at a caress would only result in the date of my violent demise being moved forward a few minutes, so I decided in desperation to try and gain its toleration, if not affection, by feeding it something.

The only thing handy which looked to be in any way edible was a species of small, peculiar-looking herbage which grew in little clumps over the sand, so I plucked a handful of that and tried it. At first, there was nothing doing. The brute merely eyed the proffered entree in much the same languid manner a home-brew addict would a glass of orangeade, but it finally condescended to take a little nibble, then a bigger one—and after that it was easy. The more I gave it, the more it seemed to want, and by the time the camera was ready, I had fed it about all of that provender there was in sight.

My stunt was merely to ride into the scene, shade my eyes with my hand while I registered vigilance, and then ride out again. So when the Director yelled "Camera!" I took a chance on the pinto being sufficiently tamed by then to tolerate a playmate, and I made a more or less flying leap for the saddle, getting hold of the right reins and getting my feet in the right stirrups more by accident than anything else. Then, as my mount seemed to be under the impression that it was posing for a piece of statuary or something, I got emboldened to the extent of favoring it with a sudden caress in the ribs with the toe of my right boot.

That got results, all right. In fact, for the next few minutes, results came so thick and fast that I had all I could do to keep up with them. We moved forward about ten feet, then sideways five, backwards three, and then started going up and down and around with a funny weaving motion like an excited jelly-fish.

"Stick to him, Miss Potts!" yelled the Director sort of encouragingly. "He's just sun-fishing a little—that's all."

"Sun-fishin' me eye!" I retorted indignantly, trying to dissuade the brute from taking a large bite out of my right shin. "Sun-fish ain't carnivorous! It looks more to me like he was trying to impersonate a man-eating shark or something!"

Then I abruptly quit talking, for the excellent reason that I needed my breath for other purposes. Because that brute had suddenly gone into action in a way which made its previous efforts look like a mere practise session in comparison. It whirled around for a minute or two like a demented turntable, then swapped ends a couple of times in a manner that would have aroused the envy of a professional contortionist, and finally wound up by humping its back and very enthusiastically going after the world's record for the standing high jump. Whatever that record may have been, we beat it. And the present holder of the title is me, and not the horse, because though the beast went high enough, I went at least three feet higher, the consequences being that I missed the brute entirely on my way back down, and hit the earth with a jar which must have been felt as far East as Denver.

When I got nerve enough and sufficient intelligence to open my eyes again, I found three men trying to restrain my late mount from what seemed to be a passionate desire to execute a cake-walk over my prostrate form, while the Director stood there looking us both over in a kind of a puzzled way.

"I can't figure it," he murmured. "That nag has always been as harmless as a baby before. You didn't do anything to him, did you?"

"Nothing, only feed him some of that stuff," I retorted a little peevishly, pointing to the vegetation in question.

The Director looked that way, then all at once his eyes began to stick out like a set of door-knobs. "Ye gods, woman!" he warbled finally. "No wonder old 'Calico' staged a riot! Why you musta fed that poor nag enough *loco-weed* to stampede every horse in Southern California!"

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if what I went through today is a fair sample of life in the so-called West, then no wonder they always refer to that portion of the country as being "wild."

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,
SOPHIE POTTS.
via HAL WELLS.

Richard Dix, Coming Star

(*Continued from page* 11)

that the test was nothing much more than an accident, so to speak.

"'Oh, I just had a little test made,' I'd say in an offhand way, as if it had been no trouble in the world. But if anybody had tried to take it away, I'd certainly have cut his hand off!"

Dix's first picture was "Not Guilty," made by Sidney Franklin. But in spite of the test his makeup wasn't very good.

Afterward Goldwyn got hold of him, and now life is just one Goldwyn picture after another.

When we got that far in our interview, of course Dix could be inveigled into telling the story of his life.

That's how I found out that Richard as a high school kid used to sneak off to attend dramatic school two nights a week, back in St. Paul.

"Father was very religious," said Dix, "and didn't believe in the theatre. In fact, he never in his life went to see a play until he came to the Morosco, in Los Angeles, one Sunday afternoon, to see me play in 'His Majesty, Bunker Bean.' And then he suddenly decided I was the greatest actor in the world! Oh, if I were anything like the actor dad thinks I am!

Dix literally kicked his way into the drama finally. It was while James Neill and Edythe Chapman were playing "The College Widow" in St. Paul, and sent out word they wanted a football player in the piece. Dix was just recovering from a broken nose, which he had won incidentally along with the glory of his school's game, so he went down to see Neill. Neill gave him a small part.

"Everybody in high school came to see me, and I got a bigger hand than the leading man," laughed Dix. "I guess I was pretty awful. I shifted from one foot to the other, coughed and sneezed and didn't know what to do with my hands, and when it came to the one line I had to speak I couldn't remember it!

"I worked so hard on my stage training about this time, and kept such late hours, that it got so I had to either make good in my high school studies or leave school entirely. I left for a while, but my family made me go back.

"One day E. H. Sothern came to town, and I had a chance to read for him. He asked me if I really wanted to work. I was indignant—I'd show him, I thought—and I intimated to him that if he'd listen to me he'd get a lot of pointers on acting. He did listen—and offered me $18 a week to go on the road with him.

"But I guess dad thought it might turn my head to have so much money; anyway, he wouldn't give his consent. So I went into stock in St. Paul, and the first part I got was the villain in 'The Man of the Hour.'

"Father wouldn't give me any money, but my brother took pity on me and bought me some clothes. Finally I saved up $80 and went to New York. There I was offered $35 a week to play in stock in Pittsburg.

"Finally a manager saw me—doing off-stage noises, I guess—and thought from the way I did them that I'd make a good leading man. Anyway I got an offer of $50 a week as leading man of a Dallas, Texas, stock company.

"I had never learned over fifteen sides, and there were 105 sides in 'The Ghost Breaker.' Down in Dallas it was 108 degrees in the shade and no shade. I must have simply sweated the lines out of me, I guess."

Dix went to Montreal as leading man after that, and then to New York. Arthur Hopkins sent for him one day.

He engaged me, and I played in Gorky's 'A Night's Lodging.' It was afterward, when I was in 'The Song of Songs,' that Oliver Morosco saw me and picked me from forty other leading men to play the poet in 'The Cinderella Man' in Los Angeles."

After his Los Angeles stock experience, Dix went to New York for two seasons, appearing in several important productions, including "The Little Brother to the Rich," with Walker Whiteside.

So it can be seen that Dix has served a long apprenticeship in his chosen calling, and that he has a right to success.

Oh, yes, and he isn't married! He lives with his parents, and his real name is Richard Brummer.

Under the Orange Pekoe Tree--

by Irma-the Ingenue

DEAR me, what a lot of excitement there is this week in Alarm Clock Alley!"

Irma the Ingenue, who has already donned her summer furs and left off her winter laces, flung herself into a chair and seized a Japanese fan which lay near by, while the California sun threw his warm spring rays through the early cherry blossoms in the tea garden.

"You know even if I have led the sheltered life and all that, still I can't help being interested in a person's divorce when I know a person, now, can I? Papa made a perfectly poisonous suggestion that I never be allowed to read the divorces, but my goodness, when it's the divorce of a person I know as well as I know Seena Owen, I just don't have to read the papers. Everybody tells me everything. So I can be a good little daughter and mind, and still not miss a thing. That's what I call luck.

"Seena charges her husband with being an awfully naughty boy, but he has filed an answer saying that it isn't so at all; that he never wanted Seena to go back on the screen after her baby was born, and that he used to stay home and take care of little Patricia of evenings like a nice papa. He says he doesn't get $1,500 a week, either, but only $500—it's funny how they all are willing to admit things about their salaries when they're sued, isn't it?—and that as a matter of fact he made a cash settlement of $5,000 on his wife in 1920 when they separated for good. And he says that Seena deserted him, not he her. So he can't see what all the fuss is about now. He says that Seena was 'temperamental,' and that most of the trouble between them was because he wanted her to stay out of the films, while she wanted to go back. He's very much pained that Seena says he had an affair with Estelle Taylor, because he didn't—no, nor with any other woman.

"George filed what is called a cross complaint—and I'll say it's a cross complaint! For once, anyhow, the law calls things what they really are. He says that she threw a flatiron at him and said, rather needlessly, it seems to me, that she did not love him. He says, too, that she refused to give birth to any more children because she would lose her form if she did. And that she deserted him while he lay in a hospital with fractured ribs. And he says that she scolded when he asked her not to smoke, and made life very unhappy for him because he wouldn't go on parties with her."

Irma had almost forgotten her tea and cakes, but recalled her duties as hostess and ordered them for both of us, then, putting a dull finish on her nose, went on:

"It seems like a perfect epidemic of divorces this week, doesn't it? Gertrude Robinson has brought suit against James Kirkwood for divorce, too. It was a perfectly poisonous surprise to us, too, because they haven't been living together for two years, and we thought that they had just agreed to disagree. Maybe something happened—perhaps another man in her life or another woman in his. Who knows? I guess you know as well as I do who it was broke them up first? I was a mere child, but I remember hearing how it was a certain blonde star who recently was mixed up in another sensational affair. Dear me, there's no trusting these blondes, is there? They're just something in every woman's life, these blondes, as Jackie Saunders once said when irritated at a blonde; but she has become a blonde herself since, so I don't suppose she says that any more. But Gertrude doesn't say a word about the blonde in her complaint—just sues for desertion. And she's going back to work in pictures, she says. She's very pretty and sweet, and I hope to goodness she gets an engagement. She should with all this publicity, shouldn't she?"

Irma paused to hover in indecision between a pink cake and a white one, decided on the pink as matching her hat, and continued:

"And to think of Pauline Frederick quitting the screen! Of course she did it on account of her salary being cut again. She got $7,000 a week once, and then it was cut to $3,500. Goodness alive, I didn't know there was so much money in the world, did you? And then they wanted to lop off another slice, out there at the Robertson-Cole studio, but she wouldn't stand for it. So she packed up her grip, left her new husband at her palatial home in Beverly Hills, charging that he see that the Airedale is properly bathed, the chickens fed, and the cat put out every night, and the clock wound, and started off for Chicago to see Al Woods. She says she has had lots and lots of chances to go back on the stage, and now she's going to do it! But I wonder—well, I can't help wondering, dearie, whether she will get any bigger salary on the stage than she would in the movies!"

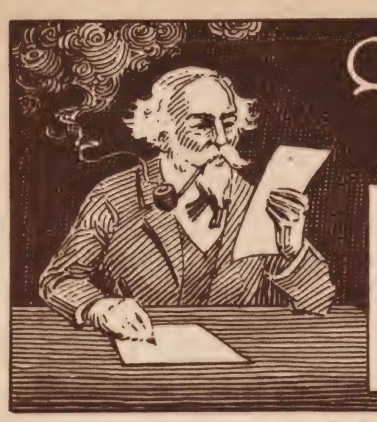
I tried to peep up and say that I didn't know, but I didn't think so, but of course Irma didn't stop to hear my answer. And she started right in again:

"What these picture stars have to stand for their art is something just awful. You know Helene Chadwick is appearing with Pat O'Malley in 'Brothers Under the Skin.' Well, when I went out to the Goldwyn studio, the other day, Helene was just recovering from an accidental knockout blow delivered by Pat, who plays her husband. A scene called for a rough and tumble domestic fight between the two. Pat put all his heart into his work and hit Helene harder than he intended, and she toppled over and passed out. Now her dressing room is full of flowers and candy sent her by the repentant Pat.

"Did you hear about the regular hero which Tony Moreno was the other day? That's two heroes he's been lately! You know he saved a boy from drowning, a few months ago, down at Santa Monica. Well, this time he saved a youngster's life who was driving a milk wagon. The milk wagon was one used in a picture he is making for Goldwyn. Not for nothing has Tony been starring in black-and-blue drama during these three years past! It was out at the studio, the boy was sitting on the wagon, and the horses got loose and began to run away. Tony timed their speed, made a dash when the team neared him, and stopped them, all in a twinkling. The child had lost hold of the reins and was holding onto the seat for dear life. The horses had an awful start, but Tony was equal to the occasion.

"But, my dear, the latest in serials is a girl, a famous French aviatrix, who is going to play in Ruth Roland's next. The girl's name is Andree Peyre and, besides being a stunt flyer and various kinds of an athlete, she's an actress and has played in six Pathe productions made in France.

'But mercy, here I have an engagement with Marguerite de la Motte to go have my hair bobbed. Don't you love bobbed hair, dearie? It's so easy to attend to.



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

"What does Rodolph use on his hair to give it that patent leather finish?" I am frequently asked. Of course the question is sometimes facetious, but often fans obviously wish to know so they can go and do likewise. If Rodolph would only be good enough to tell me all the family secrets, I might be able to help you out. However, if his hair was not highly polished by old lady nature herself, he doubtless wants you to think that it was.

JUNE—Why shouldn't that be your real name? It's a nice romantic name for a girl. Eugene O'Brien receives his mail at The Players' Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City.

C. O. R.—No, I am not the same answer man as the one you wrote to last year. Don't you approve of the change? Though I have the cast of "Peter Ibbetson," the name of the actress who played Madame Seraskier is not given, and I was unable to find out for you.

THELMA N. and NELLIE G.—I knew of a Nellie G. once—Nellie Gray; ever hear of her? There was a song about her—"My Poor Nellie Gray," etc.—such a sad song! You probably think I was not going to thank you for your valentine, but I just reached your turn in the pile of letters to be answered in the column. It was a lovely valentine and I amused myself by pulling the string according to instructions. William Duncan does not plan to make any more serials just now. His leading lady is his wife, Edith Johnson, whose address is 1624 Hudson Ave., Hollywood. Harrison Ford is thirty and is divorced from Beatrice Prentice. His address is The Lambs' Club, 128 W. 44th St., New York.

MILDRED WEAVER—The idea of suggesting that Charles Ray is as foolish really as he is in his pictures. It takes a smart man to be foolish as cleverly as he is. I have no idea what Gertrude McCoy is doing now.

M. T. HEAD—Then I suppose you must use a vacuum cleaner on it. At least that's convenient. Art Acord is thirty-two, and, I believe, a bachelor. He is a blond with blue eyes. Jack Hoxie has been married for some months to Marin Sais. I can't imagine Tom Mix in society films, and doubt if he will play in them. Mignonette is such a newcomer to the movies that I don't know anything about her. Betty Compson has blue eyes and brown hair.

IMA FLIRT—And proud of it, I suppose! The girl who played with Harry Carey in "The Wallop" was Mignonette. What do you mean, any sign of Elaine Hammerstein's or Bebe's getting married? Did you expect them to announce it on a signboard? Except for the customary rumors of their engagements, nothing further has been said. Elaine can be reached in care of Selznick, 318 East 48th St., New York. Yes, she might answer your letter personally.

FRANCES G.—You're quite welcome to your answer, Frances. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta—date unknown to me—and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He is five feet eleven. He lives at 611 W. 111th St., New York City.

HELEN McCULLY—How does Wallace Reid look? Haven't you seen him on the screen often enough to know that? You'd be surprised to know that most of the stars look just like their pictures. Some think Gloria Swanson is pretty; probably others don't.

SASSY DAY—Well, I've heard of Christmas Day and New Year's Day, but never of Sassy Day. When does that fall? I'm sorry, but Frank Kingsley is a stranger to me.

OLE ELI—Mine till the banana peels! Now, isn't that too bad, I had already peeled the banana before I got your letter. Yes, Gladys Brockwell still makes pictures now and then; she recently appeared in "Double Stakes." She is Mrs. William Scott. Yes, Wyndham Standing played in "Earthbound." Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood. He is very good about answering letters, I believe. Did you see Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "Pay Day?" Am I old or young—well, which do you think?

BETTY ALICE—It would of course be charming to have Rodolph and Norma play in a picture together, but not practicable at present, because they both have starring contracts with different companies.

LILLIE LOVE—Yes, indeed, I will write to you personally if you send me a self-addressed envelope. And you won't have to wait so long for your answer. Hope Hampton does not give her home address, but you can reach her at 1540 Broadway, New York City. She is not married. Did you see your questions about Rodolph answered in last week's issue?

ANXIOUS—You must have a lot of worries on hand if you're even anxious about movie stars. Ruth Roland is divorced.

MOLLY—You're a loyal person, aren't you, asking about all the old timers? Of course, J. Warren Kerrigan isn't really an old-timer, but he has retired from the screen. G. M. Anderson is still active in the movie world, but not as an actor. His most recent picture was "Any Night," which he wrote and directed. John Bunny's films have not been re-issued, as far as I know. It is quite proper to correspond with your movie favorites, but not always possible. They are glad to get letters, but have little time to answer them.

MISS INFORMATION—I'm surprised at you, asking me for all those addresses and ages without giving me your home address. It would take up half the page for me to tell you all that you ask. I will write you if you like.

FRENCHY, VENUS, CHARLOTTE ESTELLE—did you see your answer last week to the questions you asked about Rodolph? Agnes Ayres is twenty-three, and is divorced from Frank Schusker. She is five feet three and is a blonde with gray eyes.

PEGGY—And you wish Charles Ray were not married? When he has such a nice wife, don't you think it's mean of you to wish he didn't have her? His eyes are dark blue. Write him at 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles.

BILLIE TEX—Tell you a little of Nazimova? As little as you like. She was born in Russia in 1879. She has black hair and violet eyes; she is Mrs. Charles Bryant.

DOUG—All the girls named Mary will want to write to you. Justine Johnstone is a blonde with blue eyes. She hasn't been in movies lately and I don't know where you can reach her.

U. R. NICE—Am I? I enjoyed your letter very much. Yes, Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Rodolph is divorced from Jean Acker. What do you mean, what has become of the bathing beauties? It seems to me they have been much in evidence lately, especially in "Movie Weekly." Gale Henry was featured for awhile in short comedies; I have seen no mention of her lately.

BOBBIE R.—Such a nice letter; it's too bad you had to wait so long for your answer, but your turn just came. Constance Talmadge was born April 19, 1900. Yes, she is one of my favorites, too. Her latest picture is "A Primitive Lover," and both Harrison Ford and Kenneth Harlan play in it. So you typewrite by the H. and H.—Hunt and Hit—system? My method is very similar—the Hunt and Miss System.

M. E. K.—I used to be familiar with initials almost like yours—M. I. K., and they meant "More in Kitchen." It was a signal used strictly in the family, around meal time. Marie Osborne is not making pictures just now, though some of her old ones are being reissued, I believe.

INQUISITIVE LILY — That name should have entitled you to an answer in the Easter issue, but there were too many letters ahead of yours. Harrison Ford is thirty and is divorced from Beatrice Prentice. Bebe Daniels is twenty-one. Billie Burke played on the stage this past season; that is why you have not seen her in pictures. Niles Welch played with Elaine Hammerstein in "Why Announce Your Marriage?" Plans have not been announced for Agnes and Rodolph to appear in a picture together again, but pictures are planned only a few months ahead.

SWEET SIXTEEN—Why can't I make you all understand that I have a waiting list of several hundred letters that have to await their turns on this page? Of course you're welcome, but you must not expect your answer too soon. Art Acord is not married; Hoot Gibson is. I don't know the months of their births; Art was born in 1890 and Hoot two years later. Neither of them gives his home address, but they will get your letters at the Universal Studio, Universal ity. Eddie Polo does not give his age; his next picture will be "Captain Kidd."

SWEETY—Whose sweety? Juanita Hansen has blonde hair, and so has May Allison. Rodolph has never been starred, but will be in his next picture, "Blood and Sand." He played opposite Alice Terry in "The Conquering Power," and opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Moran of the Lady Letty." His address is 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. Yes, indeed, Charles Ray is a star—a great one. Write him at 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles.

Film-Flam

At the "Silent" Drama

NOW that everyone has an idea for reforms in the movies, House Peters has got the old brain working for something to reform. And all who are with him can say "Aye." He wants marines or somebody—he doesn't care who—to keep people from reading titles aloud in the movie theatres.

House Peters has just returned from Bear Valley, California, where he filmed scenes in "The Storm" and went to the local "picture show" at night. A man behind him read the titles just as if he were practicing his elocution lesson.

"Would you mind repeating that?" asked Mr. Peters after each one. The yokel glared at him.

"Can't you read?" he demanded.

"Surely," said the actor, "but I might as well rest my eyes while you read."

Now that someone wanted him to read titles—well, you know how some people are! The man lapsed into profound silence.

* * * * *

Read 'Em and Weep!

Hugh Wiley and Octavus Roy Cohen could increase their vocabularies at Universal City these days. Five hundred "cullud" folks are adding atmosphere—not to mention color—to the chapter play, "With Stanley in Africa." The darkies are playing Africans with scarcely any makeup at all.

And that's not all they're playing. Between scenes they play a strange game, no doubt an ancient African pastime. Two bone cubes, called "limping leopards" because of the spots, are used. There is something about the game which requires the fingers to be snapped in a strangely barbarous manner. Several white men of the company seemed unable to make any headway at the game after an hour's diligent practice.

George Walsh, the star of the picture, predicts that the game will soon enjoy a vogue in this country.

* * * * *

He's Doggone Right

Charles Hutchinson gets a big fat movie salary, but he's not stuck-up about it. No, sir, not he. It is still one of his hobbies to eat "hot dogs," and that is what he ordered at a small restaurant in a one-horse town where he and his "Go-Get-'Em-Hutch" company were on location. Hutch took a big bite of his sandwich and bit into a chunk of wood.

"Say," yelled Hutchinson, calling his waiter, "I expected to be served with the dog, but I'll be hanged if I'll eat the kennel too."

* * * * *

"Ouch!" Said Everybody

They all do it, even the best of them.

One chilly day during the production of Rex Ingram's picture, "The Prisoner of Zenda," several of the leading players were waiting on the big set of the Castle of Zenda, on the mainland side of the moat.

Then Stuart Holmes felt a burst of humor in his system and he just had to say it. Lewis Stone was the victim.

"Doesn't the wind off this water "zenda" chill through you?" he said with a grin.

Stone staggered, but refused to be bested.

"None of your bon moats, Stuart," said he.

Jaw-Breaker Stew

Tony Moreno read that story that a girl can dress on eighty-seven dollars a year and decided to figure out some statistics of his own. And now he announces that he can eat on twenty cents a day.

But really, he's not so smart as you'd suspect. No wonder Tony can eat on almost nothing! He has been eating yards of spaghetti for scenes in his latest picture, so when meal time comes along he feels like a package of macaroni and has no appetite at all. His meal consists of a sinker and a cup of coffee.

"A hard knight," explains Eddie Lyons, all dolled up for a comedy.

But Tony is willing to give his spaghetti to anyone who wants it.

"Whoever cooks that spaghetti must think it's something else," he explains. "It tastes like stewed stucco after a good mashing with a shoe-string machine."

* * * * *

The Party Surprised

Now that Director Green has become the father of a second son, he could almost furnish all the material for a "Bright Sayings of Little Children" column. This is the newest one from his young son, Marshall.

"Where you goin'?" demanded the young son, as he saw his parents about to leave the house one evening.

"To a surprise party," was the reply.

"Take me, too," said Marshall, as young sons always will.

"No, dear, we cannot. You were not invited."

"But, daddy," was the answer, "don't you think they'd be more surprised if they saw me comin' too?"

A Heavy Charge

This being a fat man in the films is gosh durned expensive, Walter Hiers wishes to tell the world. Not only do the poor fat boys have to eat a lot of rich, costly food (of course they don't enjoy such food!), but those studs *will* pop from their full (no pun intended) dress shirts when it becomes necessary to sit down.

Walter Hiers just lost his tenth stud in Gloria Swanson's new picture, "The Gilded Cage."

"The only consolation," says Walter, "is that when the studs go charging off my shirt, I can charge them off my income tax."

* * * * *

That Far Distant Beer

Casson Ferguson was all dolled up for an extra special luncheon, with his appetite all sharpened and everything. Then curses! Producer Penrhyn Stanlaws began at 11:55 to make a scene in "Over the Border" and Casson felt that he was entitled to make a scene too.

For, gosh ding it, he had to down a bottle of near beer that wasn't near enough to taste good. And then they had to take the scene five times before it was right, and by that time, poor Casson's appetite was completely drowned, and his anticipated luncheon spoiled.

"The old beer didn't have any kick at all," complained Casson, "but I certainly have one."

* * * * *

The Extras' Fate

It was the end of a strenuous day for several hundred soldier-extras in a Larry Semon comedy. An elated assistant director came up to Larry.

"Mr. Semon," said he, "we've just 'shot' some wonderfully realistic fight scenes."

"Hurrah!" Larry replied, "go congratulate your men for me."

"I'm sorry, sir," was the answer, "there are none left; they're all in the hospital."

* * * * *

Those Extras Stood a Lot

And that's not all the soldier-extras had to stand for, either! Larry came along to get them together for a scene in "The Substitute."

"All right now, boys," said he, "gather your nut shells together and come on."

"What do you mean—nut shells?" asked a puzzled corporal.

Larry beamed on him. "Why, your helmets, of course," he answered.

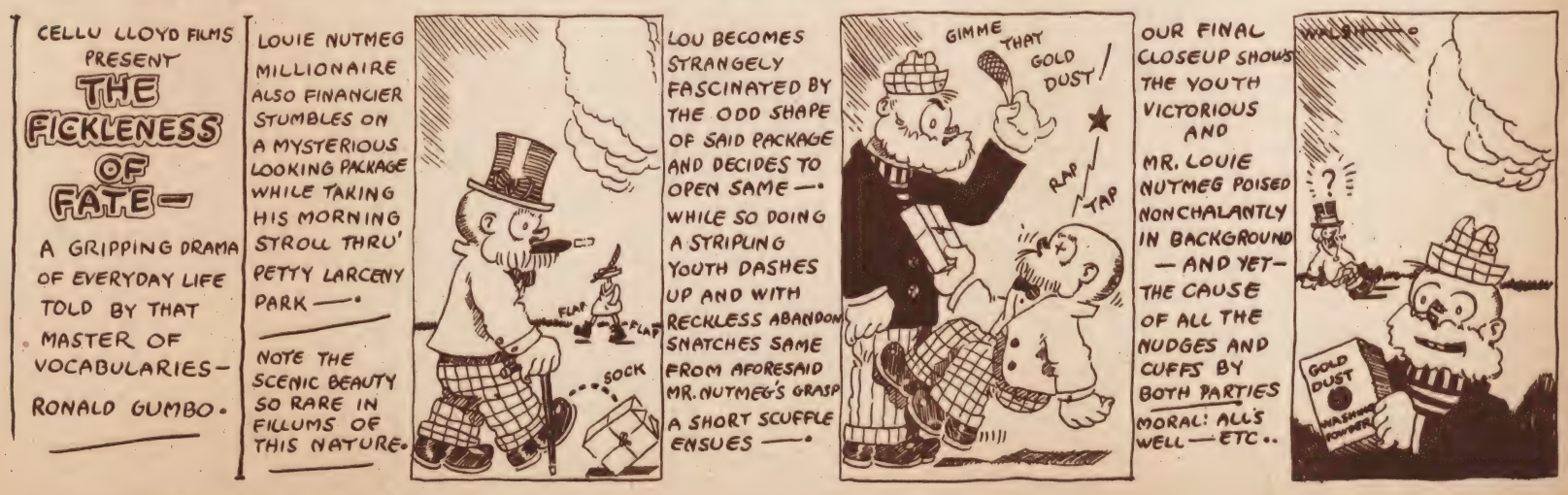
* * * * *

Hey There, Mae!

"Well, Mae," said a friend to Mae Murray, "so you heard Will Hays speak at the Motion Picture Directors' Association the other night. Tell us about it."

Mae smiled. "There was a perfect fever of enthusiasm when he rose to speak," said she, "Hays fever."

A. M. T.



THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 10)

"Yes, but she's crazy about Desboro."

"I waive all pretension to the charming condescension of that very lovely young lady, and cheerfully concede your claims," said Desboro, raising his hat and wrecking it against the roof of the automobile.

"As you wish, dear friend. But why so suddenly the solitary recluse?"

"A personal reason, I assure you."

"I see," remarked Ledyard. "And what may be the name and quality of this personal reason? And is she a blonde?"

Desboro shrugged his polite impatience. But when the others got out at the Santa Regina he followed. Cairns was inclined to shed a few tears over Ledyard's insults to the "debbys."

"Sure," said the latter, soothingly. "The brimming beaker for you, dear friend, and it will pass away. Hark! I hear the fairy feetsteps of a houri!" as they landed from the elevator and encountered a group of laughing, bright-eyed young girls in the hallway, seeking the private supper room.

One of them was certainly the girl in blue. The others appeared to Desboro as merely numerous and, later, exceedingly noisy. But noise and movement seemed to make endurable the dull pain thudding ceaselessly in his heart. Music and roses, flushed faces, the ringing harmony of crystal and silver, and the gaiety à diable of the girl beside him would ease it—must ease it, somehow. For it had to be first eased, then killed. There was no sense, no reason, no excuse for going on this way—enduring such a hurt. And just at present the remedy seemed to lie in a gay uproar and many brilliant lights, and in the tinted lips of the girl beside him, babbling nonsense while her dark eyes laughed, promising all they laughed at—if he cared to ask an answer to the riddle.

But he never asked it.

Later somebody offered a toast to Desboro, but when they looked around for him in the uproar, glasses aloft, he had disappeared.

THERE was no acknowledgment of his note to Jacqueline the day following; none the next day, or the next. It was only when telephoning to Silverwood he learned by chance from Mrs. Quant that Jacqueline had been at the house every day as usual, busy in the armory with the work that took her there.

He had fully expected that she would send a substitute; had assumed that she would not wish to return and take the chance of his being there.

On the fourth day, he emerged from the unhappy seclusion of his rooms and ventured into the Olympian Club, where he deliberately attempted to anaesthetise his badly battered senses. But he couldn't. Cairns found him there, sitting alone in the library—it was not an intellectual club—and saw what Desboro had been doing to himself by the white tensity of his features.

"Look here," he said. "If there's really anything the matter with you, why don't you go into business and forget it? You can't fool real trouble with what you buy in bottles!"

"What business shall I go into?" asked Desboro, unoffended.

"Stocks or literature. All the ginks who can't do anything else go into stocks or literature."

Desboro waved away the alternatives with amiable urbanity.

"Then run for your farms and grow things for market. You could do that, couldn't you? Even a Dutchess County millionaire can run a milk-route."

"I don't desire to grow milk," explained Desboro pleasantly.

Cairns regarded him with a grin of anxiety.

"You're jingled," he concluded. "That is, you are as jingled as you ever get. Why?"

"No reason, thanks."

"It isn't some girl, is it? You never take them seriously. All the same, is it?"

Desboro smiled: "Do you think it's likely, dear friend?"

"No, I don't. But whatever you're worrying about isn't improving your personal beauty. Since you hit this hamlet you've been on one continuous tootlebat. Why don't you go back to Westchester and hoe potatoes?"

"One doesn't hoe them in January, you know," said Desboro, always deprecatingly polite. "Please cease to trouble yourself about me. I'm quite all right, thanks."

They parted with pomp and circumstance, Desboro to saunter back to his rooms and lie limply in his arm chair beside an empty fireplace until sleep overcame him where he sat. And he looked very young, and white, and somewhat battered as he lay there in the fading winter daylight.

The ringing racket of his telephone bell aroused him in total darkness. Still confused by sleep, he groped for the electric light switch, could not find it; but presently his unsteady hand encountered the telephone, and he unhooked the receiver and set it to his ear.

At first his imagination lied to him, and he thought it was Jacqueline's distant voice, though he knew in his heart it could not be.

"Jim," repeated the voice, "what are you doing this evening?"

"Nothing. I was asleep, It's you, Elena, isn't it?"

"Of course. To whom are you in the habit of talking every evening at seven by special request?"

"I didn't know it was seven."

"That's flattering to me. Listen, Jim, I'm coming to see you."

"I've told you a thousand times it can't be done——"

"Do you mean that no woman has ever been in your apartments?"

"You can't come," he repeated obstinately. "If you do, it ends my interest in your various sorrows. I mean it, Elena."

She laughed: "I only wanted to be sure that you are still afraid of caring too much for me. Somebody told me a very horrid thing about you. It was probably a lie—as long as you are still afraid of me."

He closed his eyes patiently and leaned his elbow on the desk, waiting for her to go on or ring off.

"Was it a lie, Jim?"

"Was what a lie?"

"That you are entertaining a very pretty girl at Silverwood House—unchaperoned?"

"Do you think it likely?"

"Why not? They say you've done it before."

"Nobody has been there except on business. And, after all, you know, it doesn't——"

"Yes, it does concern me! Oh, Jim, are you being horrid—when I'm so unhappy and helpless——"

"Be careful what you say over the wire!"

"I don't care who hears me. If you mean anybody in your apartment house, they know my voice already. I want to see you, Jim——"

"No!"

"You said you'd be friendly to me!"

"I am—by keeping away from you."

"Do you mean that I am never to see you at all?"

"You know well enough that it isn't best, under the circumstances."

"You could come here if you only would. He is not in town to-night——"

"Confound it, do you think I'm that sort?"

"I think you are very absurd and not very consistent, considering the things that they say you are not too fastidious to do——"

"Will you please be a little more reticent over the telephone!"

"Then take me out to dinner somewhere, where we can talk!"

"I'm sorry, but it won't do."

"I thought you'd say that. Very well, then, listen: they are singing Ariane to-night; it's an 8:15 curtain: I'll be in the Barkley's box very early; nobody else will arrive before nine. Will you come to me at eight?"

"Yes, I'll do that for a moment."

"Thank you, dear. I just want to be happy for a few minutes. You don't mind, do you?"

"It will be very jolly," he said vaguely.

The galleries were already filling, but there were very few people in the orchestra and nobody at all to be seen in the boxes when Desboro paused before a door marked with the Barkley's name. After a second's hesitation, he turned the knob, stepped in, and found Mrs. Clydesdale already seated in the tiny foyer, under the hanging shadow of her ermine coat—a charming and youthful figure, eyes and cheeks bright with trepidation and excitement.

"What the dickens do you suppose prompted Mrs. Hammerton to arrive at such an hour?" she said, extending her hand to Desboro. "That very wicked old cat got out of somebody's car just as I did, and I could feel her beady eyes boring into my back all the way up the staircase."

"Do you mean Aunt Hannah?"

"Yes, I do! What does she mean by coming here at such an unearthly hour? Don't go out into the box, Jim. She can see you from the orchestra. I'll wager that her opera glasses have been sweeping the house every second since she saw me!"

"If she sees me she won't talk," he said coolly. "I'm one of her exempts——"

"Let her see us both. I tell you she never talks about me, or anybody with whom I happen to be. It's the best way to avoid gossip, Elena——"

"I don't want to risk it, Jim! Please don't! I'm in abject terror of that woman——"

But Desboro had already stepped out to the box, and his keen, amused eyes very soon discovered the levelled glasses of Mrs. Hammerton.

"Come here, Elena!"

"Had I better?"

"Certainly. I want her to see you. That's it! That's enough. She won't say a word about you now."

Mrs. Clydesdale shrank back into the dim, rosy half-light of the box; Desboro looked down at Mrs. Hammerton and smiled; then rejoined his flushed companion.

"Don't worry; Aunt Hannah's fangs are extracted for this evening. Elena, you are looking pretty enough to endanger the record of an aged saint! There goes that meaningless overture! What is it you have to say to me?"

"Why are you so brusque with me, Jim?"

"I'm not. But I don't want the Barkleys and their guests to find us here together."

"Betty knows I care for you——"

"Oh Lord!" he said impatiently. "You always did care for anything that is just out of reach when you stand on tiptoe. You always were that way, Elena. When we were free to see each other you would have none of me."

She was looking down while he spoke, smoothing one silken knee with her white-gloved hand. After a moment, she lifted her head. To his surprise, her eyes were brilliant with unshed tears.

"You don't love me any more, do you Jim?"

"I—I have—it is about as it always will be with me. Circumstances have altered things."

"Is that all?"

He thought for a moment, and his eyes grew sombre.

"Jim! Are you going to marry somebody?" she said suddenly.

He looked up with a startled laugh, not entirely agreeable.

"Marry? No."

"Is there any girl you want to marry?"

"No. God forbid!"

"Why do you say that? Is it because of what you know about marriages—like mine?"

"Probably. And then some."

"There are happy ones."

"Yes, I've read about them."

"But there really are, Jim."

"Mention one."

She mentioned several among people both knew. He smiled. Then she said, wearily:

"There are plenty of decent people and decent marriages in the world. The people we play with are no good. It's only restlessness, idleness, and discontent that kills everything among people of our sort. I know I'm that way, too. But I don't believe I would be if I had married you."

"You are mistaken."

"Why? Don't you believe any marriage can be happy?"

"Elena, have you ever heard of a honeymoon that lasts? Do you know how long any two people can endure each other without merciful assistance from a third? Don't you know that, sooner or later, any two people ever born are certain to talk each other out—pump each other dry—love each other to satiation—and ultimately recoil, each into the mysterious seclusion of its own individuality, from whence it emerged temporarily in order that the human race might not perish from the earth!"

"What miserable lesson have you learned to teach you such a creed?" she asked. "I tell you the world is full of happy marriages—full of honored husbands and beloved wives, and children worshipped and adored——"

"Children, yes, they come the nearest to making the conventional contract endurable. I wish to God you had some!"

"Jim!"

He said, almost savagely: "If you can, and don't, you'll make a hell for yourself with any man, sooner or later—mark my words! And it isn't worth while to enact the hypocrisy of marriage with nothing more than legal license in view! Why bother with priest or clergyman? That contract won't last. And it's less trouble not to make one at all than to go West and break one."

"Do you know you are talking very horridly to me?" she said.

"Yes—I suppose I am. I've got to be going now, anyway——"

As he spoke, the glittering house became dark; the curtain opened upon a dim scene of shadowy splendor, into which, exquisite and bewitchingly immortal as any goddess in the heavenly galaxy, glided Farrar, in the shimmering panoply of Ariane.

Desboro stood staring down at the magic picture. Mrs. Clydesdale, too, had risen. Below them the beauty of Farrar's matchless voice possessed the vast obscurity, searching the darkness like a ray of crystal light. One by one the stone crypts opened, disclosing their tinted waterfalls of jewels.

"I've got to go," he whispered. "Your people will be arriving."

They moved silently to the door.

"Jim?"

"Yes."

"There is no other woman; is there?"

"Not now."

"Oh! Was there?"

"There might have been."

"You mean—to—to marry?"

"No."

"Then—I suppose I can't help that sort. Men are—that way. Was it that girl at Silverwood?"

"No," he said, lying.

"Oh! Who was that girl at Silverwood?"

"A business acquaintance."

"I hear she is unusually pretty."

"Yes, very."

"You found it necessary to be at Silverwood when she was there?"

"Once or twice."

"It is no longer necessary?"

"No longer necessary."

"So you won't see her again?"

"No."

"I'm glad. It hurt, Jim. Some people I know at Willow Lake saw her. They said she was unusually beautiful."

"Elena," he said, "will you kindly come to your senses? I'm not going to marry anybody; but that doesn't concern you. I advise you to attend to your own life's business—which is to have children and bring them up more decently than the present generation are being brought up in this fool of a town! If nothing else will make your husband endurable, children will come nearest to it——"

"Jim—please——"

"For heaven's sake, don't cry!" he whispered.

"I—won't. Dear, don't you realize that you are all I have in the world——"

"We haven't got each other, I tell you, and we're not going to have each other——"

"Yes—but don't take anybody else—marry anyone——"

"I won't. Control yourself!"

"Promise me!"

"Yes, I do. Go forward into the box; those people will be arriving——"

"Do you promise——"

"Yes, if you want me to. Go forward; nobody can see you in the dark. Good-bye——"

"Good-bye, dear. And thank you——"

He coolly ignored the upturned face; she caught his hand in a flash of impatient passion, then, with a whispered word, turned and went forward, mistress of herself again, to sit there for an hour or two and witness a mystery that has haunted the human heart for aeons, unexpressed.

On the fifth day, Desboro remained indoors and wrote business letters until late in the afternoon.

Toward evening he telephoned to Mrs. Quant to find out whether everything was being done to render Miss Never's daily sojourn at Silverwood House agreeable.

(*Continued on page* 29)

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, graduate of Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which to burglarize banks to secure funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, a neuropathologist, who is intersted in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a young crook from a policeman and makes a pal of him. Together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia.

By a clever ruse they gain admission to the bank and overpower the watchman and escape with the bank's funds.

In the evening papers they read that Mike Morrisey, the famous detective, has been engaged on the case. While Jack and his pal are discussing this, George Biddle, a college chum of Jack's call up and says that a Mr. Morrisey, a friend of his would like to meet Jack.

Jack meets Biddle and Morrisey and finds that Morrisey wants his help in analyzing the mysterious liquid found in the wrecked safe.

He rescues a young girl from a negro attacker and makes a friend of her father, who is a power in the political world.

With Jimmy he attempts the robbery of the Chelsea Bank and both are locked in when the vault door closes on them. They succeed in blowing the vault open, but Jimmy is shot in a gun battle with the police.

"HANDS up!" shouted the cops as they let go another volley.

"Oh, God!" grunted Jimmy agonizingly. "They plugged me through the heart."

Blackey picked him up tenderly and carried him over to the corridor as the cops fired again.

"Guess I'm going to take the long journey."

"Now, Jimmy, old pal, you're a long ways from being a dead man. Brace up. Cheer up, Jimmy."

"I'm gone," he grunted feebly. "I'm gone," he repeated.

"Come, come," said Blackey affectionately, "don't lose your guts, old side kicker. I'm going to get you out of here some way or other."

"No, Blackey," he replied. "Go on, make your getaway. Y' can't help me, I'm all in. They plugged me through de heart."

There was a lump in Blackey's throat and his eyes filled up with tears when he opened up Jimmy's shirt and saw the blood gushing from a wound over his heart. He turned his head so that Jimmy couldn't see the tears that were streaming down his face.

"Go on, Blackey, get away," he whispered faintly as he closed his eyes.

Blackey sobbed. He had grown fond of Jimmy. He hated to leave him and yet he realized that his staying with him wouldn't help matters any. If he made his getaway he could be of service to him in a hundred different ways, whereas if they both were caught, neither could do much for the other.

He took off his overcoat, folded it up and put it under Jimmy's head. He then searched all his pockets, taking everything out of them that the cops might use as a clue. He tore the sweatband out of his hat and the tailor's tags out of his coat, vest and pants. He also took his gun.

The thought of Jimmy being shot and captured filled him with rage, and he was like a wild animal when he started down the long corridor with the two guns in his hands.

When he turned the corner of the director's room and stepped out on the main bank floor, he was greeted with the same command of "Hands up!" to which he replied with a string of violent oaths. He turned and ran, shooting as he did so. Guns were popping at him from behind desks, chairs, tables and doors, but he miraculously escaped them and reached the door in safety.

When he arrived at his apartment, he undressed jumped into the bath and then went to bed. Sleep was impossible. He rolled and tossed all night long. All he could do was think of poor Jimmy and wonder whether he was alive or dead. "God!" he murmured to himself, "I hope he didn't die!"

He dozed off to sleep about six-thirty. At eleven he was awakened by the ringing phone.

It was Evelyn Galley, of the Metropolitan Opera.

"Are you trying to avoid me?" she laughed.

"I should say not!"

"Then why do you make engagements and then fail to keep them?"

"I hope you'll pardon me for not notifying you that I had to leave town yesterday. Really I'm sorry," he exclaimed feelingly.

"I shall pardon you this time, Mr. Jack Kennard provided you're at my home for dinner tonight at five sharp."

"I shall be there," he answered.

"Don't forget," she said roguishly as she hung up the receiver.

He sat on the edge of the bed for five or ten minutes, thinking of Evelyn. Three weeks had elapsed since his romantic and thrilling rescue of her in the park from her negro assailant. He had visited her four times in three weeks, once in her dressing room at the Metropolitan, luncheon at the Ritz, a Kreisler recital at Carnegie Hall and a motor trip to Trenton when she gave a concert there. She was growing on him. He liked her immensely, and while he tried to fight it off, he knew that he was falling in love with her, madly!

He bathed, dressed, and then went out for breakfast. When he reached Fifty-ninth Street, his attention was suddenly attracted by the newsboys shouting: "Extra, extra! Full account of the big Chelsea Bank robbery and murder." He halted in his tracks. "Murder," he exclaimed automatically. "Murder," he repeated over and over again as the events of the night before flashed across his mind. "God!" he grunted. "This is terrible, terrible! Poor Jimmy!"

He called one of the boys and bought a paper. Across the front page in big, flaring headlines he read:

"Last night bank burglars plundered the Chelsea National Bank, getting away with approximately $300,000, one of the biggest bank robberies in the history of American crime. Policeman James Fogarty was killed in the pistol battle with the cracksmen, another officer seriously injured and not expected to live. "Boston Jimmy" O'Connor, a noted underworld character, was shot and captured during the duel between the police and the crooks. One of the burglars shot his way to liberty. Mike Morrisey, the celebrated detective, who has been employed by the American Bankers Association, says that he is on the trail of Jimmy's pal. He contends that it is the same gang who burglarized the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia about six weeks ago. The same mysterious liquid explosive was used, and the hand of the same master criminal is in evidence. He expects to run him to earth within twenty-four hours."

He dropped into a restaurant and ordered some rolls and coffee, and while he sipped the coffee he was in deep thought. "I've got to employ counsel for poor Jimmy," he remarked to himself. The thoughts of Jimmy being in the shadow of the electric chair upset him. He couldn't eat. He got up and went back to the apartment, took five one thousand dollar bills out of the safe, put them into an envelope and addressed the following note to Dan O'Mara on his typewriter:

"Dear Mr. O'Mara: enclosed you will find five thousand dollars, a retainer for your services as counsel to Jimmy O'Connor, now in the Tombs charged with the robbery of the Chelsea National Bank and murder. See him immediately and do what you can. More money will be forthcoming.

A FRIEND."

He then bundled up $150,000 of the $300,000 that came out of the Chelsea National Bank and typed a letter to his pal, Professor Henry Haberly at the Post Graduate Hospital, who didn't know, of course, that the mysterious "Frisco Blackey," who had sent him $175,000 a few weeks ago with which to start the building of a hospital to treat criminals, was his old college chum, Jack Kennard. A smile spread over Blackey's face as he wrote:

"Dear Professor Haberly: Enclosed you will find $150,000, my second donation toward building your hospital. I am advised that a fifty-room institution can be erected for approximately $225,000, so you will have a surplus of $75,000 for equipment and furnishings. I want to say to you that you are engaged in a perfectly wonderful cause, Christ-like, in fact, and I wish you all the success in the world. Do all you can, I beg of you, for those who are down in the gutter, who have been denied an opportunity to fit themselves for the battle of life, and who, because of their mental and physical unfitness, are on their way to the electric chair, the gallows and the prisons. Sometime in the near future I hope to make myself known to you. Your friend and admirer,

FRISCO BLACKEY."

"I wonder what Henry would say," he exclaimed "if he knew that I am the Frisco Blackey person?"

He slipped on his coat, left the apartment and walked to Broadway, where he hailed a passing taxi and went to the Western Union office at Cortland Street and Broadway, where he engaged a messenger to deliver the money and the note to Dan O'Mara.

He decided that he wouldn't send the money to Professor Haberly right at that time for the reason that he might connect it up with the Chelsea Bank robbery. He thought it best to wait for a few days.

On his way back uptown to the apartment, his mind dwelt incessantly upon his little pal, Jimmy.

"I've got to get him out of this jam," he said to himself. 'I've got to get him out of it some way or other. He'll never go to the electric chair as long as there is a breath of life in my body."

PRECISELY at five o'clock he pulled up in front of Miss Galley's residence in a taxicab. She had been waiting for him, and ran down to the door to meet him.

"You're punctual," she smiled.

"Punctuality has always been a passion with me," he laughed.

"I should be real angry with you for not keeping your engagement with me the other night."

"Please forgive me," he pleaded, "and I promise that it will never occur again."

"You're forgiven, sinner, and I now give you absolution. Bless yourself," she laughed.

She ushered him into the music room, gorgeously and tastefully decorated. Blackey gazed around it with admiring eyes. On a table near a window was a laughing Narcissus in golden bronze, holding a mirror above its head. Here and there were various works of art by some of the old masters. There was a statuette by Rodin, a Gainsborough, a Whistler, a bust of Wagner and one of Verdi, while off in a corner was a curiously wrought vase of powdered and mosaiced gold in which reposed some roses and pink carnations that seemed to fill the room with an incense like aroma. In the hall just outside the door hung a rich tapestry representing the Triumph of Love, from a design by Boucher.

"A beautiful room," he exclaimed as he sat down beside her on the divan.

"Do you really like it?" she said.

"I love it!"

"I'm glad, because I decorated it myself."

"Really."

"Yes," she continued, "I selected and arranged everything in it."

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed again rapturously.

"It's unusual to hear a man go into ecstasies over beauty. A great many of my admirers have been in this room and quite significantly you are the first man that ever made any comments."

"Men are terribly primitive and crude," he replied, "and as a class they have no understanding of the beautiful."

"My career in opera has taught me that and I had just about reached the conclusion that I was never to meet a real, wholesome, manly man. Most of them are beasts, sensuous and utterly lacking in the finer sensibilities, the finer qualities that I admire in my type of man."

"They seldom look for the soul in a woman," said Blackey fervently. "They see only the physical and the physical is always repulsive to the better kind of woman. I don't mean the soul in the strictly spiritual sense, I mean in the materialistic of the intellect plus the emotions."

"I believe you've been reading Maeterlinck," she sighed.

For an hour they sat there on the divan and discussed love, men and women. It was perfectly obvious that she admired Blackey tremendously, the look in her eyes revealed that and the soft, appealing tremor in her voice when she spoke, the look and the tone that a one-man woman cannot restrain when the fellow comes along who sinks into her heart and her soul!

Blackey was fascinated. She was the first woman that had ever touched the heart in him, the first woman that had ever been able to stir him and make him think of love and its spiritualizing tendencies.

"There has never been a man born," he said in a voice that throbbed with passion and affection, "that was ever worthy of a woman's love, for it's a God-like thing and the most revolutionary force in life."

She put her hand on his knee and looked into his eyes longingly as he continued:

"I've never had it," his voice tremebled, "yet I seem to know something about its dynamic power to pick men up and send them soaring heavenward to divine happiness and achievement."

For a moment they both sat and looked into each other's eyes in silence and understanding, and then she spoke softly, slowly, in a voice that thrilled him, so alive was it with tenderness and passion:

"It's the flame of life and I've been seeking it religiously for such a long, long time, and I'm so glad that I have——"

Her father stepped into the rom, interrupting:

"Well, well, well," he shouted, "sitting there like a couple of lovers. How'de, Mr. Kennard?"

"I wish I were the fortunate lover," laughed Blackey.

"Oh she likes you, she likes you," he roared as he pointed his finger at Evelyn, "and all she does is talk about you from the time she gets up in the morning until she goes to bed at night."

"Papa!" she protested as she dropped her head and looked at him from under her long black lashes.

She looked at Blackey and blushed crimson as she nestled up close to her father's breast.

"Pardon us for a moment, Mr. Kennard," he said as they left the room.

His brain was afire and yet numb. He thought of Swinburne's verse, "Sweet as perfume, pure as prayer." He could feel the hot blood leaping through his veins as he stood there in the middle of the room like one in a trance. The dart of love had pierced his heart. He adored her. He read her love for him in her eyes, her voice, in everything that she said and did, and he was divinely happy, content!

Then a thought of the career that he was engaged in tore him from the sunlit heights of happiness and rapture and cast him into the abyss of despair and dejection. What will she say, he thought, if she finds out what I have been and what would she do if I were to tell her. He moved over to the window; the moon in an effulgence of silver fire was floating out of the distance, the ancient, wise and all-pitying moon, its melancholy, terrible beauty enthralled him as he stood and looked at it and thought. Her return interrupted his reverie.

She came over to him, clung to the lapels of his coat, raised her lips and said, "Kiss me—I—I love you."

He trembled, pressed his lips against her's and kissed her again and again while he held her in his arms. Kissed her white throat, her eyes and her hair and whispered: "I love you, love you, with all my heart and soul!"

"Ah, God," she murmured passionately, as he embraced her again and put the side of his face up against the side of her's.

"I love you better than life itself!" he whispered softly. "My first love! My wonderful dear!"

He could feel her hot short breaths upon his throat, the beat of her heart, the tremble of her lithe, beautiful body; she raised her face, tears glistened in her eyes. "My dear love," she sobbed, "my sweet, I adore you, worship you!"

"Sure?"

"I was never so sure of anything in my life," her voice trembled.

Again his career as a bank burglar loomed up before him like a grim spectre and the night and he was sad.

"Could anything change your love?" he asked.

"Nothing, dear!"

"Sure," he repeated.

"Nothing, dearest, nothing!" she replied, her eyes beaming with love.

Her father called her and she left the room. When they returned, Blackey escorted her into the dining room.

"Papa just gave me some good news," she laughed.

"Yes!" exclaimed Blackey solicitously, "may I share it?"

"Indeed you may. He predicts his own election as the next Governor of New York," she smiled.

"Well, now, that is good news," declared Blackey, a thought of poor Jimmy in the Tombs flashing across his mind.

"Looks like a sure thing," said her father.

"I congratulate you," replied Blackey.

"Thanks, Mr. Kennard. I hope that you will ask me for a favor when I land in Albany, so that I can feel that I have done something for you out of appreciation for your saving my baby's life."

"Papa," she interrupted him, "Mr. Kennard is not the type that seeks rewards, are you?" she said, as she directed her conversation to Blackey.

"There is only one kind of reward that I am seeking," he replied.

"And what is that?" she inquired.

"I refuse to answer," laughed Blackey, "draw on your imagination."

She looked at him for a moment, dropped her head and went on with her dinner. Her father looked at Blackey and smiled.

"Read about the robbery of the Chelsea National Bank last night?"

"I noticed the headlines," replied Blackey, "but didn't read the full account of the robbery. Somebody killed, wasn't there?"

"Yes, a cop, Jimmy Fogarty. A good fellow, I knew him well. One of the burglars was shot, too," he answered.

"I've been more or less interested in crime and criminals before and since my graduation from Yale and it seems to me that our present method of dealing with the question is all wrong."

"I agree with you, criminals should be treated and not punished. Punishment is not a deterrent, never has been and never will be. One of the things that I hope to bring about if I am elected Governor is the abolition of capital punishment in this State. It's not only wrong and useless, but it's barbarous and demoralizing."

Blackey could hardly restrain himself, he was so overcome with joy. The road to Jimmy's release lay before him clear and straight.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Galley. Do you know my friend, Professor Haberly, the neuro-pathologist at the Post Graduate Hospital."

"Not personally," he replied, "but I've read about him and his work. He's a capable fellow and I'm very much interested in his theory of the relationship of improper gland functioning with criminal tendencies. I should like to meet him. Why not bring him over to dinner some evening?"

"Yes," said Evelyn, "do bring him over. I have friends who know Professor Haberly and they tell me that he is a very brilliant man. I, too, have read about his work and I'm very much in accord with his contention that crime is a disease and should be treated scientifically."

When Blackey left the Galley residence that night he was a new man. His love for Evelyn and her love for him completely revolutionized his perspective of life.

"Henry has sufficient funds to build his hospital, so I'm all through with this businss of bank robbing," he said to himself. "I'm all through just as soon as I get Jimmy out of this jam."

AFTER Blackey had shot his way to liberty out of the bank, the cops found Jimmy lying in the corridor in a pool of blood. One of them dashed out of the bank and called for an ambulance, while the other two searched his pockets.

"Huh," the searcher grunted, "that was a wise guy that made his getaway, he left him clean, not a scratch in his pockets."

They carried Jimmy out, placed him in the ambulance and whisked him off to Bellevue Hospital, where they operated on him immediately. The bullet had struck one of his ribs just an inch above his heart and lodged there. The physicians extracted it.

When Jimmy regained consciousness, the first thing that he saw when he woke up was the two cops guarding him.

"You might as well have died," said one of them, a big, red-faced, hard-hearted mick. "Ya might as well have died," he repeated, "for you're going to go to the chair for killing a good copper, as good a copper as ever drew the breath of life."

This was the first intimation that Jimmy had that an officer had been killed in the gunning match in the bank. It stunned him a little. He looked at the big, red-faced bull and said faintly:

"Cop killed? Who killed him?"

"It don't make any difference who killed him, you're going to the chair for it, unless, of course, you want to give us some information about your pardner that got away."

Jimmy grunted and smiled.

That afternoon they removed him to the Tombs, and shortly after he had arrived Dan O'Mara, the celebrated criminal lawyer, to whom Blackey had sent the five one thousand dollar bills, visited him in the hospital ward.

"A friend has employed me to look out for your interests," he told Jimmy.

This cheered him. He knew that Blackey was busy, that he hadn't forgotten him.

He talked with Jimmy for fifteen or twenty minutes, took some notes and then left, after he had cautioned him about talking.

"Keep your mouth shut," he told him, "don't talk with anybody about your case."

"Don't worry about my talking," grunted Jimmy. "I knows that dis place is full of stools and rats."

Every other day for a week or more the detectives from headquarters came to see him, hoping to get some information about "the fellow who had shot his way out of the bank." They talked and talked and talked to Jimmy about "his pardner," but Jimmy said nothing.

Morrisey had been there every day and not infrequently twice a day, and on the occasion of his last visit, the day before Jimmy went up for a hearing, he was more persistent than ever in his efforts to learn a thing or two about Jimmy's "pardner" as he called him. He had a hunch that the "pardner" was the brains of the combination, the maker of the mysterious liquid explosive, and he wanted to land him before he blasted any more banks.

"So you're not going to tell me who your pardner is, eh?" said Morrisey.

"Do I look like a squawker?" barked Jimmy.

"No, you don't."

"Den why ask me such questions?"

"Well," continued the detective, "y' know that you're going to be tried for your life, don't y'?"

"Of course I know it. Do y' think I'm a cripple?"

"Don't you want to live?"

"Sure," replied Jimmy, "of course I wants to live."

"Then why don't you come across, you know that I'll help you if you help me."

"You want me to send somebody else to the chair to save meself, is dat your system?"

"No, not exactly," replied Morrisey.

"Not exactly," snapped Jimmy. "What do y' mean by not exactly?"

This question of Jimmy's stopped Morrisey for a moment. He hesitated before replying, his little brown eyes glittered and he shifted the cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other; he looked Jimmy right in the eyes and said:

"I've got a rap on you for that Arlington Bank job in Philadelphia. Y' know that, don't y'?"

"Have y'?"

"Yes and a good one," continued Morrisey. "I've got a half dozen witnesses that will swear they saw you."

Jimmy looked at him and smiled while he went on with the conversation.

"I can send you away for twenty years on that job."

"Well, what the hell do I care about that as long as I'm going to be tried for me life," exclaimed Jimmy.

"You're a wise bird," said Morrisey, "a wise bird," he repeated as he got up and prepared to go.

Wise enough not to give you dicks any information," Jimmy grunted.

"Wait until I get you over to headquarters and put y' through the third degree. I bet you'll talk before I get through with you," snapped Morrisey.

"Think y' can make me talk by beating me, eh? Get to hell out of here! I don't want to chew the rag wid y' any longer. You're like all de dicks, you're no good! Dere's only one good cop and he's dead!"

Morrisey was in a rage as he left the Tombs, and he decided that the only way to make Jimmy talk was by putting him through the third degree. He felt sure that Jimmy wouldn't be able to go through that nerve-racking ordeal without "squawking."

"I'll make him talk," he murmured to himself as he wended his way up Centre Street on his way to the Detective Bureau to make the arrangements with the Chief of Detectives for the heartbreaking experience that all crooks dreaded.

When Morrisey left him, Jimmy knew that he was determined to make him talk if he could possibly do so, and he was equally determined that he wouldn't talk regardless of how many times they put him through the third degree.

"I'll let 'em kill me before I'll squawk on Blackey," he grunted to himself, "dere ain't no pig in me."

He was determined that he wouldn't talk and yet he trembled when he thought of what he had to go through. He feared it more than he did the chair or the gallows. He knew that many a crook went into the ordeal with a stout heart, but before they got through with him he confessed to things, crimes, of which he was absolutely innocent. The third degree made the toughest of them talk, broke their spirit of bravado, crushed them as one would crush a flower in one's hand. It was a hellish, soul-crushing experience, and try as he would, he couldn't get the thoughts of it out of his mind.

Three days later Morrisey returned to the Tombs to see him.

"Have you changed your mind?" he asked Jimmy.

"What do y' mean?" snapped Jimmy.

"Going to talk?"

"Not a damn word!" growled Jimmy. "Not a damn word!" he repeated.

"All right, get ready."

"Get ready for what?" inquired Jimmy.

"For the third degree," replied Morrisey.

(Continued next week)

A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry

THE light-keeper's boat was a small one, but it had an effect of deadly purpose, charging across the waters by the shortest possible way. To Jerry and Doris, drifting easily but helplessly in the hydroplane, it appeared that the man's intention was to run them down as swiftly and devastatingly as possible.

"He's almost here," breathed Doris, never taking her gaze from the boat. "It's going to be over in a minute. I—I'm glad you're with me."

And suddenly Jerry's arms went around the girl. "Whatever happens," he said huskily, "I love you now. I loved you the minute I saw you. I shall love you through all eternity. I wouldn't have said it—but it's all right now. You don't mind my telling you?"

"I'd have minded dreadfully if you hadn't," she breathed. "Don't let me go. I'm not afraid when you hold me. He's here!"

The boat was almost upon them. The man rose to his feet and they could see that his face was blood-red, his eyes distended. With a quick stroke he cut off the engine and leaned forward, swaying, grasping at the nearest wing of the plane.

"He's crazy!" gasped Jerry, a great hope dawning in his eyes. "Keep your hands off, you dirty beast," he shouted. "This is government property."

It was the one touch needed to spur the man to blind frenzy. "I'll show ye!" he yelled, lunged forward, grasping, and fell headlong into the water.

There was a moment of floundering, a fearful oath which died in a gurgling silence, a dark head bobbing in the midst of a smother of white foam, an arm upthrown, fingers clutching at the air in horrible impotence, then a long, long stillness, while Doris covered her face, shuddering.

"Sit perfectly still," directed Jerry. "I've got to catch that boat."

"Oh, don't!" Desperately she clung to him but he removed her hands with gentle force. "We need it," he said, "and I'm own brother to the fishes. Don't worry."

The little boat had promptly turned its nose seaward and started off with the tide. He caught it with a few, long, swift strokes, and scrambled aboard. Reluctantly, its great adventure nipped in the bud, it obeyed his touch.

"Thank Heaven, there's a rope here," Jerry exulted, skillfully bringing the boat alongside the plane. "I don't suppose you know how to tie a knot that will hold, do you?"

"Throw me one end," said Doris with dignity. "What's a knot more or less in *my* young life?"

"Where'd you learn that?" he demanded, marveling at her deft capability as she fastened the rope where he directed.

"I'm a Girl Scout," said Doris rather weakly. She was feeling the reaction of the danger which had so suddenly terminated. And her mind was filled with a tumult of emotions—joy, and hope, and dread. Joy, because this man cared for her. Hope, for the dazzling, love-lighted future. Dread, lest he be hurt and disappointed when he learned that she belonged to the people whom he despised—play-actors, as he had called them so contemptuously. He couldn't, oh, he *couldn't* be so narrow-minded and ungenerous as to spoil their lives for that!

And while Doris battled with her feelings, Jerry resolutely thrust his own surging emotions into the background. His was the job of towing the plane to shore, and it was an undertaking that called for skill and watchfulness.

"We'll go to the island," he said. "It's the nearest land. And we can't leave the woman to wait and worry alone. How will she take it, I wonder?"

"She will be relieved, after the first shock," said Doris promptly. "I'm perfectly certain she is a nice woman. Now she can get away from that island and live a decent, happy life. We must help her. She was good to me!"

Jerry nodded rather absently. He had little interest just then in anything except the task of getting boat, plane and girl safely to shore. He was beginning to think of what Lieutenant Fenton must be suffering—good old Pete! Somehow, he must relieve his anxiety, let him know that the plane was not destroyed.

And his mind was a whirl of conflicting thoughts about the girl. Bitterly he reproached himself for having spoken of his love. The memory of her sweet, frank answer, of her starry eyes, love-filled, of the few seconds that his arms had held her while death drew near, brought a thrill of joy that was strangely like pain.

"But that was just because she was scared. She didn't really mean she cared for me. I was something to hold to when she was afraid," he told himself—and remembered how brave and undaunted she had been, there in his arms.

Well, he must forget it, that was all. See her safe, and go on his way, never referring to what had happened. It was the only way for a poor devil, out of a job, who had been fool enough to fall in love with a darling of fortune.

Around them the dawn was brightening, and the wind-whipped waves took on a lighter tone. The eye on the tower stopped winking and went to sleep for the day. Jerry, maneuvering, working against wind and tide, creeping slowly around to come up in the lee of the island, had no eyes for the woman who stood on the rocks, watching his progress. But Doris saw, and waved a hand to which the woman gave back a heartening gesture.

"Don't try to manage so I won't have to swim in," Doris ordered. "A little more wetness won't matter now." She answered Jerry's protest by going overboard as they came near the island, thus relieving him of the hardest part of his task. He could anchor the plane now and bring the boat around to its cove, and while he did this Doris was taken into the house by the woman, hurried into warm, dry clothing, tucked up in a big chair with hot food and drink within reach.

"We won't talk now," the woman said. "Just rest and don't think about anything. The man will come in presently and then we can go over everything, if you want to."

SYNOPSIS

Doris Dalrymple, beautiful screen star, meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is now out of work. He tells of his ambitions and she sympathizes with him.

She then starts back to where her company is staging the next scene, and Jerry, watching her sees her picked up by a man in a yellow racer and thinks she is kidnapped. In reality, it is merely a scene they are working on, but Jerry, not knowing this, steals a motorcycle standing near and follows the yellow car.

He manages to get her out of the car and dashes away on his motorcycle.

Jerry, after bringing Doris to the city, is on the point of turning away, when Doris is snatched into a big, blue car standing on the side street, which immediately dashes off, with Jerry in grim pursuit.

Doris is taken to a lighthouse on a lonely island, where the wife of the lighthouse keeper recognizes her as a motion picture star, and sees that they have kidnapped the wrong girl.

She is treated kindly but after supper is told that she must be locked in her room. Later she escapes from the window and hides down on the beach, where she sees another girl whose motor boat has run out of gas and they plan to steal some from the lighthouse.

Jerry, in the meantime is arrested for having stolen the motorcycle. He is saved from his predicament by an old friend of his who is an aviator. His friend, Peter Fenton, takes him to his station and there they hear a message over the radio which gives Jerry the clue he is seeking. He takes Fenton's plane and starts for the lighthouse.

Doris has gone up to the lighthouse to secure some gasoline when Jerry arrives and he takes the other girl into the plane without knowing who she is.

"Don't tell him who I am," Doris said. "He doesn't know, and—and I'd rather he didn't, just yet, please."

She had been very pale, but now her cheeks took on a rich color and the woman smiled rather sadly.

"Oh, child, child! Have you lost your heart to a man? Well, love is love—one can't stop it! Try to use your head—but no woman can use her head and her heart at the same time."

"All right now?" Jerry's voice said, and he stood beside her, looking down at the face which emerged from a smother of soft white blankets. He turned to the woman gravely. "You saw what happened?" he asked gently.

"Yes. I had the glasses. It was terrible, but I'm not pretending that it isn't a relief. He had been drinking all night after he found out his prisoner had escaped. You see he was in a terrible fix because he had been hired to keep a rich girl here until her kidnappers could get the ransom they would demand. And the man that was hired to do the kidnapping got the wrong girl. You can see what that meant. Afraid to keep her, he was, and afraid to let her go. But now she'd just better stay here with me until she's rested after this terrible night. There's nothing to fear now for either of us. It's been an awful life——"

For the first time her voice broke and Doris spoke quickly.

"We'll help you, now. Don't worry. I know you're all right, and you've been good to me."

"God knows I meant to protect you. The other girl, too, for that matter, if they had brought her. This man, Miles, had been a sailor. He came to London and I fell in love with him, as women do. He told me great tales about America—and when we landed he brought me here and I've never been ashore, not once! Well, that's done with. And you must have dry clothes and hot coffee, sir."

"Just a cup of coffee, please, then I must do something about the plane. You see, I borrowed it from Uncle Sam without asking him. If I can't get it running my friend, Lieutenant Fenton, will probably be court-martialed. But I'll start it. You have gas and a tool kit?"

He drank his coffee, refused everything else, and was ready to leave. The woman vanished discreetly toward the kitchen. Jerry bent over Doris, holding her cold little fingers, looking down into her wistful face with eyes which held a world of bitter longing. But his voice was quite steady, as he answered her unspoken questions.

"I'll telephone your parents the minute I get to land. Just give me the number to call. Then, is there anything more I can do?"

"Take me to land with you," she said, but he shook his head.

"I'm not sure enough of the plane. No more dangers for you! But I'll send a boat out, and you can get into Rockaway and get a taxi there to take you home, if you don't want your family alarmed with messages."

"She doesn't want me to know her telephone number," he was thinking dismally.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

THE SERIAL PHOTOPLAY

NO form of photoplay is more difficult to construct than the serial. For this reason, probably, there is always a scarcity of good serial stories in the screen world, and the writer who can offer the average editor a script containing enough original plot and action to "stand up" for thirty reels, is very apt to find a buyer. The inexperienced photoplay-wright, however, should remember that he must be almost perfectly grounded in technique before he attempts this type of screen play.

The first essential of a serial photoplay is a cleanly defined main plot. There must be an outstanding hero and a female lead who shares the action almost equally with him, or, vice versa. The "heavy" must also be clearly depicted, and the element of conflict must enter the story very soon after the opening title is shown. The obstacle to be surmounted by the hero or heroine must be a novel one, and it must be one that will be capable of a definite development. The elemental framework of all serials is somewhat as follows:

The hero, or heroine, in an effort to obtain, or recover, some valuable object—a formula, a patent, a jewel, etc.—is beset by the "heavy" and his cohorts who are anxious to thwart him in his purpose. The struggle continues with varying success—the suspense being maintained by an almost equal balance in the conflict throughout the ensuing episodes—until, of course, in the final episode the hero or heroine is triumphant and the "heavy" vanquished.

To the casual observer a serial photoplay probably seems very easy to construct. As a general rule there is an absence of subtleness and of characterization, and the action of the drama is generally exaggerated to the point where it becomes melodrama. However, if the scenario writer will stop long enough, before beginning such a play, to analyze his subject matter, he will be amazed at the difficulty in securing a theme big enough to sustain interest throughout the required thirty reels. As a general rule, the successful serials have been based upon plots that have had to do with formulas, intrigue, etc., big enough in scope to threaten—if they were to appear in real life—the happiness of an entire country, or even the world.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

Friends are oft times our worst enemies. Especially is this true in the scenario writing profession. The photodramatist may have many friends whom he cherishes highly, but if he is wise, he will not accept their judgment upon his screen plays. The reason for this is obvious. Friendship is largely maintained in this finely adjusted world of ours by employment of tact and the overlooking of evident faults on the part of those with whom we associate. Consequently, when the aspiring photoplaywright hands his latest script to his best friend and asks for an honest opinion, the latter, rather than take a chance of losing the regard of someone whose friendship he values, usually will resort to polite lies in his comments upon the merits of the work; and his opinion, therefore, will only be misleading.

If you wish a *candid* criticism of your photoplays, send them to your enemies. They at least will not spare your feelings in pointing out any faults that may appear in your screen dramas. However, I grant that they may be too frank—or, in other words, that, being prejudiced, they may fail to see merit where merit really exists. On the whole, I believe it would be best to avoid both friends and enemies in seeking criticism on your photoplays. True enough, competent, unbiased critics are hard to find, and most of them have a habit of charging hard cash for their opinions, but if they are reputable men and women, they will at least view impartially the work submitted to them, and will be guided only by the real worth of the stories themselves, in returning a verdict.

THE IDEAL PHOTOPLAY

At a recent gathering of prominent scenario writers in Los Angeles, the following question came up:

"When the ideal photoplay is written—if ever—what will be the fundamental ingredients that will stamp it as being better than anything heretofore produced?"

At first, the scenario veterans who were present were inclined to treat the query lightly, but as they entered upon a discussion of it, they began to realize that it was really a big topic. After considerable argument, they finally decided that the perfect photoplay must contain the following fundamentals: Theme, with a wealth of heart interest; originality of plot; "different," yet life-like, characterization; and a grouping of the story material into strong dramatic situations. Although other minor points were considered during the discussion, all of those present were firm in stating that no photoplay would ever be pronounced a masterpiece unless it combined the four elements above enumerated.

The inexperienced writer of screen drama may well consider this discussion carefully. If your story is weak in either theme, originality, characterization or dramatic unity, it can never bring you fame or fortune. Fortunate, however, is he who can construct a play that embraces all these cardinal virtues, for he is, indeed, on the road to success.

CONCERNING CONTINUITY

What fledgling lawyer, upon graduating from college, does not long to conduct the defense in some sensational murder trial? What embryo surgeon would not give half his life for the opportunity of performing an operation upon Mr. Money-bags of Wall Street? However, no one upon trial for his life would place his fate in the custody of an inexperienced attorney. Nor would a Wall Street millionaire risk his life at the hands of an unknown doctor when he has the means of hiring the best medical skill available. There is an iron-clad rule in life which demands that professional folk must climb to success by diligent study and hard work, and that the big jobs are given only to those who have had experience.

Many students of scenario writing, it would seem, have never heard of this rule; or, if they have, believe they are different from their fellow-beings and that they can tackle the hardest problems of photoplay construction at the very outset. Recently I have received a large number of letters from untrained photoplaywrights in which they ask questions regarding the writing of continuity, and inform me that they are going to submit their photoplay plots in this form. The student writer has no more chance to sell a continuity to a studio than the young lawyer before mentioned would have in being retained as counsel to a man on trial for his life.

Indeed, even highly trained photodramatists cannot sell their stories in continuity form. There are two reasons for this: First, no company ever produces a story exactly as written when orginally considered. Before a photoplay goes into production, it is discussed by a committee consisting of the producer, director and star; and all changes are carefully outlined. Only then is it placed in continuity form; and, at that, many companies have two or three versions of the continuity written simultaneously and select the best one for final use. Secondly, a free-lance writer would be foolish to adopt the continuity form in submitting his stories for the reason that no two studios employ exactly the same style in their "working scripts." Therefore, even though a continuity were correctly done, it would be worthless, should it be rejected by the only studio which uses that particular style of technique.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) I have an idea for a story on occultism. Is there any demand for such stories?—M. S.

(A.) There is no demand for occult subjects. A number of them have been produced, but as a rule they were failures. The successful ones were so because of unusual dramatic qualities and most skillful and artistic handling.

(Q.) Would a story with allegorical characters be more attractive than if the characters were shown as ordinary human beings?—N. T.

(A.) It would not be as attractive nor as acceptable to producers. When characters are allegorical, they are necessarily types and they are not as interesting to the average spectator as characters that possess the illusion of mentality. Then another objection is that the allegorical form of story is invariably a preachment—and no one likes an obvious sermon or lecture.

(Q.) What is the objection to the lapse of time in stories? I see it constantly in photoplays.—C. I.

(A.) The law of the unity of time naturally allows exceptions and, as it is difficult to restrict the action of a strong drama to a short space of time, you will see many lapses in current releases. However, it is well for the new writer to observe this unity as closely as possible in order to learn to concentrate action and to avoid writing narrative.

(Q.) Am I to understand that if a story does not deal with an American subject, it will not stand a chance of acceptance?—W. L.

(A.) It is true that the demand at present is for the play of American modern life. But a story of any locale or nationality of characters has a chance of acceptance if it is dramatically powerful and novel.

(Q.) Why is the word realism always applied to unpleasant stories?—J. L.

(A.) The use of the word realism as applied to the unpleasant stories, started with the French school of novelists, who first began describing in detail the unpleasant side of life. This was in the day of Flaubert. It is, of course, a misuse of the word realism, for we all know that the real things of life are the good things.

(Q.) Should you get your plot first and then figure out the characters who will fit into it, or is it best to think of a group of characters and then fit them into a plot?—A. McC.

(A.) The very best way is to start out by deciding on a theme that you wish your story to illustrate. Then figure out an idea that will serve as the central situation of the story. Then put your people into this situation and begin working out your plot forward or backward from this central situation, until you have a story.

(Q.) People are not logical in real life, why do you insist that they should be so in a screen drama?—T. M.

(A.) That all depends upon what you mean by logical. If you mean reasonable or sensible, we must admit that people are not logical in real life. But if, by logical, you mean that a character does exactly what his sort of a person would do under those certain circumstances, we must differ with you and say that people in real life are logical. That is what we mean by making your characters logical—not to make them reasonable or sensible—but to make them do exactly what that sort of a person would do in real life.

$500 to $2,000 for a Scenario

Critical shortage of screen plays causes nation-wide search for new writers, with free test for you.

$10,000 Prize to Palmer Student

Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Fla., a student of the Palmer Course, was awarded first prize of $10,000 for her scenario, "Broken Chains," entered in the Chicago Daily News Scenario Contest. Miss Kimball, is an amateur.

Eight other Palmer students won prizes ranging from $500 to $1,000. The contest was open to everybody. Nearly 30,000 scenarios were entered from all over the United States.

This announcement came just before "Movie Weekly" went to press.

Five hundred to two thousand dollars—and more!

That is what producers are paying today for screen stories. Hundreds of scenarios are wanted; the revived industry faces its supreme crisis in the shortage of photoplay material. The little group of trained, capable photoplaywrights are hopelessly behind the demand. The very small percentage of fiction adaptable for the screen is virtually exhausted.

That, in brief is the situation in the studios today.

It explains why the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the world's largest clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers, has undertaken its nation-wide search for *new screen writers;* why the Corporation invites you to clip the coupon below and receive the free questionnaire test which will indicate whether you are among the men and women whom the reawakened motion picture industry so desperately needs.

The Kind of Ability Required

Everybody cannot write and sell photoplays. But actual test and experience have shown that adult men and women of *imagination* and fair education (not necessarily writers), who possess natural creative ability and the *feel* of the drama, can easily be trained in the technique of screen writing; and that persons so gifted, and adequately trained, can sell and *are selling* stories to producers.

Through the Palmer Course and Service men and women heretofore unknown to the screen have been started on the path to fame and fortune. The course equips them in every detail, to turn real talent to large profit. The Palmer Plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value to authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its benefits are immediate. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

To discover men and women of natural aptitude is the object of this advertisement; to test them in their own homes is the purpose of the Van Loan questionnaire which the coupon below will bring to you free and without obligation. Through this questionaire the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding talent in homes and offices all over the land—talent of which its possessor was unaware until this remarkable and highly fascinating home test was applied.

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It is a searching analysis of the creative processes of the mind.

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Give an evening to thoughtful application of this remarkable test to yourself. Serious attention to the questionnaire may prove to be the most important step you have ever taken. If the test reveals in you sufficient talent to warrant training, you will be given, without cost, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan and interesting facts concerning the motion picture industry and its present needs. It will then be for you to decide whether you wish to enter this profitable and most fascinating of professions. If the test shows you lack the qualities sought, you will be frankly and confidentially advised.

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It will cost you nothing to investigate yourself. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation invites you to give an evening to this interesting questionnaire. For your convenience the coupon is printed below. Clip it now before you forget.

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124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"I *can't* let him go, and not see him any more, ever!" she was thinking dismally.

"Thank you." Her voice was very faint and hurt. "You'll—you'll let me hear from you?" she ventured.

"I think not, little Rose-girl. Once you are rested and back in your own circle, you'll forget all this. I'm sorry for anything which may have seemed presumptuous. I wish you all the happiness, all the joy in life that should be yours—and I take myself off to look for the real work that's waiting, somewhere."

"But, if you knew more about me," she began, gathering her courage, in the face of his quiet determination.

"I do know—quite too much. That's the trouble, Rose-girl. We couldn't ever work it out—there's too much between us. So good-bye."

All Doris' pride sprang up in arms now. He did know quite too much, did he? He had found out her secret! And he was so narrow-minded, so absurdly prejudiced, that he could let it destroy his love. Well, then, let him go! Eyes flashing, cheeks white with anger, she faced.

"I did not know a man could be like you," she flamed. "So brave and wonderful and yet so utterly unreasonable and prejudiced. Who are you, to pass judgment on everything? You pretended to—to *like* me! And now you let a little thing like—oh, I can't talk about it. And I shall *never* talk to you again."

"I'm sorry. But it's the only thing a decent man can do," he said steadily, and her face went yet whiter.

"Oh!" she cried, "a decent man! Oh—go away! I can't bear you any longer. You've spoiled everything for me!"

Her face went down into the hollow of her arm. She began to sob, desolately. The man's face went very white, his eyes took on a look of desperation. One step forward, and he stopped himself, lips set rigidly, hands clenched at his side. For a moment the room was filled with a tense silence against which two young wills beat fiercely.

"He despises me. He thinks I'm foolish and—and—and not fit for a decent man!" wept the heart of Doris.

"She doesn't understand that a penniless wretch like me couldn't in any decency take advantage of the way she feels at this minute," bled the heart of Jerry. "A girl with wealth and position and everything that goes with them! She doesn't realize that I can't even *think* of her!"

So Jerry Griswold turned and left the room, treading softly as if he knew that his footsteps fell on a tender young heart. And twenty minutes later Doris, standing at a window of the tower, saw the plane rise, circle, and skim away into the gray sky.

Lieutenant Fenton, pacing like a wild thing up and down the narrow piazza that encircled the officer's quarters; up and down the wet sands; up and down the long narrow pier that ran out into the bay; scanning the skies and the waves alternately, gave a gasp of relief as a dark speck dropped from a cloud, grew into a blot, developed wings, sent down a droning sound, and drifted to an easy rest in the very position it had left a few hours before.

Half a dozen strokes took him alongside, in a rowboat, ready to let loose the blaze of his wrath on the grinning Jerry.

"Thanks for the loan of your little buggy, old man. Hope you haven't worried. Had to do it, you know."

"You mean to say everything's all right? No accidents? You infernal, lucky pup!" growled Fenton, looking the plane over anxiously, torn between relief and a wholly justifiable exasperation.

"Right as a trivet. Found my lady. Left her safe on the island with the lighthouse lady, the lighthouse gentleman having kindly fallen overboard and drowned himself most completely," declared Jerry, leaving details for a later telling. "And where can I get a wholly reliable man with an unquestionably safe motor boat to go out and get the lady?"

"Why didn't you bring her? Doesn't she like flying?"

"No. She's a bit tired and prefers something quieter." Jerry's face was an expressionless mask, but something in his tone made his friend glance at him sharply.

"I see. Well, send a boat if you want to. But I suspect you will learn that the lady has already left the island. Her friend, the abductor, has been hovering around here since the first streak o' dawn. I recognized him by your description. Haven't got it all doped out, but his story is that he went out to the island last night, just chugging around the harbor taking a ride, found two girls there, and took one away in his little boat, leaving the other to come with you in the plane. Sounded fishy to me, and he acted as if he knew a lot he wasn't telling, but that's his story and I'll say he sticks to it. He got desperate, half an hour ago, and went off to take another look at the island."

"The deuce he did!" yelled Jerry. "And those two women there alone. Say——"

"Now look here, you young idiot," broke in Lieutenant Fenton wearily. "Can't you see, even yet, that this man is a friend of your angel maiden? Why did he go off with the other girl?"

"Because the other girl was wearing my girl's dress," interrupted Jerry. "And he thought the other girl was the girl he wanted, and the girl, that is the other girl—oh, hang it all, I can't stand here disentangling girls, there isn't time. Where do I get that boat? I'll go with it myself. And this time I'll take an extra man."

"I regret that I can't offer you the whole squadron," said Fenton resignedly. "Go on. Make a fool of yourself and get it over."

In less than ten minutes Jerry was chugging across the water, seated in the stern of a boat, with a husky young mechanic running the engine in the bow. They took a straight course toward the light, but they had not covered more than half the distance when Jerry ordered a halt.

"See that boat way over there?" he asked his engineer. "Two in it, aren't there?"

"Yessir. Man and a girl."

"Can you catch them?"

"I sure can. That's a tub he's got. Come up to 'em in five minutes if you say the word."

"It's said," decreed Jerry. The boat swerved and shot forward with an amazing swiftness. In less than the promised time they were close upon the boat, where a girl sat close to a man, and both turned to gaze with mild wonder at their pursuers.

"Oh, damn!" exploded Jerry. "Turn back! Go to the light!"

For the girl in the boat was a round-faced, yellow-haired maiden of perhaps fourteen, and the man beside her was quite evidently her round-faced, yellow-haired parent. The same look of vacant surprise stamped both faces.

And it was this digression which caused Jerry to miss meeting the jubilant Jimpsey, put-putting briskly toward mainland with a sad-eyed Doris beside him.

The lighthouse lady was kind, but non-commital, when he arrived, full of anxiety and questions. A friend of the young lady's had come in a boat. The young lady had decided to go with him. No, she didn't know where. No, she didn't know anything more. The young lady wasn't one as talked much about her business. But she had been glad to see this man. There was no doubt of that. She was a nice young lady, and she was going to get a job for the lighthouse lady just as soon as ever she was relieved from the care of the light.

But the lighthouse lady's look of indifference changed to one of amused sympathy as soon as ever Jerry's back was turned. Her eyes followed him with indulgent tenderness as he settled himself in his boat moodily and was borne away toward shore. Even his back expressed disappointment and resentment.

"Poor lad!" she sighted, "he's all upset. And she's grieving her heart out. It's awful, the troubles young things make for themselves, just because they don't stand up and explain things straight out. Ah well, he's not the sort that gives up. He'll find her, and he'll have his own way. He's that kind!"

But Jerry was resolutely telling himself that he was *not* that kind. He had been a wild, crazy fool from the beginning. Butting in and meddling and making a mess of everything. He could not yet untangle the whole story. But it was perfectly evident that the first abduction had not been an abduction at all, but an elopement, as Pete had said. And if he hadn't butted in, everything would have been all right. Well, he was done. Him for the city, to look for a job!

For three long days and three weary nights, Jerry held fast to his resolution, thrusting away the memories which so pitilessly haunted him, shutting his eyes to the visions of his Rose-girl, so merry, so brave, so resourceful, so *game!* Sitting beside him on the motorcycle, in the plane, clinging to him in that breathless moment—ah, that one, breathless, never-to-be-forgotten moment, when he had held her close while death bore down upon them, and there was nothing left in the world but themselves and their love!

Three stubborn days, three restless, tossing nights. On the fourth morning an employment agency sent him far out on Long Island where a garage owner was looking for a helper. "There's good wages, and it's a swell section, which means a lot of tips," the agency clerk told him. "If you don't feel above trying it, you might pick up something good as a result of it. Lots of millionaires out there, always lookin' for good men."

Jerry, conscious of having broken his last dollar to pay for his breakfast, felt above nothing that promised immediate funds. The Queensboro subway carried him the first stage of his journey. A trolley took up the task and jolted him along for an hour. Following directions, he alighted at a crossroads and walked down a winding road that ran past beautiful estates, set widely apart, with high green hedges shielding them from the common gaze.

"A millionaire colony," he thought. Here and there he caught a glimpse of a smart maid servant, a car with a liveried chauffeur, children in charge of black-frocked, white-capped women, young girls in gay sweaters, swinging tennis rackets. "This is *her* kind of life," he thought, not bitterly. She deserved everything that was good. She was a thoroughbred who couldn't see why money should separate wonderful fairy-tale girls from poor, worthless beggars.

The road bent sharply to the right, and in the curve of the hedge was an open gate, with a driveway inside, running up through a long green stretch toward a house, half hidden by trees. At the left of this drive was a mass of tall shrubbery, which ended abruptly after a few rods and disclosed a smooth, open space, dotted here and there with blossoming shrubs. And it was in this space, as Jerry paused for a glance of appreciation of a good job of landscape gardening, that the party appeared.

A score of pretty girls, as many well-groomed men, a few older people, two or three children, a little bunch of liveried servants huddled at a respectful distance. They all came down from the house, and arranged themselves on the grass, waiting expectantly. And Jerry, moved by some impulse he could not have explained, stepped inside the gate, and moved along beside the shrubbery, watching.

A moment, and from somewhere came the sound of a wedding march. Flower girls, wee, lovely tots looking like fairies. Bridesmaids, blue and palest yellow, and filmy rose, looking like spring blossoms. Best men in black and white, looking like best men. Still unexplainably, Jerry waited and watched.

From behind the shrubbery, almost at his elbow, a voice.

"You see, the girl is of good family, but they lost everything, so she's got to marry money to save this beautiful old place from being sold at auction. There—that's papa looking as if he wasn't tickled to death at his darling's sacrifice. And that's mamma—greedy, fat thing! And there's little Doris, being led to the slaughter. See the villain waiting at the altar?"

And suddenly Jerry saw, and, seeing, grew red of face and madly, blackly furious of heart, and dizzily crazed of brain. The villain waiting was the black-browed, deep-eyed, intolerable villain of the yellow roadster. And, led toward him, shrinking, faltering, reluctance in every timid step, horror and dignity and sad submission and noble self-sacrifice in every line of her lovely face—his Rose-girl!

Not for a second thought or an instant's sober reasoning did Jerry Griswold wait. Down the driveway he dashed, across the green strip of turf, straight as an arrow toward the white figure with the flowing veil.

Cries went up, yells, protests. "Keep back! Keep out!"

But protests meant nothing to Jerry. He brushed aside the arms outstretched to block his way, he knocked a man flat, he bowled over a small, scared child, he made one last spurt and landed between the expectant groom and the shrinking bride.

"This is America!" he yelled. "You can't force any girl to marry any man, and I'm here to prove it!"

There was an instant's silence, broken by the girl's amazed, rapturous cry.

"Jerry! Oh, Jerry, *dear!* You're *saving* me again, aren't you?"

His arms closed around her, holding her as if he never would let her go, defying them all, and suddenly the tension broke and the whole party went mad with roaring, unholy laughter. Women dropped on the grass, shrieking and holding their sides. Men rolled on the ground, with wild, choking mirth. The bridesmaids were in hysterics, the best men in spasms. And Jerry holding Doris tightly, stared and stared and thought the whole world mad.

But Doris, the opportunist, only turned her adoring eyes up to Jerry and whispered: "Jerry, dear, if I won't marry this man, will *you* marry me? Will you promise, truly?"

"I'll marry you any time, any place, anywhere, that you want me to," he vowed. "I thought you were too *rich*, you know. I just heard about your folks losing everything."

"Oh!" Such a little oh it was, but so full of enlightenment and relief, and ecstasy. "Was *that* it! Oh, Jerry, you're so *dear!* Look!"

She dragged him by the hand, bewildered and wondering, and pointed to a large, black machine beside which stood a man, doubled up with laughter.

"See?" said Doris.

"See what?" he asked, stupidly.

"A camera. A motion picture camera. You've spoiled a lot of perfectly good film, Jerry, dear."

"Not much he hasn't," said Tony Valentine, stopping his laughter abruptly and coming forward. "The cameraman kept right on grinding. We'll change the scenario. This is going to be the swellest scene you ever had, Doris. And you've got a steady job, sir, if you want it. A man with your nerve and brains and good looks, and your capacity for quick action belongs in this business. Are you on?"

Dazedly, Jerry's eyes went from the director to the cameraman, to the villain, to the rest of the company, all sobered now, and drawing near with welcoming, sympathetic smiles. Then they came back to the lovely, upturned face of Doris. Quite oblivious of the others she was frankly beseeching him now. "You said you cared—out there, on the water. *Don't* you care, Jerry?"

"*I do,*" he said and in the face of men and angels and a clicking camera, he bent and kissed his Rose-girl.

In film circles they tell to this day how Jerry Griswold, famous star and husband of filmdom's fairest favorite, first broke into the movies.

THE END.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

(*Continued from page 22*)

He learned that everything was being done, that the young lady in question had just departed for New York and, furthermore, that she had inquired of Mrs. Quant whether Mr. Desboro was not coming soon to Silverwood, desiring to be informed because she had one or two business matters on which to consult him.

"Hold the wire," he said, and left it for a few moments' swift pacing to and fro. Then he came again to the telephone.

"Ask Miss Nevers to be kind enough to write me about the matters she has in mind, because I can not leave town at present."

"Yes, Mr. James. Are you well, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you, sir. If you feel chilly like at night——"

"But I don't. Good-night!"

He dressed, dined at the club, and remained there reading the papers until he had enough of their complacent ignorance. Then he went home, still doggedly refusing to attempt to analyze the indirect message from Jacqueline.

If it had any significance other than its apparent purport, he grimly refused to consider even such a possibility. And, deadly weary at last, he fell asleep and slept until late in the morning.

He breakfasted without interest, unfolded the morning paper, glanced over the headlines, and saw that there was a little more murder, divorce, and boot-licking than he cared for, laid it aside, and lighted a cigarette. As he dropped the burnt match on the tray, he noticed under it another letter which he had overlooked among the bills and advertisements composing the bulk of the morning mail.

For a little while he held the envelope in his hand, not looking at it; then, with careless deliberation, he cut it open, using a paper knife, and drew out the letter. As he slowly opened it his hands shook in spite of him.

"My Dear Mr. Desboro: I telephoned Mrs. Quant last night and learned that she had given you my message over the wire only a few minutes before; and that you had sent word you could not come to Silverwood, but that I might communicate with you by letter.

"This is what I had to say to you: There is a suit of armor here which is in a very bad condition. It will be expensive to have it repaired by a good armorer. Did you wish to include it in the sale as it is, or have it repaired? It is No. 41 in the old list; No. 69 in my catalogue, now almost completed and ready for the printer. It is that rather unusual suit of black plate-mail, called 'Brigandine Armor,' a XV century suit from Aragon; and the quilted under-jacket has been ruined by moths and has gone completely to pieces. It is a very valuable suit.

"Would you tell me what to do?

"Very sincerely yours,
Jacqueline Nevers."

An hour later he still sat there with the letter in his hand, gazing at nothing. And until the telephone beside him rang twice he had not stirred.

"Who is it?" he asked finally.

At the reply his face altered subtly, and he bowed his head to listen.

The distant voice spoke again, and:

"Silverwood?" he asked.

"Yes, here's your party."

An interval filled with a vague whirring, then:

"Mr. Desboro?"

"Yes. Good-morning, Miss Nevers."

"Good-morning. Have you a note from me?"

"Yes, thank you. It came this morning. I was just reading it—again."

"I thought I ought to consult you in such a matter."

"Certainly."

"My wishes are yours."

"I cannot decide such a mattter. It will be very expensive——"

"If it is worth the cost to you, it is worth it to me."

"I don't know what you mean. The burden of decision lies with you this time, doesn't it?"

"With us both. Unless you wish me to assume it."

"But it is yours to assume!"

"If you wish, then. But I may ask your opinion, may I not?"

There was a silence, then:

"Whatever you do I approve. I have no—opinion."

"You do not approve all I do."

The rejoinder came faintly: "How do you know?"

"I—wrote to you. Do you approve my writing to you?"

"Yes. If you do."

"And do you approve of what I wrote?"

"Not of all that you wrote."

"I wrote that I would not see you again."

"Yes."

"Do you think that is best?"

"I—do not think about it."

He said: "That also, is best. Don't think of it at all. And about the armor, do exactly what you would do if you were in my place. Good-bye."

"Mr. Desboro——"

"Yes."

"Could you wait a moment? I am trying to think——"

"Don't try, Jacqueline!"

"Please wait—for me!"

There was a silence; a tiny spot of blood reddened his bitten lip before she spoke again; then:

"I wished to tell you something. I knew why you wrote. Is it right for me to tell you that I understood you? I wanted to write and say so, and—say something else—about how I felt—but it seems I can't. Only—we could be friends more easily now—if you wish."

"You have not understood!" he said.

"Yes, I have, Mr. Desboro. But we can be friends?"

"Could you be mine, after what I have written?"

"I thought I couldn't at first. But that day was a—long one. And when a girl is much alone she becomes very honest with herself. And it all was entirely new to me. I didn't know what I ought to have done about it—only what I wished to do."

"And—what is that, Jacqueline?"

"Make things as they were—before——"

"Before I wrote?"

"Yes."

"All up to that time you wish might be again as it was? All?"

No answer.

"All?" he repeated.

"Don't ask me. I don't know—I don't know what I think any more."

"How deeply do you suppose I feel about it?"

"I did not know you felt anything very deeply."

There was a long pause, then her voice again:

"You know—you need not be afraid. I did not know enough to be, until you wrote. But I understand, now."

He said: "It will be all right, then. It will be quite all right, Jacqueline. I'll come up on the noon train."

His car met him at the station. The snow had melted and the wet macadam road glittered under a declining winter sun, as the car rolled smoothly away through the still valleys of Westchester.

Mrs. Quant, in best bib and tucker and lilac ribbons, welcomed him, and almost wept at his pallor; but he shrugged impatiently and sprang up the low steps. Here the necessity for self-control stopped him short on his way to the armory. He turned to Mrs. Quant with an effort:

"Is everything all right?"

"No, Mr. James. Phibby broke a cup and saucer Saturday, and there is new kittens in the laundry—which makes nine cats——"

"Oh, all right! Miss Nevers is here?"

"Yes, sir—in the liberry—which ain't been dusted right by that Phibby minx——"

"Tell Phoebe to dust it!" he said sternly. "Do you suppose Miss Nevers cares to handle dirty books!" His restless glance fell on the clock: "Tell Farris I'm here and that Miss Nevers and I will lunch as soon as it's served. And say to Miss Nevers that I'll be down in a few minutes." He turned and mounted the stairs to his room, and found it full of white clove-scented carnations.

Mrs. Quant came panting after him:

"Miss Nevers, she cut them in the greenhouse, and told me to put 'em in your room, sayin' as how clove pinks is sanitary. Would you—would you try a few m-m-magic drops, Mr. James, sir? Miss Nevers takes 'em regular."

"Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, laughing in sheer exuberance of spirits. "I'll swallow anything you like, only hurry!"

She dosed him with great content, he, both hands in soap-suds, turning his head to receive the potion. And at last, ablutions finished, he ran down the stairs, checked himself, and managed to stroll leisurely through the hall and into the library.

She was writing; looked up, suddenly pale under her golden crown of hair; and the red lips quivered, but her eyes were steady.

She bent her head again, both hands abandoned to him, sitting in silence while his lips rested against her fingers.

"Is all well with you, Jacqueline?"

"Yes. And with you?"

"All is well with me. I missed you—if you know what that really means."

"Did you?"

"Yes. Won't you even look at me?"

"In a moment. Do you see all these piles of manuscript? All that is your new catalogue—and mine," she added, with a faint smile; but her head remained averted.

"You wonderful girl!" he said softly. "You wonderful girl!"

"Thank you. It was a labor of—pleasure." Color stole to the tips of her ears. "I have worked—worked—every minute since——"

"Yes."

"Really, I have—every minute. But somehow, it didn't seem to tire me. To-day—now—I begin to feel a little tired." She rested her cheek on one hand, still looking away from him.

"I took a peep into the porcelain and jade rooms," she said, "just a glance over what lies before me. Mrs. Quant very kindly gave me the keys. Did you mind?"

"Do I mind anything that it pleases you to do? What did you find in the jade room?"

She smiled: "Jadeite, of course; and lapis and crystals—the usual."

"Any good ones?"

"Some are miracles. I don't really know, yet; I gave just one swift glance and fled—because you see I haven't finished in the armory, and I ought not to permit myself the pleasures of curiosity."

"The pleasures of curiosity and of anticipation are the only real ones. Sages have said it."

She shook her head.

"Isn't it true?" he insisted.

She looked up at him at last, frank-eyed but flushed:

"Which is the real pleasure," she asked, "seeing each other, or anticipating the—the resumption of the entente cordial?"

"You've smashed the sages and their philosophy," he nodded, studying the exquisite, upturned features unsmilingly. "To be with you is the greater—content. It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

She nodded thoughtfully: "Five days and a half."

"You—counted them, too?"

"Yes."

"You know," she said, "I didn't mean to take you from any business in New York—or pleasures——"

He shuddered slightly.

"Did I?" she asked.

"No."

"I only wished you to come—when you had time——"

"I know, Jacqueline. Don't show me your soul in every word you utter."

"What?"

He turned on his heel and came back to her, and she shrank a little, not knowing why, but he came no nearer than her desk.

(*Continued next week*)

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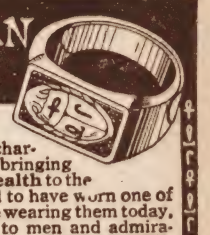

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MOVIE WEEKLY

119 West 40th Street **New York City**

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EUGENE O'BRIEN

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MOVIE WEEKLY

What Are My Chances to Get a Job in Pictures?

Gladys Leslie

Study by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Broadway Lures Marion Davies

MOVIE WEEKLY

May 20, 1922

10¢

Bitter Quarrel Breaks Up Edith Hallor's Second Marriage

Olive Ann Alcorn

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Vol. II

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

No. 15

The Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest

is running at the following theatres this week:

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Itasco Theatre
Almyra, Ark.
Pastime Theatre
Arma, Kansas
Empress Theatre
Asheville, N. C.
Imperial Theatre
Babylon, L. I.
Babylon Theatre
Bayonne, N. J.
Empire Theatre
Bloomer, Wisc.
Ideal Theatre
Clarksburg, W. Va.
Bijou Theatre
Columbia, Pa.
Opera House
Condon, Oreg.
Liberty Theatre
Dalton, Wisc.
Dalton Opera House
Electra, Texas
Liberty Theatre
Ft. Cobb, Okla.
Dreamland Theatre
Ft. Scott, Kansas
Empress Theatre
Franklin, Me.
Orient Theatre
Fulton, Ill.
Lincoln Theatre
Genoa Junction, Wisc.
Palm Theatre
Glouster, Ohio
Glouster Opera House
Gorin, Mo.
Colonial Theatre
Green Cove Spgs., N. D.
Palace Theatre
Hamberg, North Dakota
Hamberg Theatre
Hazle Green, Wisc.
Opera House Theatre
Hiawatha, Kansas
Victoria House
Holly, Mich.
Liberty House
Idaho Springs, Colo.
Idaho Springs Opera House
Julesburg, Colo.
Hippodrome Theatre
Kenton, Tenn.
Star Theatre
King City, Mo.
Airdome Theatre Co.
Lafayette, Ind.
Arc Theatre
Lamar, Ark.
Electric Theatre
La Salle, Ill.
La Salle Theatre
Lincolnton, N. C.
Ford Theatre
Livingston, Ill.
Eagle Theatre
Lowell, Wisc.
Centennial Theatre
Macomb, Ill.
Illinois Theatre
Magdalena, N. Mex.
Casino Theatre
Marlboro, N. H.
Alden J. Beauregards, Town Hall
Merrill, Wisc.
Cosmo Theatre
Milnor, North Dakota
Iris Theatre
Mingus, Texas
Mingus Opera House

(*Continued on page 30*)

卐

Voting Coupon

This coupon is good for 50 votes at any theatre running the contest. Vote for your favorite.

Good for 50 votes in the Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest held in the Movie Theatres, listed in "Movie Weekly."

I vote for.....

.....

This coupon can only be voted at the ...e in which the contest is being run.

Charlie's "My Trip Abroad" Continued

WE are happy to announce that Charlie Chaplin's "My Trip Abroad" will be continued in next week's "Movie Weekly." In last week's issue, you will recall, we ran a note at the conclusion of the second instalment that said in part: "The concern from whom we purchased the serial use of the story had also sold the use to another publication. A mixup has resulted, which may withhold next week's instalment until the matter has been properly adjusted." The matter has been adjusted—and in next week's issue of "Movie Weekly" we continue Charlie's "My Trip Abroad."

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE SCREEN LOVER?

The other day a perfumed letter came to the desk of Ye Editor and in flowery, impassioned rhetoric summarized a discussion the writer had indulged in with fellow High School friends:

"In this part of the country," she began, referring to the Middle West, "we consider Rodolph Valentino and Wallie Reid running neck and neck as the greatest screen lovers. I've heard 'Gene O'Brien called the 'Great Lover,' but I cannot conceive such a designation. 'Gene is good, but he never 'lets himself go.' Rudolph does. So does Wallie. Rudolph heads the brunettes; Wallie, the blondes.

"Tommy Meighan," she continues, "is good. But he's too sweet. There's a bit of cruelty about Rudolph's glorious brown eyes and Wallie's laughing blue ones. I can just imagine Rudolph making violent love to his wife and then leaving her alone. Wallie's good nature would make him cruel, if you know what I mean.

"I would say Richard Dix is too young and unsophisticated to compete. But time perhaps, will care for his youth.

"I would like so much to know whether the readers of "Movie Weekly" agree with us about screen lovers. If they will only write their opinions to you, won't you publish them in your adorable paper?"

We certainly will, so to satisfy this group of thinkers in the Middle West, friend readers, write and tell us who, in your opinion, is the best screen lover and why.

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Bitter Quarrel breaks up Edith Hallor's second marriage

Edith Hallor, veteran sailor of the stormy seas of matrimony starts another northwestern.

LOCHINVAR came out of the West and returned with a bride.

Edith Hallor came out of the West, reached New York, announced that she was preparing to sue her husband, Jack Dillon, for divorce, and returned to the West planning to get along without a husband.

The Hallor domestic affairs have always had a decided tendency toward getting into the public prints, and if Edith of the Follies files suit against her husband as she threatens, it will mean just one more chapter in the public prints.

Thus far there have been five leading characters in the Hallor story, which began when Edith won a position for herself in the Ziegfeld Follies several years ago. Tall, beautiful and stately, Edith was one of the most promising of the Ziegfeld girls of that cycle. She naturally attracted the attention of numerous producers.

Her choice was made for her when L. Lawrence Weber, familiarly known on Broadway as "Larry" Weber, induced her to become the star of a series of photoplays he was planning to produce.

But Weber did foresee that Edith would attract him even more ardently than she would win the favor of the public. In the midst of the first series of photoplays he was producing for her, he induced her to accept another contract, that of being his wife.

For a time rose petals strewed the path of Edith Hallor. She was a favored star. Her husband was producing pictures for her. Her career promised to be one of success after success. And, as she completed her first series of star pictures, she confided to her husband that another link of happiness was about to be welded between them. It was a boy.

As time passed, however, Edith found her picture career bearing her away from her husband. She played parts for other companies; she met film celebrities, she became somewhat of a celebrity herself. The public knew nothing of what was transpiring beneath the surface of the life of the actress and her producer-husband, until "Larry" Weber announced one day that he was filing suit for divorce, naming Jack Dillon, the director, as co-respondent. Papers were made public at Buffalo, where the suit was heard. Weber was granted his divorce.

Only a short time passed before Edith made another announcement. This time she revealed to the world that she was about to become the bride of Dillon. They were married quietly, and again the film star made an attempt to live a happy married life. Her husband occupied an enviable position as a motion picture director.

Again the world—or rather, that part of it which makes a business of keeping tab on the domestic affairs of well-known players—decided that Edith Hallor had found her mate. Dillon was busily engaged on the Coast at the time. Edith herself was making pictures for various companies. All was quiet along Broadway and along Hollywood Boulevard.

Suddenly, however, the actress appeared in New York, confided to her friends that Dillon was hardly all that could be expected of a husband, but that she might make another attempt to live happily with him. In some mysterious way, the story reached the keen ears of newspapermen and the columns of the metropolitan dailies printed stories telling of Edith's plans.

But those plans did not mature, for the moment, at least. The Hallor family found a new

Jack Dillon, Edith Hallor's second husband, with whom she is said to have irretrievably quarreled.

A scene with House Peters in a recent co-starring picture.

means of breaking into print. Edith's little sister, Ethel, had been following in the footsteps of her sister. She had embarked upon a professional career quietly and with some degree of success, but until, on the occasion of a bitter quarrel with her mother, she had not received the publicity splurge requisite to initiation into the circle of the elite. Quarrel, cause and effect, all was thoroughly aired in the newspapers. Just at that time, Dillon arrived in New York from California, read the various accounts of the proposed divorce and the quarrel, and urged the two girls to forget their difficulties and to accompany him to the West, where, "in the great open spaces," there would be less opportunity for friction.

When they arrived on the Coast, Dillon returned to his work as a director for Fox, and Edith obtained an engagement in a Universal production, "Human Hearts," a picture which is soon to be released. Hollywood, despite the fact that it is hardly as congested as the Rialto, was still not big enough to contain both Ethel and her husband. According to friends of the couple, arguments were frequent and a spirit of hostility reigned. When "Human Hearts" was finished, Edith announced that she was going to return to the East, and to New York she came, stopping at the Hotel Plaza.

From that exclusive hostelry came another announcement. Edith told the world that she was tired of fighting and that she intended to sue for divorce. She refused to state what the grounds for the suit would be, nor where the papers would be filed, but merely declared that she was consulting with her attorneys and would soon have definite news to give to the daily press.

Hot on her heels came Dillon, whose contract with Fox recently expired. Rumor mongers at once busied themselves. From one source comes the story that Dillon met his wife and launched into another argument, bitterer than any which had preceded, that the quarrel continued throughout an evening and finally resulted in a tempestuous taxicab ride in which nerves were shattered and which caused Edith to spend the next few days in the seclusion of her hotel.

Other stories were to the effect that Dillon had complained because his wife had been seen in the company of several well-known Broadwayites and had insisted that she drop their companionship.

Whatever the cause of the quarrel, Edith has not waited to make the final announcement of her predicted suit against her husband. Toward the end of April she gave up her apartment at the Plaza and returned to the West. Her mother, who lives in New York, declares that she does not know what Edith's plans are or whether she has gone West with her husband.

Details of the supposed quarrels between Edith and her director-husband bring forth no light on the reason for the difficulties between them. A mutual friend and a well-known film actress, who has been stopping at the Plaza for some time and who, it was said, was present on the occasion of the taxicab argument, denied all knowledge of the quarrel, despite the fact that she was supposed to have been quite as affected by it as Edith herself. Mrs. Hallor was likewise unwilling to express an opinion on the subject.

Edith's last Broadway engagement was with the Shuberts, under whose direction she played in "Broadway Brevities," a Winter Garden show. She has appeared in Selznick films as well as Universal, but her best work was done in the six productions which she made for her ex-husband, "Larry" Weber.

Sister Ethel has thus far evaded the stormier seas of matrimony. She resembles Edith greatly, but is two years younger. She has played ingenue leads for Fox and Metro, appeared in the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic" atop the New Amsterdam roof, and has also made a favorable impression in her legitimate work, especially for the Bramhall Players in New York and in stock.

The next chapter in the Hallor serial must be written by Edith herself. It is quite possible that she may make another attempt to find out how to be happy though married; or she may carry out her threat and begin life anew in single blessedness once more.

Convicted Murderer finds escape in Scenario Writing

How Louis Victor Eytinge, Convict No. 2608 Earns Thousands of Dollars Yearly

Behind bars, with his film story, "Peterman." The picture was previewed at the Arizona State Prison, Florence, Ariz., in honor of the convict-author.

FIFTEEN years ago, Louis Victor Eytinge lost his identity and became Convict No. 2608, sentenced to life imprisonment in Yuma Penitentiary, Arizona.

Today, he is still Convict No. 2608, but his fame as an ad writer, author and scenario writer has penetrated prison walls. and he is known as a forceful creator of sales letters. and a polished motion picture scenarist. His income averages thousands a year. If he were free, half a hundred advertising agencies and perhaps several motion picture companies would bid against each other for his services.

The story of the redemption of this convicted murderer is one of the strangest in the annals of crime. Several weeks ago, the premiere showing of the motion picture he has written, "The Man Under Cover," took place in the auditorium of the prison. Convicts formed the majority of the audience, but there were many visitors who had come within the gray walls, motion picture experts, bankers, business men, even preachers. The film itself was a tense study of the convict written by a man who had experienced all the bitter suffering of the characters he had created. It was a thrilling success. The tumultuous applause which greeted the conclusion of the film was a fitting testimonial to this "man who had come back" and when he advanced upon the auditorium stage, a well-built gray-haired man of prime middle age, they cheered him to the echo. Yet, a little over a decade ago, any twelve of the visitors present that evening would have condemned him to spend his days apart from his fellow man, and would have uttered that verdict conscientiously, believing it just.

Louis Victor Eytinge was once an incorrigible criminal. His specialty was forgery. In his case there was no evidence of need. He wasn't oppressed by humanity. He wasn't forced to do wrong. He was apparently of the type known to criminologists as a *recidivist*, a repeater, a perpetual lawbreaker.

He was born in Ohio. His family was well-to-do. Divorce broke up their home, however, when Eytinge was three years old. His mother tried to raise him as best she could, but life was fairly difficult for her, and she had to rely upon the assistance of her relatives. She was never in actual need, and the boy always was able to live comfortably and to have all the little pleasures that make childhood happy.

Perhaps young Eytinge needed the restraining hand of a father. Perhaps he never was able to distinguish the difference between right and wrong. At 16, needing some luxury his family was unable to give him, he forged a check.

He was caught and arrested. But his family, which was influential in the small community in which they lived, managed to obtain a suspended sentence for him. He was released and enlisted in the Navy. His enlistment was for a brief term, and at 19 he again tried to raise money by forgery. This time his record was against him, and he was convicted and sent to a Federal prison, where, three years later, he was pardoned.

The punishment meted out to him in prison seems to have had no effect upon him, for he was no sooner free than he again resorted to forgery. He was now a young man of 22, and his second conviction resulted in a term of five years. One year after he was imprisoned, he attempted to escape. He was caught, and for the remainder of his term he was treated with harshness such as befits a hardened malefactor. When he was finally released, at the age of 28, the officials of Columbus prison regarded him as hopelessly bad, a man doomed to spend all his days evading the law or paying the law its just dues.

Convict Louis Victor Eytinge, the most unique author in the world, looks at his story, "Peterman," produced by Universal in film form.

Herbert Rawlinson in an intense moment from Convict Eytinge's story, "The Man Under Cover," a gripping crook story.

Eytinge's family now tried to take him in hand. "Why don't you go somewhere, far from home, where no one knows you, and make an attempt to start over again?" they asked him. "You are still a young man. You have your life before you. Why not put yourself to the wheel, work for a time and accumulate some money which is yours to keep?"

He accepted their advice and when they offered him railroad fare he took it and boarded a train for Arizona. A few months later an old man was found dead in a lonely spot on a road near the great Arizona desert. He had been dead for some time. The buzzards, which always circle over the desert, seeking victims of the relentless sun and barren earth, had begun their awful work upon the corpse. But the body was identified. It was that of a farmer, who had been accustomed to making lonely trips across the sandy waste, from town to town, usually driving in a buggy.

Officials who came to investigate the crime found that the man had undoubtedly been murdered, for his wallet had disappeared. It was difficult to say how he had been stricken, for he had lain dead too long for such details to be determined.

Down the road, not far from the spot where the murder had taken place was an outlying farm, known as the Bonny View Ranch. There lived Mary E. Todd. When the sheriff questioned her as to her possible recollections of strangers she had seen in the vicinity, she recalled a man who had stopped at the ranch some time before and who had asked her for a drink of water. Her description of that man tallied with that of Eytinge, forger, ex-convict and jail-breaker. A search for Eytinge was begun.

More than a thousand miles away he was found and arrested. Charged with murder, he had little

(*Continued on page* 18)

Broadway Lures Blonde Heroine from the Silver Sheet~

Dorothea B. Herzog

(*Marion Davies Hears the Call*)

A PERSISTENT rumor echoed along the Rialto to the effect that Marion Davies planned to forsake the screen for a season on Broadway in a popular Avery Hopwood comedy written especially for her and to be produced by A. H. Woods.

One's first love has a disconcerting way of making an unexpected appearance in the form of moods and firing the furnace of desire. It's happening in Marion's case.

You remember in the beginning Marion was a Ziegfeld beauty. Then she moved along to musical comedy, her last stage appearance being with Raymond Hitchcock in "Words and Music." That was several years ago. Now along comes the sagacious Mr. Woods with an Avery Hopwood specialty.

Therefore 'phonings to Marion's home and reading of a manuscript in the making. She gets the stage call. Then, hesitates. Why?

"If I go back to the stage," Marion told us, with a faint smile, "I must be prepared." Whereupon she proceeded to rip into herself with the choicest bit of detrimental criticism we've ever heard. The sum and substance of which is: Marion takes her return to the stage seriously. She would not care to make an appearance without concentrated studying at a dramatic school.

"I have never been in a drama," she said. "Only musical comedy. I have a fair voice, and I can dance, stand on my toes and all that sort of thing," impishly. "But I know within myself that I'm not ready for anything else without preparation, and I don't intend offering myself for 'critic bait!'"

"But you may appear on Broadway next fall?" we persisted hopefully.

"Maybe," and a thrill of excitement crescendoed in the word.

It is our opinion that Marion Davies is an unknown quantity to most fans. You hear unkind and cutting things about her. But did you ever get a real flash of the girl, Marion?

She's possessed of a spontaneous sense of humor, allied with a certain impish quality. Out on a lark, she falls into the spirit of the occasion and is the life of the party. She's unselfish to a startling extent, though she is a little thoughtless. You'd like Marion. No upstage airs—just a prepossessing simplicity.

"No," she hearkened back, "I don't intend offering myself for 'critic bait.' But just think what a good time they would have!" She sighed dolorously, light blue eyes bubbling merriment that belied her serious tone.

"What do you think of critics?" we murmured, playing with a cigarette box.

"I like them." And the amazing part of this is she actually means it.

"I like them," reiterating. "The only ones I don't like are those who say personal things about me. For instance," she pulled an example from her mental file, "there was a newspaper woman who denounced me in a picture because my head was too small. I've often wondered what I could do to my head to make it larger and that woman happier!

"As for the things the critics say about my pictures and my work . . .," an expressive shrug. "I agree with them. They can't say anything too terrible. Really," countering

(*Continued on page* 30)

Photo By Alfred Cheney Johnston

Every Little Vibration has a

BELOW:

Wallie jazzes a smile, while "another famous smile wanders on in the inner nature of him, which is a three . . . Gayety, happiness, joy, with streaks of the dreamer . . ."

AT RIGHT:

Doris Kenyon hearkens to the vibration of a radio concert, while our "inner vibration expert" makes interesting comments about her. The emotional, intuitive vibrations are upermost in all her numbers . . .

By George G. Pythagoras, Jr.

LAST week we exposed a lot of the picture stars' inner natures; now we continue our career of crime, leading off with Doris Kenyon. Doris was labeled Doris Margaret at birth, so her inner nature vibrates to 6, the number of cosmic sympathy, or, as some Pythagorean fans call it, of cosmic motherhood. The 6 is the Little Mother of All the World; loves pets and children; if she has a husband and children, mothers them, if not sympathizes, looks out for and is friendly with everybody in sight. All the arts call to the 6; but especially music.

Outwardly, Doris gives people the strong impression that she's a 1, knowing her own mind and what she wants to do, just like that. Hence she winds up by being in her complete vibration a 7, a combination of sympathy and originality, and having about her much of the poet and some of the dreamer. The emotional, intuitive vibrations are uppermost in all her numbers.

But may she indulge in those last? She may not. For, her path in life is 4, which means that Doris must take her eyes from the stars, and fix her small feet firmly on the earth. The 4 will always have responsibilities, *because* it is so capable. So, who wouldn't be a 4?

Ecco Rodolph Valentino Guglielmi! Rodolph is simply crowded with vibrations of all kinds; even and uneven, emotional and matter-of-fact, mixed together, with a lot of good sense on the side. He happens to own an inner nature that matches his external outfit; both being 2's. So, he is very much of a diplomat, is Rodolph; because that is the job of vibration number 2. (Even when he was pulling the rough stuff in "The Sheik," you see, he was doing it for the girl's own good.) Incidentally, Rodolph has five 9's concealed about his numerical makeup; which shows him to be very much of an artist.

Consequently, when we discover by a careful study of his birthdates that Rodolph's path in life is a 4, demanding of him that he works while some of us sleep, we weep but little. For we know that he will probably play the ukulele or write poetry between shots.

Another famous smile wanders on, in the inner nature of Wallace Reid, which is a 3. And as I have mentioned before, dear reader, the 3 is the smile vibration, and figures somewhere prominently in every smiler's numbers. Gayety, happiness, joy—there you have the 3; and now you know why, however the scenario-hound twists up his life for him, Wally simply can't lose. 3 is also the vibration of sartorial elegance; so, no 3 can wear his clothes like a hick if he tries. That wistful look of Wallace's makes us feel the impression of 7, who studies, dreams, philosophizes, and has streaks of longing for solitude. His 7 is just the complement of his 3, though, and so Wallace winds up as a 1, as capable as they make 'em, and incapable of weakly leaning on anybody. 1's are all that way.

He is urged to cultivate the 2 side, however; his path in life lies in the sphere of diplomacy, in the showing of tact and in the managing of the other fellow. So, no matter how Wallace may long to treat 'em rough, he mustn't.

We were all wrong about Katherine MacDonald. Her middle name is Agnew. We thought it was Pulchritudinous. She's an 8, in her complete nature. Her full vibration is to material freedom, success, honor, place, power, position. Your 8 doesn't take to poverty, for instance, she doesn't have to; there is no record of an 8 that was poor. They always know how to manage money, 8's do. And now, how did Katherine MacDonald get to be an 8? Inwardly, she is a 7. Thus there is mysticism in her, and religion, and poetry, and a love of "getting away by herself" to think things out. Outwardly, she is a 1, with the 1's creative power, and original thought, and independence. The 1, in her way, doesn't need people, any more than the 7 does in hers;

William Shakespeare Hart enjoys a "horse kiss," while, according to his vibrations, he won't "take nothing off nobody." And besides his cowboy outfit, he carries around the heaviest chore . . .

And here's Katherine MacDonald, whose complete vibration is to material freedom, success, honor, place, power, position. But that isn't nearly all . . .

Success Meaning all it's Own

but since they combine in her to make an 8, it follows that there will always be people who will want to be where Katherine MacDonald is. Hoot, mon! And would ye blame them?

Now listen. Did you know that William S. Hart has all the vibrations that there are? He has; and this is how it happened. Being a wise and long-headed person, William decided shortly after his birth or thereabouts, that his parents were to name him after the justly celebrated author of "Hamlet; or, Throwing the Monkey-Wrench Into Danish Politics." Which said parents did. And, as Bill Shakespeare's name has, as you might expect, every known vibration, from 1 to 9 inclusive, so has William Shakespeare Hart's. But the Hart annex, built on at the end, makes a slight difference.

Instead of being 9 and 7, like the Warwickshire theatrical manager, William of the Woolly West is 1 and 8. Inwardly, he is a 1; who, as several of his pictures faintly indicate, will take "nothing off nobody." Outwardly, he's an 8, a gentleman of place, power and material freedom, which shows you why he frequently ends by being Sheriff at the closeup. And besides his cowboy outfit, he carries around the heavy chore of being a 9, in his complete nature, the highest vibration of them all.

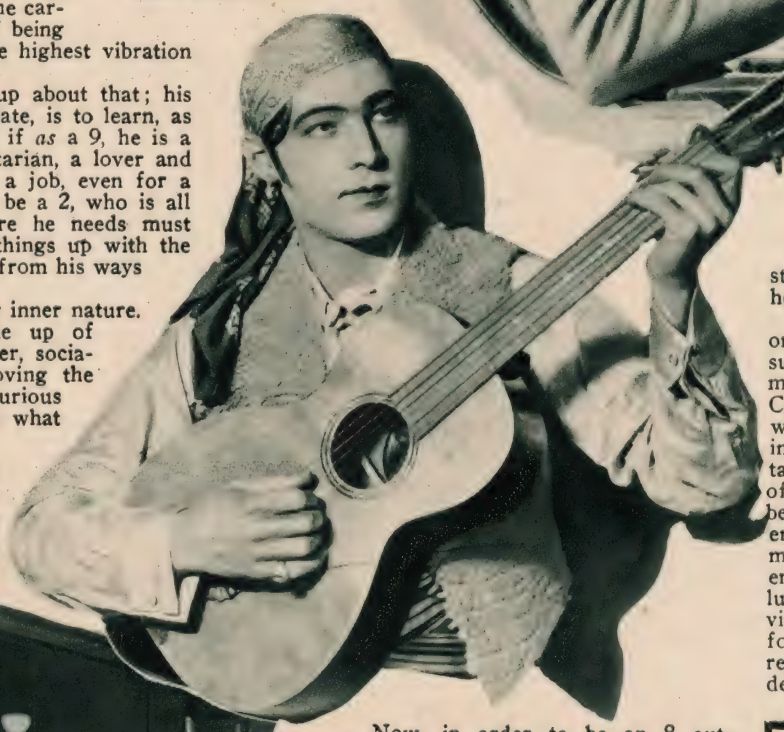
But he's not to be too sot up about that; his path in life, so says his birthdate, is to learn, as a 2, to be a good mixer. So, if *as* a 9, he is a teacher, an inspirer, a humanitarian, a lover and a helper of all men, which is a job, even for a Sheriff, his ultimate task is to be a 2, who is all things to all men. Wherefore he needs must restrain any yearning to mix things up with the evil-doer, and instead win him from his ways by moral suasion.

Gloria Swanson is a 5, in her inner nature. She's a butterfly, then; made up of divers material; versatile; clever, sociable even to gregariousness, loving the beautiful and gracious and luxurious things of life. At least, that's what she is if she relaxes and allows herself to be all the lovely things that she dreams of being. She doesn't often, though. Because, outwardly, she is an 8, who loves ambitions fulfilled—the 8 is the vibration of fulfillment, by the way, just as the 5 is the vibration of beginning things.

BELOW:

Rodolph Valentino in a closeup from "Blood and Sand." Valentino is simply crowded with vibrations of all kinds, even and uneven, emotional and matter-of-fact . . .

Gloria Swanson at the wheel! Gloria is a butterfly, made up of divers material; versatile, clever, sociable, loving the beautiful and gracious and luxurious things of life . . .



Dick Barthelmess has a splendid endowment. But his path in life is a one, so he must learn to stand alone. He must judge and decide and think, all for himself . . .

Now, in order to be an 8 outwardly when you are a 5 inside, you really have to be a 4, in your complete nature; and that's what she is. She must work very hard—and she does. She must attend carefully to details—as every 4 does. And, like the rest of the 4 people, she must be very fond of doing nice things for other people.

Richard Barthelmess sports the joyous 3, for his inmost nature's vibration. And thus we see that Pollyannaism is its own reward; look what it has done for Richard. Outwardly, he vibrates to the 9 tune; the high, artistic, humanitarian, all-understanding nature; the one who sees good in every man and helps draw it out, at that. So in his entire nature, he is also a 3; he has a splendid endowment.

But his path in life is 1, so he must learn to stand alone. He must judge and decide and think, all for himself. The creative in him must get its way; he must manage circumstances—never let them dominate him. Hasn't he the lovely job?

No one who ever saw Charles Ray hit a hot one as the temperamental baseball artist, would suspect his inner nature to be that of a poet, mystic, dreamer and philosopher; but so it is, for Charles vibrates inwardly to the tune of a 7, whose watchword is "Peace." Outwardly, he impresses people as being a good, careful, painstaking, hardworking 4. He has a good allowance of vibrations, Charles has; for he's well-balanced between the odd and even numbers. Neither too emotional nor too practical, he strikes a fine medium, winding up as a complete and experienced soul, otherwise a 2. And he is one of the lucky ones whose path in life corresponds to his vibrations, for his birthdate says 2, also; wherefore Charles need put in none of his spare time regretting that he didn't study law or interior decorating, instead of being a film idol.

Charlie Chaplin's "My Trip Abroad"

❀ ❀ ❀

Don't forget that Charlie Chaplin's "My Trip Abroad" appears in next week's "Movie Weekly." For a time, we were doubtful if it would appear in the May 27th issue, but the third instalment is one of the many features in next week's newsy "Movie Weekly."

Order copies early from your newsdealer so you will be sure to continue "My Trip Abroad" where you left off. The further you read, the more interesting and engrossing it gets.

Buster Keaton's

III.

Romance—and Films.

ROMANCE entered the life of the comedian, Buster Keaton, when he met Natalie Talmadge. There was never any girl for him either before that or afterward. He met her four years ago, in Los Angeles, while they were attending a party at Roscoe Arbuckle's; and her brightness, her sweetness, and practical common sense at once appealed to him.

Not long afterward they became engaged, but Natalie left Hollywood for New York when Norma and Constance Talmadge returned to the East for their picture work. Natalie had many admirers, and Buster never felt quite certain of her, he says. Nevertheless the lovers were true to each other, and the pair were married something over a year ago. Now the stork is hovering over their home.

It was as a member of Roscoe Arbuckle's company, which he joined in 1917, that Buster left the stage for pictures.

A gathering of the Talmadge clan, with the addition of the smileless Buster. Do you know who they are from left to right? "Peg" and her three girls and the bandit who stole her "middle daughter" (Natalie) away from her.

Natalie relents at the last minute and offers to drive with him to the studio. Even though Buster doesn't look any happier, he surely is!

Norma strolls over for a game of billiards with her frozenfaced brother-in-law. 'Pears the lady shoots a steady cue. Can you tell from Buster's unhappy expression whether he's losing or not?

"I owe everything to Roscoe," Buster often says; though this is very modest of him, inasmuch as it is his early training, his innate sense of comedy, his brains, determination and ability which have brought him to his present high estate, even more than the training which he got with Arbuckle. But Arbuckle aided him in his big opportunity, viz.: the opportunity to branch out for himself.

As soon as he got his big opportunity to star in his own pictures, he instantly became a great favorite.

Buster has always been a great home boy, very fond of his own people. It was during his stage days that his brother and sister, Harry and Louise, were born. They used to appear in the act with the Three Keatons, but now Buster has placed them in the Los Angeles high school, where they are proving a credit to the family brains. During the days on the road, he used to help in caring for them, and on one occasion when his sister got lost, having, like himself, a penchant for wandering into strange byways of a city, he stayed out all night hunting for her. He found her down at a cat-and-dog hospital, helping care for a wounded animal which she had brought in, and in whose welfare she had become so interested that she forgot to go home!

The comedian now lives with his wife in a typical California bungalow in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles. His brother and sister dwell with their father and mother in another bungalow not two blocks away from their famous brother.

It is, in fact, interesting that, though Buster Keaton has been all of his life in the theatrical profession, he has never been separated from his family.

"Never, that is, except when I was in the service," he said to me the other day.

Just as he was planning to settle down to a career in pictures, along came the war and carried him off.

"And it was the first time I had ever had a chance to live in any city for more than two weeks at a time!" he explained with comic plaintiveness.

So he marched away to make a tour of Europe with "The Infantree, the Infantree."

"I made something of a record," he said. "A month after I was mustered in at Camp Kearney —which is near San Diego, California—I was on a ship in New York harbor leaving for France. Quicker than we could have done it for a picture without leaving Los Angeles!"

Buster was on the other side until five months after the signing of the armistice.

"There were days when I had any number of things to laugh at in those times," explained Buster. "There was always something funny for anyone to see who had a sense of humor."

And if there wasn't anything funny happening, he would start something himself. For instance:

"Because of my size, I was the last man in the last squad. When we were marching down French roads there would always be a crowd of kids watching us. I'd stub my toe and fall down —make it look like an accident, you know. Then I'd run to catch up with the file and fall down again. After a while there would be another regiment of kids following us."

It was not until after the signing of the armistice that he was detailed to a company of entertainers. However, his largest number of escapes from death, occurring in a single day, happened not in France but in Kansas, when he was three years old. After his habit when arriving in a new town, the little Buster went wandering off to see the sights, and stopped to watch a woman washing clothes. She didn't notice that he was trying to find out what made the wringer go 'round, so the next time she gave it a turn it took his index finger off to the first joint. After his finger was wrapped up, he took a little nap. When he awoke, he felt all right, so he went out again. He had walked about a block when he saw some nice ripe fruit on a tree. Now he wanted that fruit, but he couldn't possibly reach it, so imitating the boys he had seen, he picked up a big stone and threw it directly into the air. But it didn't hit the fruit; when it came down again it hit him directly on the head. He was picked up unconscious.

As if this weren't enough accidents for one day, he was leaning out of the third story window of his hotel that very evening, trying to see what was going on in the street, when along came a cyclone and blew him completely out of the window. But with the freakishness of cyclones, it carried him some distance, and deposited him in a mud puddle. He picked himself up, more scared than hurt. He hastened back to his hotel, found it partly intact, and that his father and mother had escaped

Buster strums his "uke" while Norma drums jazzily on the ivories.

Tumblings to Success

without a scratch, but were quite frantic about him.

"But," he commented, "I never wanted to go back to that town."

Buster Keaton is a boy with a fine mind and a penetrating wit. You feel that if he had wanted to be a lawyer, he would have had complete success; if he had wanted to be a politician, he could have landed in Congress; if he had cared to study medicine, he would now be cutting up our most distinguished American citizens; if he had wanted to be a hotel man, he would now own all the hotels in the country.

Buster and Natalie (who, you remember, was Natalie Talmadge before her marriage), always have breakfast together, which may explain where Buster gets his inspirations.

And that night at home, Buster attempts to show off his mechanical prowess to his little wife, who enjoys his clumsiness with impish delight.

Not that he is much of a reader. Except on practical topics, he doesn't care particularly for literature. His is not an academic mind, and he cares nothing for books except what they can tell him of practical things. He learns through observation and experience, and he is so keenly observant and so quick in his judgments that he hardly ever makes a mistake in either men or things. And he likes listening to political and social discussions, though seldom making any comment himself.

Though himself no lover of literature, he has made many friends among what may be termed the intellectual artists. Mme. Nazimova is a great friend and admirer of his, and in her more brilliant moods there is nothing she likes better than an exchange of wits with him. When she was with Metro, she often visited his studio, a block away, and would more than occasionally aid him in working out his "gags." They played practical jokes on each other and on the other members of their companies. But they also had long talks on artistic matters. Buster met Nazimova in the old vaudeville days, when the great actress was playing "War Brides," on the same bill with the Keatons. She used at almost every performance to come and watch him work from the wings, and would always applaud him when he came off. Sarah Bernhardt was also his friend, and used to tell him that he could play tragedy if he chose. They held long discussions on drama.

Nat Goodwin, too, was a great friend of the comedian during Goodwin's later years and up to the end of his life. When Buster was a little fellow, playing with his father and mother, Nat came around back stage one night when attending a vaudeville performance in which the Three Keatons took part, and asked to meet the smileless little kid who performed to cleverly. Always after that the two would visit together whenever they were in the same town, Goodwin frequently calling at the theatre and taking the little fellow out to dinner or to a circus or a dog show.

Louis Mann was another idol of Buster's, and when in New York Buster never failed to attend a Louis Mann show.

Despite Buster's pretence of intense practicality, the artists whom he has met and known have deeply influenced his own artistry. They have taught him the necessity of work and thought, without in the least influencing his vivid originality.

And, after all, is not that the touchstone of genius, to draw help and inspiration from other geniuses without being absorbed?

As to Buster's private life—that is ideal. He met Natalie frequently when he and Arbuckle were working at the Talmadge Studio in New York, years ago. Natalie has always been the quiet member of the Talmadge family, though she can sparkle and be as vivacious as anyone.

Buster knew his own mind after knowing Natalie for a time. Furthermore, he listened to the dictates of his heart. But Natalie refused to consider matrimony. She had always said she would never marry before Constance. When Constance married, there was no need for further delay. Buster was right on the job. He wired Natalie at Palm Beach, where she had gone with Norma for a rest.

Natalie, too, listened to the dictates of her heart, and her answer was yes. Whereupon Buster hied himself to New York as fast as he could, being delayed for a time when he broke his leg doing an escalator stunt in one of his comedies.

They were married at Norma's mansion in Long Island and spent their honeymoon motoring back to Los Angeles. It was only a few months ago that the news leaked out there would be an addition to the Keaton family. Both the Talmadges and the Keatons are overjoyed at the newcomer's coming to join them. It's going to be made a mighty happy youngster, whether it is a boy or a girl, with Aunt Norma and Aunt Connie, et al, doing their best to spoil.

Buster is really at the zenith of his career, but his delightful originality will keep his star steadily shining. He is only twenty-four and he's known around the world. Having worked hard all his life for success and happiness, he surely is one who can be looked upon as a man who has weathered the storms of life and steamed into port with colors flying.

Watch for Charlie's Story

Be sure to get next week's issue of "Movie Weekly." It contains the third instalment of Charlie Chaplin's "My Trip Abroad," more interesting and swift-moving than ever.

Order early from your newsdealer so you will be sure to get "My Trip Abroad."

It seems that Buster can't make up his mind to trundle along and make the family living. Natalie ignores his reluctancy with fine semblance of interest in her newspaper, while Buster . . .

Snapped in Action

ABOVE:

Connie Talmadge gives an impression of Dick Barthelmess in "Tol'able David." Regardez-vous, mes enfants, the widened eyes and scared mouth. Also the surety with which my lady points her rifle! Fortunately in Connie's new picture, "East Is West," shotguns take a back seat!

BELOW:

A new photo of Mary and her director, John S. Robertson, who is getting production under way for Mary's "Tess of the Storm Country," which will be an early fall release and her first picture following "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

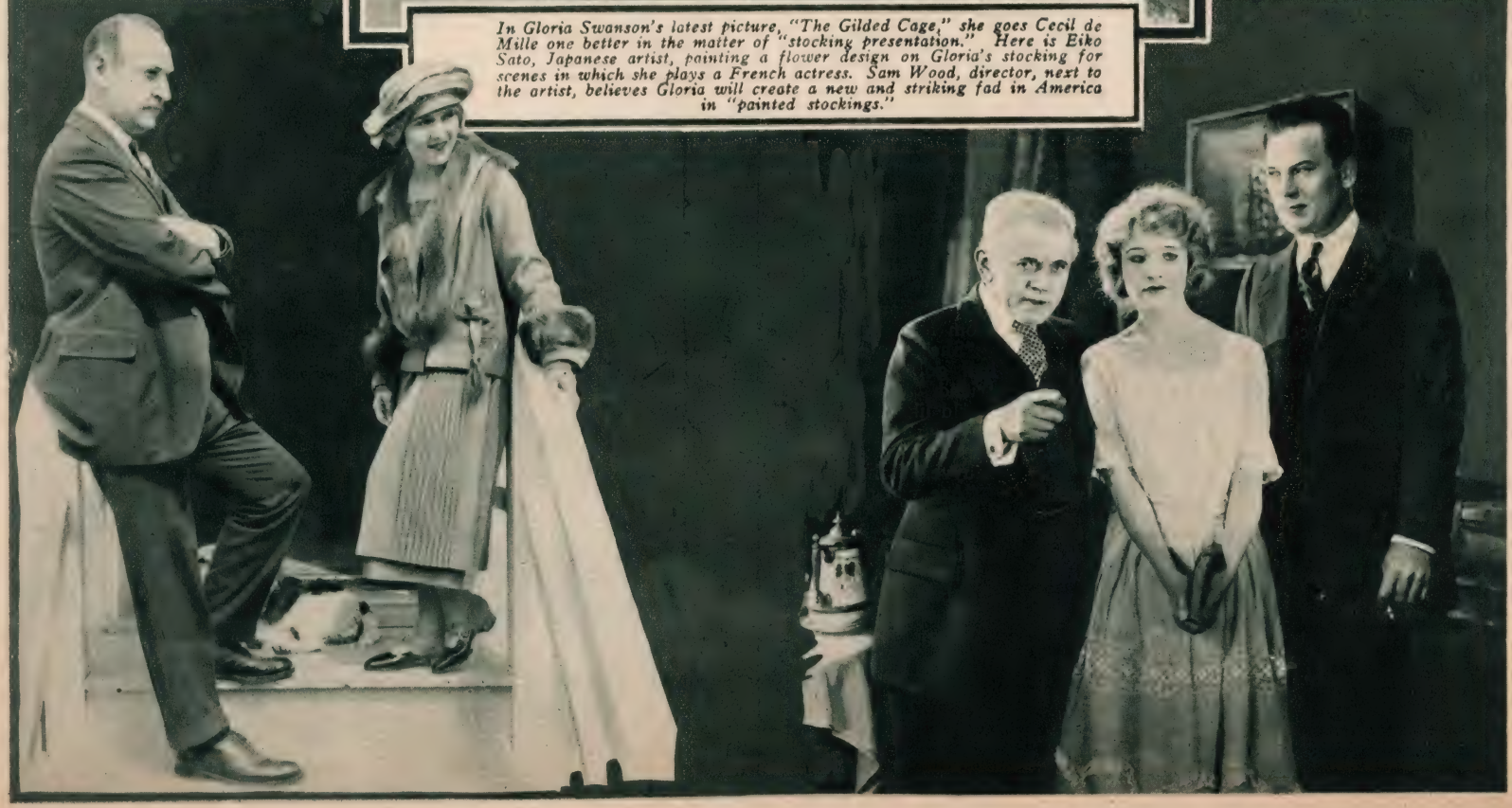
In Gloria Swanson's latest picture, "The Gilded Cage," she goes Cecil de Mille one better in the matter of "stocking presentation." Here is Eiko Sato, Japanese artist, painting a flower design on Gloria's stocking for scenes in which she plays a French actress. Sam Wood, director, next to the artist, believes Gloria will create a new and striking fad in America in "painted stockings."

ABOVE:

Here's Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels, co-stars in "North of the Rio Grande," indulging in an exciting game of "pullin' 'em in." This is old stuff to Jack, who learned the elements of the sport up in Alaska during his young adventurous days.

BELOW:

Tom Meighan and the "old master" of the stage, David Warfield, with whom Tom played the juvenile lead in "Return of Peter Grimm," about ten years ago. The friendship between them has continued through the years, and Mr. Warfield never misses calling on his young friend when playing in Los Angeles.



The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town, meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He becomes interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood, Desboro's home, again. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

He takes her home and they find themselves drifting till Desboro takes her in his arms and kisses her.

Desboro engages a Mrs. Hammerton as social chaperone for Jacqueline that she may join the class of people in which he moves.

He then plans a house party to which he invites her. He also invites many of his old friends and all fall very much under the charm of Jacqueline.

DESBORO'S guests were determined to turn the house out of the windows; its stodgy respectability incited them; every smug, smooth portrait goaded them to unusual effort, and they racked their brains to invent novelties.

On one day they opened all the windows in the disused west wing, flooded the ground floor, hung the great stone room with paper lanterns, and held an ice carnival. As masks and costumes had been made entirely out of paper, there were several startling effects and abrupt retirements to repair damages; but the dancing on skates in the lantern light was very pretty, and even the youth and pride of Westchester found the pace not unsuitably rapid.

On another day, Desboro's feminine guests sent to town for enough green flannel to construct caricatures of hunting coats for everybody.

The remains of a stagnant pack of harriers vegetated on a neighboring estate; Desboro managed to mount his guests on his own livestock, including mules, farm horses, polo ponies, and a yoke of oxen; and the county saw a hunting that they were not likely to forget.

Reggie Ledyard was magnificent astride an ox, with a paper megaphone for a hunting horn, rubber boots, and his hastily basted coat split from skirt to collar. The harriers ran wherever they pleased, and the astonished farm mules wouldn't run at all. There was hysterical excitement when one cotton-tail rabbit was started behind a barn and instantly lost under it.

The hunt dinner was a weird and deafening affair, and the Weber-Field ball costumes unbelievable.

Owing to reaction and exhaustion, repentant girls came to Jacqueline requesting an interim of intellectual recuperation; so she obligingly announced a lecture in the jade room, and talked to them very prettily about jades and porcelains, suiting her words to their intellectual capacity, which could grasp Kang-he porcelains and Celedon and Sang-de-bœuf, but balked at the "three religions," and found *blanc de Chine* uninspiring. So she told them about the *famille vert* and the *famille rose;* about the K'ang Hsi period, which they liked, and how the imperial kilns at Kiangsi developed the wonderful *clair de lune* "turquoise blue" and "peach bloom," for which some of their friends or relatives had paid through their various and assorted noses.

All of this her audience found interesting because they recognized in the exquisite examples from Desboro's collection, with which Jacqueline illustrated her impromptu lecture, objects both fashionable and expensive; and what is both fashionable and expensive appeals very forcibly to mediocrity.

"I saw a jar like that one at the Clydesdales'," said Reggie Ledyard, a trifle excited at his own unexpected intelligence. "How much is it worth, Miss Nevers?"

She laughed and looked at the vase between her slender fingers.

"Really," she said, "it isn't worth very much. But wealthy people have established fictitious values for many rather crude and commonplace things. If people had the courage to buy only what appealed to them personally, there would be a mighty crash in tumbling values."

"We'd all wake up and find ourselves stuck," remarked Van Alstyne, who possessed some pictures which he had come to loathe, but for which he had paid terrific prices. "Jim, do you want to buy any primitives, guaranteed genuine?"

"There's the thrifty Dutch trader for you," said Reggie. "I'm loaded with rickety old furniture, too. They got me to furnish my place with antiques! But you don't see me trying to sell 'em to my host at a house party!"

"Stop your disputing," said Desboro pleasantly, "and ask Miss Nevers for her professional opinion later. The chances are that you both have been properly stuck, and I never had any sympathy for wealthy ignorance, anyway."

Copyright by Robert W. Chambers

But Ledyard and Van Alstyne, being very wealthy, became frightfully depressed over the unfeeling jibes of Desboro; and Jacqueline seemed to be by way of acquiring a pair of new clients.

In fact, both young men at various moments approached her on the subject, but Desboro informed them that they might with equal propriety ask a physician to prescribe for them at a dance, and that Miss Nevers' office was open from nine until five.

"Gad," remarked Ledyard to Van Alstyne, with increasing respect, "she is some girl, believe *me*, Stuyve. Only if she ever married up with a man of our kind—good-night! She'd quit him in a week."

Van Alstyne touched his forehead significantly.

"Sure," he said. "Nothing doing *inside* our conks. But why the Lord made her such a peach outside as well as inside is driving me to Jersey! Most of 'em are so awful to look at, don't y' know. Come on, anyway. *I* can't keep away from her."

"She's somewhere with the others playing baseball golf," said Reggie, gloomily, following his friend. "Isn't it terrible to see a girl in the world like that—apparently created to make some good gink happy—and suddenly find out that she has even more brains than beauty! My God, Stuyve, it's hard on a man like me."

"Are you really hard hit?"

"*Am* I? And how about you?"

"It's the real thing here," admitted Van Alstyne. "But what's the use?"

They agreed that there was no use; but during the dance that evening both young men managed to make their intentions clear to Jacqueline.

Reggie Ledyard had persuaded her to a few minutes' promenade in the greenhouse; and there, standing amid thickets of spicy carnations, the girl listened to her first proposal from a man of that outer world about which, until a few days ago, she had known nothing.

The boy was not eloquent; he made a clumsy attempt to kiss her and was defeated. He seemed to her very big, and blond, and handsome as he stood there; and she felt a little pity for him, too, partly because his ideas were so few and his vocabulary so limited.

Perplexed, silent, sorry for him, yet still conscious of a little thrill of wonder and content that a man of the outer world had found her eligible, she debated within herself how best to spare him. And, as usual, the truth presented itself to her as the only explanation.

"You see," she said, lifting her troubled eyes, "I am in love with some one else."

"Good God!" he muttered. After a silence he said humbly: "Would it be unpardonable if I—*would* you tell me whether you are engaged?"

She blushed with surprise at the idea.

"Oh, no," she said, startled. "I—don't expect to be."

"What?" he exclaimed incredulously. "Is there a man on earth ass enough not to fall in love with you if you ever condescended to smile at him twice?"

But the ideas which he was evoking seemed to distress her, and she averted her face and stood twisting a long-stemmed carnation with nervous fingers.

Not even to herself, either before or since Desboro's letter which had revealed him so unmistakably, had the girl ventured in her inmost thoughts to think the things which this big, blond, loutish boy had babbled.

What Desboro was, she understood. She had had the choice of dismissing him from her mind, with scorn and outraged pride as aids to help the sacrifice, or of accepting him as he was—as she knew him to be—for the sake of something about him as yet inexplicable even to herself.

And she had chosen.

But now a man of Desboro's world had asked her to be his wife. More than that; he had assumed that she was fitted to be the wife of anybody.

They walked back together. She was adorable with him, kind, timidly sympathetic and smilingly silent by turns, venturing even to rally him a little, console him a little, moved by an impulse toward friendship wholly unfeigned.

"All I have to say is," he muttered, "that you're a peach and a corker; and I'm going to invent some way of marrying you, even if it lands me in an East Side night-school."

Even he joined in her gay laughter; and presently Van Alstyne, who had been glowering at them, managed to get her away. But she would have nothing further to do with greenhouses, or dark landings, or libraries; so he asked her bluntly while they were dancing; and she shook her head, and very soon dropped his arm.

There was a bay-window near them; she made a slight gesture of irritation; and there, in the partly curtained seclusion, he learned that she was grateful and happy that he liked her so much; that she liked him very much, but that she loved somebody else.

He took it rather badly at first; she began to understand that few girls would have lightly declined a Van Alstyne; and he was inclined to be patronizing, sulky and dignified—an impossible combination—for it ditched him finally, and left him kissing her hands and declaring constancy eternal.

That night, at parting, Desboro retained her offered hand a trifle longer than convention required, and looked at her more curiously than usual.

"Are you enjoying the party, Jacqueline?"

"Every minute of it. I have never been as happy."

"I suppose you realize that everybody is quite mad about you."

"Everybody is nice to me! People are so much kinder than I imagined."

"Are they? How do you get on with the gorgon?"

(*Continued from page 25*)

Bernarr Macfadden's

ONE of the first requirements for good health is to strengthen the stomach. Within the stomach we find the beginning of all vital blood-making processes. Here is where the food first passes through the changes essential to create the life-building fluid called the blood, and here is where, in the event that the stomach is incapable of efficiently performing its duty, we find the foundation for dyspeptics, nightmares, grouches, and other unpleasantries.

The work of strengthening the stomach does not consist wholly in exercise. To a large extent, it depends on your learning at least the fundamental facts relating to rational dietetics; and after acquiring this knowledge, to apply it to your individual use throughout every day of your life.

Then, too, there are various special exercises which will have a certain influence upon the stomach because of their mechanical stimulation of this organ. All bending and twisting movements of the trunk of the body will naturally stimulate the action of the stomach because of their direct mechanical effect. All movements of this sort are naturally valuable under the circumstances, though for a short time after a meal any exercise that is so severe as to interfere with digestion should be avoided.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Louise Groody

AT LEFT:
Virginia Warwick

Beauty Pages

You must follow a daily plan of life requiring of the entire body a normal amount of activity, thus demanding and using a fairly liberal supply of nourishment. An active life is always favorable to good digestion, and especially so if it is an out-of-door life for at least a large part of each day, for then an appetite is created demanding of the stomach that healthy activity essential to strength building; in other words, an active and normal life generally is essential to the maintenance of a strong and healthy stomach.

It is quite true that when the stomach is weakened from any cause, it is not wise to overtax it by the ingestion of foods that are difficult to digest. But at the same time, a policy of using pre-digested foods, or others that are suited only to a weak stomach, is not likely to develop a vigorous digestion.

It is essential that you should use a proper supply of natural and wholesome foods properly prepared. If this is done and the general rules of dietics observed, there is no reason why any one should not enjoy the possession of a strong stomach and a vigorous digestion.

I cannot, however, place too much emphasis upon the value of outdoor life and general activity, and the constitutional benefits that go with them for improving the stomach as well as all other parts of the body.

At Left:
Dorothy Devore, Christie

At Right:
Elise Nichols

The Faith that is in Them

Being an Expression of Religious Beliefs

BELOW:

Of course, Mary Pickford is a Catholic. So, too, though this is less generally known—is Doug Fairbanks. Both still profess the faith, and attend the Catholic Church, though divorced and married a second time. Mary is greatly beloved of scores of little Catholic orphans in Los Angeles, to whose homes she is a frequent and opulently generous visitor.

AT LEFT:

Ethel Clayton is an Episcopalian and finds much solace in her religion. When her husband, Joe Kauffman, died four years ago, she was prostrated with grief. Her sorrow obsessed her and she has never quite recovered, has never gone into society since. But Maeterlinck's books on life after death and Basil King's on the return of spirits to earth and communication with those who have passed on, have been a great comfort to her. In discussing one of Maeterlinck's books once, Miss Clayton said to us: "Why, of course those who die come back to comfort the grief stricken ones."

AT RIGHT:

A good old Scotch Presbyterianism is the faith of Katherine MacDonald. She doesn't believe in new fads along religious or philosophical lines, though she is liberal-minded toward others' beliefs.

Peggy Shaw

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Bill Farnum

Bill Farnum Going West

Bill Farnum Going West

WHEN Bill Farnum completes his next picture he will be on his way to the Coast to produce a story or two. Bill's been getting regular stories, lately, but the one's before "A Stage Door Romance" and "Shackles of Gold," a picturization of Bernstein's "Samson and Delilah," were pretty rummy. Which just goes to prove that there's a real market for the feller capable of writing a story smacking of originality onto paper.

* * * * *

Peggy Shaw Makes Good

Little Peggy Shaw—grown-up despite her petiteness—has made good with a rush. Remember the interview we had with the lady some months ago? It was when Fox engaged her for her first important role, the feminine lead in a J. Searle Dawley special. Peggy scored in it, and you'll be able to judge for yourself sometime this summer when it's released. Rumors are floating around that she may be cast in a special that Fox plans to make abroad, the title of which we can't announce at this writing.

* * * * *

An Observation

We've seen that demon heavy of the silver sheet, Charlie Gerard, around town lately. It occurs to us that he may be leaving the land of the Kliegs—at least the musician-length of his hair leads us to construe this.

* * * * *

Prompted By Tom Meighan

The other day, we ambled into a theatre to see Tom Meighan in his new picture, "The Bachelor Daddy." If you've seen the picture, you know all about the five youngsters who make life one grand excitement after another for him. Well, two women sitting next to us were discussing the picture with much gusto, and finally, one of them remarked: "Wouldn't you just like to go out and adopt a child?" And then some folks have the audacity to denounce pictures as absolutely no good!

Olive Ann Alcorn

* * * * *

Glenn Hunter Back

Welcome back, Glenn Hunter, to the city of five million souls (are these statistics right? We're not a criterion!). Glenn pulled into the Pennyslvania Station recently, following a tour with Billie Burke in their Broadway success, "An Intimate Stranger," and rushed for a Long Island train "ter hum." No sooner had he deposited his luggage than he dashed over to the studio and by three o'clock was made up and working in his new picture. There's speed de luxe, for you.

Glenn is all signed up to appear on Broadway again this fall in a new play, but, in the meantime . . . His new picture is minus a title, but geeminy crickets, it's surely chuck full of the real thing in the way of thrills, not the least of which is Glenn's interpretation of the Tango. We're going to ramble out to the studio to see him in this, so more anon.

* * * * *

Mary Astor in Picture

For his leading lady, Glenn engaged the wistful Mary Astor, star of the Triart series, including among others, "The Beggar Maid." We'd enjoy seeing Miss Astor in a prizma picture, provided the camera photographed colors softly and in their exact proportion. We refer to Mary's mass of wavy, auburn hair, and her peaches and cream complexion.

George Walsh

* * * * *

Overheard at the Circus

Yeah, Ye Rambler went to the circus and enjoyed it tremendously, 'cept there weren't enough clowns for us! While gazing at the enormous fat lady in the freak department, we overheard a wild-haired philosopher murmur, as he contemplated the aforementioned fat lady: "To her who hath shall be given." And we, too, commenced to appreciate the increase of her avoirdupois over last year! ! !

* * * * *

"A Fool There Was"

"A Fool There Was," even as you and I! And it's Estelle Taylor who creates the excitement and proves the title to be true. Estelle recently completed work as the vamp—the role that made Theda Bara famous years ago—and from what we hear she may be on her way East, soon. So splendid is her work that you needn't be terribly surprised if you learn that Fox has signed her up to a contract.

More Hearings

While we're hearin', we may as well mention another especially interesting item. It came to our ears that George Walsh, star of the Universal "With Stanley in Africa" serial, had severed his connection with that company and may shortly be signed by another. We don't know whether George had a little fracas with Universal or vice versa. Anyway, it's drifting around that he's through with them.

* * * * *

A Newcomer

Olive Ann Alcorn is a newcomer in pictures, at least, comparatively so. She hails from the far West, a certain openness and breeziness of manner suggesting this to one meeting her for the first time. Miss Alcorn expects to begin an engagement shortly on the Ziegfeld roof and this fall, if all goes smoothly, she starts her picture work in earnest, being signed for a series of specials. Being a dancer, she was grace; being a Ziegfeld girl, she has beauty; being natural, she has sincerity. Blue ribbon success winners.

* * * * *

Ingram Ready to Work

A VALUABLE addition to the woefully small picture colony here in New York has been made in the arrival of Rex Ingram and Alice Terry. Director Ingram has just signed a two-year contract with Metro, whereby he agrees to make three pictures a year. He begins work in a few days on his next special, which has not been decided upon at this writing. We understand Alice Terry will be his leading lady in this, as well as in the previous ones beginning with the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

* * * * *

Did You Ever Stop to Consider

Did you ever stop to consider the number of directors who star their wives? There's Rex Ingram, for instance, who features Alice Terry. Then, Hugo Ballin, featuring Mabel Ballin. 'Round on the First National lot is R. A. Walsh and his featured wife, Miriam Cooper. Showing that regular partnership exists in the picture colony.

Estelle Taylor

* * * * *

Just Ruminating

Now that Geraldine Farrar has completed her fifteen year engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House and is booked for a three-year concert tour, not to mention her agreement to star on Broadway under Belasco's management at the end of this time, it wouldn't surprise a lot of folks we've talked with if she considered reentering pictures. Miss Farrar is best remembered for her first production, "Joan, the Woman," and for her delineation of "Carmen." The others, fortunately, have been forgotten. Perhaps she may consider a picture offer; then again, she may not. The consensus of opinion is evenly divided. We wonder what she has to say.

The Censorship Blot

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In response to a recent editorial in "Movie Weekly" pertaining to Federal or State Censorship, many interesting and pertinent opinions have come in from our readers, a representative number of which we publish herewith. After reading these letters, write in and tell us what you think of them. We want to establish an open forum where our readers can exchange opinions on different phases of motion pictures.*

SEEING THINGS

Dear Editor:

In a recent editorial regarding Federal Censorship, you say you can't figure out how a commission of three can pass on films for exhibition in the United States. It, of course, would be difficult to censor films as most of the harmful propaganda is in secret code. Take Chaplin's "Pay Day." It would not take very expert censorship to decide that its purport is inimical to Americans and should be censored. It goes through a secret code, explaining to the "wise ones" how to put over a little short practice or intrigue, at the same time entertaining. Nearly all of Dickens' novels are of this character of intrigue through secret understanding, and should be barred from the United States. To censor such films, the country might be the loser by unjust criticism, but by having a Federal Censorship Commission, producers are likely to be careful about admitting propaganda detrimental to the United States and its citizens.

Yours,
A. J. ROBERTS,
505 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

DEAD SET AGAINST CENSORSHIP

Editor, "Movie Weekly":

In regard to your recent editorial in "Movie Weekly" about Federal Censorship for the movies, I wish to say that as an American citizen, I am opposed to any further censoring of the movies, and I am of the opinion that the moving picture industry of today is under the guardianship of men who are broad-minded enough to know just what to produce. I can't see where they conceive the idea of State or Federal Censorship and of blue laws. If they keep on dickering with the movies, they are going to make out of the movies just what they are making out of prohibition.

Sincerely yours,
ANDREW DE ANNAS,
St. Louis, Missouri.

LET THE PUBLIC DECIDE

Dear Editor:

Film censorship. I note you ask the views of your readers on this important question.

I do not believe either State or Federal censorship is particularly favored by the majority of people, but it is being forced upon us by the big autocratic producers. In other words, it is the inevitable effect, or result, of the compulsory methods of film distribution employed by practically all the big producers.

They bind an exhibitor by an iron-clad contract to a certain brand of film and he has to pay rental on, and take his regular turn with what is sent out.

We all know that inferior film are sometimes produced and censorships will at least save us the necessity of paying for and viewing films which ought to have died a bornin'.

It seems to me that producers ought to have foreseen, ought now to see, how censorship could be avoided and that is simply by permitting movie patrons and exhibitors to choose the films they wish to see, regardless of what trademark they bear, or by what company produced.

Unless they are willing, and arrange to do so, then censorship is inevitable.

You say you don't believe in letting a board of three choose for 100,000,000 people. Neither do I believe in letting a few heads of the industry dictate to those same millions what they must pay for and see or not see.

While I, personally, am opposed to either State or Federal Censorship, still I honestly believe it to be the lesser of two evils.

In conclusion, may I say this is written with the most friendly intent, and I am in no way whatsoever connected with the movie business, but am only one of the masses who like to see good pictures.

Yours very truly,
EARL SPENCER,
Brashear, Mo.

PRODUCERS—ATTENTION!

Dear Editor:

In your issue of April 22nd, I read with considerable interest, the "wonderful intellectual statistics," that Mrs. Evelyn Frances Snow, chief of the Ohio Board of Censors, propounds for the enlightenment of the great ignorant public.

In this day of striving to make both ends meet, I certainly envy the 75 per cent of the population of our country that are unable to "think" and sincerely wish I, too, was "thoughtless."

Mrs. Snow is entitled to a niche in the Hall of Fame, for it must have required years of sacrifice and study to arrive at this intellectual deduction, and the great State of Ohio is fortunate and should be congratulated on having such a broad-minded, discerning lady at the head of the Board whose duty is to direct the minds and morals of the 10 per cent capable of "thinking."

I can freely state that, from my own observations, as one of the 15 per cent (to which I take the liberty of electing myself), I do not believe that motion pictures create distorted views of life, nor have they injected wrong ideas into juvenile minds.

Childish imaginations will never be curbed, no matter what restrictions are thrown about upbringing. The childish love of adventure, the youthful love of romance, and the mature love of both, through reminiscent dreams, will be forever with us, and there is no greater or finer medium of gratifying these loves than through the wonderful scientific gift that God has, in His goodness, granted; and men and women of artistic refinement have made possible the cinematic art.

Truthful pictures are often censored because of their fidelity to detail. Wrong viewpoints are a matter of personal minds and thoughts. It is very easy for censors to gain wrong impressions on themes or scenes in certain pictures, but trying to convince thousands of patrons to see these faults through their eyes is another matter.

I am constrained to illustrate by mentioning a certain incident.

At an informal dinner in a home noted for hospitality, the hostess, noting the gentleman guest to her right was eating very sparingly, chided him: "You must have a very light appetite." He gallantly replied: "My dear lady, how can one have an appetite when you are so near?", and the gentleman is wondering yet why there are no further invitations to that home!

The few salacious pictures that were shown some time ago died a natural death as did the producers with them, but there were no censors at the obsequies.

I remember the pictures some years ago that created considerable comment: "Where Are My Children?" which children under sixteen years were prohibited from viewing; yet the bald truthfulness of that picture did a thousand times more good than harm. The truth should never hurt anyone.

From the writer's close observation, and being a regular attendant at all the best picture theatres in this city, it seems the screen stories that carry heart interest with youthful romance and adventure woven into the theme meet with the popular demand. "Smiling Through" is showing here to capacity houses of old and young patrons and the kiddies get as much enjoyment as the grown-ups. Does this indicate that "their juvenile minds are distorted?" It is regrettable that as we grow older there are some people who forget childhood's happy days and the pranks often played in defiance of parental authority, and a few of these find their place on Censorship Boards.

There has been a crying demand from the public in recent months for "Better Pictures!" The producer is willing but is in doubt as to who shall be the judge after he has planted a couple of hundred thousand dollars or more: The public willing to pay—or the two or three censors who pay nothing but draw more salary?

If the matter is left to the 75 per cent of people who "do not think," they and the producers will, we are very sure, arrive at a satisfactory solution as to what should be sold and paid for.

J. LE GRANDE BOOTH,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

ARE THERE ANY BROAD MINDED PEOPLE?

Editor, "Movie Weekly":

In reply to your recent editorial concerning censorship, I would like to say that your article interested me very much and as you asked the fans to write what they thought, I am taking the liberty of expressing my opinions on this much discussed problem.

The plan of Federal Censorship is, I think, very good; much better, in fact, than the State censors. It is indeed a preposterous idea to think of a film traveling from one State to another and in each having some parts cut out and then being patched up before the censors in the next State use their scissors on it. This method is not in any way fair to the movie goer, whether he pay ten cents or two dollars for admission. A release cannot be as interesting and complete after the State censors have whacked it into such bits that when it is shown on the screen it has no more continuity than a love scene has with a bull fight. Furthermore, from the look of pictures I have seen lately, the censors can be easily bought over to pass anything and everything. They are absolutely no good. Why is it a picture like the "Queen of Sheba" can get by when other films that are extremely tame in comparison will be cut and slashed so the screen version will be almost entirely different from the scenario form? To be more explicit, ruined by men who have the nerve to call themselves censors.

Reverting to the plan of Federal Censorship, I am afraid they will have to shorten their list of nonlicensed films if the infant industry ever hopes to grow up. In order to make any kind of a photoplay, good must triumph over vice; but, according to them, no villains nor villainy must be permitted. I pity the poor scenario writers if they enforce such stuff. I would not have it thought that my ideas are against censorship, as there is nothing I more strongly advocate than a good, just Board of Censors. The members of the Commission should be chosen very carefully; for they must be able to censor a picture so it will be lax enough for New York and also straight-laced enough to suit the Ladies' Aid Society of "Pigsville," if possible. If this plan proves good, it will certainly be a benefit to movies, as they need nothing more right now than real censorship.

The censoring of films all depends on the folks who wave the knives. What else can we expect on the screen than "Little Rollo" stories when censors are people with antiquated ideas and minds about the width of an average pencil. I will close this by saying that I am sincerely in favor of Federal Censorship, providing the members can see a film from the fan's, producer's, playwright's and star's viewpoint and censor it accordingly. If such a thing could be made possible, the plan will be fine. Otherwise, it will in no way improve on State Censorship.

Yours very truly,
TRIX MacKENZIE,
Atlanta, Georgia.

A BURNING DENUNCIATION

Dear Editor:

Censorship is nothing but an offspring of autocracy. It is absolutely un-American, and I am bitterly opposed to it. The present laws are adequate for protection of public morals.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. M. LORENZA STEVENS,
Venice, California

MOVIE WEEKLY Art Series

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

JACKIE COOGAN

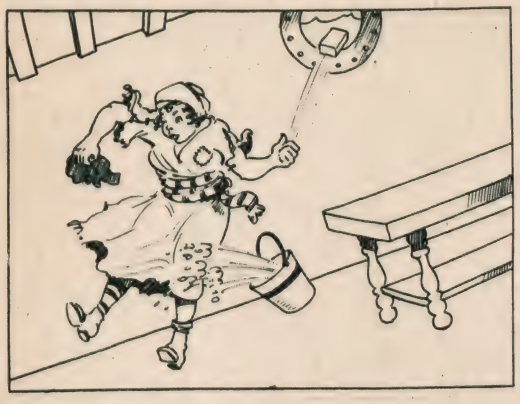
Hollywood, 1922.

MR. H. O. POTTS,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Well, folks, today I emulated the "Ancient Mariner" once mentioned so effectively by Mr. S. Coleridge, and had a job which featured prominently that liquid element first made famous by Jonah when he co-starred therein with the Whale in some early animal stuff—to wit and viz., the Ocean. Only in this case, the wild sea-waves occurred some ten miles inland from the nearest beach, and were strictly of the hand-made variety.

The scene of action was at the Realart Studio in Los Angeles, and the story I worked in had a strictly up-to-date theme, being concerned primarily with Cuba, bootlegging, and an otherwise violent trend of thought in general. It was a sort of an all-star affair, the literary and dramatic notables involved including me, Nina Wilcox Putnam, and Bebe Daniels, and we worked on a kind of an equal, share-alike basis. Which is to say that Nina got the financial returns Bebe got the publicity, and I got the manual labor.



The action was supposed to take place aboard ship, and so we followed the usual movie custom in such cases by shooting the interior scenes on a specially constructed "set" there in the studio, planning to journey later to a more or less genuine sea-hack on the nearest convenient section of ocean for the exteriors. The consequence was that, in the actual territory it covered, our craft was of dimensions which would of made the "Leviathan" look like an under-sized canal-boat.

You may have heard of Washington, D. C., which, same is sometimes referred to as "the city of magnificent distances?" Well, believe me, when it come to distances, magnificent or otherwise, our little craft would of made Gamaliel Harding's present mailing address seem about as commodious as the inside measurements of a sardine container. Because, while the cabin in which we was working was on a studio stage in Los Angeles, the deck supposed to be just outside the cabin-door was really on a schooner in Santa Monica Bay, a trifle over *eleven miles* away!

It being essential, however, that the alleged cabin interior should have that constant, heaving, sea-going shimmy peculiar to all life on the so-called deep, and it being rather impracticable to import a section of genuine ocean temporarily for the purpose, the Director did the next best thing and delegated a boss stage-hand and a crew of a dozen huskies to double as the wild sea-waves.

Which is to say, that the entire "set" was built up on top of a round, cradle-like base which could be rocked in any direction desired by the stage-hands heaving on long handles sticking out on each side of the contraption. It was their boss' job to sorta direct and regulate the fury of the waters, so to speak. Incidentally, it was the vindicative disposition of this same boss stage-hand, together with the misplaced playfulness of a cake of soap, which was to eventually not only ruin an otherwise perfect day for me, but to result in my sudden and violent separation from the Realart payroll as well.

It began in the very first scene, in which, attired in a nondescript attire which would have aroused the envy of a professional rag-picker, I was supposed to be delineated in the act of massaging the cabin floor with a mop. As near as I could figure the plot out, I had been discovered on board as a stowaway and, accordingly, had to work my way henceforth in my travels by acting as a sort of a sea-going edition of a janitress.

Well, anyway, I was standing under a porthole when it happened, emoting with a huge cake of soap in one hand and a mop in the other. A "porthole," Maw, is the maritime idea of what a window should be, being small and of much the same circular shape as the head of a barrel. I don't know exactly how it did happen but, induced by a sudden spurt on the part of the crew at the handles, the cabin gave an unexpected and unusually heavy roll to starboard and, in the excitement of the moment, I convulsively squeezed the soap in my hand about seven times too hard.

The immediate result, of course, was that it did as wet soap usually does under such constriction, and left my hand like a greased pig making a hurried exit from a catapult, soared swiftly and accurately through the open porthole and then, as a grand climax, registered a direct hit in the not overly handsome countenance of the boss of the wave-makers below. And believe me, Maw, unless you have an awful craving for immediate trouble in large quantities, take my advice—*never* hit a boss stage-hand in the face with a cake of soap!

When I tried to apologize, the hick merely favored me with much the same pleasant glare the Wolf surveyed Little Red Riding Hood with in the old melodrama of that name, and I was foolish enough to think that that was the end of the matter. I learned my mistake in the very next scene.

This time I had apparently been promoted one step higher in the ranks of the hired help on board, and was supposed to display my innate dramatic ability by impersonating a waitress. Those members of the Bootleggers' Union who happened to be aboard were holding a combined banquet and pow-wow around the cabin table, and my stunt was to stroll in in the midst of the festivities and serve a tray load of the ship's supposedly spiritual cargo.

The camera started, the huskies on the handles began imparting the regulation ocean roll to the scenery, and I headed for the group around the table, swaying very sailor-like in unison with the regular motion of the set and bearing a large tray of assorted glasses of colored water overhead in one hand. Then the boss stage-hand proceeded to take a revenge which for sheer vindicativeness would of made Hamlet's playful little orgy of king-killing seem like a mere practical joke. Selecting the exact moment when I had one foot in the air, and was all nicely balanced with the roll of the set, he suddenly leaned on a handle hard and violently *reversed* the motion of the whole blooming layout!

The results were sudden, interesting and spectacular. I kept on ascending, but the floor didn't. The consequence was that my tray of glassware was lobbed into the midst of the assemblage at the table after the manner and with much the general destructive effect of a Mills bomb, while I turned a half flip-flop in the non-supporting ozone, skidded gracefully on the back of my neck for a moment, and then

arrived among the demoralized banqueteers with an acquired momentum and destructive force which very thoroughly finished what the tray had started. Honest, Maw, our little party looked like a cross between the aftermath of an Irish peace conference, and an animated version of the Riot Act.

There was a long and impressive moment of silence, like the well-advertised calm before the storm. Then the Director turned to me, and made just two remarks. "Young woman, as a waitress, you'd make an excellent eccentric acrobat," was one. The other was even more insulting. "But, unfortunately, this is supposed to be a studio, not a circus; you can stop at the cashier's window on your way out."

Which I guess will be all for this time.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS.

via HAL WELLS.

Convicted Murderer finds Escape in Scenario Writings

(*Continued from page* 4)

chance of a successful defense. His record was against him, and he could not explain how he had managed to travel a thousand miles from the spot where Mrs. Todd had seen him. He was quickly convicted, and sentenced to spend the remainder of his days in jail.

Some of those who were present at the trial thought that Eytinge's guilt was open to some doubt. One student of criminals declared that Eytinge was not the sort of wrongdoer who commits an act of violence, that he was too well-educated and could live by his wits rather than by forceful robbery or murder. But the conviction stood. Moreover, the jury was probably influenced by Eytinge's physical condition. The years he had spent in Columbus prison had marked him. He was subject to tuberculosis, and in the months he had spent awaiting trial for murder that disease had progressed to the point where he was almost too weak to stand when the court clerk cried:

"Defendant, face the bar!"

Eytinge protests his innocence of the crime of which he was accused. And the fact that his supposed victim was known to have been suffering from tuberculosis himself, and was also subject to heart attacks and asthma, makes it exceedingly possible that he is being incarcerated unjustly.

Yet when the gates of Yuma prison clanged shut upon him, when the world with its temptations was finally torn away forever, a remarkable change took place in his nature. He might have given way to despondency. Instead, he began to fight not for liberty but for life.

Sometimes the most inconsequential details influence the trend of a man's existence. Mosquitoes were the determining factors in the life of Louis Victor Eytinge. Yuma prison was built along the banks of a river, in a swamp country. Mosquitoes infested the prison. Unless a prisoner could earn enough money to purchase netting and such luxuries as milk and eggs, he would be tortured by the insects, and would inevitably succumb to malaria and to tuberculosis. Eytinge was confined to the hospital ward, because of his tubercular condition. He organized fourteen of the inmates into a sales and manufacturing force and taught them how to make trinkets out of horsehair, which they sold to visitors to the prison. The money made in that way was used to purchase milk, eggs and netting, and brought a new element, the love of service, into the drab prison.

Time passed and Eytinge, busily occupied with his work progressed toward health. His lungs healed, he was released from the prison ward and made an assistant to the parole clerk. He was virtually free of restraint. He had a typewriter at his disposal and considerable free time. He began to write letters to concerns manufacturing souvenirs and trinkets, hoping in that way to increase the income of his convict co-workers.

He discovered that his letters were uniformly successful in obtaining the results he desired. Soon he turned his hand toward writing sales letters. They, too, seemed to find the vulnerable point in the armor of possible purchasers. Revelation came to him. He was fitted, by nature, by temperament and by experience to be a writer of forceful, pithy sales letters, and he began to flood the country with such epistles.

Meantime, he was transferred to Florence Prison, in a dry climate. He gained in weight, became physically fit. At first the warden would not allow him to send out more than two letters a month. Into those two letters, he was forced to pour all the sales arguments he could conceive. He must fashion each word with care, turn each phrase neatly and cleverly. This experience, the result of restraint, made him develop into an ad writer without parallel in the ranks of the advertising men of the country.

When, in 1912, he was finally permitted to write as many letters as he pleased—due to the policy of a new warden, Robert Sims—Eytinge was able to attain the position of an advertising expert. He bought all the advertising trade papers and studied them carefully. He obtained

(*Continued on page* 31)

How Would You Act If Entertaining Three Ex-Husbands?

Mary Alden Equal to the Occasion

I DON'T see why somebody doesn't write a comedy all about a divorced lady who accidentally entertains a couple of her ex's at tea at the same time! It must often happen. Think I'll do it myself. Because I just came from a party where the thing really happened! Thrilly, isn't it? She was Mary Alden, and Mary is wonderfully clever at keeping a situation in hand. Two of her ex's were a handful—but when the third dropped in—well, it did seem kind of sultry, you know. But Miss Alden was equal to the occasion. She got them to arguing over religion and politics and talking about their favorite bootleggers. Two of 'em are paying Mary alimony—the husbands, not the bootleggers—and I'll just bet they were dying to ask the one who isn't how he got out of doing it. Mary says it seemed quite a family party. She told me that in her bedroom while I was powdering my nose. One of her ex's is married again and sometimes brings his wife. Mary and she are great friends. The present wife is expecting a baby, and the couple like her so much that they have promised to name the little thing after her if it's a girl! I'll say that's the last word. Mary says she feels like some relation to the baby—that maybe she'll call it her baby-in-law."

Irma the Ingenue had rushed into the tea garden breathless as usual, and I commented on the fact.

"Well, how people ever have any time to kill, I don't know!" retorted Irma, signalling the waiter. "I think time is killing the people who have time to kill—if you get me . . . Here, waiter, a drop or two of the demon tea!"

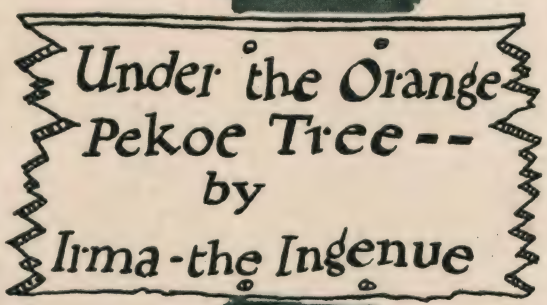
I poured, and Irma laid aside her little animal from around her neck, and put a dash of pinkey on her cheeks.

"But, my dear, that isn't all. Parties for ex's seem to be all the rage just now. It's being done. If you're not friendly with your ex's, you're not a good sport, that's all. Did you hear how Gloria Swanson had both Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Beery at lunch at the same time, just before she left for Europe? And everything was as clubby as could be. Not a single casualty!

"And yet even that isn't equal to the case in which a certain actress sent her baby as a wedding gift to her ex-hubby and his bride! But some people seem to think that was going a little too far.

"So now Barbara Le Marr is going to get a divorce from Ben Deely! But she's awfully sweet about him—says they're good friends, only she guesses she wasn't cut out for a stay-at-home, and that's what he likes.

"Then there's Katherine Van Buren, Mabel Van Buren's daughter. Katherine has been on the stage and in pictures ever since she left the convent, four years ago. She got married about six months ago to a business man. But she told me quite plaintively, the other evening, 'He married an actress, when what he really wanted was a



cook! I gave up the stage for him, and tried my best, but somehow I couldn't suit him. He threw my cook book into the fire, so what could I do? So we're divorced.'"

Just then Alice Terry drove past the window in her little Ford coupe which she still uses even if she is Rex Ingram's wife.

"Oh, there's Alice Terry!" exclaimed Irma. She's just the greatest surprise to everybody who thinks of her as a proud, cold lady. Why, she's a regular girl. She has the drollest sense of humor, too. The other day over on the set, Joe Martin, the big Chimpanzee, was playing in some scenes of Ingram's new picture, 'Black Orchids.' A crowd of gushy people were standing around, and a fat lady exclaimed: 'Oh. isn't that monkey wonderful! Why, he's perfectly human! What,' she asked Alice, 'does he do between scenes?' 'Why,' said Alice, keeping a perfectly straight face, 'he just sits around the set and reads!'"

Irma grinned and took another spoonful of ice cream.

"Oh, I'm forgetting to tell you! The Selznick people have all come to Hollywood, including of course Owen Moore and his wife, Katherine Perry, who has just been made a star. The company is to work at United Studios. You know Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks used to work there, and they do say that's why Doug and Mary left—it would be awkward, you know, meeting Owen Moore and his bride two or three times a day like that. One wouldn't know the etiquette of the situation, would one? Whether to just nod or ask 'em over.

"By the way, have you heard what Rupert Hughes said to somebody who asked about Hollywood, the other day? Well, a tourist was asking him, 'What is Hollywood, anyhow, and how about all this scandal?' 'Why,' answered Hughes, 'a great many of the players don't live in Hollywood, and I'm beginning to think that Hollywood like Boston, is a state of mind!'"

"Look here, Irma," I said severely, "you're talking nothing but gossip today. Heaven knows I love dirt as well as anybody, but I should like to hear something else once in a while from your young and innocent lips!"

"Don't get severe!" cried Irma. "Goodness knows I can't help it if gossip happens, can I? Well, then, I'll tell you something else. I've met Elaine Hammerstein, and she's lovely. She says that California really looks like the post-cards, only much prettier, and she just knows she's going to like working here, though it does seem like a long way from everywhere. 'Just like a baby said, coming out in the train,' she told me, 'there's such a big outdoors!'

"So Norman Kerry is going back to Europe, after only eight weeks' stay here. He loves it over there. And he's to be starred by a company that's to work at the old Sascha studios in Vienna. And Hazel Dawn will be his leading lady.

"Oh, by the way, Constance Talmadge is home now. And they do say, too, that Maurice, the dancer, may come back to Los Angeles to work in pictures. Constance does love to dance, and seems to carry it into her private life!"

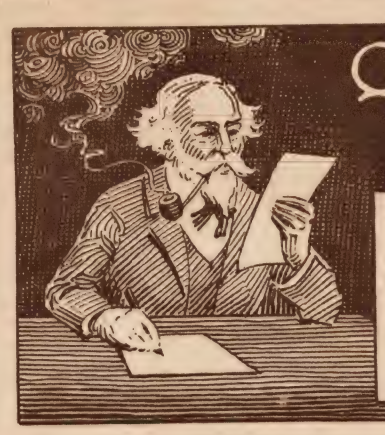
At that moment Roscoe Arbuckle and his wife drove by in Roscoe's big car.

"Well, Roscoe is out, isn't he? And he and Minta are going to stay together, I guess. Minta says that friendship is the greatest thing in the world, and that she and Roscoe are the most wonderful friends that ever were. His picture went over wonderfully, down at the Garrick; and she says that all the way down from San Francisco, crowds greeted them at the railway trains, the children especially clinging to him."

Irma the Ingenue glanced at the watch on her wrist and prepared to flit.

'Was it an auricular abundance, dearie?" she asked.

"It was," I laughed, and Irma kissed her hand good-bye from behind the roses in her limousine vase.



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

Some of you are very thoughtful with your contributions of stamps and I appreciate it very much. But I do want you to feel that any information—reasonable information—you wish, I am only too glad to give you, and the only fee I ask of you is the customary stamped envelope. Otherwise the service is absolutely free, and any extra stamps just put me to the trouble of returning them.

MISS SOUTHERLAND—So you think I'm a clever answer man and want to know how'd I get this way? Well, I'll tell you: by eating carrots! Of course I don't like carrots, but didn't you ever eat crusts of bread because they were supposed to make your hair curly? You see, when I was young and people asked me the usual question, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" I replied, "An answer man." So my parents said, "All right, eat carrots." Sure, lots of the screen players go to church; did you see the article about it in the April 22nd issue? Yes, I like Doug with his mustache—or without it. I'd even like him with a bald head.

TOOTIE—No, I am not going to show your letter to the floor sweeper—unless you are especially interested in him and want him to see it. He's never here when I'm here anyway; he comes early in the morning. Mae Murray is thirty years old; you can write her in care of Metro, 1540 Broadway, New York. I suppose the reason they say one has to be beautiful to get into the movies is that something has to be said to discourage all the stage struck girls who have no chance of getting in.

LORD FAUNTLEROY—Your letter gave me my day's best laugh—about the noise going on around you when the woman knitting dropped her stitches and the girl combed her hair with a bang. And as for your writing on the boat deck, I'm surprised that the captain didn't throw you overboard. They're usually very careful about keeping the decks clean. Ethel Clayton is 29; she has reddish gold hair and grey eyes. She is 5 feet 5 and weighs 130 lbs. Pearl White is 32; she is 5 feet 6, weighs 120 and is a blonde with blue eyes.

HONEST SCRAP—I always did like a good honest scrap, even when I got a black eye instead of the other fellow. There is a Jack O'Brien, who played in "Love's Penalty," and a director, John B. O'Brien, who was in "Bride 13." Jack Dillon is not the same man as John Webb Dillion. No, I don't believe Elsie Janis ever made "Everybody's Sweetheart." "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is one of Mary Pickford's old pictures. June Elvidge is Mrs. Frank Badgley. I don't know who her first husband was.

LITTLE RHODIE—Has your growth been stunted, or are you just not grown up yet? Yes, Dorothy Dalton bobbed her hair for her picture, "Moran of the Lady Letty." In that picture, Dorothy's name was Moran, and The Lady Letty was the name of a ship. The black sheep in "Over the Hill" was played by John Walker. Charles Chaplin's latest comedy is "Pay Day."

MARIE M.—How can you get into the movies? Pay your money at the box office, hand your ticket to the door man and walk in. Antonio Moreno is 34 and still a bachelor. So you think I wouldn't take anything for my job. Offer me a million dollars for it and see what happens. Pearl White is in Paris until July.

A ROXBORO HILL CLIMBER—I knew a climber once, only he climbed trees, as he was a monkey. Vera Steadman played opposite Charles Ray in "Scrap Iron." Address her at 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood. She is Mrs. Charles Taylor and has a new baby. Yes, Edith Johnson is Mrs. William Duncan and they live at 1624 Hudson Ave., Hollywood. She has played opposite William Duncan for three or four years.

ANXIOUS AL—You must be dead from anxiety by now, but I couldn't help it that you had to wait so long for your answer. William Duncan and Edith Johnson are not making serials any longer, but are playing in short productions. Their latest is "The Silent Vow." Charles Hutchinson's latest is "Go-Get-'Em-Hutch"; after that he will make "Speed." Yes, Jack Hoxie married Marin Sais. Do you blame him?

A MIX SPECIAL—That sounds like the name of a fancy sundae—and that makes my mouth water on a warm day like this. Tom Mix is about forty; he was formerly a cowboy and was a member of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War. He is married to Victoria Forde and there is a little Ford—there now, I'm getting Mixed—named Thomasina. Tom can hardly wait to make a cowgirl of her. Entering the movies is about as easy as threading a needle with an automobile tire.

SUGAR—Oh, Sugar—do you know, I used to have an aunt who used that expression all the time and it annoyed me excessively. But that was before I knew it was your nickname. So you think I am full of life. Well, I'll tell you a little secret; it isn't life I'm full of, but lunch. Rodolph is Italian—loves spaghetti and everything. Olga Petrova is on the stage this season.

E. S. L. B. J. J. T.—If all those initials are really yours, you must have a name as long as the Prince of Wales'. Imagine tearing out the drawing of me at the top of this page, and putting it in your locket. You're either flattering me shamefully or else you're hard up for pictures. Tom Meighan is thirty-eight and is married to Frances Ring. Antonio Moreno, Eugene O'Brien, Harold Lloyd, Richard Dix, and now Rodolph, are all single. That's a good enough choice for any girl.

CURIOSITY ITSELF—Then you must be responsible for killing the cat which I heard so much about as a youngster, especially when I asked questions. I don't know any name for Betty Compson except the one she uses. Kenneth Harlan can be reached at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose, Los Angeles.

BIG BEN—I'm so relieved to know that you are one of these eight-day Big Bens; it would be so annoying to need winding every day. I haven't room here for the long casts you ask for, but Edward Burns played as Treherne in "Male and Female." Rodolph was not in that picture, but he played the villain in "Passion's Playground." Wasn't it villainous of the producers to make Rodolph be the villain, when he is as handsome a hero as young Lochinvar himself? Edward Burns is twenty-six years old and is a bachelor.

D. S.—So you are twelve years old? I suppose it will be several years yet before your hair gets gray. Richard Barthelmess' address is the Lambs' Club, 128 W. 44th St., New York. Yes, he's a Lamb. Mabel Normand pretends she is Suzanna every day at the Mack Sennett Studio, 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles. Write her and I feel sure the post office will deliver your letter; the postmaster's name is Work.

WALLIE R., RICHARD A. and LILY OF THE VALLEY—I see you believe in saying it with flowers. Wallie Reid is almost thirty and has been married about eight years to Dorothy Davenport, who is also in her late twenties. Yes, she returned to the screen and played with Lester Cuneo in "The Masked Avenger." Wallie likes to play all sorts of musical instruments, and to swim; his favorite dish is roast duck.

A MOVIE FAN—I'm sorry you were ill, and hope you have long since recovered. No, Bert Lytell is not divorced, but is married to Evelyn Vaughn. He has black hair. He is soon to appear in a Paramount picture, and you can doubtless reach him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

YOURS SINCERELY—I think I know all about you just by your question. You're a rather tall girl and wonder whether there is any chance for you in movies. (No, I never was a detective!) There are lots of actresses five feet six or over—Elsie Ferguson, Jane Novak, Katherine MacDonald, Clara Kimball Young, and of course many others, though the usual height is about five feet three.

TOOTS—I suppose Toots means that you want to horn in on the answer page. William Russell is a brunette, six feet two inches tall. He is divorced from Charlotte Burton. He is working at the Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, on "The Man of Zanzibar."

THE TOMBOY—No, the ink blots on your letter didn't make me a bit sick. I'd have to live in a hospital if I got sick as easily as that. Buck Jones is not really a Westerner, but an Indiana-er (it wouldn't be correct if I called him an Indian, would it?) His autobiography was published in "Movie Weekly" last year, from the March 26th through the April 30th issues.

HEN—I'm so relieved to know that Hen is just a nickname for Henrietta. You know some of these men we read about in the papers find it expensive business writing to chickens. No, I have no pictures of myself to send out to those who ask for them. I shouldn't like to knock them all dead! Charles Ray's wife is either Clara Grant or Cora Grant—every time I see her name mentioned it's something different, so we'll just call her Mrs. Charles Ray. There are no little Rays around the house except the little rays of sunshine. Charles is thirty-one; he was born in Illinois. Yes, Mabel Normand was christened Mabel Normand.

SALOME—Black-haired girls might make pretty actresses if they were pretty girls and if they were actresses. No, Theda Bara is not Egyptian or anything fancy like that; she is just plain American, although of Italian descent. Jack Mulhall recently married Evelyn Winans. Most of the movie players are in California now as very few pictures are being made in the East.

EARLE T.—Sorry, Earle, I couldn't send you my picture even for twenty-five cents. The photographer wouldn't take my picture for that—the risk to his camera would be too great. Yes, Alice Brady uses her real name in the movies; her father is William A. Brady, the well-known theatrical producer. Theda Bara has not been in movies for several years, but she is soon to make some more pictures with her own company.

Film-Flam

THIS IS A BIRD

A LITTLE green parrot did something that all the Prussian guard was unable to do—put the American army to rout. It happened thus:

In a number of scenes in "Sonny," Richard Barthelmess' next picture, the American doughboys are shown at play in a Y. M. C. A. hut behind the lines. The doughboys in the scenes are the real thing, too, with all kinds of decorations for bravery.

During the high-jinks of the boys a parrot takes part—not only one parrot, but two—a tame one and a real man-eater. The scene was all set, Director King called for action, and the tame parrot was put on a porch. But it had no ambition to be a movie actor; it merely wanted sleep. So in order to get action, it was touched on the tail feathers. Then the parrot was most obliging! They wanted action, did they? All right, they'd get it—and they did.

The stick that struck it was bitten through and the parrot gave a general demonstration of the purpose of a beak. In fact, the Huns could have taken lessons in the use of a trench knife, by watching Polly with that beak of hers. The brave soldiers were taking refuge behind the hammock or the honeysuckle or anything they could find. Operations were suspended, while Miss Patterson Dial showed how aptly she had been cast as a Red Cross Nurse.

The property man approached Director King contritely.

"I made a mistake," he announced. "I got out the wild bird instead of the tame one."

* * * * *

A NEW ONE ON DOUG

Here's one on Doug, that he didn't tell on himself. It was young Mr. Fairbanks' first engagement at the age of seventeen in Mr. Frederick Warde's Shakespearian repertoire company.

Doug was very proud of the one line he had to say: "Stand back, my lord, and let the coffin pass."

But Doug was not so proud of the way he said his line. A terrible confusion overwhelmed him as his time came to speak.

"Stand back, my lord," he shouted, "and let the parson cough."

* * * * *

THE GENTLEMAN WAITS

Most of the mail that stars get is so complimentary that if they weren't such sensible persons they'd have to get new hats to fit their heads. And Pearl White is no exception. Her good old common sense stands by her when she reads her mail and keeps her bump of conceit untrained.

But the other day, right in the midst of all her laudatory letters, she found a notice from a well-known plastic surgeon, who desired to wait on her in the matter of having her face lifted and her features remodelled.

If you think our Pearl was pleased, you can guess again. She filled a wicked fountain pen and then she used it. And she didn't lift her face until she told him just what she thought. He might wait, said she, "until the widely touted torrid place can boast of icicles." And, she added, she was capable of changing her own face as easily as she changed her mind, whenever she thought either her face or her mind needed a change.

But the poor doctor really didn't deserve all that; Miss White's name had been placed on his mailing list by mistake.

A GREAT IDEA FOR GREAT NECK

Mae Murray's flapper friend, Mildred, has a sound business sense. (Of course most of these flappers have more sense than they are given credit for.) The bobbed-haired youngster lives on the North Shore of Long Island and passes through the station of Great Neck every time she comes by train to New York.

All winter she has been seeing the real estate agent's sign, "It's great in Great Neck." A horrid old wind blew down the sign board and now the poor thing lies prone in the mud.

But Mildred has plans for its restitution, and she would make it a better sign than ever. In fact, Mildred has a great idea for Great Neck, and she doesn't see how the great people there overlooked it

"I'm gonna be a doughboy," says Sammy, "so I should have a doughnut."

"They ought to appeal to the young people," said she to Miss Murray, "show 'em the social possibilities of the place. I'd take that sign and stick it up again, but here's what I'd have it say:

"'There's great necking in Great Neck.'"

* * * * *

SAY IT WITH MONEY

The business manager of the Tiffany studios in New York, where Mae Murray makes her motion pictures, was gazing in dismay over some bills for costumes and settings for "Broadway Rose," Miss Murray's newest picture. Robert Z. Leonard, the star's husband, came into the office; he, too, looked thoughtful. Perhaps he was thinking of the roses he had bought the day before for an Easter present to his wife. In honor of the new film, he had bought them on Broadway and had found that saying it with flowers was a costly way to say it, especially on Easter.

"'Broadway Rose' is an expensive proposition," the manager observed finally.

"What are you worrying about?" asked Mr. Leonard. "You're only paying for one."

* * * * *

OH, HOW HE SMOKED

William Farnum always said that he liked a good cigar but now he's not so sure. You remember the little boy who ate so many cream puffs at once that he got all puffed up? Well, that's almost what happened to William Farnum and his favorite cigars.

In "Shackles of Gold" there is a long scene in an office with lapses of time running through several hours. Throughout this scene, Bill smokes a cigar; and since the scene was taken in sections—some shots three or four times—Bill smoked and smoked and smoked; he almost felt that they had cast him as the chimney by mistake. Then of course he had to be sure his cigars were of the proper length, so that he wouldn't have a long cigar in a scene following the one in which he had almost finished smoking. That would never do, because then all the faults-in-film-finders would get busy and object.

The result was that poor Mr. Farnum smoked part of about twenty cigars and when the complete scene was finished he felt as if he had been in a storm at sea or something. All he hopes now is that the next role he plays will be that of a man who has sworn off.

* * * * *

FREE LESSONS

Just because Grant Carpenter, Goldwyn scenarist, is a scenarist, his friends are always requesting him to take an afternoon off and teach them to write motion picture continuities.

"I think it would be a good idea," Mr. Carpenter advises them in reply, "for you to get a physician in a corner for a few hours and learn medicine."

"It always reminds me," says Mr. Carpenter, in telling about it, "of the farmer boy who went to the city to study law. In three weeks he came back home. 'I don't like the law,' was his explanation, 'I'm sorry I learned it.'"

* * * * *

SOMETIMES

John F. Seitz, the cameraman for Rex Ingram in "The Prisoner of Zenda," is not asked very often by Metro to employ trick photography, but when he is, he certainly knows what he is doing. Director Ingram defies anyone to detect the spots in the pictures where things are not what they seem.

"One thing I've certainly learned from Mr. Seitz," said the director, "the hand that cranks the camera fools the world."

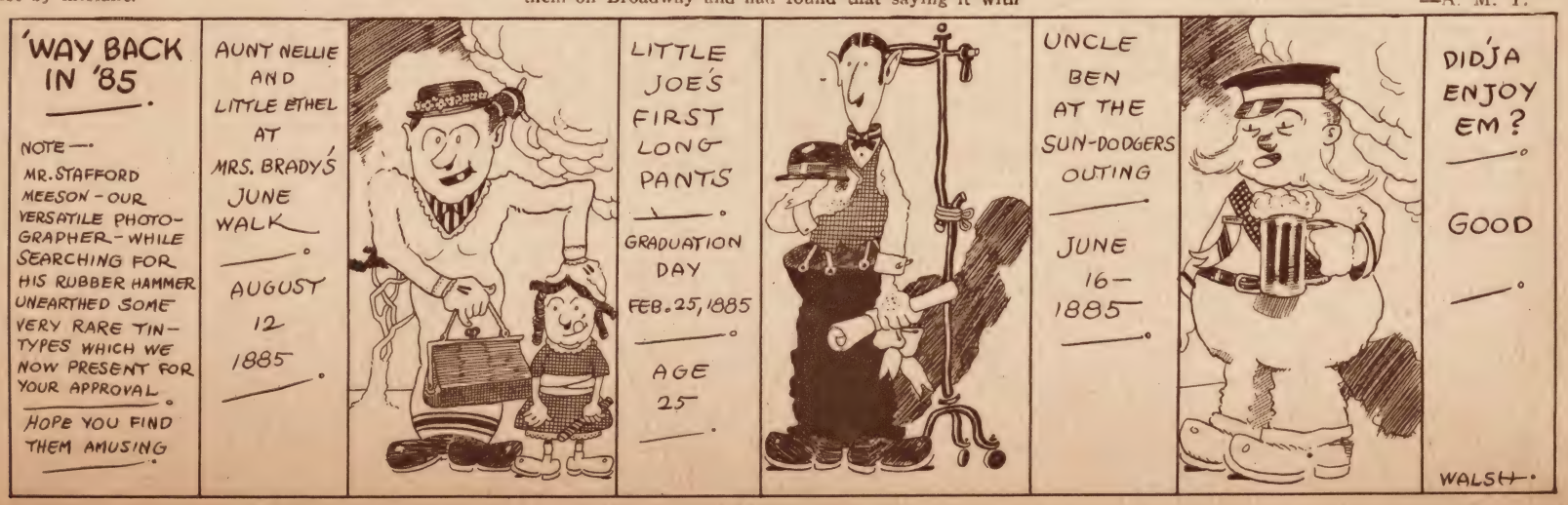
* * * * *

A DESIGNING WOMAN

Because she contributed her own ideas to the planning of her costumes for "The Prisoner of Zenda" is no reason, says Alice Terry, why she should get the letter she did from a girl in Ohio.

"I should like to know if you will give me a few suggestions for my trousseau," the letter began, "since I know that you are a designing woman."

—A. M. T.



Rating Movies for Interest
How Current Features Appeal to Patrons
Conducted by Our Readers

IN last week's issue, "Movie Weekly" inaugurated a new method of "free for all" criticism of motion pictures.

Listed herewith are a number of recent productions, most of which you, in all likelihood, have seen.

When a new play comes to your favorite theatre, you naturally ask: Is it interesting?

In this department we intend to answer this question with the aid of our readers. We will rate all the plays that are now being shown throughout the country for their interest-holding qualities only.

Any picture contained in this list that you have seen, will you mark according to its value? In rating pictures, the following system is adhered to:

Poor	**Under 79%**
Fair	**Between 80% and 89%**
Good	**Between 90% and 92%**
Very good	**Bewteen 93% and 95%**
Superlatively good	**Between 96% and 100%**

We have combined the ratings received from our readers up-to-date and publish an average rating after each picture contained in our list, which will grow from week to week. In this way you, the reader, will help other readers to estimate the worth of current productions.

Send in your ratings without delay. Just tear this sheet out and indicate your percentage opposite each title. That's all there is to do.

ACROSS THE DEAD LINE	90
ALF'S BUTTON	98
ALL FOR A WOMAN	85
ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE	85
ANGEL CITIZENS	80
ANNE OF LITTLE SMOKY	86
ANY NIGHT	90
ANY WIFE	83
ASHAMED OF PARENTS	90
AT THE SIGN OF THE JACK O' LANTERN	89
AT THE STAGE DOOR	85
BACHELOR DADDY, THE	95
BACK PAY	95
BARNSTORMER, THE	95
BARRICADE, THE	90
BEAUTIFUL LIAR, THE	85
BEAUTY'S WORTH	75
BETTER MAN, THE	73
BEYOND THE RAINBOW	98
BLIND HEARTS	80
BOBBED HAIR	94
BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER	98
BONNIE BRIAR BUSH	98
BOOMERANG BILL	95
BOOTLEGGERS	85
BOUGHT AND PAID FOR	90
BRIDE'S PLAY	80
BRING HIM IN	82
BROADWAY PEACOCK	70
CALL OF THE NORTH, THE	93
CAMERON OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED	90
CARDIGAN	96
CHASING THE MOON	75
CHILD THOU GAVEST ME, THE	80
CHIVALROUS CHARLIE	80
CLAY DOLLARS	85
COME ON OVER	96
CONFLICT	94
CONQUERING POWER	98
CONVICT 999	80
CRADLE, THE	85
CRIMSON CHALLENGE, THE	75
DANGEROUS LITTLE DEMON	78
DAVID AND JONATHAN	70
DESERT BLOSSOMS	80
DETERMINATION	85
DEVIL WITHIN, THE	75
DOLL'S HOUSE, A	90
DON'T DOUBT YOUR WIFE	78
DON'T GET PERSONAL	80
DON'T TELL EVERYTHING	90
DOUBLING FOR ROMEO	98
DUKE OF CHIMNEY BUTTE, THE	95
EDEN AND RETURN	85
ELOPE IF YOU MUST	90
ENCHANTMENT	90
END OF THE WORLD, THE	87
EVERY MAN'S PRICE	75
EXIT THE VAMP	79
EXTRA, EXTRA	78
FAIR LADY	85
FALSE KISSES	77
FATHER TOM	95
FIRE BRIDE, THE	80
FIRST WOMAN, THE	80
FLOWER OF THE NORTH	95
FOOLISH WIVES	70
FOOLS' PARADISE	95
FOOTFALLS	70
FOOTLIGHTS	80
FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE	99
FOURTEENTH LOVER, THE	80
FOX, THE	90
FRENCH HEELS	75
GAME CHICKEN, A	85
GAS, OIL AND WATER	70
GET-RICH-QUICK-WALLINGFORD	97
GLORIOUS FOOL, THE	80
GOOD PROVIDER, THE	95
GRAND LARCENY	75
GREEN TEMPTATION, THE	87
GRIM COMEDIAN, THE	90
GUTTERSNIPE, THE	82
HAIL THE WOMAN	98
HANDCUFFS AND KISSES	75
HANDLE WITH CARE	80
HEART SPECIALIST, THE	94
HER FACE VALUE	89
HER HUSBAND'S TRADEMARK	85
HER MAD BARGAIN	80
HER SOCIAL VALUE	85
HER OWN MONEY	75
HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL	90
HOLE IN THE WALL, THE	80
HOMESPUN VAMP, A	87
HUNCH, THE	90
HUSH MONEY	78
I CAN EXPLAIN	80
I DEFY	75
IDLE RICH, THE	80
IMPULSE	79
IRON TO GOLD	75
IRON TRAIL, THE	95
ISLAND WIVES	70
ISLE OF ZORDA, THE	80
JACKIE	85
JANE EYRE	80
JUST AROUND THE CORNER	90
KINDRED OF THE DUST	95
KNIGHT OF THE WEST	80
LADIES MUST LIVE	89
LADY GODIVA	90
LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING, THE	85
LAST PAYMENT, THE	79
LAST TRAIL, THE	87
LAW AND THE WOMAN, THE	75
LIFE'S GREATEST QUESTION	80
LITTLE EVA ASCENDS	92
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY	99
LITTLE MINISTER (Paramount)	85
LITTLE MINISTER (Vitagraph)	95
LITTLE MISS SMILES	85
LOTUS EATER, THE	96
LOVE CHARM, THE	90
LOVE'S BOOMERANG	75
LOVE'S MASQUERADE	87
LOVES OF PHARAOH	70
LOVE'S REDEMPTION	80
LUXURY TAX, THE	93
MAN FROM BEYOND, THE	95
MAN FROM DOWNING STREET, THE	90
MAN FROM LOST RIVER, THE	75
MAN TO MAN	95
MAN UNDER COVER, THE	97
MAN WHO PAID, THE	80
MIDNIGHT	75
MISS LULU BETT	98
MISTRESS OF THE WORLD	50
MOLLY-O	85
MORALS	90
MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY	96
MY BOY	80
NANCY FROM NOWHERE	80
NEW DISCIPLE, THE	75
NO DEFENSE	85
OLD NEST, THE	98
OLD OAKEN BUCKET, THE	90
ONE GLORIOUS DAY	97
ORPHANS OF THE STORM	99
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND	97
OVER THE HILL	99
PARDON MY FRENCH	72
PARISIAN SCANDAL, A	80
PAY DAY	98
PEACOCK ALLEY	80
PENROD	95
PETER IBBETSON (or FOREVER)	97
PLAYING WITH FIRE	80
POLLY OF THE FOLLIES	93
POSSESSION	90
POVERTY OF RICHES, THE	87
POWER WITHIN, THE	84
PRINCE THERE WAS, A	90
PRODIGAL JUDGE, THE	95
QUEEN OF SHEBA	97
QUESTION OF HONOR, A	85
RAGGED HEIRESS, THE	90
RAINBOW	90
RECEIVED PAYMENT	90
RECKLESS YOUTH	85
REDHOT ROMANCE	95
RED PEACOCK, THE	75
RENT FREE	80
REPORTED MISSING	99
RIDING WITH DEATH	87
RIGHT THAT FAILED, THE	90
ROSARY, THE	94
ROUGH DIAMOND, THE	85
R. S. V. P.	88
RULING PASSION, THE	93
RUSE OF THE RATTLER, THE	80
SAILOR MADE MAN, A	98
SATURDAY NIGHT	95
SCHOOL DAYS	95
SEA LION, THE	87
SEVENTH DAY, THE	80
SHATTERED IDOLS	87
SHEIK, THE	85
SHEIK'S WIFE, THE	75
SILENT CALL, THE	95
SILENT YEARS	90
SIN FLOOD, THE	94
SINGLE TRACK, THE	85
SIN OF MARTHA QUEED, THE	85
SKIN DEEP	90
SKY HIGH	90
SLIPPERY McGEE	87
SMILES ARE TRUMPS	80
SMILIN' THROUGH	98
SONG OF LIFE, THE	90
STAGE ROMANCE, A	96
STEEL HEART	90
STRENGTH OF THE PINES, THE	86
SURE FIRE	83
TAKING CHANCES	80
TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM	85
THEODORA	82
THERE ARE NO VILLAINS	85
THREE LIVE GHOSTS	92
THREE MUSKETEERS, THE	99
THROUGH A GLASS WINDOW	94
TILLIE	85
TOL'ABLE DAVID	98
TOO MUCH MARRIED	84
TOO MUCH WIFE	85
TRACKED TO EARTH	89
TRAVELIN' ON	85
TRUTHFUL LIAR, THE	90
TURN TO THE RIGHT	87
TWO KINDS OF WOMEN	85
UNDER THE LASH	87
VENDETTA	75
VERMILLION PENCIL, THE	90
VIRGINIA COURTSHIP, A	90
VOICE IN THE DARK, THE	85
WALL FLOWER, THE	95
WAY DOWN EAST	99
WAY OF A MAID, THE	87
WHAT DO MEN WANT	80
WHATEVER SHE WANTS	79
WHAT LOVE WILL DO	79
WHAT NO MAN KNOWS	78
WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TONIGHT?	75
WHISPERING WOMEN	79
WHITE EAGLE	80
WHITE HANDS	84
WHITE OAK	80
WHY ANNOUNCE YOUR MARRIAGE?	80
WHY MEN FORGET	79
WIDE OPEN TOWN, A	80
WILD HONEY	85
WINNING WITH WITS	84
WISE KID, A	79
WOMAN HE MARRIED, THE	75
WOMAN'S PLACE	84
WOMAN WAKE UP	93
WONDERFUL THING, THE	79
WORLD'S CHAMPION, THE	83
YOUR BEST FRIEND	95

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, graduate of Yale school of Chemistry, makes a new liquid explosive with which to burglarize banks to secure funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly a neuropathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a young crook from a policeman and makes a pal of him. Together they rob the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia.

They read that Mike Morrisey, the famous detective, has been engaged on the case. George Biddle, a college chum of Jack's calls up and says that a Mr. Morrisey, a friend of his, would like to meet Jack.

Jack meets Biddle and Morrisey and finds that Morrisey wants his help in analyzing the mysterious liquid found in the wrecked safe.

He rescues a young girl from a negro attacker and makes a friend of her father, who is a power in the political world.

With Jimmy he attempts the robbery of the Chelsea Bank, and Jimmy is shot in a gun battle with the police. Blackey succeeds in geting away, but Jimmy is caught and held for the murder of a policeman who was shot in the raid.

Jimmy is taken to headquarters and put through the third degree. He refuses to implicate his partner, though badly beaten.

Blackey, meanwhile, is on his way to meet Henry Haberly when he notices he is being followed. He turns back to his apartment and thinks he has eluded his pursuers when there comes a knock at the door.

Jimmy is convicted of murder and is conveyed to the death cell at Sing Sing. Meanwhile Blackey has laid his plans to save him after a trial to get a pardon fails.

THE old priest prayed on and on and it seemed that he grew more fervent and impassioned with the uttering of each word of the Lord's Prayer as the keepers went on with their work of strapping Jimmy into the chair. There was no prayer in Jimmy. He couldn't pray. He could only murmur to himself over and over again: "I wonder where Blackey is! I wonder where Blackey is! God—I hope he saves me—I don't want to die!"

His lips moved and twitched nervously as his eyes wandered about the room at the witnesses and he wondered what possible attraction there could be for them in looking at a human being like themselves being murdered. A sickening, suspended silence prevailed. The old priest had ceased to monotone the last requiem. When the keepers had finished the job they went about the chair testing the straps, the headpiece, and the arm and leg fastenings to make certain that he was securely adjusted for the finish. He was almost paralyzed with the thought that the current would be turned on any minute and his soul would be dashed into the illimitable beyond.

His arms ached, his legs ached, his fingers were numb, his whole body was numb, dead, paralyzed; only his brain was alive. He was living his life over and over, living it over and over in the brief space of a second or two. Visions of all that he had been and all that he would like to have been were flashing across his mind with a lightning-like rapidity. He thought of his mother, father, sisters and brothers. And then a thought of the current plunging through his body possessed him again and a black, intolerable, impenetrable gloom swept over him. His throat became dry, parched, like the blistering sands on the desert. He ceased to think; he couldn't think. Hope left him and he was ready to die; ready to die, and yet he had already died a thousand deaths during the time that the keepers were strapping him into the chair.

The old priest began to pray again. The "official killer," who had stepped out of the room for a moment, returned. The warden called him over to where he was standing and told him to get ready. He spoke to the physicians who had just come in from the post mortem room, and then moved over to the back of the chair.

Jimmy just stared straight ahead; his eyes were bulging out of their sockets; he was exhausted with fright; the beats of his heart were coming wider and wider apart until he thought that it would presently stop altogether. Once again his eyes wandered about the room at the witnesses, whose faces were blanched to the hue of paper.

The warden moved over and slammed the door to with a loud crash. Jimmy knew that the end was near now so he closed his eyes and waited for the end, and then just as the warden started to give the death-dealing signal, just as he started to raise his hand notifying the "official killer" to throw the switch, there came a hell of an explosion and the death chamber was plunged into a pitch black darkness.

The detonation was ear splitting, the concussion terrific, windows came tumbling out, the big clock that many a pilgrim to the chair had heard count the last seconds of his life fell to the floor with a dull thud. The witnesses were hurled out of their chairs up against the side of the wall. The warden, the physicians and the keepers were knocked off their feet, and then all of them made a dash for the little exit that led out of the execution chamber.

The detonation of the first explosion had barely subsided when there came a second one much louder and accompanied with a blinding flash that lighted up the room for a moment and then was gone as quickly as it had appeared. The building trembled for a moment, chairs danced around the den of death in the dark as the tin roofing that had been torn loose by the explosion rumbled and roared like thunder in the heavens.

The warden, the keepers, the physicians and the witnesses were jammed in the little exit, one trying to get out before the other, all crazed with fear. Those who had dealt out death to many and those who came to look at death were mad with fright when the grim monster threatened them.

One by one the windows were dropping out all over the big prison. The convicts were jarred out of their beds, the entire prison was in total darkness and the brothers in the stripes were in an uproar. They let forth demoniacal yells, pounded the cell doors with buckets and tin plates. They shouted madly to the guards to open the doors and let them out. They screamed and cursed and swore and acted like a bunch of maniacs. The din was deafening and the tomb of silence was now a den of riot and disorder.

Alone in the death chamber, strapped in the chair, with the electrodes tight up against the bare skin of his legs and the water from the sponge trickling down the back of his neck and the front of his face, Jimmy sat with a smile on his face and mumbled: "Blackey saved me! Blackey saved me! Oh God, he saved me!"

Only *he* knew what had occurred, and as he sat there in the dark of the house of death, he felt like a man who had gone to the grave and then came back to life again. And oh! how sweet life seemed to him now as he sat in the chair and thought of the hearts and the brains and the souls that it had torn to pieces.

The blood was leaping through his veins, he could feel it coming and going, surging; not cold and clammy as it had been but a moment or two ago, but hot, red hot, full of life and vitality. His throat was no longer parched, his fingers were no longer numb, the ache had left his arms and legs; he was alive, alive with sanguine, sensate life, alive with hope. "Blackey saved me!" he murmured. "Thank God!"

The warden dashed to his office and sounded the riot alarm. Every keeper in the prison responded to his summons, armed with a Winchester. The big prison whistle belched forth its weird strains on the dead, still night, notifying the surrounding country that all was not well at Sing Sing. The warden, the principal keeper and several guards went out to the power house to investigate.

The power house was a wreck. There was a hole in the end of it through which one could have driven a team of mules. Every one of the huge dynamos was torn from their foundations and twisted up like so much tin. The switchboards and indicators were scattered all over the floor. Every one of the windows was blasted out of their frames and the doors were blown from their hinges.

"Ain't this hell?" exclaimed the warden.

"Worse than that," grunted the deputy.

"But it all happened too late," said the warden. "Too late," he repeated slowly.

"What do you think it was, Boss? What do you mean by too late?"

"Don't you get it?" snapped the warden.

"No, I don't. What is it?"

"Anarchists," he replied. "Friends of Carlozzi whom we electrocuted tonight. They were just a little too late. If they had pulled this a few minutes earlier they would have saved him."

"You're right, Boss," remarked the deputy. "I never would have given that a thought. Anarchists, sure."

So the warden and the rest of the officials at Sing Sing thought that pals of the anarchist Carlozzi had done the job. Carlozzi had been electrocuted just a few minutes before Jimmy took the march to the chair. They were still discussing this theory when they returned to the death chamber to escort Jimmy back to his cell.

Jimmy listened, thought of Blackey, the liquid explosive, and then smiled inwardly.

IN his apartment in New York City the next morning, "Frisco Blackie" read an account in in the papers of his work of the night before. He read and smiled. The theory that the dynamiting of the power house at Sing Sing was the work of anarchists tickled him immensely.

"So far, so good!" he laughed as he threw the paper on the floor and started to dress.

But there was one man in New York who ridiculed the theory that the dynamiting of the power house at Sing Sing was the work of anarchists. and that was Mike Morrisey. His partner, Tom Sheehan, fell for the anarchistic "gag" hook, line and sinker, but not the crafty Morrisey.

"Anarchists be damned!" he said to Sheehan. "It was Boston Jimmy's pal that did that job and you can bet all you've got on it, old pardner. Don't try to hand me that bunk about anarchists."

The detective bureau to a man fell for it also. The American Bankers Association believed it. Everybody in New York City attributed the explosion to anarchists. Morrisey smiled and said nothing. He had his own ideas and he started out on the trail to gather evidence that would support his viewpoint.

When Jimmy was brought down from Sing Sing to be re-sentenced, Morrisey told his friend, Larry Letherman, the warden of the Tombs, to keep a close tab on him.

"Tab everybody who comes to see him. Get their names and addresses. If he gets any mail, save copies of it for me."

"Nobody will get in to see him," grunted Larry. "unless they have an order from the District Attorney's office."

"Watch him closely." continued Morrisey. "Everybody thinks that I'm all through with this case, that I'm licked, but the chase isn't over yet by a long shot. Larry, and if I don't get this guy, Jimmy's pal, I'll eat your hat."

When Jimmy arrived at the Tombs he was watched closely by the guards, and the only visitors that were permitted to see him, outside of his attorney, were Blackey, Henry and Evelyn. They all commented upon his narrow escape.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "I was sitting in the chair waiting for them to turn on the current when the explosion came."

"Lucky for you that those anarchists blew the place up, wasn't it?" said Blackey with a smile.

"I should say so!" replied Jimmy.

"Now you cheer up," said Evelyn. "My papa is now the Governor of New York and Jack and I are going to get him to pardon you, aren't we, Jack?"

"He has already promised to do so," replied Blackey with a smile.

Before they left Jimmy's cell, Blackey slipped him a note:

"It's all over but the shouting. Forget about the chair. You'll be pardoned within the next ten days and when you get out don't come to my apartment. Phone me and I'll meet you. Burn this up when you read it. Look for a shadow when you leave Sing Sing.

FRISCOE BLACKEY."

The next day Jimmy was sentenced to die sometime during the week of July 16th. Immediately after sentence was passed he was hustled back to the death house at Sing Sing.

Morrisey was in the Tombs when Jimmy was taken out for the return trip up the Hudson. He went to Jimmy's cell to bid him good-bye. When he got there Jimmy had gone. He entered the cell and looked around. The floor was covered with a hundred or more little pieces of paper. It was the note that Blackey had slipped to Jimmy and which he had torn up into little shreds. Instead of burning the note up as Blackie had told him to do, he tore it up, tore it again and then re-tore it, believing that nobody could ever put it together again even if they wanted to do so.

Morrisey looked around the cell and then started to leave. He got to the door, then stopped and gazed at the little pieces of paper on the floor. His detective instinct was aroused and he murmured to himself: "I wonder what all this paper means and why it is torn so carefully?" He got down on his hands and knees and picked up every piece of it, remarking: "This may lead to something and it may not."

He left the Tombs and went to the detective bureau to see Inspector McCarthy.

"Any news, Mike?" he greeted Morrisey.

"Yes and no," said Morrisey. "I hope that you are not one of those fellows, Tommy, who believes that anarchists dynamited the death house at Sing Sing, are you?"

"Not for a minute," shouted the Inspector. "Nobody can peddle me that bunk, Mike."

"Who do you think did it?"

"Why Boston Jimmy's pal, who else?"

"Nobody else!" snapped Morrisey.

"I'd give my right eye to catch that guy!" exclaimed the Inspector. "On the level, Mike, I would rather nail that fellow than all the rest of the grifters in the underworld, but it looks hopeless."

"I've got an idea," said Morrisey, "and if we can only put it over we'll land this guy just as sure as you're sitting in that chair."

"What is it?" inquired the Inspector. "What is it?" he repeated, all enthused.

"Just this," began Morrisey, "I hear that there is a movement on foot to get Governor Galley to pardon Boston Jimmy."

"What's that?" interrupted the Inspector.

"Wait a minute!" continued Morrisey. "Hold your horses until I finish. This movement to get him pardoned, I believe, has been started by his pal, whoever he is. Now we've got to stand for it; we've got to help it along; we've got to practically admit that O'Connor is innocent. We've got to be a party to this pardon and we've got to get the American Bankers Association to be a party to it."

"I don't get your idea," the Inspector interrupted again. "I don't get y', Mike. What are y' trying to get at?"

"Just this," Morrisey went on. "If Jimmy is released it's a cinch that he is going to connect with this new master mind pal of his. If he is not released we may never get any nearer to his pal than we are this minute, so we've got to help this pardon movement along. Now, do you get me?"

"By God!" shouted the Inspector. "What a bear of an idea! Wonderful! That's a corker!"

"And," Morrisey continued further, "when we get him I have a hunch that there is going to be one of the biggest scandals unearthed in the history of the American Police Departments."

"What makes you think that, Mike, got a clue?"

"Not exactly a clue, just a hunch."

"What's the hunch? Tell me about it."

"Whoever this pardner of Jimmy's is, he is on the inside. He's got some good connections and I'll bet a million that he is moving about with some of the best people in New York City. He's not a common thief, you can gamble on that, Tommy."

"Think so?" said the Inspector.

"Absolutely!" exclaimed Morrisey slowly. "He's a high grade fellow and I'm going to get him. I'm going to get him if I've got to trail him for the rest of my life."

"I think that you've got something up your sleeve, Mike," laughed the Inspector. "Come on, let me in on it."

"Nothing but a hunch," declared the detective as he got up to go.

When he left the detective bureau he went direct to the offices of the American Bankers Association. He sent his card into the President, Mr. Farnsworth. He was ushered into Farnsworth's office immediately.

"Mr. Farnsworth," he began slowly, "I have an unusual proposition to offer and I don't think that a detective has ever offered one quite as unusual. If you do not feel disposed to submit to my proposal, then I shall be compelled to sever my relationship with this case. If, on the other hand, you will agree to do as I say, I am ready to promise you that I will have solved the mystery of the Chelsea and Arlington Bank robberies. I am ready to say that I will capture this new master mind of the underworld within thirty days."

Farnsworth was elated with these revelations.

"What's the proposition, Morrisey?"

"I have heard that there is a movement on foot to have Boston Jimmy pardoned."

"What's that? What's that?" Farnsworth shouted indignantly. "Pardon a self-confessed bank burglar? Preposterous, absurd!"

"Hold on a minute, hold on a minute!" continued Morrisey. "Let me finish."

"All right, go on."

"We must not oppose this effort to have Boston Jimmy liberated. We must not oppose it primarily because of the fact that his release will help me to clean this case up. If he is not released I may never be able to clean it up."

"Discouraged?" inquired Farnsworth.

"No, not discouraged," said Morrisey, "but I'm up against a master criminal mind, an unusual personality and I've got to resort to unusual methods to catch him."

"Well, what's the release of Boston Jimmy got to do with your catching his pal? I fail to see the connections, the relationship. I don't get your idea, Morrisey."

"The man that started this movement to have O'Connor pardoned is his pal. I am satisfied that he is associating with some of the best people in the city. It's a certainty that Jimmy will connect with him just as soon as he is released. When O'Connor leaves Sing Sing I intend to have him shadowed day and night until he does connect with his pal. Do you get my idea?"

"I see," said Farnsworth as his face lighted up with a smile of understanding. "I see," he repeated. "That is an excellent idea, Morrisey, excellent, and it appears to me that it ought to work out just as you anticipate it will. You may count on me to the limit."

"Thanks!" said Morrisey.

"We've got to get this fellow with this liquid explosive. He's too dangerous to be at large. We've got to get him before he does much more damage. The sky is the limit with us and you can bet that the American Bankers Association will go to any extremes to get him. I will not put any obstacles in your way and if you say that it is necessary, why we will even go so far as to recommend the pardon of O'Connor."

"That won't be necessary," declared Morrisey.

"But suppose the Governor should consult us before he issues the pardon. suppose he should ask us for an expression, what are we to say?"

"Say that you believe that some doubt exists as to O'Connor being guilty of murder and that you believe that he should be given the benefit of the doubt."

"All right, Morrisey, we'll do that."

"After we've caught Boston Jimmy's pal, then we can turn around and try him for the robbery of the Chelsea Bank."

"Sure," replied the President, "there may be some doubt as to his being guilty of murder, but there certainly can be no doubt as to his being guilty of burglary."

"None at all," said Morrisey. "He admitted his guilt on the stand, but declared that he was innocent of the murder."

"Do you think that there is any doubt about his having killed the officer in the bank that night?"

"I'm beginning to think that he didn't kill him."

"By George!" Farnsworth exclaimed with emotion, "even though he is a self-confessed crook I wouldn't want to see him electrocuted for something that he didn't do."

"Neither would I," replied Morrisey.

"Then as a matter of justice we owe it to him not to oppose his pardon."

"Yes, we do," grunted Morrisey.

"That makes it so much easier."

"His release," continued Morrisey, "will be the first step toward cleaning up this case."

When Morrisey left Farnsworth's office late that evening, he went to his apartment at the Knickerbocker to put together the little pieces of paper that he had picked up in Jimmy's cell.

He had just started to work when he was interrupted by several newspaper men who called to get a story on his views of the dynamiting of the death house at Sing Sing.

"I believe it was the work of anarchists," he told them, though he knew, of course, that it wasn't and he simply made this statement for the purpose of creating the impression with the party who did do it that he was a hundred miles off his trail. He knew that this person was Boston Jimmy's pal. And then he resorted to some more strategy.

"I'm no longer interested in these bank robbery cases and I confess that I've been licked to a frazzle, the first time in my life that I've ever failed to deliver the goods and I have severed my connections with the American Bankers Association."

The next day the New York papers printed these statements so the impression went abroad that Mike Morrisey was no longer hunting the new master criminal of the underworld.

In the meantime Morrisey was working all night long on the little pieces of paper. It was a tough,

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THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(Continued from page 11)

"Mrs. Hammerton? Do you know she is perfectly sweet? I never dreamed she could be so gentle and thoughtful and considerate. Why—and it seems almost ridiculous to say it—she seems to have the ideas of a mother about whatever concerns me. She actually fusses over me sometimes—and—it is—agreeable."

An inexplicable shyness suddenly overcame her, and she said good-night hastily, and mounted the stairs to her room.

Later, when she was prepared for bed, Mrs. Hammerton knocked and came in.

"Jacqueline," she said bluntly, "what was Reggie Ledyard saying to you this evening? I'll box his ears if he proposed to you. Did he?"

"I—I am afraid he did."

"You didn't take him?"

"No."

"I should think not! I'd as soon expect you to marry a stable groom. He has all the beauty and healthy color of one. Also the distinguished mental capacity. You don't want that kind."

"I don't want any kind."

"I'm glad of it. Did any other fool hint anything more of that sort?"

"Mr. Van Alstyne."

"Oho! Stuyvesant, too? Well, what did you say to him?" asked the old lady, with animation.

"I said no."

"What?"

"Of course, I said no. I am not in love with Mr. Van Alstyne."

"Child! Do you realize that you had the opportunity of your life!"

Jacqueline's smile was confused and deprecating.

"But when a girl doesn't care for a man——"

"Do you mean to marry for LOVE?"

The girl sat silent a moment, then shook her head.

"I shall not marry," she said.

"Nonsense! And if you feel that way, what am I good for? What earthly use am I to you? Will you kindly inform me?"

She had seated herself on the bed's edge, leaning over the girl where she lay on her pillows.

"Answer me," she insisted. "Of what use am I to you?"

For a full minute the girl lay there looking up at her without stirring. Then a smile glimmered in her eyes; she lifted both arms and laid them on the older woman's shoulders.

"You are useful—this way," she said; and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

The effect on Aunt Hannah was abrupt; she caught the girl to her breast and held her there fiercely and in silence for a moment; then, releasing her, tucked her in with mute violence, turned off the light and marched out without a word.

Day after day Desboro's guests continued to turn the house inside out, ransacking it from garret to cellar.

"We don't intend to do anything in this house that anybody has ever done here, or at any house party," explained Reggie Ledyard to Jacqueline. "So if any lady cares to walk down stairs on her head the incident will be quite in order."

"Can she slide down the banisters instead?" asked Helsa Steyr.

"Oh, you'll have to slide up to be original," said Betty Barkley.

"How can anybody slide UP the banisters?" demanded Reggie hotly.

"You've the intellect of a terrapin," said Betty scornfully. "It's because nobody has ever done it that it ought to be done here."

Desboro, seated on the pool table, told her she could do whatever she desired, including arson, as long as she didn't disturb the Aqueduct Police.

Katharine Frere said to Jacqueline: "Everything you do is so original. Can't you invent something new for us to do?"

"She might suggest that you all try to think," said Mrs. Hammerton tartly. "That would be novelty enough."

Cairns seized the megaphone and shouted: "Help! Help! Aunt Hannah is after us!"

Captain Herrendene, seated beside Desboro with a half smile on his face, glanced across at Jacqueline who stood in the embrasure of a window, a billiard cue resting across her shoulders.

"Please invent something for us, Miss Nevers," he said.

"Why don't you play hide and seek?" sneered Mrs. Hammerton, busily knitting a tie. "It's suited to your intellects."

"Let Miss Nevers suggest a new way of playing the oldest game ever inv nted," added Betty Barkley. "There is no possibility of inventing anything new; everything was first done in the year one. Even protoplasmic cells played hide-and-seek together."

"What rot!" said Reggie. "You can't play that in a new way."

"You could play it in a sporting way," said Cairns.

"How's that, old top?"

"Well, for example, you conceal yourself, and whatever girl finds you has got to marry you. How's that for a reckless suggestion?"

But it had given Reggie something resembling an idea.

"Let us be hot sports," he said, with animation; "draw lots to see which girl will hide somewhere in the house; make a time-limit of one hour; and if any man finds her she'll marry him. There isn't a girl here," he added, jeeringly, "who has the sporting nerve to try it!"

A chorus of protests greeted the challenge. Athalie Vannis declared that she was crazy to marry somebody; but she insisted that the men would only pretend to search, and were really too cowardly to hunt in earnest. Cairns retorted that the girl in concealment would never permit a real live man to miss her hiding place while she possessed lungs to reveal it.

"There isn't," repeated Reggie, "a girl who has the nerve! Not one!" He inspected them scornfully through the wrong end of the megaphone. "Phony sports," he added. "No nerves and all fidgets. Look at me; I don't want to get married; but I'm game for an hour. There isn't a girl here to call my bluff!" And he ventured to glance at Jacqueline.

"They've had a chance to look at you by daylight, Reggie, and that is fatal," said Cairns. "Now, if they were only sure that I'd discover 'em, or the god-like captain yonder, or the beautiful Mr. Desboro——"

"I've half a mind to do it," said Helsa Steyr. "Marie, will you draw lots to see who hides?"

"Why doesn't a man hide?" drawled Miss Ledyard. "I'm very sure I could drag him to the altar in ten minutes."

Cairns had found a sheet of paper, torn it into slips, and written down every woman's name, including Aunt Hannah's.

"She's retired to her room in disgust," said Jacqueline, laughing.

"Is she included?" faltered Reggie.

"You've brought it on yourself," said Cairns. "Are you going to renig just because Aunt Hannah is a possible prize? Are you really a tin sport?"

"No, by heck! Come on, Katharine!" to Miss Frere. "But Betty Barkley can't figure in this, or there may be bigamy done."

"That makes it a better sporting proposition," said Betty coolly. "I insist on figuring; Bertie can take his chances."

"Then I'm jingled if I don't play, too," said Barkley. "And I'm not sure I'll hunt very hard if it's Betty who hides."

The pretty little woman turned up her nose at her husband and sent a dazzling smile at Desboro.

"I'll whistle three times, like the daughter in the poem," she said. "Please beat my husband to it."

Cairns waved the pool basket aloft: "Come ladies!" he cried. "Somebody reach up and draw; and may heaven smile upon your wedding day!"

Betty Barkley, standing on tip-toe, reached up, stirred the folded ballots with tentative fingers, grasped one, drew it forth, and flourished it.

"Goodness! How my heart really beats!" she said. "I don't know whether I want to open it or not. I hadn't contemplated bigamy."

"If it's my name, I'm done for," said Katharine Frere calmly. "I'm nearly six feet, and I can't conceal them all."

"Open it," said Athalie Vannis, with a shiver. "After all there's the divorce court!" And she looked defiantly at Cairns.

Betty turned over the ballot between forefinger and thumb and regarded it with dainty aversion.

"Well," she said, "if I'm in for a scandal, I might as well know it. Will you be kind to me, Jim, and not flirt with my maid?"

She opened the ballot, examined the name written there, turned and passed it to Jacqueline, who flushed brightly as a delighted shout greeted her.

"The question is," said Reggie Ledyard excitedly, "are you a sport, Miss Nevers, or are you not? Kindly answer with appropriate gestures."

The girl stood with her golden head drooping, staring at the bit of paper in her hand; then, as Desboro watched her, she glanced up with that sudden, reckless smile which he had seen once before—the first day he met her—and made a gay little gesture of acceptance.

"You're not really going to do it, are you?" said Betty, incredulously. "You don't have to; they're every one of them short sports themselves!"

"I am not," said Jacqueline, smiling.

"But," argued Katharine Frere, "suppose Reggie should find you. You'd never marry him, would you?"

"Great Heavens!" shouted Ledyard. "She might have a worse fate. There's Desboro!"

"You don't really mean it, do you, Miss Nevers?" asked Captain Herrendene.

"Yes, I do," said Jacqueline. "I always was a gambler by nature."

The tint of excitement was bright on her cheeks; she shot a daring glance at Ledyard, looked at Van Alstyne and laughed, but her back remained turned toward Desboro.

He said: "If the papers ever get wind of this they'll print it as a serious item."

"I am perfectly serious," she said, looking coolly at him over her shoulder. "If there is a man here clever enough to find me, I'll marry him in a minute. But"—and she laughed in Desboro's face—"there isn't. So nobody need really lose one moment in anxiety. And if a girl finds me it's all off, of course. May I have twenty minutes? And will you time me, Mr. Ledyard? And will you all remain in this room with the door closed?"

"If nobody finds you," cried Cairns, as she crossed the threshold, "we each forfeit whatever you ask of us?"

She paused at the door, looking back: "Is that understood?"

Everybody cried: "Yes! Certainly!"

She nodded and disappeared.

For twenty minutes they waited; then, as Reggie closed his watch, a general stampede ensued. Amazed servants shrank aside as Cairns, blowing fearful blasts on the megaphone, cheered on the excited human pack; everywhere Desboro's cats and dogs fled before the invasion; room after room was ransacked, maids routed, butler and valet defied. Even Aunt Hannah's sanctuary was menaced until that lady sat up on her bed and swore steadily at Ledyard, who had scaled the transom.

Desboro, hunting by himself, entered the armory, looked suspiciously at the armored figures, shook a few, opened the vizors of others, and peered at the painted faces inside the helmets.

Others joined him, prying curiously, gathering in groups amid the motionless army of mailed men. Then, as more than half of the allotted hour had already expired, Ledyard suggested an attic party, where trunks full of early XIXth century clothing might be rifled with pleasing results.

"We may find her up there in a chest, like the celebrated bride," remarked Aunt Hannah, who had reappeared from her retreat. "It's the lesser of several tragedies that might happen," she added insolently, to Desboro.

"To the attic!" thundered Cairns through his megaphone; and they started.

But Desboro still lingered at the armory door, looking back. The noise of the chase died away in the interior of the main house; the armory became very still under the flood of pale winter sunshine.

He glanced along the steel ranks of men-at-arms; he looked up at the stately mounted figures; dazzling sunlight glittered over helmet and cuirass and across the armored flanks of horses.

Could it be possible that she was seated up there, hidden inside some suit of blazing mail, astride a battle-horse?

Cautiously he came back, skirting the magnificent and motionless ranks, hesitated and halted.

Of course the whole thing had been proposed and accepted in jest; he told himself that. And yet—if some other man did discover her—the foundation of the jest might serve for a more permanent understanding. He didn't want her to have any intimate understanding with anybody until he and she understood each other, and he understood himself.

He didn't want another man to find and claim the forfeit, even in jest, because he didn't know what might happen. No man was ever qualified to foretell what another man might do; and men already were behaving toward her with a persistency and seriousness unmistakable—men like Herrendene, who meant what he looked and said; and young Hammerton, Daisy's brother, eager, inexperienced and susceptible; and Bertie Barkley, a little, hard-faced snob, with an unerring instinct for anybody who promised to be popular among desirable people, was beginning to test her metal with the acid of his experience.

Desboro stood quite still, looking almost warily about him and thinking faster and faster, trying to recollect who it was who had dragged in the silly subject of marriage. That blond and hulking ass Ledyard, wasn't it?

He began to walk, slowly passing the horsemen in review.

Suppose a blond animal like Reggie Ledyard offered himself in earnest. Was she the kind of girl who would nail the worldly opportunity? And Herrendene—that quiet, self-contained, keen-eyed man of forty-five. You could never tell what Herrendene was thinking about anything, or what he was capable of doing. And his admiration for Jacqueline was undisguised, and his attentions frankly persistent. Last night, too, when they were coasting under the new moon, there was half an hours' disappearance for which neither Herrendene nor Jacqueline had even pretended to account, though bantered and challenged—to Desboro's vague discomfort. And the incident had left Desboro a trifle cool toward her that morning; and she had pretended not to be aware of the slight constraint between them, which made him sulky.

He had reached the end of the double lane of horsemen. Now he pivoted and retraced his steps, hands clasped behind his back, absently scanning the men-at-arms, preoccupied with his own reflections.

How seriously had she taken the role she was playing somewhere at that moment? Only fools accepted actual hazards when dared. He himself was apt to be that kind of a fool. Was she? Would she really have abided by the terms if discovered by Herrendene, for example, or Dicky Hammerton—if they were mad enough to take it seriously?

He thought of that sudden and delicious flash of recklessness in her eyes. He had seen it twice now.

"By God!" he thought. "I believe she would! She is the sort that sees a thing through to the bitter end."

He glanced up, startled, as though something, somewhere in the vast, silent place, had moved. But he heard nothing, and there was no movement anywhere among the armored effigies.

Suppose she were here hidden somewhere within a hollow suit of steel. She must be! Else why was he lingering? Why was he not hunting her with the pack? And still, if she actually were here, why was he not searching for her under every suit of sunlit mail? Could it be because he did not really want to find her—with this silly jest of marriage dragged in—a thing not to be mentioned between her and him even in jest?

Was it that he had become convinced in his heart that she must be here, and was he merely standing guard like a jealous, sullen dog, watching lest some other fool come blundering back from a false trail to discover the right one—and perhaps her?

Suddenly, without reason, he became certain that she and he were there in the armory alone together. He knew it somehow, felt it, divined it in every quickening pulse beat.

He heard the preliminary click of the armory clock, indicating five minutes' grace before the hour struck. He looked up at the old dial, where it was set against the wall—an ancient piece in azure and gold under a foliated crest borne by some long dead dignitary.

Four more minutes now. And suppose she should stir in her place, setting her harness clashing? Had the thought of marrying him ever entered her head? Was it in such a girl to challenge the possibility, make it as near a serious question as it ever could be? It had never existed for them, even as a question. It was not a dead issue, because it had never lived. If she made one movement now, if she so much as lifted her finger, this occult thing would be alive. He knew it—knew that it lay with her; and stood silent, unstirring, listening for the slightest sound. There was no sound.

It lacked now only one minute to the hour. He looked at the face of the lofty clock; and, looking, all in a moment it flashed upon him where she was concealed.

Wheeling in his tracks, on the impulse of the moment he walked straight back to the great painted wooden charger, sheathed in steel and cloth of gold, bearing on

(Continued on page 28)

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

CONCERNING PLOT

MANY an otherwise acceptable scenario has been returned by busy producers because of a "loosely knit" plot. The development of your plot is as important as the plot itself. It must necessarily consist of a beginning, a middle and an end—and this is true likewise of both the novel and the spoken drama. And this beginning, since the important thing in a picture is to hold the interest of the audience from the opening right through to the end, should be as brief as possible; no time should be wasted in long scenes of explanation regarding each character. Open up with a situation which forbodes drama, plant your people as quickly as possible and with as little subtitling as possible. Then go ahead. Each situation should lead logically into the next one, without a break in the suspense or interest. When a plot contains any situation which is not the logical outcome of the one preceding it, it lacks technical merit, and is not apt to meet with favor. In writing a photoplay, you are telling a story, except that instead of words you are using visualized action—but, the point is, this action must be plausible, true to life, and consistent.

DANGEROUS GROUND

Beginner writers often fall into the error of imagining that they are hardened "cynics" and that satire is something which they can handle with the facility of a Moliere or a George Bernard Shaw. While admitting that the only real cynics—in their eyes, at least—on this mundane sphere are young folk between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, and that satire as a medium of expression is often quite tempting to such persons, it is a form of drama to be avoided by anyone excepting the veteran writer. A number of delicious satires have appeared on the screen, and have met with warm approval. However, a large number also have failed—mainly because the writers thereof, not being able to steer a middle course in the handling of their themes, descended into sheer sarcasm in their attempts to be humorous, and thereby offended a large portion of their audiences. True, satire is a form of drama which, while telling a story, subtly and humorously points out a worthwhile lesson. But, until you have lived long and wisely, leave this form of screen drama to those who have the fine perception and the keen appreciation of comedy values necessary to handle it correctly.

THE CHILD "LEAD"

Although there is a fair demand for photoplays in which children play prominent roles, at the present time writers who attempt this type of screen drama must be wary of the familiar, trite themes. Ninety per cent of photoplays constructed around a child "lead" which are received by scenario editors cover ground that is very familiar indeed. The golden-haired "fairy" whose sweet smile eventually reforms the erring father, and the mischievous little "angel" who, by crawling from her trundle-bed and appearing upon the scene just as her papa and mama are about to separate, thereby reunites them, have been literally done to death. Undoubtedly, "a little child may lead them," but photodramatists should find new paths over which the beforementioned child shall play guide and new destinations to which they are led. Simple, human characters are the only ones which offer any real appeal in motion pictures, and the photodramatist must avoid the "super-child" just as he, or she, must avoid the grown-up hero or heroine who is "too good to be true."

COSTUME STORIES

Costume stories, in few instances, have made successful productions; but they are very hard to sell, and the wise photoplaywright will avoid them, so long as there remains other material from which to chose. Scenes laid in foreign lands, or typifying certain periods of past history, usually are quite difficult to costume correctly, it often requiring a special consultant for this particular phase of the production. For example, a Kipling story of India recently was produced by a large company, and it was found necessary to send across the continent for a man whom they knew could be depended upon for the correct method of winding the turbans of Hindoos in various provinces of India, as in that country each man's headdress represnts his social standing, rank, etc. Here is an example of costume detail which could not be found even in the libraries, but which had to be accurately followed for the sake of public criticism. Not only do costumes demand a fineness of detail, but also add greatly to production costs. It is by no means hard to see, therefore, why this type of photoplay is disapproved of by the average producer.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Should a character change during the progress of a play?—L. D. G.

(A.) In most plays of a serious nature, the character should develop. If he remains the same throughout, it is not human; he becomes a mere embodiment of two or three characteristics which keep on repeating themselves. In real life one cannot react to a series of crucial experiences without changing for the better or the worse.

(Q.) I have a very dramatic story in mind involving the facts of the lives of three generations of a family. Would such a story be criticised for lack of unity?—U. D. N.

(A.) In all probability unless especially dramatic in other respects and involving a great struggle, your story would be lacking in entertainment value. If a story cannot be made clear without an elaborate study of one or more family trees, beware of it. Very probably it is of very little use for dramatic purposes. But before giving it up, see whether the relations cannot be simplified. Complexities which at first seem indispensable will often prove to be mere useless encumbrances. Every complexity of relation or of antecedent circumstance is in itself a weakness, which, if it cannot be eliminated, must be lived down.

(Q.) I have a very dramatic story, but one which requires so much explanatory material, I am afraid it will be said to be unscreenable. What shall I do to make sure to get the explanations upon the screen? —I. F. L.

(A.) If a playwright finds he cannot make his story comprehensible without a long explanation of an intricate network of facts, he may be pretty sure that he has got hold of a new theme or of one that stands sorely in need of simplification. You can get your story on the screen only by careful handling and judicious elimination. Some writers will lay aside such a story for some time; then later they will see some easier method of solving their problem.

(Q.) The hero always wins out in the end. Why does the struggle between him and the villain need to be "evenly balanced?"—O. F.

(A.) While the struggle is in progress, the illusion of uncertainty must be maintained. If the hero wins too easily—if there is not a balancing of the opposing forces—there is no suspense and no great interest on the part of the audience. Did you ever see a baseball game in which one of the nines had no show whatever? And did you ever see a game in which the nines were evenly matched, first one side scoring, then the other? Which game was the more interesting? At which game did the spectators jump out of their seats and throw their hats in the air? The conflict between the characters in a picture is much the same as that between two baseball nines. It arouses interest in direct proportion to its intensity and uncertain outcome.

(Q.) I seem to do my best work when I write hurriedly and without taking thought. Why am I continually advised to work slowly?—L. N. T.

(A.) It is doubtful whether you do your best work hurriedly and without taking thought. A writer is usually a poor judge of the merits of his work. The very act of writing an idea down in words gives it an appearance of plausibility and excellence to the writer. If you put down your ideas without carefully searching for new, fresh ways in which to develop them, your mind will probably fall into the old, time-worn grooves, and the result, naturally, will be trite and worthless.

(Q.) When a story is accepted for production, are the names of the characters always changed?—S. V.

(A.) Sometimes, but not always. The naming of characters is something of an art in itself. A name should be distinctive in several ways: It should not be fantastic or bizarre (except in comedy); it should not resemble the name of any other character in the story; it should, if possible, suggest or connote the dominant trait of the person. As an example of this connotation in names, we remember the villain in a short story, a man with a reputation for killing people and whose aim throughout the story was to poison two of the main characters. The author called him *Murdock*.

(Q.) I am told that conversation "made up" by the actors in filming a picture is many times detrimental to the story; and should I not include the conversation I desire used in my story?—A. G.

(A.) When "lines" are desired, the director always tells the actors what to say, and when. Even though you should include conversation, when the story is adapted to the screen it would probably be revamped, consequently write the story as interestingly as possible, omitting conversation, or titles.

(Q.) Is the "dramatic triad" always necessary in a screen story?—C. I.

(A.) In a dramatic story, yes. You must have the character with a purpose, the character who opposes that purpose, and the object of the purpose. The object does not necessarily have to be a person—it may be treasure, fame, power, happiness—though more heart interest is created when the object is a man or woman beloved, and the conflict is rivalry for him or her. There exists a mistaken idea in some minds that "triad" and "eternal triangle" are synonymous. The "eternal triangle" is of course, a triad, but the converse is not true.

(Q.) We are told to base our stories upon dramatic ideas. How are we to know when an idea is dramatic?—W. T. K.

(A.) An idea is dramatic when it involves human desires and emotions and can be developed into action that arouses interest and smpathy. If you based your story upon the idea of a man's ambition to build the highest tower in the world, it would not be dramatic, because there is nothing in it that touches the emotions. But if a man fits out a boat to go in search of possible survivors of a shipwreck, who might have drifted to an uninhabited island, the idea gives us a thrill; our imaginations and our sentiments are stirred, and unconsciously sequences of dramatic possibilities run through our minds.

(Q.) I can better convey the meaning of my story if I use a sort of epilogue. Is this permissible? —D. F.

(A.) For fiction, yes. An epilogue is often used then, but is not good in screen stories. The climax is the high point of the story when all obstacles are removed and the "happy ending" is reached. Anything after this point serves only to scatter the interest.

(Q.) 6 Is there a better opportunity to sell scenarios to the independent companies than to the larger corporations?—N. J.

(A.) No, there is no greater demand for photoplays among the independent producers than there is among the larger companies who have several working units. In fact, where there are more companies working there are naturally more stories required.

MISS WINIFRED KIMBALL wins over 30,000 contestants in Chicago Daily News scenario contest—She trained her natural gifts by Palmer Plan.

$10,000 reward for a Palmer student's imagination

THE first prize of $10,000 in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest was awarded to Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida. It is the biggest prize every offered for a scenario.

The contest was open to everybody. Nearly 30,000 entered, many professional scenarists competing. Miss Kimball, an amateur heretofore unknown to the screen, wrote "Broken Chains" the scenario adjudged best.

Miss Kimball is an enthusiastic student of the Palmer Course and Service. Of the Palmer Plan she writes:

> "There is something unique in the kindly interest that the Palmer institution evinces toward its students. I feel that much of my success is due to its practical instructions. I have advantaged greatly from the fundamental wisdom of its criticisms and teachings."

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That search goes on and on. Through a questionnaire test which reveals creative imagination if it exists, more hidden talent will yet be uncovered. The test is offered free to you in this page.

* * *

This is the kind of story that needs little elaboration. The awards speak for themselves. The Chicago Daily News put its great influence and resources behind the motion picture industry, which desperately needs fresh imagination for scenarios. Thirty-one cash prizes amounting to $30,000 were offered. Thirty-thousand professional and amateur writers competed. Their manuscripts were identified to the judges not by author's name, but by number.

The judges—among whom were David Wark Griffith, the famous producer, Samuel Goldwyn, whose studios will produce the first prize scenario, Norma Talmadge and Charles Chaplin, screen stars, and Rupert Hughes, celebrated author and scenarist—selected "Broken Chains" as the best of the 30,000 scenarios entered.

To a southern girl who lives in a little village of 30,000 population, that selection meant a check for $10,000, and a career.

To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the incident is just one more gratifying record of a Palmer student's brilliant success.

A public that makes its own scenarios

In its issue of April 1, announcing the prize winners, the Daily News quoted the judges as agreeing that—

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That is the message which the Palmer Photoplay Corporation emphasizes in its nation-wide search for creative imagination. As the acredited agent of the motion picture industry for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on, the Palmer organization seeks to enlist the country's Imagination for the fascinating and well-paid profession of scenario writing. Here, in the inspiring story told on this page, is proof that Imagination exists in unexpected places; evidence that it can be inspired to produce, and trained in the screen technique, by the Palmer Home Course and Service in photoplay writing.

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PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test I am to receive further information about your course and service.

Name .....
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address .....

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high a slender, mounted figure in full armor—the dainty Milanese mail of the Countess of Oroposa.

The superb young figure sat its saddle, hollow backed, graceful, both delicate gauntlets resting easily over the war-bridle on the gem-set pommel. Sunbeams turned the long spurs to two golden flames, and splintered into fire across the helmet's splendid crest. He could not pierce the dusk behind the closed vizor; but in every heart-beat, every nerve, he felt her living presence within that hollow shell of inlaid steel and gold.

For a moment he stood staring up at her, then glanced mechanically toward the high clock. Thirty seconds! Time to speak if he would; time for her to move, if in her heart there ever had been the thought which he had never uttered, never meant to voice. Twenty seconds! Through that slitted vizor, also, the clock was in full view. She could read the flight of time as well as he. Now she must move—if ever she meant to challenge in him that to which he never would respond.

He waited now, looking at the clock, now at the still figure above him. Ten seconds! Five!

"Jacqueline!" he cried impulsively.

There was no movement, no answer from the slitted helmet.

"Jacqueline! Are you there?"

No sound.

Then the lofty gold and azure clock struck. And when the last of the twelve resounding strokes rang echoing through the sunlit armory, the mailed figure stirred in its saddle, stretched both stirrups, raised its arms and flexed them.

"You nearly caught me," she said calmly. "I was afraid you'd see my eyes through the helmet slits. Was it your lack of enterprise that saved me—or your prudence?"

"I spoke to you before the hour was up. It seems to me that I HAVE won."

"Not at all. You might just as well have stood in the cellar and howled my name. That isn't discovering me, you know."

"I felt in my heart that you were there," he said, in a low voice.

She laughed. "What a man feels in his heart doesn't count. Do you realize that I'm nearly dead sitting for an hour here? This helmet is abominably hot! How in the world could that poor countess have stood it?"

"Shall I climb up beside you and unlace your helmet?" he asked.

"No, thank you. Mrs. Quant will get me out of it." She rose in the stirrups, swung one steel-shod leg over, and leaped to the floor beside him, clashing from crest to spur.

"What a silly game it was, anyway!" she commented, lifting her vizor and lowering the beaver. Her face was deliciously flushed, and the gold hair straggled across her cheeks.

"It's quite wonderful how the armor of the countess fits me," she said. "I wonder what she looked like. I'll wager, anyway, that she never played as risky a game in her armor as I have played this morning."

"You didn't really mean to abide by the decision, did you?" he asked.

"Do you think I did?"

"No, of course not."

She smiled. "Perhaps you are correct. But I've always been afraid I'd do something radical and irrevocable, and live out life in misery to pay for it. Probably I wouldn't. I must take off these gauntlets, anyway. Thank you"—as he relieved her of them and tossed them under the feet of the wooden horse.

"Last Thursday," he said, "you fascinated everybody with your lute and your Chinese robes. Heaven help the men when they see you in armor! I'll perform my act of fealty now." And he lifted her hands and kissed them lightly where the gauntlets had left pink imprints on the smooth white skin.

As always when he touched her, she became silent; and, as always, he seemed to divine the instant change in her to unresponsiveness under physical contact. It was not resistance, it was a sort of inertia—an endurance which seemed to stir in him a subtle brutality, awaking depths which must not be troubled—unless he meant to cut his cables once for all and drift headlong toward the rocks of chance.

"You and Herrendene behaved shockingly last night," he said lightly. "Where on earth did you go?"

"Is it to you that I must whisper 'je m'accuse'?" she asked smilingly.

"To whom if not to me, Jacqueline?"

"Please—and what exactly then may be your status? Don't answer," she added, flushing scarlet. "I didn't mean to say that. Because I know what is your status with me."

"How do you know?"

"You once made it clear to me, and I decided that your friendship was worth everything to me—whatever you yourself might be."

"Whatever I might be?" he repeated, reddening.

"Yes. You are what you are—what you wrote me you were. I understood you. But—do you notice that it has made any difference in my friendship? Because it has not."

The dull color deepened over his face. They were standing near the closed door now; she laid one hand on the knob, then ventured to raise her eyes.

"It has made no difference," she repeated. "Please don't think it has."

His arms had imprisoned her waist; she dropped her head and her hand slipped from the knob of the great oak door as he drew her toward him.

"In armor!" she protested, trying to speak lightly, but avoiding his eyes.

"Is that anything new?" he said. "You are always instantly in armor when my lightest touch falls on you. Why?"

He lifted her drooping head until it rested against his arm.

"Isn't it anything at all to you when I kiss you?" he asked unsteadily.

She did not answer.

"Isn't it, Jacqueline?"

But she only closed her eyes, and her lips remained coldly unresponsive to his.

After a moment he said: "Can't you care for me at all—in this way? Answer me!"

"I—care for you."

"This way?"

Over her closed lids a tremor passed, scarcely perceptible.

"Don't you know how—how deeply I—care for you?" he managed to say, feeling prudence and discretion violently tugging at their cables. "Don't you know it, Jacqueline?"

"Yes. I know you—care for me."

"Good God!" he said, trying to choke back the very words he uttered. "Can't you respond—when you know I find you so adorable! When—when you must know that I love you! Isn't there anything in you to respond?"

"I—care for you. If I did not, could I endure—what you do?"

A sort of blind passion seized and possessed him; he kissed again and again the fragrant, unresponsive lips. Presently she lifted her head, loosened his clasp at her waist, stepped clear of the circle of his arms.

"You see," she managed to say calmly, "that I do care for you. So—may I go now?"

He opened the door for her and they moved slowly out into the hall.

"You do not show that you care very much, Jacqueline."

"How can a girl show it more honestly? Could you tell me?"

"I have never stirred you to any tenderness—never!"

She moved beside him with head lowered, hands resting on her plated hips, the bright hair in disorder across her cheeks. Presently she said in a low voice:

"I wish you could see into my heart."

"I wish I could! And I wish you could see into mine. That would settle it one way or another!"

"No," she said, "because I CAN see into your heart. And it settles nothing for me—except that I would like to—remain."

"Remain? Where?"

"There—in your heart."

He strove to speak coolly: "Then you CAN see into it?"

"Yes."

"And you know that you are there alone?"

"Yes—I think so."

"And now that you have looked into it and know what is there, do you care to remain in the heart of—of such a man as I am?"

"Yes. What you are I—forgive."

An outburst of merriment came from the library, and several figures clad in the finery of the early nineteenth century came bustling out into the hall.

Evidently his guests had rifled the chests and trunks in the attic and had attired themselves to their heart's content. At sight of Desboro approaching accompanied by a slim figure in complete armor, they set up a shout of apprehension and then cheer after cheer rang through the hallway.

"Do you know," cried Betty Barkley, "you are the most darling thing in armor that ever happened! I want to get into some steel trousers like yours immediately! Are there any in the armory that will fit me, Jim?"

"Did YOU discover her?" demanded Reggie Ledyard, aghast.

"Not within the time limit, old chap," said Desboro, pretending deep chagrin.

"Then you don't have to marry him, do you, Miss Nevers?" exclaimed Cairns, gleefully.

"I don't have to marry anybody, Mr. Cairns. And isn't it humiliating?" she returned, laughingly, edging her way toward the stairs amid the noisy and admiring group surrounding her.

"No! No!" cried Katharine Frere. "You can't escape! You are too lovely that way, and you certainly must come to lunch in your armor!"

"I'd perish!" protested Jacqueline. "No Christian martyr was ever more absolutely cooked than am I in this suit of mail."

Helsa Steyr started for her, but Jacqueline sprang to the stairs and ran up, pursued by Helsa and Betty.

"Isn't she the cunningest, sweetest thing!" sighed Athalie Vannis, looking after her. "I'm simply and sentimentally mad over her. Why didn't you have brains enough to discover her, Jim, and make her marry you?"

"I'd have knocked 'em out if he had had enough brains for that," muttered Ledyard. "But the horrible thing is that I haven't any brains, either, and Miss Nevers has nothing but!"

"A girl like that marries diplomats and dukes, and discoverers and artists and things," commented Betty. "You're just a good-looking simp, Reggie. So is Jim."

Ledyard retorted wrathfully; Desboro, who had been summoned to the telephone, glanced at Aunt Hannah as he walked away, and was rather disturbed at the malice in the old lady's menacing smile.

But what Daisy Hammerton said to him over the telephone disturbed him still more.

"Jim! Elena and Cary Clydesdale are stopping with us. May I bring them to dinner this evening?"

For a moment he was at a loss, then he said, with forced cordiality:

"Why, of course, Daisy. But have you spoken to them about it? I've an idea that they might find my party a bore."

"Oh, no! Elena wished me to ask you to invite them. And Cary was listening."

"Did HE care to come?"

"I suppose so."

"What did he say?"

He grinned. He always does what Elena asks him to do."

"Oh! Then bring them by all means."

"Thank you, Jim."

And that was all; and Desboro, astonished and troubled for a few moments, began to see in the incident not only the dawn of an understanding between Clydesdale and his wife, but something resembling a vindication for himself in this offer to renew a friendship so abruptly terminated. More than that, he saw in it a return of Elena to her senses, and it pleased him so much that when he passed Aunt Hannah in the hall he was almost smiling.

"What pleases you so thoroughly, James—yourself?" she asked grimly.

But he only smiled at her and sauntered on, exchanging friendly body-blows with Reggie Ledyard as he passed.

"Reggie," said Mrs. Hammerton, with misleading mildness, "come and exercise me for a few moments—there's a dear." And she linked arms with him and began to march up and down the hall vigorously.

"She's very charming, isn't she?" observed Aunt Hannah blandly.

"Who?"

"Miss Nevers."

"She's a dream," said Reggie, with emphasis.

"Such a thoroughbred air," commented the old lady.

"Rather!"

"And yet—she's only a shop-keeper."

"Eh?"

"Didn't you know that Miss Nevers keeps an antique shop?"

"What of it?" he said, turning red. "I peddle stocks. My grandfather made snuff. What do I care what Miss Nevers does?"

"Of course. Only—would you marry her?"

"Huh! Like a shot! But I see her letting me! Once I was even ass enough to think I could kiss her, but it seems she won't even stand for that! And Herrendene makes me sick—the old owl—sneaking off with her whenever he can get the chance! They all make me sick!" he added, lighting a cigarette. "I wish to goodness I had a teaspoonful of intellect, and I'd give 'em a run for her. Because I have the looks, if I do say it," he added, modestly.

"Looks never counted seriously with a woman yet," said Mrs. Hammerton maliciously. "Also, I've seen better looking coachmen than you."

"Thanks. What are you going to do with her anyway?"

"I don't have to do anything. She'll do whatever is necessary."

"That's right, too. Lord, but she'll cut a swathe! Even that dissipated creature Cairns sits up and takes notice. I should think Desboro would, too—more than he does."

"I understand there's a girl in blue, somewhere," observed Mrs. Hammerton.

"That's a different kind of girl," said the young man, with contempt, and quite oblivious to his own naive self-revelation. Mrs. Hammerton shrugged her trim shoulders.

"Also," he said, "there is Elena Clydesdale—speaking of scandal and James Desboro in the same breath."

"Do you believe that story?"

"Yes. But that sort of affair never counts seriously with a man who wants to marry."

"Really? How charming! But perhaps it might count against him with the girl he wants to marry. Young girls are sometimes fastidious, you know."

"They never hear about such things until somebody tells 'em, after they're married. Then it's rather too late to throw any pre-nuptial fits," he added, with a grin.

"Reginald," said Mrs. Hammerton, "day by day I am humbly learning how to appreciate the innate delicacy, chivalry and honorable sentiments of your sex. You yourself are a wonderful example. For instance, when rumor couples Elena Clydesdale's name with James Desboro's, does it occur to you to question the scandal? No; you take it for granted, and very kindly explain to me how easily Mrs. Clydesdale can be thrown over if her alleged lover decides he'd like to marry somebody."

"That's what's done," he said sulkily. "When a man——"

"You don't have to tell ME!" she fairly hissed, turning on him so suddenly that he almost fell backward. "Don't you think I know what is the code among your sort—among the species of men you find sympathetic? You and Jack Cairns and James Desboro—and Cary Clydesdale, too? Let him reproach himself if his wife misbehaves! And I don't blame her if she does, and I don't believe she does! Do you hear me, you yellow-haired, blue-eyed little beast?"

Ledyard stood open-mouthed, red to the roots of his blond hair, and the tiny, baleful black eyes of Mrs. Hammerton seemed to hypnotize him.

"You're all alike," she said with withering contempt. "Real men are out in the world, doing things, not crawling around over the carpet under foot, or sitting in clubs, or dancing with a pack of women, or idling from polo field to tennis court, from stable to steam-yacht. You've no real blood in you; it's only Scotch and soda gone flat. You've the passions of overfed lap dogs with atrophied appetites. There's not a real man here—except Captain Herrendene—and he's going back to his post in a week. You others have no posts. And do you think that men of your sort are fitted to talk about marrying such a girl as Miss Nevers? Let me catch one of you trying it! She's in my charge. But that doesn't count. She'll recognize a real man when she sees one, and glittering counterfeits won't attract her."

"Great heavens!" faltered Reggie. "What a horrible lambasting! I—I've heard you could do it; but this is going some—really, you know, it's going some! And I'm not all those things that you say, either!" he added, in naive resentment. "I may be no good, but I'm not as rotten as all that."

He stood with lips pursed up into a half-angry, half-injured pout, like a big, blond, blue-eyed yokel facing school-room punishment.

(*Continued next week*)

Watch for Charlie's Story

Be sure to get next week's issue of "Movie Weekly." It contains the third instalment of Charlie Chaplin's "My Trip Abroad," more interesting and swift-moving than ever.

Order early from your newsdealer so you will be sure to get "My Trip Abroad."

Marie Franzán Tells Secret of Quickly Making *Your* Skin Beautiful

An amazing improvement can now be made in any complexion, almost overnight. Famous beauty specialist tells of the discovery of the three types of skin and the special treatment for each

IT is now so easy to have really beautiful skin, free from all ordinary blemishes!

Any complexion can quickly be transformed to natural, radiant beauty! The secret has been found in a scientific discovery concerning the basic nature of skin. This new discovery brings amazingly rapid results because it is based on the fundamental fact that each skin—*your skin*—is *different,* there are certain scientific peculiarities about it! Unless you know what these are, you may be doing very great damage to your complexion every day. For the preparations and treatments that benefit another may be entirely unsuited to your skin.

But the interesting and surprising thing is this: "If you do know what type of skin yours is, and if you use the treatment especially designed for it, you can make such an improvement in it as would seem almost too good to be true. You can see it suddenly transform to clear, fresh, radiant beauty!

Which is *Your* Type of Skin?

Three Types

Oily Skin

Caused by excessive secretion in oil glands—as shown in this scientific cut. Has a greasy, shiny appearance—a tendency towards enlarged pores and blackheads. Looks coarse; powder does not stay on. Needs special preparations for proper cleansing and to remove excess oil and refreshen the tone and texture of the skin.

Dry Skin

Note how the oil glands are shrunken and inactive; do not supply sufficient nourishment. Skin flakes off like fine dandruff because it lacks oil. Skin wrinkles and is affected by the wind and by the use of ordinary soap. Very sensitive—requires soothing cleansers and special creams to supply extra nourishment and make it smooth and soft.

Normal Skin

Clear, firm, delicately colored. (Note normal size gland.) Soft and smooth. Looks almost transparent in artificial light. Wrong treatments cause normal skin to become either too dry or too oily. Normal skin requires its own special treatment or it soon loses natural vitality and becomes faded and colorless.

THIS remarkable new discovery is the outcome of years spent in the study of complexion correction based on the known fact that it is wrong for all women to attempt to use the same preparations on their skins. The result of this exhaustive investigation into the scientific facts concerning the structure of the skin is the discovery of the *Three Types of Skin,* and the right treatment for each!

Find Your Type Now

These are the three types of skin: Oily, Dry, and Normal. Which is yours? You can tell easily from the descriptions given in the panel on this page. Now you can see why, if your skin is oily, you must use a special treatment to remove the excess oil, to eliminate its shiny appearance, to overcome the tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads.

On the other hand, if you have a dry skin, you must be careful not to use ordinary soaps and preparations which increase this condition. Beware of a dry skin, for it ages quickly, develops wrinkles and becomes pale and colorless.

Or if you are blessed with a normal skin, you can see that you shouldn't use preparations designed for a dry skin or an oily skin. The normal skin too has its special requirements to keep it functioning properly and to preserve its healthful vitality.

So the first step toward a beautiful complexion is to determine which type of skin you have. Then you must use the special treatment designed especially for this type.

See for Yourself the Amazing Results of the New Discovery

The complete treatment for each type of skin may now be had in a combination set which includes a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the wonderful Beauty Secret, together with an interesting booklet that tells all about the three types of skin and their care.

Read These

Just a short time ago I sent a treatment to a young woman in Punxatawney, Pa. Today I have a letter from her saying, *"Have used the entire oily skin method. The difference in my skin is amazing."*

You *will* be as delighted as this girl from Ravenna, Ohio. *"I had almost given up hope of having fair complexion. I read about your Beauty Combination. You see I am a chorus girl and by using preparations everyone told me about my skin became so oily and coarse with blackheads. But now I am getting wonderful results from using your preparations. I don't see how I can ever thank you and I cannot express in words my gratitude. Your advertisement was a God-send to me."*

You have only to use the combination set—known as the Luxtone Beauty Combination—which is designed for your type of skin, in accordance with directions. And in order that you may do this without risking a penny and see for yourself its wonderful results, a special offer is made to readers of this magazine.

Make This 5-Days' Trial

Simply indicate on the coupon below whether your skin is Oily, Dry or Normal, and send to me—Marie Franzán, care of the Luxtone Company. You will receive by mail the Luxtone Beauty Combination you need. When it arrives, pay the postman only $2.00, the special low price.

Then, if after 5 days' trial, you are not more than delighted with the improvement in your complexion, your money will be refunded without question.

This is a special offer. Mail the coupon *now* before it is withdrawn.

Just indicate your type of skin on the coupon below, and mail it today.

THE LUXTONE CO.
Dept. 35
2703 Cottage Grove Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

THE LUXTONE COMPANY,
Frank Welsh, Pres.,
Dept. 35,
2703 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I would like to try the special treatment for my type of skin. Send me the Luxtone Beauty Combination, consisting of a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the powder-and-cream Beauty Secret. Also booklet on complexion correction. I will pay the postman $2.00 on arrival. My money is to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied after 5 days' trial.

For { Oily / Dry / Normal } (Please check your type of skin)

Name .....

Address .....

Don't Let Blackheads Make *You* Unpopular

"I ONCE danced with a girl whose face was covered with blackheads," a thoughtful young man confided to me recently. "While she was a lovely dancer, and altogether a pleasant girl, yet it was the most uncomfortable dance I have ever had. She was well dressed but not dainty. The other fellows felt the same way about her as I did. She sat alone in the corner all evening. No fellow wants to dance with a girl whose face is disfigured with ugly black spots."

Are you going to let blackheads spoil your popularity? Are you going to cause young men to turn from you with disgust? Are you going to let blackheads rob you from youthful enjoyment and the society of thoughtful and careful young men?

RESULTS IN TWO TREATMENTS GUARANTEED

. Send for Clairz to-day. It is guaranteed to rid your skin of blackheads. It will make your skin clean and smooth. Clairz will make you admired instead of repulsive. It has helped other young women and men to rid their skin of blackheads and is guaranteed to help you. Send no money! Fill in the coupon below and mail it at once. When the postman delivers Clairz to you pay him $1.50. If Clairz doesn't show results in two treatments I will refund your money.

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN
665 Fifth Ave., *Established 20 years* **New York City**

Clairz

Clears your skin of blackheads

------ Clip this coupon. Send no money ------

KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN,
665-W Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dear Miss Quinlan:—Please send me a bottle of Clairz, your wonderful blackhead remover. On receipt of Clairz I will pay the postman $1.50. It is understood that if Clairz does not show results in two treatments you will refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

POSE FOR MOVIES

We can place you in the films—distance no barrier! Teach everything required. *Get you where you otherwise would never get.*

L. BRIND
145 W. 45th St. Room 710

BOYS

This is Jackie Coogan, boy film star, who made such a hit with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." You know Jackie. He wants to know you. Wouldn't you like to join his club? You can! And you don't pay any dues!

Free Movie Tickets

Yessir! *You* can have a regular spending money in your jeans—dozens of fine Prizes such as baseballs cameras, Scout knives, catcher's mitts, fountain pens, bikes—and FREE TICKETS to your favorite MOVIE THEATRE—all FREE to Club Members. Write for full details about THE CLUB; use the coupon.

Would *you* like to have regular spending money—your very own business? Join THE CLUB and get all these good things. Only *reg'lar* fellows wanted. If you're a *hustler*—come on in and join the gang.

This plan keeps boys out in the air, gives them clean, healthful recreation, lively interests and valuable vocational training. All mothers and sisters should send in the coupon for buddy.

Fellers, come on in—the water's fine!

"I-WANTA-JOIN" COUPON

Mr. E. L. Gilbert, Acting Secretary, The JACKIE COOGAN CLUB, care of MOVIE WEEKLY, 119 West 40th St., New York City. Third Floor.

Dear Mr. Gilbert—I want to join. Please tell me how to have spending money, prizes and free tickets to the Movies.

Your Name .....

Street and No.....

City ..... State.....

Stage Lures Blonde Heroine from the Kleigs

(*Continued from page* 5)

our smile, "I haven't made a picture yet I could see without being ashamed of."

"'Beauty's Wōrth' is going awfully well," we mentioned.

"Yes," but the "yes" lacked the fire of conviction.

At this time, Marion is completing her most ambitious film production, "When Knighthood Was In Flower." She experiences the annoying antipodal emotions of relief and uncertainty as the picture nears completion. More than ten weeks were neded to make it, and during that time Marion and her entire cast worked from early morning to late at night, retiring early, only to answer an early morning call and repeat the day's proceedings.

There has been a hale and hearty spirit of comaradie between everyone in the big star cast supporting Marion, a spirit sponsored and carried on by the star herself. When the work commenced to tell on their spirits, Marion arranged a little party at her home and a "grand time was enjoyed by all."

"All I had," chuckld Marion reminiscently, "was a pickle, ice cream and a cigarette. That was enough! I left the room unduly and had a seasick session of it for two solid hours. That pickle had nothing on me for color!"

To cap the climax after the completion of "Knighthood," Marion plans a farewell studio party for that skillful English actor, Lynn Harding, who plays the role of Henry III in the picture. If it's up to Marion's usual parties, it will be the last word. She knows how to do things up "brown."

Don't be surprised if you read a confirmation later on of Marion Davies forsaking the Kliegs for a season on Broadway this fall. In the words of Marion: "Maybe."

The Movie Weekly Popular Girl Contest

(*Continued from page 2*)

Morgan City, La.
Opera House
Newcastle, Nebr.
Star Theatre
Northfork, W. Va.
Grand Theatre
N. Wilkesboro, N. C.
Amuzu Theatre
Opelika, Ala.
Rainbow Theatre
Ouray, Colo.
Isis Theatre
Palmer, Mass.
Empire Theatre
Pocahontas, Ark.
L. L. Lewis Theatre
Portsmouth, Ia.
American Legion Theatre
Poughkeepsie, N. Y
Best Theatre
Remington, Ind.
Lyric Theatre
Ruston, La.
Astor Theatre
St. Charles, Va.
Princess Theatre
St. Paul, Va.
Gaeity Theatre
San Benito, Texas
Pastime Theatre
Silverton, Colo.
Star Theatre
Spartanburg, S. C.
Strand Theatre
Spur, Tex.
Gem Theatre
Starks, Fla.
Gaiety Theatre
Stratford, Conn.
Stratford Theatre
Sturgeon Bay, Wisc
Door Theatre
Swanton, Nebr.
Swan Theatre
Talladega, Ala.
Palace Theatre
Tarentum, Pa.
Palace Theatre
Tremonton, Utah
American Theatre
Tularosa, N. Mex.
Muse-U Theatre
Walnut Ridge, Ark.
L. L. Lewis Theatre
Wilmerding, Pa.
Grand Theatre
Windfall, Ind.
The Ideal Theatre
Yellow Springs, Ohio
Princess Theatre

The Lives of 12 FAMOUS STARS ONLY $1

"The Little Movie Mirror Books" Will Delight You

There are twelve in all—charming little books that you will treasure. They tell you the things you want to know about your favorite stars—intimate details of their lives—their loves—their work—their play—all of the things about which you so often wonder—and regarding which perhaps you sometimes write to "The Colonel" or other authority on matters pertaining to the movies—and many things that you have never thought about or possibly never felt at liberty to ask.

Wouldn't you like to have your favorite talk to you? To tell you of *his* life, *his* hobbies? How she happened to go into the movies? The sort of person he or she really is? These little Movie Mirror Books were written by the stars themselves and when you read them it will be just as if they were talking to you face to face.

Printed on super-quality paper, copiously illustrated with intimate photographs taken in home and studio, with covers beautifully executed in four artistically blended colors made from original paintings of the stars whose lives they tell, each contains a handsome pen and ink drawing specially adapted for decorative purposes in boudoir or den, together with a letter from the star to you signed in his or her own handwriting. All photographs and drawings are exclusive and can be had from nowhere else. As souveniers nothing could be finer.

The artists whose lives are so delightfully covered by this set are Wallace Reid, Lillian Gish, Bert Lytell, Viola Dana, William S. Hart, Colleen Moore, Wesley Barry, Mae Murray, Harriet Hammond, Ben Turpin, Corinne Griffith, Doraldina.

While They Last

we will supply "Little Movie Mirror Books" to readers of "Movie Weekly" for only $1.00 per set of twelve. As soon as the present supply is exhausted this special offer closes. Secure your set at once. Fill in the coupon, pin to it a dollar bill and mail to us today.

SPECIAL
"The Life of Rodolph Valentino"
(written by himself)

is in process of publication by "Movie Weekly." In consideration of your ordering your set of twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" at once, we will send you free of charge one of the first copies to come off the press.

MOVIE WEEKLY
119 West 40th Street New York City

COUPON

"MOVIE WEEKLY,"
119 West 40th St., New York City, Dept. 5202.

I am enclosing $1.00, for which please send me a set of twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" in accordance with your special offer. It is understood that in addition to the twelve "Little Movie Mirror Books" I am to receive a copy of "The Life of Rodolph Valentino" written by himself.

Name .....

Address .....

NOTE: *We are thinking of extending this small book service. Undoubtedly there are several actors and actresses whose lives you would like to have in small book form. Write their names on the following lines and when we secure them we will notify yow so that you may place your order if you wish.*

.....

.....

.....

Quick Bunion Relief
—Try It Free—

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have proved it to thousands of others in the last six months. I claim to have a positive relief for bunion pains, and I want you to try it free—at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures or shields or pads you ever tried without success— I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried Fairyfoot, and I have such confidence in it that I want you to send me your name and address and I will send you a 4 days' trial free and a full size $1 package C. O. D. It is a simple home method which relives you quickly of all pain and subdues all soreness and all inflammation. I know it will do all this and I want you to try "Fairyfoot" at my risk. Money back if not satisfied.

Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this magazine again. Just send name and address. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
2207 Millard Ave. Dept. 192
CHICAGO

HOW TO GET RID OF MOLES

A simple, safe home treatment—15 years success in my practice. *Moles* (also BIG growths) *Dry Up.*
Ask for Free Booklet of Full Particulars
WM. DAVIS, M. D.
124 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

IT IS TO LAUGH!
She's all dolled up and looks like she had a black eye. Her make-up ran. Can't happen if you use Wm. J. Brand's Red Fox Liquid **COL-Y-BROW.** For eyebrows and eyelashes. Harmless. Will not run.
Colors: Black and Brown. By mail, $1.00.
HAIR SPECIALTY CO., Dept. L, 24 E. 21st St., New York

$ $ For Photoplay Ideas
Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 905 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.
Publishers Scenario Bulletin-Digest
SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY

Philanthropic Bank Burglar

(Continued from page 24)

painstaking job, but he and his assistant, Tom Sheehan, finally got them all together so that they were able to read:

"It's all over but the shouting, forget about the chair. You'll be pardoned within the next ten days and when you get out don't come to my apartment. Phone me and I will meet you. Burn this up when you read it. Look out for a shadow when you leave Sing Sing.

"Ha!" grunted Morrisey. "Well, Tom, we've got a definite clue at last. This note was written by the fellow that dynamited the power house at Sing Sing. He's the same boy that robbed the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia and the Chelsea National Bank in New York City."

"Pretty positive about that, Mike?" exclaimed Sheehan.

"Positive?" repeated Morrisey. "Let me read the conclusion of this note to you, and then form your own opinion. Burn this up after you read it. Look out for a shadow when you leave Sing Sing.'"

"What does that mean to you?"

"Well, boss," replied Sheehan, "I guess we've got him 'pegged' at last."

"No guess about it," replied Morrisey slowly. "It's a certainty."

He got up and dressed and left the hotel rapidly, remarking to Sheehan as he left the apartment, "I am on his trail and I am going to run him to earth."

It seemed that the capture of Frisco Blackey was inevitable.

(Continued next week)

Convicted Murderer finds Escape in Scenario Writings

(Continued from page 18)

many clients, clients who paid him well. He turned over all but a small part of his earnings to his fellow prisoners, giving those on parole money to reach their homes, paying the expenses of the families of those who were in want, helping those who were ill back to health.

A few years ago his talent was rewarded by the advertising men who knew his work. His essay on "Giving Letters Life and a Decent Dress" was read at the Toronto convention of the World's Advertising Clubs. He won a silver cup in a national advertising men's contest. In his spare time he wrote two books of advertising which are regarded as models of their kind.

His work within the prison walls was similarly broad. He organized a Mutual Welfare League in Florence Prison, and under his management, it has been a complete success. Money has come to him easily. His clients are now numbered in the hundreds. They comprise business concerns in all parts of the country. If he were free, he would be instantly employed, for many organizations are willing to use his services and to pay him a large salary.

Within the last year his talent has sought a new field. He began to work on short stories and on motion picture scenarios. Photoplay producers receive many letters from convicts who are eager to sell stories based on their own lives. But because a convict has little opportunity to study the needs of a producer, none of their scripts have thus far been accepted. When Universal received Eytinge's script, it was recognized as the work of a man who not only knew how to write, but who had a profound knowledge of the human drama. It was unquestioningly passed upon and accepted.

The soul of man knows no bounds, an evangelist once said. Eytinge's soul has pierced prison walls. It has soared in all directions, on the wings of the post, in letters which have traversed the globe. Now it is again to soar, to be viewed by thousands who will see his picture.

Some day, perhaps, Eytinge will be freed. That day is hardly at hand. The courts require proof of innocence before they will reverse a decision. The pardon board requires proof that a convict would be better off free than in prison.

Would Eytinge be happier at liberty?

Those who have studied his remarkable case hardly know. Some believe that, like O. Henry, he will destroy all traces of his past and renew his life in successful effort.

Others fear that if Eytinge were free, the treacherous world would absorb him, destroy the opportunities for work, for concentration and for service which prison has yielded to him.

So, like the monks of old, he may remain chained to his cell, yet able to create a nobler life than would be his were he a free man.

LEWIS F. LEVINSON.

REEL AND REAL

The elderly and very impressive individual who portrays so convincingly on the screen the distinguished British scientist and man of letters may in real life be a former Bowery bartender who thinks that Sir Oliver Cabot Lodge is the name of a colored secret society.

The young woman who appears so charmingly on the screen as the very capable young housewife may in real life be a daughter of the idle rich who couldn't boil water without serious risk of burning it, and who thinks that gravy may be bought by the pint at any really first-class butcher shop.

The canine marvel who on the screen does feats of such apparently incredible intelligence may in real life be a rather dumb sort of a mutt who, if left to his own resources, wouldn't have sense enough to crawl under the porch if a thunder storm came up.

Beautiful Hair
The Secret of Attraction

YOU have often wondered why some folks are more attractive than others. You have often heard remarked "How beautiful she is," or "What a handsome man." Yet have you ever stopped to consider the cause? Well dressed hair with that soft, glossy, well groomed appearance adds charm and attraction so becoming to stars of the stage and screen

HERMO "HAIR-LUSTR"
Keeps the Hair Dressed
FOR MEN—WOMEN—CHILDREN

Dress your hair in any style and a few drops of Hermo "Hair Lustr" will keep it well dressed. The most stubborn hair is easily dressed with Hermo even after shampooing. Dainty women and careful men are never without it, because it aids to smart appearance—excites admiration—adds beauty and life to the hair.
GREASELESS AND STAINLESS
GUARANTEED absolutely harmless. A few drops of Hermo "Hair Lustr" used daily will complete your toilet. $1.00 size contains 6 months' supply. We will send either size direct prepaid upon receipt of price. Use it 5 days—if not entirely satisfied return it—your money will be promptly refunded. We know you will be delighted. Send for a bottle **today.**

50c $1.00 Size

HERMO COMPANY
542 E. 63rd Street
Dept. 55
Chicago, Ill.

Are YOU OLD at 40?

Perhaps the most common sense is the disturbed condition of an important gland. Even men of iron constitution are not exempt from this amazingly common irregularity. We have for limited distribution, an ethically accurate, educational and interesting

FREE BOOK

Its message may prove of unsuspected value to you. It explains how a disturbed condition of this vital gland may cause sciatica, backache, painful and tender feet, interrupted sleep and other extremely uncomfortable and often serious conditions. It tells of Thermalaid, a simple means by which the essential of a new hygienic principle, done into convenient form corrects this prostrate gland condition and its attendant health faults without medicine, massage, or knife. The record of its success for five years is incontrovertible. The book is free. Simply address

THE ELECTRO THERMAL CO.
6302 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio

Movie Fans—Who Said Fun? You don't know the half of it, dearies, until you join **THE RUTH ROLAND CLUB.** Largest all star-fan club (correspondence) in the world, and operated by Ruth herself. Issues own club magazine, **Penpals,** prepared exclusively by members. Membership fee, including subscription, only $2.25, or send 25c. to get your name on list, and specimen copy **Penpals.**
Walter I. Moses, Ruth Roland Club
Grand Junction, Colorado

MAIL CLERKS
WANTED!
$135 to $190 Month
Hundreds Needed
MEN--BOYS OVER 17

COUPON

Franklin Institute
Dept. E243, Rochester, N.Y.
Kindly send me, by return mail, free information, telling how I can quickly get into the U. S. Government Service as Railway Mail Clerk ($1600 to $2300 a year) or as City Mail Carrier or Post Office Clerk ($1400 to $1800 a year).

Name.....
Address.....

You Can Weigh Thirty Pounds Less One Month from Today

Your Mirror Will Tell the Story

Amazing new discovery makes it easy to take off a pound or more a day. One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days. Another lost 65 pounds in a few weeks and her health was improved a hundred per cent. Still another lost 22 pounds in two weeks. All without tiresome treatments, discomforts or bitter self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free trial

A WONDERFUL new method of losing disfiguring, burdensome excess flesh has been discovered. A method that can give you the type of figure you admire so much—one month from today—or less. It is a simple, self-followed law of Nature. Any one can apply it at once, without any bitter self-denials, and results are often gained in only 48 hours.

It requires no appliances, medicines, special baths or massage. There is no distasteful diet to follow; in fact, many say they enjoy their meals more than ever before.

But, in spite of the simplicity of this wonderful new method of reducing, the experience of thousands of stout men and women has shown that a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many women have taken off 10 pounds a week, and even more.

Lose Flesh Quickly—and Improve Health

And the beauty of this safe, *natural* method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal youthful figure. Your general health will improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may even find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Hundreds of women have reduced 20, 30, 40, and more pounds in astonishingly short times. And they did all this without being harassed by rigid rules of diet.

If you wish to avoid the necessity for making sudden changes in your clothing, you can easily control the operation of this natural law of reduction so that your loss of weight will be more gradual than a pound a day. While you are steadily regaining your slender, graceful, youthful figure, slight and inexpensive chnges in your garments can be made from time to time. Then, when you have arrived at your ideal weight, the new discovery will enable you to maintain it steadily, without gaining or losing. Your weight is thus largely under your own control.

In reducing through this remarkable new discovery you make little change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you actually increase their variety. All you do is to follow an extremely simple and easily understood law of Nature.

The Secret Explained

It was given to Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, to discover this one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain weight combinations cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

These CORRECT combinations, which reduce your weight, are regarded by users as so much more appetizing than WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that their palates could have been so easily satisfied in the past. You will even be able to eat many delicious dishes which you have denied yourself in the past. For you will be shown how to arrange your meals in such a manner that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope and energy it offers to stout men and women. Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is now offered to you on free trial.

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal weight, we have made the price as low as we can, because we want every sufferer from excessive flesh to secure its benefits.

Send no money: Just put your name and address on the coupon, or send a letter if you prefer. The course will be maied to you in PLAIN WRAPPER, and $1.97 (pus postage) to the postman will make it yours. Then, if you are not fully satisfied in every particular, you may return it within five days after its receipt, and your money will be immediately refunded. *If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary.*

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Decide how much weight you wish to lose the first week and each week thereafter. Then try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in two days or so and note the result. You'll be as happily surprised as the thousands of others who have quickly regained a normal, beautiful figure in this simple, scientific way.

Remember, send no money; just mail the coupon or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act today, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with demand for these lessons. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-2055, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

Read How Others Have Lost Weight

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday and I feel better than I have for months."

MRS. GEORGE GUITERMAN,
420 E. 66th St.,
New York City.

Losses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (a reduction of 22 pounds) in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick. Stomach trouble bothered me all the time. I feel wonderful now."

BEN NADDLE,
102 Fulton St.,
New York City.

From 187 to 143 Pounds

"I will always be thankful that I wrote for the course. I weighed 187 pounds. After getting the course I secured results right away and am down to normal weight, having lost 44 pounds. It is grand to have a girlish figure again."

MRS. ERIC CAPON,
Manhasset, L. I.

Lost 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 30 days I lost 28 pounds—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."

(Signed) EARL A. KETTEL,
225 W. 39th St., New York City.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-2055, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me in PLAIN WRAPPER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to return my money if I return the course within this time.

Name .....
(Please write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Price outside United States $2.15 cash with order

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PRT™
jcristina.com
Bitter Quarrel Breaks Up
Edith Hallor's
Second Marriage
Olive Ann Alcorn

WALLIE REID GIVES EXPERT AUTOMOBILE ADVICE

MOVIE WEEKLY

July 15, 1922

10¢

The Blonde-Brunette Vampire War is launched

See Page 3

Dorothy Gish
Photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston

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Vol. II. MOVIE WEEKLY No. 23
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Movie Stars---Angels or Devils?

DUE to a series of particularly sensational happenings, the attention of the entire country has been focussed for the past year upon Hollywood. The American public, always interested in the lives and doings of its cinema stars, has had this interest intensified a thousand times through the pitiless light of publicity that has beaten down upon the lives of all members of Los Angeles' "Film Colony."

Representatives of yellow journals and self-appointed "investigators" have journeyed for a week or ten days to southern California, and then have emblazoned forth to the world stories of the lurid type that they feel the world is expecting, utterly regardless of whether the stories in question happen to be true or not.

Aghast at the cataclysm during which even the most chaste and jealously guarded of film reputations have tottered and threatened complete collapse, motion picture publicity agents have rushed frenziedly into the breech, turning out realms of copy in a desperate effort to convince the shocked fan public that in reality their screen idols are as blameless and free from possible reproach as a two-weeks'-old baby.

They have gone as far to extremes in one direction as the sensationalists have in the other. The result of such radically conflicting propaganda has been rather ludicrous, to say the least.

A bewildered public reads one moment that Hollywood is a veritable modern Babylon, a flaming City of Secret Sin in which the celebrated inhabitants spend every leisure hour in pursuits that would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of licentious Nero himself. Then the next moment it reads another story to the effect that movie folk are probably the most slandered people in the history of the world, that in actual life they are paragons of virtue who lack only haloes and wings to be truly Celestial, and that night life in Hollywood is really somewhat of a cross between a Sunday School picnic and an undertakers' convention.

Both of these views smack rather strongly of tommyrot. Why not abandon the screaming superlatives and fevered extremes for a moment, and apply a little everyday common sense to the situation? We have surely become broad-minded enough to abandon the old New England belief that being a "play actor" is a crime ranking just below burglary. It is to be hoped that most of us are also mature enough intellectually that we do not have to be showered with saccharine assurances that all actor folk are really Sunday School superintendents in their private lives.

Movie stars are neither the angels some publicity writers would have us infer, nor the devils that reformers would have us believe. They are merely human beings—"even as you and I." Why not admit this fact, and cease trying to make of them an abnormal tribe of superhumans, who are either paragons of impossible virtue or alleged fiends of incarnate vice?

Cinema favorites are, after all, but men and women who are busily working for a living day after day, and engaging in work that is far more arduous and exacting than that indulged in by many of their most rabid critics, at that. The industry admittedly has its "black sheep." Among a group of people whose main attributes are Youth and Temperament, it would be strange indeed if an occasional one did not overstep the bounds of propriety. Also, though they do not attract quite the attention granted to their unruly brethren, the industry has its saints.

But between these two extremes is the great majority of players who are nothing in the world but normal, clean-living, clean-thinking, home-loving human beings with faults and virtues that balance just about as well in the long run as with the rest of us mortals.

With all the wealth of fascinating, colorful and genuinely interesting material in the actual lives and characters of screen stars, it is high time that the saccharine piffle of press agents on the one hand, and the lurid drivel of misled reformers on the other, should be stopped. The sooner that this is done, the better it will be for "star" and for "fan" alike.

The Girl on The Cover

Rumor has it that Dorothy Gish is to go on the stage for a short time. Her role will very probably be one of the piquantly roguish type in which she has endeared herself to the hearts of picture fans, but it is not entirely impossible that she may be given a genuinely dramatic opportunity for the display of her talents instead.

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Published weekly by the PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Harold A. Wise, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.

A CALL TO ARMS:

Opportunities Offered to the Winners of This Contest

THE BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST

Mustering Recruits for Personality Opportunity on Stage and Screen

THE STUPENDOUS BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE WAR IS ON! ! !

"General" De Sacia Mooers, leading the blonde contingent, boldly splashes with advice to her cohorts.

"General" Betty Blythe, leading the brunette contingent, dashingly plunges with pen and ink to relay advice to her cohorts.

It's snappy, girls. It's real.

What good can this advice be to you?

It may be of vast aid in winning you either the screen or the stage position.

No phase of vamping will be missed by the Blonde and the Brunette. They, and Mr. Mitchell, Director Ray Smallwood and Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," will tell you more about the business side of screen and stage work.

These advice columns of Miss Mooers and Miss Blythe should be of primary importance to you in writing your one-hundred word statement, to be attached to your photographs, entitled: *"The Art of Luring—Why I Know How."*

They should aid you in crystallizing your own thoughts on "Why I Know How to Lure." Remember how this contest is to be decided.

The judges will decide from your photographs whether or not you are beautiful. The judges will then select from the most beautiful photographs of contestants, the two whose hundred-word statements indicate they are the most intelligent of these beauties.

And the winners—CONSIDER YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY!

Think of having Ray Smallwood, foremost director for Pyramid, the company that will engage you, take you in personal charge and teach you the fundamentals of picture acting.

Think of learning the rules of makeup, of dress, of gesture—everything, taught by him who will cast you in a Pyramid production, at a salary of $100 a week.

Think of the opportunities opening up before you if you make good in your part. Pyramid is on the lookout for real talent, no matter if you have had no experience. All you need show is an aptitude for motion picture work. *Here's a chance of a lifetime for a girl with personality and brains and stamina. ARE YOU THE GIRL FOR A BIG TIME MOTION PICTURE JOB?*

Think of the remarkable chance to make good with Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool."

Ed Wynn can make you, provided you have personality and brains and don't balk at working. He can teach you the fundamentals of the stage as few men can. And he will. In Ed Wynn's "The Perfect Fool," are many girls playing important roles who started with him absolutely unexperienced.

Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," will give you every opportunity to make good.

Julian Mitchell, stage director for Mr. Wynn's "The Perfect Fool," will take the winner in charge and train her, before she joins the show. Mr. Mitchell is a past master at stage technique, and this opportunity to learn directly from him is one that could not be purchased with money. *Movie Weekly gives you this chance.*

There have been many contests that offer screen jobs to the winner. *"Movie Weekly" offers you more than a screen or a stage job. We offer you the chance to prepare yourself under skilled directors on both screen and stage for a CAREER.*

But we caution you. We offer no promise of fame and fortune. All we promise is hard work, lots of it. If you have the ability to act, however, and the stamina to stick to it, fame and fortune is bound to follow.

The judges for "Movie Weekly's" *Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest* are keen judges of screen and stage talent.

Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., whose "Follies" for this year "glorifies the American girl," has selected more beauties, who later became well-known motion picture players, than any one man in stage production. Your beauty and the personality of you that stands out in the photographs you send in to the VAMPIRE EDITOR, will be shown to him. He perceives the talent beneath mere beauty. A good word from him means much.

Julian Mitchell, also one of the judges, needs no further introduction.

Neither does Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool."

Lillian Lauferty is one of the most well-known short story writers. Perhaps you know her best under another name, a name of the most famous love advice writer to the lovelorn in the country, whose initials are B. F.

A. N. Smallwood, Vice-President of Pyramid Pictures, is not only a sagacious business man—look you, he offers to make something of the screen winner provided she shows sufficient aptitude for picture work—but also a judge of human nature.

Re-read the outstanding features of "Movie Weekly's" *Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest*, the "To Be Eligible" conditions, on Page 5.

The Contest is now in full swing. Send in your photographs and one hundred-word statement as soon as possible. Only be sure the photographs comply in size with the regulations (see (4) under "To Be Eligible" on page 5). Be sure, too, that they do you justice. Take care how you write your hundred-word statement. Don't write it in a hurry. Take your time. Embody as many reasons as you can in these hundred words, why you know "How to Lure." Be brief, clear and emphatic. After you have once submitted your photographs and the hundred-word statement, no opportunity is given to change your mind and submit fresh material.

This Contest will last three months, closing October 7, 1922.

Send photographs and hundred-word statement to

VAMPIRE EDITOR,
"Movie Weekly,"
119 West 40th Street,
New York City.

Come on in, girls. Here's a big screen and a stage opportunity for you.

Don Marquis Advises:

The Sun

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, 280 BROADWAY; TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.

The Sun Dial

We received the appended telegram the other day, and as it is our invariable rule to answer telegrams within a fortnight of their receipt, we hasten to make reply. The telegram:

RECEIVED AT
40Np 32 Paid 10Ex.
Si., New York 444pm June 16 1922
Don Marquis and Archy,

EVENING SUN, Munsey Building, 280 Broadway, New York. Can a blonde be a vampire Is a brunette more loving than a blonde Will you please wire us your opinion collect.

DOROTHEA B. HERZOG,
Editor Movie Weekly,
119 West Fortieth Street,
New York City.
530pm

* * *

A blonde, if she gives her mind to it and is willing to work hard at the task, can be a vampire. an angel or anything else that is fashionable at the moment. She can even be a brunette, if she goes about it in the right way. A blonde is as fluid as a stream; she can flow into any form that is desirable. In this she is exactly like a brunette. An accomplished brunette can become a blonde at will. There is nothing fixed about women—at any rate, about women in the abstract—they are all naiads, all nymphs of the water. This, of course, applies to the women that essayists, poets and the contributors to movie magazines generalize about; the concrete woman who bullies one in the subways is different.

"Is a brunette more loving than a blonde?" is the second question. There are a great many persons who are afraid to come right out and answer "yes" or "no" to questions of this sort; but the Sun Dial has a reputation for candor that must be maintained at any cost. The answer is No. If there are any further inquiries please forward them to Mr. W. L. George, who specializes in this (occasionally) attractive subject.

I WONDER.
I've done my work to-day . . .

MOVIE WEEKLY'S OPPORTUNITY

DE SACIA MOOERS ADVISES THE BLONDES

I like brunettes.
I like blondes.

Therefore, I base my contention that the Blonde is the most effective vampire in history.

The blonde has almost invariably what is known as the "plane" or the perpedicular face—that is, a vertical line drawn downward over the profile that touches the eyeball and the tip of the lips.

History "features" the blonde as the **natural** vampire. The blondes lived in the northern countries—the Anglo-Saxons (the English).

The northern countries have severe winters, and the land is, for the most part, barren. Living demanded hardihood. From the women, it demanded more.

They had to be, of necessity, mentally resourceful enough to adapt themselves quickly to every extreme of condition—cold or heat, feast or famine. Their fight for food was a daily struggle.

Ergo, they were, of necessity, vigorous, intellgent, aggressive, creative, active and quick-witted. The woman, (blonde, remember), became smarter, shrewder and more cunning than those (brunettes) living in other climates and conditions, where it was not necessary to wage a continuous fight for food.

The Blonde fought for her man, matching her wits against another. She was not impulsive. She planned her "campaigns." Yet she was not fickle. She knew what she wanted and went out to get it.

She does it today.

(Next week, Miss Mooers continues her advice to the blondes.)

De Sacia Mooers, "General" for the Blonde recruits

JULIAN MITCHELL ADVISES ON THE STAGE

Beauty helps greatly in a stage career. The public does not care to pay to see homeliness on the stage. Stature and quality of voice, in addition to an ability to act, are necessary for success on the stage, but after all, it is not exactly what you do, but the way you do it, that scores the final count.

A successful actress reaches her goal only after long study, training and experience. To begin with, she must have talent. Then develop it.

Her success is gauged according to her brain and it is her personality that enables her to "get across."

Beauty without brains does not go far toward the realization of her dreams. Brains, therefore, as in everything else, is the most important factor toward a successful stage career.

Stop to consider, you who enter this contest, one of whom will win a job with Ed Wynn in "The Perfect Fool"—have you these qualities I have mentioned?

(Mr. Mitchell, in a later article, will speak further on the attributes for a stage career.)

Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," hasn't anything to say right off the reel, but he's ready with the basket to look over thousands of pictures from contestants.

STUPENDOUS PERSONALITY CONTEST

RAY SMALLWOOD ADVISES ON THE SCREEN

A good camera face is necessary for a motion picture career. Many beautiful girls fail to photograph well, and are excluded from the screen.

A good camera face includes good features that photograph well. You have been snapped by a camera. Did the picture do you justice, or are you one who is not successfully photographed to best advantage? If so, you have not a camera face.

Perhaps it would surprise you to know that many of our leading screen players are not beautiful. They photograph beautifully, but off the screen you would scarcely recognize them as the same persons.

A good figure is an asset, one that is neither too thin nor too plump. Medium. Grace, or an innate sense of rhythm, proves of advantage in developing one for a screen career. Do you appreciate music; do you appreciate the rhythm of prose and of verse? If you do, you have an innate sense of grace.

Brains are necessary. To understand, to appreciate, the emotions of life that a screen actress is called upon to portray, you must be able to understand them. Brains are fundamental.

(Mr. Smallwood, in a later article, will speak further on the attributes for a screen career.)

Betty Blythe, "General" for the Brunette recruits

BETTY BLYTHE ADVISES THE BRUNETTES

I really cannot think that The Vampire is a purely destructive citizen. No woman ever made herself beautiful for selfish reasons alone. You never can tell when they a-vamping go. There may be a reason back of it which you would never guess—they may become a vamp for love, for affection—to capture the man of their choice when they believe the capture would result in no other way. Certainly there is nothing destructive in that.

The brunette vamp may differ—and usually does—from her blonde rival for reasons that may go back generations, yes, centuries. The origin of the brunette vamp is in the southern countries — countries where as a rule existence is less severe than in northern climes. All this has tended to make the brunette vamp more languid, less aggressive, than the blonde, though not one whit less sure of results when her mind is made up to accomplish a given end. Your brunette vamp may naturally have the emotions which are usually attributed to the southern races—she is usually impulsive, generous, dramatic.

In the articles which I intend to write in the future. I will go deeply into the psychology of the vampire, particularly as affecting the brunette type. You must understand that I do not recommend any of my recipes for real life—merely for vamping on the stage or on the screen.

(Next week. Miss Blythe continues her advice to the brunettes.)

To Be Eligible to Movie Weekly's
Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest

(1) You must be a natural blonde.
(2) You must be a natural brunette.
(3) The auburn, or red head, girls are included with the blondes.
(4) Photograph requirements:
- **(a) Send in a full figure of yourself clothed in an attractive frock that does you justice.**
- **(b) Send in full figure which gives good idea of your figure—your form.**
- **(c) Send in closeup of your full face.**
- **(d) Send in closeup of your profile.**

(*These pictures must be no larger than* 8 *in. by* 10 *in.; no smaller than* 5 *in. by* 7 *in.*)

(5) Attached to these four photographs must be your hundred-word article entitled: "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." It must be tyewritten, on one side of a sheet no larger than letter-head size.
(6) Profesisonal actresses are barred from the contest.
(7) Amateur players are welcome.
(8) Photographs and hundred-word statement can only be submitted once. No changes will be allowed after material has once been received.
(9) Address photographs and hundred-word statem... AMPIRE EDITOR, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and s end it fir...

CUPID

TRAILED Blanche Sweet and Mickey Neilan for seven years, scoring a decisive victory, despite disagreeable rumors, in their recent marriage. The story of their love and their successful fight to success.

BLANCHE SWEET was always the most wonderful influence in Marshal Neilan's life," a friend of the pair said. "Now he will settle down and do all the great things of which he is capable."

For seven years, Marshall Neilan waited for the day when he might marry Blanche Sweet.

When Mickey Neilan was a leading man in pictures, he got an engagement to play opposite Blanche Sweet, and the two found each other deeply companionable and congenial.

It was due to Blanche Sweet's inspiration and influence with the Lasky Company, where she was playing as a star, that Neilan got his first chance as a director. From that time, nothing could stop him.

Up to this time, his relationship with Miss Sweet had been merely a fine friendship.

Then came news that Neilan and his wife were not getting on happily. They had frequent quarrels and separations—all due to incompatability, it was said. Mrs. Neilan took the custody of the little girl, and finally went back to New York to live with her mother. But no word of divorce.

Came the reports of deepening friendship of Blanche Sweet and Mickey.

Afterward, Miss Sweet's devotion to Mickey was fairly fanatical. She would not even sit at table with another man, it was said. She read a great many Russian books, and was deeply influenced by them, her friends said.

"She is rather an odd girl," everybody agreed. She drew herself more and more aloof from her friends. She made few friends at any time, but those whom she did make always remained loyal and devoted. To some people she seemed cold and aloof. Yet even when most reserved and reticent, she always had a good word for everybody whose name was mentioned.

This trait was rather surprising in one who belonged to a notoriously gossipy profession.

"She always makes an excuse for everybody's stupidity and seeming wickedness," a friend of Blanche's said, the other day, "even when those qualities are directed against herself."

There is no doubt indeed, but that, whatever surface flirtations the brilliant young Neilan has had, Blanche Sweet has ever remained the great influence in his life.

Marshall Neilan, brilliant, young, energetic, forged ahead swiftly. He made a sensational success as director of Mary Pickford. particularly in "Stella Maris," which still stands out as one of the great artistic achievements of the screen. He likewise directed Miss Sweet in a number of productions while both were still with Lasky.

The friendship went on uninterruptedly until suddenly there came to the ears of the film colony reports that there had come a break between Neilan and Miss Sweet. Shortly afterward, her health broke, and she was in the hospital for some time. She came out pale and thin, and retired from the screen shortly afterward, following some work with Jesse Hampton. Then she took a trip to Europe, since which time she has not appeared upon the screen.

When she returned from Europe, she and Neilan made up their differences. The old friendship was renewed. Some people said that Miss Sweet had been jealous of Micky's attentions to other girls, but it would be difficult for so successful and fascinating a man to resist all feminine lure. Doubtless Miss Sweet took all that into consideration. At one time it was rumored that Marshall was deeply interested in Mary Miles Minter, but that was not until after his divorce.

Suddenly Gertie Neilan put into effect her long threatened divorce proceedings. She was granted a divorce from Neilan on April 16, 1921. The proceedings promised to be entirely peaceful and quiet when suddenly Mrs. Neilan's mother brought a snap of sensationalism into the testimony by mentioning Miss Sweet's name. Miss Sweet was not named as co-respondent but the witness testified that "everyone in Hollywood knew that Neilan was in love with Miss Sweet."

As soon as the required year after divorce, called for by the California law, had expired, the film folk began to look to Neilan and Miss Sweet to be wed. But nothing happened. There were even reports that Neilan was deeply infatuated with a certain beautiful and popular young picture star on the Lasky lot. He made this young woman presents, and was known to spend much time in her company.

Also it was rumored that Miss Sweet knew of the affair, and was deeply hurt and incensed by it.

However, close friends of the pair say that Neilan has never really cared two straws for any woman except Miss Sweet, and that young lady herself has lived up to her name by her understanding, tact and generosity in her relations with Neilan. "What every woman knows" she knew.

And suddenly, when Neilan was on the eve of coming back from Europe, came the announcement that he was going to wed Blanche Sweet

Blanche Sweet in a flash from one of her earlier pictures.

"Mickey" Neilan seems to be laboring frightfully with his Ouija board, but from the way things turned out, Blanche surely loved him heaps.

NATIONAL

Mrs. Marshall Neilan (Blanche Sweet) from a recent photograph.

The Mascot

"Mickey" makes use of his Hollywood home for one of his pictures. It is here that he and Blanche will live.

Directors aren't supposed to be very popular, but look at the job ahead of Mickey, sending out slews of autographed pictures to his many fan friends.

at once. She traveled east, and met the director in Chicago, where they were wed on Thursday, June 8th, by a court official.

Mr. and Mrs. Neilan are to remain in New York for a time at least, and there Mr. Neilan will make his next picture for Goldwyn.

These two should be happy. Both have struggled to gain a foothold in motion pictures. This should tend toward closer comradeship.

The Neilan-Sweet romance was born of the truly old days of the films. To visualize its beginnings you have to recall the Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street, New York, where, under the tutelage of D. W. Griffith, such famous stars as Mary Pickford, the Gishes, the Talmadges, and Blanche Sweet first learned the art of acting before the camera. There one day Blanche Sweet went for work as a picture actress.

Mr. Griffith was working on a picture in which Mary Pickford was playing the lead, relates Billy Quirk, the famous old-time comedian and predecessor of Charlie Chaplin. Quirk was playing opposite Mary before the camera when Miss Sweet came on the set and he noticed the new blonde.

"You'd better watch out, Mary," he told the girl who at that time was known to the public simply as "The Biograph girl." "It looks to me," Billy added, "as if D. W. has found someone to play the same parts you do."

But Billy was wrong. Mary Pickford was destined to star in the peculiar ingenue roles in which she is best known, while Blanche Sweet, more placid, less elfin, was to become a dramatic actress.

At last, when she was given the leading role in "Judith of Bethulia," one of Mr. Griffith's first long pictures and one which enjoyed remarkable popularity, revealing as it did the Griffith genius for the management of mob scenes and the development of the dramatic climax, Blanche Sweet was "made."

As was the usual thing in those days, strong friendships developed among the members of the little repertoire group which formed the Biograph Company. The girls, especially, have maintained their friendships through the intervening years of remarkable successes, and Blanche Sweet early earned the lasting friendship of many of the old troupe. And it was natural that there she should meet a young man who was also enjoying the first fruits of success before the camera.

Marshall Neilan was not yet famous. You will [illegible] hear old-time players tell of the time when he was just a chauffeur, and the story goes that he entered the atmosphere of the motion picture through chance, that he just happened to be on hand when the first period of phenomenal development was about to begin.

The truth is that Marshall Neilan, born in San Francisco, broad, healthy, vital, as so many Westerners are, did happen to be on hand, but he had had some preparation and was looking forward to a career on the stage, if not on the screen. He had played juvenile roles in a San Francisco stock company, headed by Barney Bernard, and when he did happen to enter pictures he was pretty nearly as well prepared for a successful career as many another.

And he progressed rapidly. Whether he actually began as a chauffeur to one of the leading producers of that day is beside the point. He was capable of holding his own and through that producer he was able to seize the opportunity to become a member of the profession in which he has since earned his spurs.

But before relating the story of the career of Marshall Neilan and his rise to fame, it is necessary to know something of the present Mrs. Neilan. Like so many other motion picture actresses of renown, she was born in Chicago, the home town of Gloria Swanson, Myrtle

(*Continued on page 29*)

Blanche Sweet, snapped just before she entrained for the east to marry Neilan.

Blazing thru HOLLYWOOD'S DIVORCE

Are screen actors divorce-crazy? Read and decide! Gladys Walton's, Agnes Ayres' and Rodolph Valentino's story.

By **TRUMAN B. HANDY**

ARE screen actors divorce-crazy?

Is motion picture marriage only as temporary as the drawing of a breath? Has it true sanctity—or is it a mockery?

We have before us the morning newspaper, whose headlines tell a sensational story of some picture person who is engaged in a "hotly-contested suit."

And we read the account, which informs us that So-and-So, *film celebrity*, is being sued by Mrs. So-and-So, *motion picture actress*, for mental cruelty caused by his "temperament." And, as we read, we are given vague details as to the reality of So-and-So being really a celebrity of the silent drama, for the account proves that he is a person of whom we have never, or perhaps, seldom heard.

This is sensation—a newspaper reporter's idea of an exclusive story. And yet . . .

Every so often we get news of an actual case of movie divorce—of another w. k. Hollywood separation.

There are horrid-looking photographs of the grinning wife and the handsome husband. And a glowing tale of how he beat her, or of how she deserted him.

It leaves a horribly bad taste in our mouth. We commence to think that, after all, picture people are divorce-mad and that, ultimately, movie marriages are a mockery.

Because we have forgotten to remember that the many happy marriages are *not* receiving publicity!

It was because we wanted the truth that we appointed ourself to "sit in" at the session of one of Los Angeles' several divorce courts—grim places where the cases are taken in order and without prejudice, where lady picture stars have been known to try to disguise themselves in futile avoidance of publicity.

It is a place where some souls have been perjured and others laid bare. Where tricks have been played on the law—and where the law itself has played its own peculiar tricks on the defendants.

There was a motely crowd assembled in the courtroom. Busy lawyers were scanning briefs and cross-examining an old man who sat uncomfortably in the witness box.

A portly judge, hunched far down in his chair on the bench, alternately listened complacently and helped himself to ice water.

It was impossible to hear the aged witness testify. Even by straining the hearing it was impossible.

Yet it was quite easy to hear the words of the examining attorney . . .

"You say she left him . . . that he refused to work . . . wanted her to support him . . . ?"

"If Rodolph Valentino and Jean Acker had known each other a longer period of time before their marriage, they probably would not have been divorcons, now both admit."

ABOVE: *F. Richard Jones, Mabel Normand's director, who has been divorced by his wife.*

AT LEFT: LOS ANGELES TIMES *Gladys Walton testifying for a divorce from her husband. On the bench is Judge Summerfield.*

And other verbal probes.

And the old man nodded his head gravely in affirmation, was dismissed and left the stand.

A middle-aged woman replaced him. Mother of the plaintiff, she proved to be. Hers was the same story.

Ah! At length the plaintiff herself—a young girl, quite plainly garbed in a mediocre-looking street suit. There is a slight stir among the spectators.

For she chances to be none other than Gladys Walton, who nobody has ever suspected was even married!

The story is typical. Nor was the husband in the courtroom to contest the suit, and the recitation, as follows, is solely that of Miss Walton herself:

At 17 years of age, when she married Frank R. Liddell, Jr., she believed it would be "and they lived happily ever after," as the fairy tales say.

But, in the language of the presiding jurist, Liddell proved to be merely "excess baggage."

"He told me he was going to make life wonderfully happy for me," testified the film flapper. "I believed him. After marriage we went to his parents' home, and then I learned that he had no business whatever.

"I was terribly hurt and disappointed to think he had deceived me. I tried to make him go

COURTS with the Picture Stars

SPURR
Jean Acker

to work, but he said, 'Well, I have something wonderful lined up and will start next week.

"It was always 'tomorrow' with him.

"He insisted upon going out to parties. He had no money and I was forced to work. It created talk. My friends gathered in corners and whispered, 'Poor girl! She is supporting him.'

"I was hurt and humiliated. I refused invitations, although I loved to go out.

"And I was terribly in debt. He would not help me and we got further in debt.

"I was unhappy living with his folks. I had to move and I had to take him with me. We went into a court, and the neighbors peeked out of their windows and gossiped.

"Then I grew restless and couldn't sleep at nights. I became moody. Finally I sought the advice of my landlord, who tried to mend matches, buf failed.

"It was all quite sad—quite sad."

The young girl told her story simply, quietly, directly—quite without ostentation. After a few moments, the justice granted her an annullment, and called her back to the stand.

"You are not going to Mexico to get married again, are you?" he inquired with a smile. "Some seem to be doing that."

"Never!" was Miss Walton's reply. There was a catch in her voice, and a suspicion of tears showed in her eyes.

She, her mother and her friends started to leave the courtroom. Various male individuals followed her. She had gotten perhaps halfway down the aisle when she was accosted by one of them—a newspaper reporter.

"Won't you get back onto the witness stand," he asked, "so we can get your picture?"

She demurred, and her attorney shook his head "No."

But there were veiled threats of snapping her in an unexpected pose before she could get to the street, and, after a momentary hesitation, she resumed the stand.

There was a "Look pleasant," a bang and flash of smoke—and another picture was taken for the embellishment of the nation's newspapers.

It was almost immediately after this divorce "incident" that I talked with the presiding justice, Judge J. W. Summerfield, perhaps the best-known to the Los Angeles film colony, a man who has married more couples than any civil authority in the "City of Angels," who wed the late Nat Goodwin to Marjorie Moreland, and who is more loathe to grant divorces than his other contemporaries.

FREULICH
Gladys Walton, who said: "My husband had no money and I was forced to work. It created talk . . . I was hurt and humiliated . . ."

He is good-natured. "You have to be in my job," he said, "or you'll have indigestion."

Are movie actors divorce crazy?

He seemed startled at the question.

"No!" he replied. "We hear more of their marital troubles because their public prominence calls attention to them."

"And do the film people act—try to fool you—when they come in to get divorced?" I inquired—because this is the consensus of public opinion.

"I have had a lot of cases," rejoined the judge, "where a lot of acting was done—*but not from actresses!* Not long ago I had the case of a woman who never was on the dramatic stage and never will be. Yet she got so theatrical on the stand that I had to tell her she'd either have to stop or leave the courtroom.

"Screen folk aren't anxious for publicity. They think it hurts them. Probably it does.

"Agnes Ayres came into my courtroom for a divorce. By golly, she fooled me! I didn't know her name was Mrs. Schnucker—and she was dressed as plain as a working girl. Her manner was very natural, and she was open and frank in her testimony.

"But, as she started to leave the courtroom, somebody in the 'audience' recognized her. We called her back, and asked her if it were true she was in pictures. She admitted it. Then we continued the case until afternoon."

At the second session Miss Ayres appeared wearing a gorgeous gown, because evidently resigned to her fate, she probably wanted to look as well as possible in the newspaper photographs.

"She tried to dodge publicity—but she couldn't, because her name was too well-known to the public," was Judge Summerfield's comment.

"I don't think," continued the jurist, "that the average of movie divorces is any higher than that in any other walks of life.

"Nor are movie actors essentially wife-beaters. This is an old yarn that hasn't much foundation, judging from a record of cases.

"Most of the movie divorce complaints are desertion or mental cruelty—the latter meaning suffering in a purely mental way.

(*Continued on page* 31)

"Agnes Ayres came into my courtroom for a divorce," said Judge Summerfield. "I didn't know her as Mrs. Schnucker . . "

ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT of PENNILESS ARISTOCRAT

—Climaxed by Screen Career

by Lewis J. Levinson

The adventures and romances of Count Zichy and his runaway marriage with New York Society Girl.

AFTER being captured by the Russians, Count Zichy, with his comrades, was sentenced to Siberia. The prison train arrived at Krasnojarsk after terrible hardships and they were placed in the prison camp there, where Count Zichy attempted to escape, but was seen and shot through the leg.

During the Kerensky regime conditions in the prisons were greatly improved and the Count, though he had many chances, did not attempt an escape, being engaged in helping his less fortunate comrades who were wounded or fever-stricken. After the overthrow of Kerensky, however, lawlessness and disease made life a hell for the men in the camp and Zichy once more began to plan an escape.

After a five month wait, he, with two companions, effected a getaway and started on their way toward the border beyond which lay safety. The train on which they were travelling was stopped by a detachment of the Red Guard and one of the Count's comrades was recaptured, Zichy and the other refugee eluding the guard.

On foot they made their way to a point about 150 miles from the border and there the two separated because of a quarrel about which road to take. Count Zichy continued his way alone, begging from door to door for enough food to keep body and soul together, and receiving help from the villagers, who had little enough for themselves during those trying times.

When within five miles of the border, he was recaptured during an engagement between the Germans and Russians, and was sentenced to be shot as a spy. Luckily the commander of the Russians was transferred and replaced by another who knew nothing of the Count's record and who released him.

He succeeded in making his way into Hungary, but, after a time, finding it very unsettled, he went to London, finally taking passage for America in the summer of 1920.

WHEN Charlotte Demarest, member of New York's "400," related to the Duke of Sutherland by marriage, accepted by society on both sides of the Atlantic, a blue-blooded American girl, changed her mind on the eve of her marriage to George Burton, and eloped with the handsome Count Zichy, the newspapers proclaimed the details of her sensational romance to every man who reads.

And the Count and Countess, duly wedded at the exceedingly democratic Municipal Building in New York City, went on their honeymoon.

Then they returned home.

They had no home. The Count, far from his wealthy Hungarian parents, was poor. A judgment for over a thousand dollars was taken against him within a week after his wedding. The young couple, American blue-blood and Hungarian aristocrat, would have to go to work.

And what could be more natural than that they should turn to the movies for livelihood and that they should take the first step toward screen fame by posing for a test?

The chances are that the tall, athletic Count, and the slender, dark-eyed, white-toothed Countess, will easily succeed in entering the select ranks of film favorites. For they are both good-looking; both possess personality; both are young enough and enthusiastic enough and eager enough to learn to act.

When they do first pose for a regular motion picture, they ought to appear in the story of their own lives. For they have lived romance. Their story is replete with situations, some of which seem almost too fantastic to be real, yet which, nevertheless, happened to them.

At the moment they are living on the top floor of an apartment hotel on Madison Avenue, just below the southern confines of the exclusive Murray Hill section. They have a French maid, a Peke named Hamilton, and love.

But no jobs!

"To be perfectly frank with you," the Count says, "we want to go into pictures because we need the money. We don't want to call upon Charlotte's family nor upon mine for help. We want to help ourselves."

Their situation, one unique in the annals of romance, will not improve, unless some motion picture—they call it "cinema"—company decides to employ them. And they are a true-to-life American Count and Countess, in that they intend to make their own living, and fight their own fights.

It all began back in July, 1920, at Southampton, Long Island. Charlotte Demarest was stopping at that time at a girl's camp on the edge of Long Island Sound. She was a typical society girl, except that she was just a trifle better looking than the average, a trifle more spontaneous, a trifle less affected. She was camping out and she decided to camp out *au naturel*, which for the benefit of those who do not understand French, means as close to nature as possible.

One morning, quite early, she decided to bathe in the Sound before breakfast. She rose with her camp-mate, and together they made their way to the water's edge. They were testing its warmth with their feet when Charlotte turned.

"And right above me, coming down the hillside which led to the water, was a tall young man, a perfect stranger," she tells you. "I was probably slightly embarrassed, but not he. He came down to the water, took off his coat and put it around me, and told me who he was.

"He was, he said, Count Edward George Zichy. He was accompanied by a friend of my camp-mate, our introduction was positively formal despite the circumstances, and thus it began."

(*Continued on page* 24)

KESSLERÉ

Countess Zichy, formerly Charlotte Demarest, member of New York's "400," related to the Duke of Sutherland by marriage—the girl who changed her mind on the eve of her marriage to elope with Count Zichy.

SAY, Mr. and Mrs. PUBLIC, WHAT DO YOU LIKE?

AT LEFT:
Agnes Ayres in 1850 costumes for "Borderland."

BELOW:
Dorothy Dalton and Mitchell Lewis in a scene from "The Siren Call."

Styles in pictures change; what is the position of the costume picture? What is costume picture?

By
CONSTANCE PALMER

WHAT'S a costume picture?

A year ago this type of story was strictly taboo in the studios—not by directors and actors—but by the producers themselves. They felt that the public cared only for films dealing with problems or adventures of the present day.

Then—right-about-face! The coming season will find the screen crowded with a rapid succession of the very type of play formerly shunned. And the cause of this reversal of policy is—you guessed it: the tremendous ovation given foreign films in this country.

And again—what *is* a costume picture? How does it differ from a period picture? Is a film, part of which is laid in another century, or in a country such as Japan or the peasant districts of Russia, Norway or France, a period or a costume picture—or either?

These questions can best be answered by citing examples. For instance, "Blood and Sand," just finished at the Famous Players-Lasky Hollywood Studio, is a costume picture—because the story is laid in the present in Spain, a country whose people and dress differ from ours.

On the contrary, "To Have and To Hold," Betty Compson's current starring vehicle, is a period picture, because the story is laid in the past. Douglas Fairbanks' "Robin Hood" and "The Three Musketeers"; Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" are all period pictures. "Omar, the Tentmaker," which Richard Walton Tully will produce with Guy Bates Post as star, will be a period picture, because the action took place centuries ago.

However, you will see Agnes Ayres next Fall in "Borderland," a picture which you may be unable to define. Part of the story is laid in 1850 and the remainder in the present day. Therefore it cannot be classed as either a period or costume, but must be tabulated as "a drama of the present, with an 1850 episode."

Actors and directors approach a costume or period play with great glee. To the director, it gives almost unlimited scope for the use of color and novelty. The greater the director, the more research and study he will do. He must forget the present and live, at least while he is in the studio, in the period in which his picture is laid.

To the actor, it gives an opportunity to portray a character vastly different from his own. He can submerge himself completely in his role, wiping out the hitherto ever-present self and creating a new being. It is much as if he were a divinely inspired sculptor, scalpel in hand, confronting an untouched lump of clay.

Styles in pictures, just as styles in furs, change from year to year. If you don't like costume pictures, there are plenty of producers who know it, and are making films to suit you. But the biggest cinema companies constantly have a finger on the public pulse—and make money in proportion to their aptitude in recognizing and supplying the biggest demand of the largest number.

Rodolph Valentino in the role of the youthful toreador in "Blood and Sand." This picture is a period picture.

Bernarr Macfadden's

CANOEING is another of the outdoor sports which many of the screen stars number among their hobbies. Alice Calhoun owns a canoe in which she takes great pride. Betty Compson, Larry Semon, Antonio Moreno, are all very fond of this form of sport.

Obviously, paddling a canoe is of benefit primarily to the shoulder and upper arm muscles. And it is these muscles which contribute to the beautifully rounded shoulders that can be a woman's chief charm—just as undeveloped shoulders can detract seriously from a woman's beauty of figure. Of course it is not necessary to have big, bunchy muscles; most women would not desire that, but firm, supple shoulder muscles, well rounded out with flesh, will make you proud to appear in evening dress.

As is always true of outdoor sports, the fresh air is a valuable feature of can-

Beauty Pages

oeing. A quiet little stream is soothing and restful for tired nerves. It is an added advantage, of course, if the canoeist is a good swimmer as well; it is, in fact, an almost necessary precaution that he should be. The combination of swimming and paddling is an ideal one; it is most refreshing to lay down the paddle and take a cool plunge into the water.

Incidentally, don't forget to guard against sunburn, especially if you have tender skin. Get your skin used to the sun gradually; don't stay out in the sun for too long a period when you are not used to it. Cold cream is a good preventative in that it protects the delicate tissue of the skin.

Of course, you can't expect to go canoeing once and then have beautifully rounded shoulders the very next day. Patience is always necessary in developing health and beauty. But perseverance will win out in the end.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

A Thrilling Tale from D. W. Griffith's Latest Masterpiece Based on the World-Famous "Two Orphans"

NOVELIZED BY

JAMES GABELLE

WHEN Danton, "Friend of the People," as they lovingly called him, left the garden one of the numerous dark alleys with of the Palais Royal, he started down which Paris was filled before Baron Haussman modernized the most beautiful city in the world. Absorbed in his own thoughts he was totally unconscious of the dark figures following so closely behind. Finally they deemed the moment ripe and sprang forward, swords in hand, to destroy him. Quickly Danton drew his own sword, but was wounded five times before he had a chance to use it. Once the blade was in his hand, however, it did good service. Three *spadassins* were laid low and another staggered back, striving to staunch a wound in his breast. With the strength of the giant he was, he beat off the remaining men time after time. With each checkmate of their onslaught he retreated a little toward the house in which he knew Robespierre lived. So terrific was his attack that the assassins fled for a moment. The respite gave Danton a chance to dodge into the first door and up the stairs. The bravos rallied and returned, but at that moment, Henriette, who had been out to the nearest *boulangerie* or bread shop, returned and ran into the weakened hero of the people in her chamber.

"*Spadassins!* They would murder me!" he gasped, weak from loss of blood, collapsing into a nearby chair."

Quickly she put a warning finger to her lips, then, as she heard the sound of many footsteps at the street door, ran past him, closed the door softly, first seizing a water bucket, and stepped out as though after the liquid. Going to the end of the hall, she came forward with a careless air just as the leader of the bravos reached the head of the stairs, closely followed by his gang.

"What became of that big, pock-marked man that came in this way?" demanded the leader.

Henriette was terror-stricken, but strove not to show it and succeeded most admirably. She hesitated for a moment. This angered the leader of the paid assassins, and he drew the razorlike edge of his sword across the ivory throat of the fair girl.

"This may aid your memory," he said with brutal significance. "Quick! Where is he?"

"I saw a man go up those steps. He fairly flew," she declared, pointing to the stairway. Instantly, intent on their prey, they left her and rushed away. As soon as they vanished, she darted into her room and bolted the door.

Long she stood there, frozen with terror, while a short distance away Danton strove to staunch the blood that flowed so freely. Finally the men returned, the bitterness of defeat showing on their cruel faces. The leader hesitated at Henriette's door. Her heart gave a great bound as she heard him stop. Finally he moved on.

"*Nom de Chien!*" he exclaimed, "the girl is a fool. She had not sense enough to trick us." He hurried down to take up the search through the outlying streets and alleys.

When all was quiet and he judged it safe to do so, Danton proposed to leave. He had recognized his preserver and did not wish to compromise her by his presence. Henriette pinioned him in her arms.

"No, no! You can't go!" she expostulated. "Better a world of gossip about me than that you should lose your life." To make sure that he would not attempt anything so foolhardy, she locked the door.

Taxing her strength to the utmost, she attempted to carry him to a chair. Leaning heavily on her, he staggered and fell unconscious on a chair, one arm still tightly clasped around her. She tried to free herself, but the grasp was too tight to be broken. Deftly she crawled backward from Danton's grasp. He did not stir.

With quick, sympathetic fingers, she washed out the wounds, then took a clean cloth and bound them up with pitying tenderness. This revived him, after which, notwithstanding his remonstrances, she fashioned a rude pallet for him on the floor of her tiny chamber, wrapped him warmly and with a cheery "good night," left him to sleep and dream of her fair, bright face.

Henriette hides the wounded Danton from his enemies who seek to kill him.

With the first pencilings of dawn, Danton was awake. He lay there confused for a while, then, slowly, the events of the night before came to him. He stirred uneasily and the pain caused him to give vent to an involuntary groan. Instantly Henriette entered from her tiny bedroom.

"Does it pain you very much?" she asked, her beautiful face all kindly solicitude.

Instantly Danton struggled to his feet. He must prove his gratitude to his benefactress by leaving at once so as not to compromise her. He clasped her tiny white hands in his huge, rough, red ones.

"What you have done for me I shall never forget," he declared warmly, a flush lighting up his strong, kindly, pock-marked face.

She clasped his hands in return and looked up at him, perfect trust and faith showing in her glance. Suddenly there came a knock at the door. Swiftly as thought, Henriette's finger darted to her lips in a counsel for silence and caution. She stole to the door, peeped through the keyhole and beheld another lodger standing at the entrance to her chamber. Monsieur Robespierre. What could he want? Quickly motioning Danton out of sight, she slipped out of the door, closed it again and stood bravely before the intruder.

"A man escaped from the *spadassins* last night," insinuated the latter. "I wonder, that is—could he by any means have taken refuge with you?"

"No, Monsieur. I'm quite alone."

"May I not enter and satisfy myself? It is dreadful that Mademoiselle should be exposed to gossip and she all alone. Just the glance of a moment, Mademoiselle."

"Certainly not, Monsieur," she retorted indignantly, "I am quite alone." Darting into the room, she slammed the door in his face. The panel just grazing his inquisitive nose. He stood there taking snuff meditatively, a cunning, lustful look in his cruel eyes.

"Sh-h! He is still there," Henriette whispered and motioned Danton back.

As a result of his cogitations, Robespierre, the cunning look on his face intensified, clattered noisily down the stairs, only to reappear a moment later, walking on tip-toe. He peered around craftily and found a hiding place in an alcove at the end of the hall. Hearing nothing, Henriette opened the door a trifle and peered out.

"It is safe," she announced. "He has gone."

With a hurried clasp of the hand, a few heart-felt words of thanks, and a promise that he would never forget, Danton was gone. As he descended the staircase, the evil, leering face of Robespierre peered out. He nodded in a self-satisfied way. He had recognized Danton and now had a certain lever that he could use against him if necessary. From the way the pock-marked one gained in poularity, Robespierre felt sure that it would soon be necessary.

A little incident, but one destined to have far-reaching and well-nigh fatal consequences to both Danton and the little girl he had learned to love.

A MEETING AND A PARTING

Louise was drawn at last from the rat-infested cellar, her spirit completely broken. From that moment she was as pliable as wax in the hands of the terrible Frochards. Every day she was taken out and compelled to sing while the old hag begged. Her lovely face and sweet, pathetic voice, with its wistful, pathetic cadence, caused a shower of coins to fall into the greedy hands of La Frochard. Never had the old beldame taken in so much money! Never had she been able to revel in such floods of wine before. Her one daily fear was that she should lose such a fine money-getting instrument. She would allow no one to approach, much less question Louise. She had more than one fight with inquisitive ones.

It was different with gentle, clever Doctor Michaux, of La Force. He donated a louis d'or, which the old woman clutched in her talon-like fingers, then gave a keen professional glance at the cataract-covered eyes of the girl. He lifted

(*Continued on page* 28)

Alice Brady Sends West For Cameraman

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

ANN FORREST TO ENGLAND

No sooner did Ann Forrest return to Hollywood following her stay in England and on the Continent playing the feminine lead in John S. Robertson's "Spanish Jade," than Fox made her an attractive offer.

She was chosen from a number of applicants to play the leading role of Nona in Harry Millarde's production for Fox, "When Winter Comes."

Percy Marmont is all set for the featured role, that of Mark Sabre, the well-meaning, but peculiarly reticent and sensitive Englishman.

* * * * *

A RECEPTION DE LUXE

Ann Forrest is treated like the "Queen of Sheba come to life," on the Other Side. Kings ask her to "drop in." Queens break bread with her! Princesses eye her with silent admiration. Aristocracy opens its doors to her.

And here in America, in New York, Ann has been living at a small hotel in a quiet way, unnoticed and not overly popular.

What more natural than her returning to lands where the elite welcome her and bask in her sunny smile?

* * * * *

NO WORK HERE

Ann Forrest, you probably recall, was selected by Director Robertson to play the leading role in his special. He cabled to Paramount's New York office seeking for her. They, in turn, wired to the Coast, and in lightning time, Ann had packed and boarded a train to New York. There was no dawdling in New York. Her passage was procured after frantic efforts and she breathed freely again only when the ship left its pier.

Shortly after the completion of "Spanish Jade," Ann returned to New York and thence to Hollywood. But things were overly dull. No work. Then came the Fox offer, a really splendid one. And again Ann leaves America for a country where her popularity is ace-high.

As the owl remarked, in the dead of midnight: "Such is life!"

WOODBURY
Ann Forrest

* * * * *

A RARE COMPLIMENT

You don't hear much about cameramen in motion pictures. That is, little about them as personalities. Their work speaks for itself.

But here's a little story about a star who appreciated a cameraman so much that through her efforts, he was sent East to photograph her in her new picture.

The star is Alice Brady.

The cameraman—Gilbert Warrenton.

Gilbert is in his early twenties, a student of things electrical and artistic. He played around in a studio as a propman when in his 'teens. Next step—assistant to a cameraman. And then, a full-fledged cameraman. In the interlude, Gil plugged away at photography from its various angles.

He photographed Alice in practically all of her later pictures for Paramount. When she temporarily left the screen to go on the road in "Anna Ascends," Gil was shifted to the West. Soon after, production was cut, and Gil found himself jobless.

The "Paramount Limited," with Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor at the shovel and the throttle, respectively.

* * * * *

THE CALL

Alice, in the meantime, completed her theatrical engagements and returned to the studio to resume activities. She wanted Gilbert Warrenton as her cameraman. Paramount engaged him and brought him East. And Gil is grinding the crank as only he can in Alice's picture, "Missing Millions," a Red Book serial by Jack Boyle.

* * * * *

CHANGE IN PLANS

Alice planned originally to make "Anna Ascends" for her first picture, but due possibly to certain casting difficulties, or other obstacles, it was decided to make "Missing Millions." David Powell came on from the Coast to play opposite Alice as a featured player.

John S. Robertson

* * * * *

AN INNOVATION IN THE STUDIO

Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, has launched an innovation in motion pictures which may be the direct means for the establishment of higher standards in production. Mr. Zukor conceived the plan of a Paramount Stock Company School, its purpose being to train Paramount players in the fundamentals of their art, the stars, directors, and specialists in the studio tendering their services to those who wish to get ahead in their chosen profession.

This school is now under way at Paramount's West Coast studio and, according to reports, showing splendid results even at this early stage.

The faculty of instruction includes: William de Mille, Penryhn Stanlaws, George Melford, Theodore Kosloff, George Fitzmaurice, Cecil B. de Mille, Theodore Roberts, James Cruze, and many others.

Percy Marmont

These are the men who will set the precedent of being the first in the history of motion pictures to develop motion picture actors in purely motion picture technique. It also is the first time motion picture players have had an opportunity to broaden their technical education so that their training may embrace a knowledge of all phases of picture production.

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town, meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He becomes interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood Desboro's home, again. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

Desboro engages a Mrs. Hammerton as social chaperone for Jacqueline that she may join the class of people in which he moves.

He then plans a house party to which he invites her, and all the guests fall very much under the charm of Jacqueline.

Jacqueline, in a moment of weakness, confesses her love for Desboro, and is overheard by Mrs. Hammerton, who warns Desboro to keep away from Jacqueline.

They are married secretly with only Jack Cairns and Cynthia Lessler as witnesses. Mrs. Hammerton, knowing nothing of the marriage, writes to Jacqueline warning her against Desboro.

Jacqueline also receives a call from Mrs. Clydesdale who admits having an intrigue with Desboro as Mrs. Hammerton has stated in her letter.

Desboro suspects that his wife has been told something of his lurid past, and goes to Mrs. Hammerton, accusing her of causing trouble.

She refuses to answer him and he then decides to go to Elena Clydesdale to find out.

BUT the woman whose big and handsome house was now his destination, had forbidden her servants to disturb her that morning; so when Desboro presented himself, only his card was received at the door.

Elena, in the drawing-room, hearing the bell, had sprung to her feet and stepped into the upper hall to listen.

She heard Desboro's voice and shivered, heard her butler say that she was not at home, heard the bronze doors clash behind him.

Then, with death in her heart, she went back noiselessly into the drawing-room where Mr. Waudle, who was squatting on a delicate French chair, retaining his seat, coolly awaited a resumption of the interrupted conference. As a matter of fact, he resumed it himself before she was seated on the sofa at his elbow.

"As I was telling you," he continued, "I've got to make a living. Why shouldn't you help me? We were friends once. You found me amusing enough in the old days——"

"Until you became impudent!"

"Who provoked me? Women need never fear familiarity unless they encourage it!"

"It was absolutely innocent on my part——"

"Oh, hell!" he said, disgustedly. "It's always the man's fault! When you pull a cat's tail and the animal scratches, it's the cat's fault. All right, then; granted! But the fact remains that if you hadn't looked sideways at me it never would have entered my head to make any advances to you." Which was a lie. All men made advances to Elena.

"Leave it so," she said, with the angry flush deepening in her cheeks.

'Sure. I'll leave it; but I'm not going to leave *you*. Not yet, Elena. You owe me something for what you've done to me."

"Oh! Is *that* the excuse?" she nodded scornfully; but her heart was palpitating with fear, and her lips had become dry again.

He surveyed her insolently under his heavy eyelids.

"Come," he said, "what are you going to do about it? You are the fortunate one; you have everything—I nothing. And, plainly, I'm sick of it. What are you going to do?"

"Suppose," she said, steadily, "that I tell my husband what you are doing? Had you considered *that* possibility?"

"Tell him if you like."

She shrugged.

"What you are doing is blackmail, isn't it?" she asked disdainfully.

"Call it what you please," he said. "Suit yourself, Elena. But there is a bunch of manuscript in the *Tattler's* office which goes into print the moment you play any of your catty games on me. Understand?"

She said, very pale: "Will you not tell me—give me some hint about what you have written?"

He laughed: "Better question your own memory, little lady. Maybe it isn't about you and Desboro at all; maybe it's something else."

"There was nothing else."

"There was—*me!*"

"You?"

"Sure," he said cheerfully. "What happened in Philadelphia, if put skillfully before any jury, would finish *you*."

"*Nothing* happened! And you know it!" she exclaimed, revolted.

"But juries—and the public—don't know. All they can do is to hear the story and then make up their minds. If you choose to let them hear *your* story——"

"There was nothing! I did nothing! *Nothing*——" she faltered.

"But God knows the facts look ugly," he retorted, with smirking composure. "You're a clever girl; ask yourself what you'd think if the facts about you and young Desboro—you and me—were skillfully brought out?"

She sat dumb, frightened, twisting her fingers; then, in the sudden anger born of torture:

"If I am disgraced, what will happen to *you!*" she flashed out—and knew in the same breath that the woman invariably perishes where the man usually survives; and sat silent and pallid again, her wide eyes restlessly roaming about her as though seeking refuge.

"Also," he said, "if you sue the *Tattler* for slander, there's Munger, you know. He saw us in Philadelphia that night——"

"What!"

"Certainly. And if a jury learned that you and I were in the same——"

"I did not dream you were to be in the same hotel—in those rooms—you miserable——"

"Easy, little lady! Easy, now! Never mind what you did or didn't dream. You're up against reality, now. So never mind about me at all. Let that Philadelphia business go; it isn't essential. I've enough to work on without *that!*"

"I do not believe you," she said, between her teeth.

"Oh! Are you really going to defy me?"

"Perhaps."

"I see," he said, thoughtfully, rising and looking instinctively around. He had the quick, alert side-glance which often characterizes lesser adepts in his profession.

Then, half way to the door, he turned on her again:

"Look here, Elena, I'm tired of this! You fix it so that your husband keeps those porcelains, or I'll go downtown now and turn in that manuscript! Come on! Which is it?"

"Go, if you like!"

There ensued a breathless silence; his fat hand was on the door, pushing it already, when a stifled exclamation from her halted him. After a moment he turned warily.

"I'm desperate," he said. "Pay, or I show you up. Which is it to be?"

"I—how do I know? What proof have I that you can damage me——"

He came all the way back, moistening his thick lips, for he had played his last card at the door; and, for a second, he supposed that he was beaten.

"Now, see here," he said, "I don't want to do this. I don't want to smash anybody, let alone a woman. But, by God! I'll do it if you don't come across. So make up your mind, Elena."

She strove to sustain his gaze and he leered at her. Finally he sat down beside her:

"I said I wouldn't give you any proofs. But I guess I will. I'll prove to you that I've got you good and plenty, little lady. Will that satisfy you?"

"Prove it!" she strove to say; but her lips scarcely obeyed her.

"All right. Do you remember one evening, just before Christmas, when you and your husband had been on the outs?"

She bit her lip in silence.

"*Do* you?" he insisted.

"Perhaps."

"All right, so far," he sneered. "Did he perhaps tell you that he had an appointment at the Kiln Club with a man who was interested in porcelains and jades?"

"No."

"Well, he did. He had an appointment for that night. I was the man."

She understood nothing.

"So," he said, "I waited three hours at the Kiln Club and your husband didn't show up. Then I telephoned his house. You and he were probably having your family row just then, for the maid said he was there, but was too busy to come to the telephone. So I said that I'd come up to the house in half an hour."

Still she did not comprehend.

"Wait a bit, little lady," he continued, with a sly enjoyment of his own literary methods. "The climax comes where it belongs, not where you expect it. So now we'll read you a chapter in which a bitter wind blows heavily, and a solitary taxicab might have been seen outward bound across the wintry wastes of Gotham Town. Get me?"

She merely looked at him.

"In that low, black, rakish taxi," he went on, "sat an enterprising man bent upon selling your husband the very porcelains which he subsequently bought. In other words, *I* sat in that taxi. *I* stopped in front of this house; *I* saw *you* leave the house and go scurrying away like a scared rabbit. And then I went up the steps, rang, was admitted, told to wait in the library. I waited."

"Where?" The word burst from her involuntarily.

"In the library," he repeated. "It's a nice, cosy, comfortable place, isn't it? Fine fat sofas, soft cushions, fire in the grate—oh, a very comfortable place, indeed! I thought so, anyway, while I was waiting for your husband to come down stairs.

"It appeared that he had finally received my telephone message—presumably after you and he had finished your row—and had left word that I was to be admitted. That's why they let me in. So I waited very, v—ery comfortably in the library; and somebody had thoughtfully set out cigars, and whisky, and lemon, and sugar, *and* a jug of hot water. It *was* a cold night, if you remember."

"Odd," he remarked "how pleasantly things happen sometimes. And, as I sat there in that big leather chair—you must know which one I

(Continued on page 25)

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MOVIE WEEKLY Art Series

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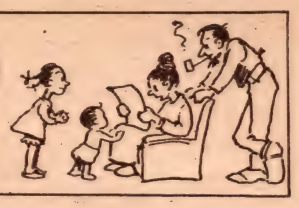
Bucking into the Movies



Hollywood, 1922.

MR. H. O. POTTS,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 20th insert received "E Pluribus Unum," as they so naively say in Patagonia, and was sorry to hear that Gamaliel Whitley had suffered a sudden and violent change of political belief from Democrat to Bolshevik after the unfortunate accident to his beloved whiskers at the Fourth of July celebration, and that he is becoming so rabid in his remarks about America in general and Hog Run in particular, that the Hog Run Committee for Civic Improvement is thinking seriously of deporting him as an undesirable alien, they being strengthened in this determination by the fact that Gamaliel's great-grandfather on his mother's side was strongly suspected of selling bootleg whiskey to the Indians during the Revolutionary War.

Well, folks, today I worked for Mr. Metro and displayed my histrionic talents by impersonating one of the human elements in a Fox Hunt, supposed to be staged in "Merrie England," as some illiterate writer has so quaintly mis-spelled it, and, believe me, from what I saw of this alleged British sport, hunting Bengal tigers in their native lairs is a quiet little pastime suitable for a peaceful evening's entertainment in an "Old Ladies' Home."

Because an English Fox Hunt combines all the more striking elements of a military review, a horse race, and an executive session of the Suicide Club. The principal ingredients thereof are a flock of men and women mounted on horses, one fox, and a pack of fox hounds, which latter are nothing more nor less than a bunch of ordinary hounds of the rabbit-dog variety who have gotten into Society, acquiring a pedigree and a haughty facial expression en route.

Those of us who were impersonating the hunters were dressed in a manner to scare any self-respecting fox into hysterics, the general ensemble being in effect something like a cross between an undertaker's convention and a reunion of the British Army. The men wore riding boots, white trousers, flaming red coats and a sort of a black plush cap effect, looking like a combination of the resplendent individual who stands along the curb at the entrance to expensive hotels, and the musical comedy idea of a jockey.

We women was attired in a black riding habit, trousers effect of the same cheerful hue, hard Derby hats, shiny boots and a riding crop, this latter not being agricultural in nature as it sounds, but being a sort of a cross between a buggy-whip and a miniature black-jack.

Well, anyway, after the Director had got us lined up in formation, somebody released the fox, who promptly started traveling at a speed which indicated a strong desire to get somewhere else in a hurry, a fat hombre stepped out and gave a very poor imitation of "Taps" on a fish-horn, and we were off. That is, everybody was off but me.

The nag upon whose back I was reposing took a sudden notion to impersonate a piece of statuary or something, and became about as movable as the well-known boulder at Gibraltar. I coaxed him, threatened him, and painstakingly insulted him; the groom addressed him fluently in seven languages, including the Scandinavian; the Director and cameraman did their bit in a vocal display which would of curled the hair of an Army drill sergeant; no use, the brute refused to move. Then I had an inspiration, and violently parked one of my spurs very accurately between the beast's first floating rib and his second anchored one. I got results—in fact, I got nothing but results for the next few minutes.

Honest, Maw, I never knew before that any horse living could jump so high, so far, and so often! Take a piece of advice from me. Unless you are passionately desirous of finding out at first-hand whether Sir Conan Doyle is right in his theory concerning the existence of near-beer et al., in the immediate hereafter, *don't* tickle a hunting horse in the floating ribs with a spur! Believe me, I know whereof I speak.

We did the first hundred yards in just one second less than nothing flat, and then did the next hundred in a little less than half of that. And from then on that nag settled down to do some real running, and we traveled. I say "we" because, much to my own surprise and to his obvious disgust, I was still with him. After his first jump I had abandoned the reins as being far more ornamental than useful and had parked my arms around the only projection for holding on which happened to be handy—to wit and viz., the brute's neck, and was hanging on with an affectionate embrace which would of made Romeo's courtship of Juliet look like a mere piker affair. My riding pose was admittedly neither artistic to the eye nor comfortable to my anatomy, but it possessed certain elements of safety, and that happened to be my main idea in life just then.

Because, after he once got in full action, that blooming nag did every stunt in the repertoire of a professional aviator except loop-the-loop. And speaking about speed—listen, folks, the only thing we didn't pass was our shadow, and we were gaining on it. The brute jumped fences, walls and ditches till I began to have serious doubts whether I was on a horse or a runaway dirigible. Honest, Maw, beside of my little equine playmate the much over-rated Pegasus would of seemed as slow and earthbound as a lame mule!

We passed the other riders the first five minutes like they was standing still, then we passed the dogs, and a minute later we left everything behind by passing the fox itself. Then came the catastrophe.

I soared suddenly and gracefully into the ozone as me and my late mount parted company, did a perfect nose-dive into a dense thicket of briers and brush, then I quit thinking for several minutes. I come to to find myself almost buried under a flock of howling animals who were apparently staging a Battle Royal. Finding they were getting a little too hard-boiled in their attack, I got a strangle-hold on the brute which seemed to be the ring-leader and was doing my best to choke some sense into it when the Director and cameraman arrived on the scene in an automobile.

"Well," warbled the Director, "what's the grand idea, sister, of the 'Daniel in the Lions' Den' stunt, and where in the heck is your horse?"

"If my horse is still going at the same rate of speed he was when he left here, then he's probably just approaching the suburbs of Peking, China, by now," I informed him. "And as for the Lions' Den stuff, I was just trying to choke a little manners into this pedigreed rabbit-hound of yours,' I added, displaying my victim.

The Director's eyes stuck out like door-knobs as he sighted my exhibit. "Ye gods, woman!" he choked. "That ain't no dog, stupid. *That's the fox!*"

Which I guess will be all for this time.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,
SOPHIE POTTS,
via HAL WELLS.

Wallie Reid's AUTOMOBILE COLUMN

I. Why Be Reckless

Wallace Reid has made a scientific and thorough study of automobiles from every angle. Years ago, he was associated editorially with "Motor," a publication devoted exclusively to automobile articles.

He continued his study of machines when he went into pictures. Lately, Wallie has been starred in a series of automobile stories that have entrenched him even stronger in public favor. He is beautifully equipped to play the role of the dashing racer. No hokum here. Wallie is an expert. He knows an automobile as thoroughly as a famous surgeon knows the body.

"Movie Weekly" feels that in offering weekly this "Wallie Reid Automobile Column" we are doing a service to him or to her who owns a machine and wants to learn more about it. Any questions you wish to ask, just write in to Wallie, care "Movie Weekly." The letters will be forwarded to him and your answers run in the magazine after Wallie has given them his attention.

From my own experience, driving both in traffic and along country roads. I know that it does not pay to take chances. When someone else tries to beat me to a road intersection, I let him win. Why not? The fact that he crosses first does not make him a better driver nor prove that he has a better car. I shall not dispute him. When I see some driver dashing along the road in and out between cars, blowing his horn loudly and frequently, I make the mental note that I shall probably get to my destination before he does, and frequently I have overtaken him miles further on with a bent axle, tire trouble or some other more or less serious defect caused by his ill-considered haste. The safest plan is to take your time, take nothing for granted and assume that the next man you meet will be breaking some rule of the road. I am an optimist by nature, but I have found it an excellent plan to be a pessimist when driving an automobile. I have cultivated the habit just because it keeps me out of all sorts of difficulties. I don't go on the assumption that I'll never have an accident. On the contrary, I operate on the theory that I'll be next if I'm not careful and by next I mean the next minute, not the next week or the next year.

(*Continued next week*)

"Tony" Moreno Rescues Colleen Moore In Runaway

I'M just thrilled to the marrow, dearie! I've just witnessed a wonderful rescue! Billy Read, Eva Novak's sweetheart, just saved her when her horse was running away! Oh, of course she'll marry him now! It wouldn't be a bit romantic now if she gave him the sack, would it? No, I don't suppose he said, exactly, 'Now, darling, your life belongs to me,' or anything like that. But as long as she has promised to marry him anyhow, it's nice that he rescued her, isn't it? Oh, my, yes, they're ever so devoted—have been engaged about a year or so. Which, if you knew Eva, is a long time. She used to be engaged to another film man, you know, but that was broken off. It just got cold, that's all."

Irma the Ingenue dabbed a bit of powder on her nose, while she warbled:

"Little grains of powder, little dabs of paint,
Make a lady's freckles, look as if they ain't."

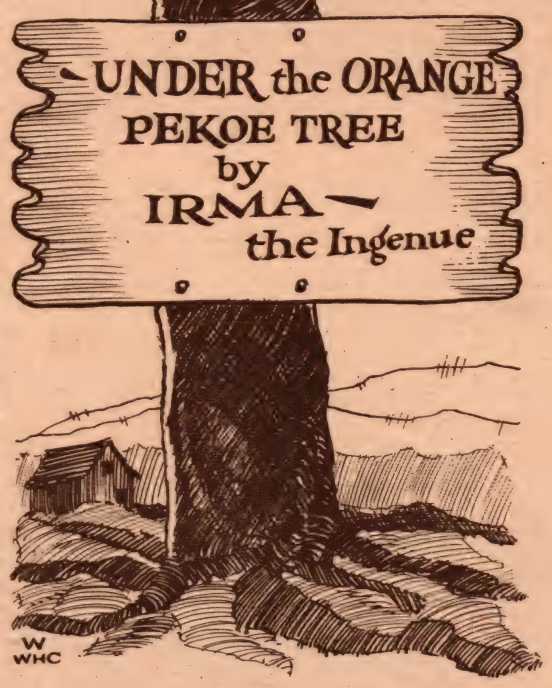
Then she poured me a cup of tea from the little earthen tea jars which they have in these Japanese tea-gardens, but which you wouldn't think it possible to drink from in any other place.

"Just imagine if it were like Colleen Moore's rescue! It must be *so* embarrassing to be engaged to one man and then have another save your life! You'd feel awfully impolite refusing to marry a man who had saved you, in case he wanted to! Not, heaven knows, that John McCormick, Colleen's fiance, had any chance to save her life. Of course he would have done the same that Antonio Moreno did. Only Antonio happened to be on the ground. Antonio was Colleen's leading man, you know—or, rather, they were co-featured—in a Rupert Hughes story, over at Goldwyn. Some horses were used in the picture, and one day when Colleen climbed up to drive, in a scene, they became unmanageable and comenced to run. They were headed straight for a wire fence on the back of the lot when Tony rushed out, grabbed their bridles, was dragged a ways, and then managed to stop them.

"As a matter of fact, I don't know how such men as Antonio Moreno escape marrying somebody they've rescued, do you? It's positively the most dangerous thing on earth for a fascinating fellow like Tony to do—not because he may get killed, but on accoumt of the danger he runs of being married!"

Irma paused to reflect over the fact a moment, when in popped Alice Lake and a good-looking young fellow.

"He's going into pictures," confided Irma. "And there's a funny story about it, too. He's awfully handsome, isn't he? Yet only two months ago he was a plain farmer boy. His real name is Harry Brandershal, but that's such an awful name that they're going to change it—don't know what it will be yet. Alice was working in a picture the other day, and the scenes were being taken out in the country, in a hay field. This boy was raking it, or whatever it is they do to hay. Anyhow he had on a wide sombrero and faded overalls, and looked very handsome. Mosquitoes had bitten him, and he had some white pasty stuff on his face that looked like makeup. So that's exactly what Alice's director thought it was! Another company was working out there, and Alice's director believed he was with the other bunch. The farmer boy had been talking to Alice, and when the director asked him if he were an actor, he began to stutter, and Alice spoke up quickly, 'Yes. But,' she added, 'he isn't getting a bit of a chance!' So Alice's director took the lad under his wing, and now it looks as if he were in for a regular career.



"But what do you know about Mildred Harris being reported engaged again? Mildred must have an awful bag of engagement rings by now—oh, yes, she always keeps the rings for all the trouble the men were to her—and though she sometimes forgets which one came from whic still she's pretty fairly accurate. Of course, sh *did* send one back to a wrong man, and he g awfully sore, but that was a long time ago. I te her that she ought to start a museum of engage ment rings! Wouldn't it be interesting? All th girls could contribute!

"But about this new engagement. His name is Byron Munson. Mildred used to go about with him lots in Los Angeles. George Stewart used to be quite jealous of him. One night he came over to see Mildred, and meeting Mildred's butler in a dark part of the grounds, he took him for Byron, and the butler took *him* for a burglar, though he was only taking a short cut to the house. So there came near to being a mix-up, only Mildred came onto the scene in time to say, 'Gentlemen, for heavens' sake, be calm!' just like a mid-Victorian heroine.

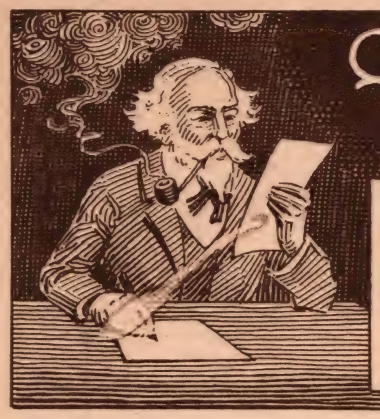
"But Mildred says she isn't engaged, and everybody was startled when she made a statement the other day, saying that she was going on the New York stage in a big production, as soon as her Orpheum contract was finished, and that a girl with a career like that oughtn't to be bothered marrying. Also she said: 'I was once the wife of Charlie Chaplin, one of the most brilliant men in the world. I learned much from him. He was the ideal mental companion.' So Mildred is going in for being high-brow!

"Dear me! Poor Conway Tearle must certainly be keping a set of books for all his alimony, mustn't he? He has been married three times that I know of, and he has to pay alimony to two of his wives, and, poor soul, he says that it takes all the money he can earn to keep his present wife! A man oughtn't to be so careless about marrying, ought he?

"Oh, there's Peggy Joyce! Honestly, don't you think there are other reasons—ahem—besides just her reputation that she is not going into pictures? Peggy would look lovely in grease-paint, but you know how the camera acts on us poor girls! It just isn't fair, that's all.

"Just to think that the Valentino case isn't finished yet, after all. It is possible that it will be all re-opened, and then heaven only knows what will happen. But how romantic! Rudey and his bride ought to be in a scenario called, 'Married, But Not Wed,' or something. They say that she is going to work like mad on her art to try and make the time pass quickly until she can once more live with Rudey.

"Well, I guess anybody that had married Rudey would feel the same way! And now, to cap the climax, Jean Acker, formerly Rudey's wife, is to return to the films as Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. Dear me, won't it be confusing to poor Mrs. Winifred Hudnut Rodolph Valentino?



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

In spite of all my loudest explanations that I don't want this answer page to look like a page from the telephone directory, fans still write in to me for long lists of addresses to be published in the magazine. When I get a letter like that without the name of the sender, I take the waste basket right into my confidence and let him read my mail. The W. B. just loves letters like that.

You know the answer! If you want addresses, send me yours first.

LORD FAUNTLEROY—No, you don't pronounce Lew Cody's name the fishy way, but the telegraph way. Thanks for the two beautiful drawings of me; I don't look quite like either, but I have some features of both, especially the handsome nose. Mae Murray is twenty-nine and is Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard. At last accounts, Dorothy Phillips' next picture was still entitled "Hurricane's Gal."

TUDY—No, I won't let Wallie Reid your letter, or it might make Monte Blue. Carrita, the toreador in "Fascination," was played by Robert Frazer; he seems to have made quite a hit. Valentino is pronounced Val-en-tee-no, with the accent on the tee.

PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?—Well, not so a Frenchman could understand me. Rodolph is French on his mother's side, I understand. His picture was in the center of "Movie Weekly" in the March 4th issue. Alice Terry is American, of Welsh descent. Her real name is Taafe.

JUST PEGGY—So you have big feet? Why don't you ask Charlie Chaplin to give you his cast-off shoes? Are you going to be a policeman when you grow up The reason I ask is, I just remembered the old saying, "All policemen have big feet." But of course there are lots of big feet that don't walk around under policemen. No, William Duncan has not retired from the movies. He is making short feature films and his wife, Edith Johnson, still plays opposite him. Address him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Conrad Nagel is twenty-six, is married to Ruth Helms and they have a baby daughter, Ruth. They live at 1846 Cherokee Ave., Los Angeles.

BROWN-EYED DOLL—So you think I wil be pleased with your questions. I was. It's such an unusual treat for me to get questions, I always go out and treat myself to an ice cream soda—that's all I can get—whenever anyone asks me anything. Geraldine Farar is thirty-nine. She was born in Melrose, Mass. Marie Mosquini is twenty-three: she was born in California, so is, of course, an American. Nita Naldi is about twenty-five, I think.

WEE VEE VEE—Or, as the French say, Oui, Vi, Vi. The only picture Doug Fairbanks has made in more than a year is "The Three Hood"—yes, that's all in the title. Musketeers." He is now working on "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Helen Holmes still plays in movies occasionally. She recently appeared in "Hills of Missing Men." Nazimova is forty-three years old—it doesn't seem possible, but that's what the World Almanac says—look it up yourself. Her latest picture is "Salome." Wallie Reid plays under his real name. Bebe Daniels is twenty-one; no, I don't think she has bobbed her hair—though these screen stars are cuttin' 'em so fast, it's hard to keep track of them.

AMOS QUITO—I didn't suppose mosquitoes liked the screen. Creighton Hale appeared in "Orphans of the Storm"; he is now playing in stock in Baltimore for the summer. Bessie Love is about twenty. Harry Carey's next picture is "The Combat"; it will probably not be released until early Fall.

A ROXBORO HILL CLIMBER—What war was I in? I've been on the warpath all my life. Monte Blue's latest picture is "Orphans of the Storm." Richard Barthelmess is twenty-seven. Colleen Moore lives at 7119 S. Grand View, Los Angeles.

GEM WALLACE—It's so dry there that you have to pin the postage stamps to the letters, you say. Well, it's been raining here for three days and it's so wet we all have to wear chains on our rubber heels to keep from skidding. Wallace Reid's picture appeared in the center of "Movie Weekly" June 11, 1921. You can get this or any other issue from the Circulation Department for ten cents. Gladys Walton's picture has never appeared in the Art Series. Her address is 456 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles.

N. B. DUTCHY—I'm glad you're waiting still. I don't like noise. Erich Von Stroheim is Austrian, born in 1885. Miss Du Pont's name is Margaret Armstrong; she lives at 4937 Maplewood, Los Angeles. Write Art Acord at the Universal Studio, Universal City.

X. U. MOORE—So if I answer these questions, in return you'll ask me more. Now, really, that's a reward worth working for. Mary Pickford was born in Canada; Betty Blythe in Los Angeles. No, Lillian Gish is not married. Nazimova is forty-three.

DONNIE—So William Desmond saw you in the audience and thought you were a simple school girl? I suppose with your bobbed hair, you do look like a school girl, but I'm sure you don't look simple. I'm not sure whether Helen Gibson of the movies is related to Hoot or not. Of course he has a new wife named Helen, who was a vaudeville actress. Louise Lorraine plays opposite Hoot in most of his pictures.

TRIXIE—Am I a married guy? Why do you "guy" me like that? Wesley Barry is fifteen and just as speckled as he looks on the screen. Yes, William D. Taylor was married, but was separated from his wife. Marie Osborne is eleven years old; I suppose she is just vacationing from the movies.

JUST JE' NEIL—Yes, your letter was the typical kind of letter I get, asking questions—pink paper and everything. "Agnes Ackers" became famous, you say, as the divorced wife of Rodolph. You don't know your geography very well, do you? Of course you have Jean Acker and Agnes Ayres all mixed up. Marguerite Clarke has retired from the screen. Billie Burke is appearing on the stage. Constance Talmadge is five feet five. Her leading man in "Polly of the Follies" is Kenneth Harlan. Eugene O'Brien is six feet; he is not married. Antonio Moreno has black hair and eyes.

ALICE LOVEWELL—What a sentimental name! Too bad some man will come along and change it. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn in 1898; Richard Barthelmess in New York in 1895. Write him at Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Harold Lockwood died in the influenza epidemic in 1918; so did Viola Dana's and Ethel Clayton's husbands.

BOBS—I'll tell Richard Dix you like him better than Rodolph. I don't know what better compliment a man could get from a feminine scren fan. No, Richard is not married; neither is May Collins. Winifred Westover Hart is twenty-one. Priscilla Dean has no children. Charlie Chaplin is Jewish.

BO—Can I give you Buster Keaton's weight? Only lots of food and fresh air can give you his weight. He weighs, by the way, 140 pounds. Jimmy is the name of Will Rogers' son. William S. Hart is six feet one. His growth was stunted. He weighs 190 pounds.

TOM—What do I think of 'Hail the Woman?" I hail it with the greatest acclaim. Madge Bellamy is considered by everyone as one of the screen stars of the future. By the way, she and Edith Roberts are often mistaken for each other. "Tol'able David" probably ranks as one of the ten best pictures of the year.

HORACE D. G.—Is it hard to get into the movies? Suppose there were a dime on the sidewalk and one thousand boys were after it; how much chance would you have if you were on the outside of the group? Well, that's just about the way it is trying to get into the movies. Most of the stars not only have "assistance" in answering their mail; they don't even look at the mail themselves.

BETTY B.—Yes, you guessed right; most of the people who write to me begin their letters "Dear Colonel." I almost never get letters beginning, "Dear Queen of Sheba," or some such sentiment. Marguerite Clark has no children. Alice Terry is five feet one; Elaine Hammerstein, five feet three. Richard Dix is six feet.

CHRYSTAL—Leon Barry is now working on the Mack Sennett lot. I don't know in just what pictures. "Kismet" was his first picture.

BOBBETTE—No, indeed, Ann Little is not dead; that must have been just another of those little rumors that are always getting about. Ruth Roland is not married now, but is divorced. Her address is 605 S. Norton Ave., Los Angeles. By the way, you might be interested in the Ruth Roland Fan Club. If so, write to Mr. Walter I. Moses, Editor *Penpals' Journal*, Grand Junction, Colorado, and he will tell you all about it.

MAUDE—Good news, Maude, Eugene O'Brien is to play opposite Norma in her new picture, "The Voice from the Minaret." Niles Welch was born in Connecticut, so is, of course, an American. I don't know of what descent. Carlyle Blackwell has not been in movies for several years. He announced his intention of appearing in vaudevile, but I don't know whether he ever did so.

FINALE HOPPER—Please excuse your writing because you're in love? What has that to do with it? Or is it just that love is blind so you can't see to write? Harold Lloyd is 29; Elsie Ferguson, 39; Gloria Swanson, about 27; Charles Chaplin, 33.

Film-Flam

A LITTLE EXTRA WORK

WHEN C. N. Essinger, chief train despatcher of the Union Pacific, was at Universal City, Carl Laemmle ordered a pre-view of some of the episodes of "In the Days of Buffalo Bill." Mr. Essinger had rendered great service to the company in the filming of this serial and Universal wished to show their appreciation.

Several reels were shown—the signing of the Union Pacific Act by President Lincoln, the surrender of Lee to Grant, Lincoln's assassination, and all kinds of historical scenes, but Mr. Essinger didn't seem to respond. Maybe he didn't like history. He kept asking when the scene would appear which showed the driving of the Golden Spike. At last it came.

"Look at that fellow at the right," said Mr. Essinger excitedly. "The one with the tall hat and thin whiskers. Just watch him act. Look at him applaud. Naturalness itself. And did you ever see such a smile, such grace, such composure? Superb acting."

"He's just one of the mob," said the director-general. "He really has nothing to do. What do you find so remarkable about him?"

"Why," replied the railroad man, "that's me."

THE TITLE READERS' HEAVEN

If you heap curses on the person behind you who reads the titles aloud in the "picture show," you ought to be glad you don't live in Japan. It's bad enough here to have someone read 'em till you almost weep, but suppose the title readers not only read 'em, but translated 'em as well!

This happens in Japan. Both Japan and China think American movies just about hit the right spot, and in China especially, they insist on the American productions. There, they depend on the action of the picture to tell the plot, because of course the English titles are useless.

In Japan, however, they're not so silent. There thousands of the people can speak English and they take pains to let everyone else know about it. So at each performance, hundreds of spectators are able to read the English titles. And they not only read them aloud in English, but say 'em in Japanese for the benefit of the unenlightened.

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE

This is one which Director Alfred E. Green is telling at the Lasky Studio:

A colored lad was tried for "fowl appropriation."

"Sam," said the judge sternly, "you are found guilty of stealing chickens. Ten dollars, or ten days."

With a smile of assurance, Sam stepped up and laid a twenty dollar bill on the desk.

"Yassah, Jedge," said he, "so Ah give yo' twenty bucks which will pay yo' up to an' includin' nex' Sattidy night."

OR PHOTO-GRAFT

It's all right to make personal appearances throughout the country as she did, thinks Viola Dana, but it certainly has its drawbacks. She has found that as a result of her recent tour, requests for her autographed photos have increased about three hundred per cent. Viola was busy enough before, but now she has her hands full more than ever. Most of the applicants fail to enclose even a two-cent stamp.

"Autographting, I call it," says Miss Dana.

MORE APPROPRIATE FOR SUMMER

Wesley Barry has acquired a new ambition. It developed during the filming of his latest picture, "From Rags to Riches.' An old bath tub was placed in a corner of the Warner Studios, and Wes was hastily ordered to undress and plunge in.

Without a moment's hesitation, Wes jumped in—and without a moment's hesitation he jumped out. For Harry Rapf, the director, had dropped several large pieces of ice in the water. It was as cold as a lake in Iceland.

"That's the best piece of acting I've seen you do in a long time," complimented Rapf after the camera had filmed the scene.

"Yeah," said Wesley as he warmed up, "and next summer I'm gonner get a job as leading man for Annette Kellerman."

SUPERFLUOUS WORD

Billie Dove, the new Metro star, looked up from her reading of the Census Bureau's divorce statistics for this country. She thought it was very apropos that just at that moment someone should hand her the script for "A Temporary Marriage," in which she is to appear.

"Why add the temporary?" asked Billie.

BERT AS A BATHING BEAUTY

"You can say all you like about this being a dry country," says Bert Lytell, "but this picture I'm in is certainly wet."

Of course that's logical. The title, "To Have and To Hold," might easily be referring to the contents of a cellar, but that's the wrong guess. It isn't booze that makes this picture wet, but water.

Four times poor Bert has to take a dive into the briny from the deck of a seventeenth century pirate craft. It's a good thing he can swim!

"And those four duckings aren't the half of it," moans Bert. "I should say not. For close-ups they made me duck clear under twenty-six times in one day. And the clothes they wore in 1620 were never intended as bathing suits."

THE MAIN IDEA FOR THE MAINE WOODS

The husband and wife who were arrested for slaying partridge in their "Garden of Eden" in the Maine woods should have consulted Viola Dana. "I would have suggested," said Viola, "that they follow their original ancestors more closely and stick to apples."

APISH DISAPPROVAL

Edward Connelly, who was recently attacked by an ape during the screening of a scene, has a good explanation of the attack.

"Bryan may be right in his refusal to believe in the theory of evolution," says Mr. Connelly, "but my own idea is that that ape is a relative of mine who was merely expressing his disapproval of my villainous role."

A PASS-ING FANCY

Theodore Roberts has a fund of stories that he tells of his experiences in the days when he played in road companies. It was long ago in Abilene, Texas, that a voice from the Abilene jail hailed him.

"Hey, actor, gimme a pass to the show tonight," shouted an unshaven prisoner through the bars.

"What do you want with a pass?" asked Roberts. "You can't get out."

"I know I can't, but I can make a bluff that I could have gone if I'd been out, can't I?"

He got the pass.

A RING FOR THE RING-LEADER

Bull Montana was once a prize fighter, so he is very interested in the doings of Jack Dempsey and other members of the prize-ring fraternity. So recently, when Bull saw a photograph of Jack with a monocle in his eye, he was filled with righteous indignation.

"Well," said he, "if that's what comes of visiting London, I'm glad Jack didn't go to Patagonia, where men wear brass rings in their noses."

A TALE OF WONDERS

Ramon Samanegos, the dashing new Spanish actor who has recently changed his name to Navarro, is not married, and if he is as cynical about marriage as this remark would indicate, no wonder he is single.

The subject under discussion was the remarkable ability of some plain women to look beautiful on occasions.

"You see," Ramon contributed, "everyone knows how wonderful a woman can look, but it is only the husband who knows how wonderful it is that she can look so wonderful."

A.M.T.

Art is a perfect husband; he spends his spare time working around his bungalow home.

Kiddies are Art Acord's hobby, and this is the gang which usually waits for his daily return from the studio.

At home with Art Acord

And then, after a hard day's work, what is better than a comfy chair and a cozy living room?

It looks like attempted murder, but it's merely Art playing medicine ball with his pretty young wife.

AT RIGHT:
He's more at home on the weather deck of a broncho, but Universal's cowboy is also no slouch at a steering-wheel.

LYING IN WAIT TO SHOOT UP HAROLD LLOYD

By GENE KORNMAN

Lloyd's Personal Photographer

"SPEEDY," that's Harold Lloyd's name around the Hal E. Roach Studio. I don't know who first originated it but, who ever did, certainly thinks as I do and may have had a few experiences with the elusive chap, while mine have been too many to count. I've heard of "camera hounds," but just what to title our Harold is beyond me, because he is just the opposite. If there ever was a champ "camera dodger," he certainly is it. I've used so many ruses to secure pictures of him that I feel like Sherlock Holmes and William J. Burns combined.

Promises? Yes, he's full of them. He never refuses when I put the proposition of "shots" up to him, but he never wants to do it just then. It's always "manana" (tomorrow), and of course "manana" never comes. Harold has nicknamed me "Genkie," and it's always, "Yes, Genkie, we'll do that sure—but not today," or "not right now," or "I haven't got my makeup on," or "remind me of that tomorrow," etc., etc. Yes, he can always think of plenty of excuses. But, as I said before, he never refuses.

I've been forced to add a twenty-four inch lens to my permanent equipment and I carry it with me at all times, for an instrument of this size is very much the same as a small telescope. I always guard this pet lens carefully, for it has helped me in "putting one over" on friend Harold more than once.

When he was making his comedy "Grandma's Boy," I approached him one day while we were out "on location," and brought up the subject of taking some pictures of him at lunch time. I received the answer I expected, that we would get some in the afternoon—those usual afternoons of Harold's, no beginning and no ending!

Napoleon kidded him when he thought he had done something wonderful in crossing the Alps that time. Now if he'd had to take a picture of Harold Lloyd once—— I made up my mind that that day I wouldn't wait until "afternoon" and meet with the usual defeat. So I suddenly vanished in the neighborhood of my camera, hooked on the twenty-four inch lens, adjusted rubber tips to my tripod so that I wouldn't make any noise, and proceeded to climb up on a shed that was close to where Harold, Mildred Davis and others of the company were sitting on some railroad ties and eating their lunch. They were busy chatting, and utterly unconscious of any thought of cameras. Noiselessly I set up the camera, got the cable release in hand all ready to shoot, and not a second too soon, as Harold looked up.

Then I caught him, and told him that I'd like to have him smile in the next picture. The nerve and the unexpectedness of the stunt tickled him, and he consented on the spot to let me take some more pictures, and actually spent thirty minutes in posing for various "shots." I'll tell you that Napoleon with the Alps behind him couldn't have felt a bit more the victor than I did when I chalked up that one afternoon of success against so many where Harold had won out!

My camera battles are a 365-days-to-the-year affair for, being optimistic when he tells me that he is always so busy week days, I plan to catch him on Sundays. Through the assistance of his chauffeur, who took me to his home early one Sunday morning, and his valet, who tipped us off that Harold would be passing through the front door about 11 o'clock, I had my camera set up and bang! he was caught as he appeared on the scene. Harold enjoys pulling off a little joke himself, and when someone takes him unawares—which is a difficult thing to do, for he's always on the alert—he thoroughly enjoys it. Finding himself trapped this particular Sunday, he consented to pose for about a dozen "shots" all together.

Soon after this Sunday experience, I told Harold that I wanted a "straight" picture of him. Much to my surprise, he consented. The next morning he came into the "still" room, and asked to see the photo. But there was no picture, I had to explain to him. While I had been talking to him just before he posed, someone as a joke had substituted a *blank* holder in the camera!

"Now, Genkie," said Harold reproachfully. "Here I went to all that trouble—and you shoot me on a blank! For me a thirty-day furlough from this picture business."

Yet, I found out afterward from some of the fellows on the lot that the joker who had substituted the blank and the chap who secured the furlough from my camera were one and the same—Mr. Harold Lloyd.

He is like a brother to all the fellows in his company and, in fact, to us all. I have battles for the shots, but they are friendly battles and I wouldn't trade shooting pictures for Harold, hard as he is to shoot, for the biggest "camera hound" star in the world.

Through the aid of his valet and chauffeur I got a dozen good pictures one Sunday. (Photo is of Harold Lloyd and Gene Kornman, author of this story.)

Another "off guard shot"; Harold, Mildred Davis and Roy Brooks snapped during lunch hour while on location.

The COUNT ZICHY STORY

continued from page 10

WHC W

Two wonderful months followed. Long Island, for those in the know, is a pleasure ground unparalleled during the summer time. There were shore parties, dances, boating, ease. The young count was a graceful dancer, a man of the world, polished, a gentleman. When Charlotte Demarest accepted the invitation of the newly-wedded Dorothy Noyes, of Philadelphia, to go to Europe with her on *La France* in September, the Count and the American girl were fast friends.

Count Zichy accompanied Charlotte to the pier. "I was in such a rush that I forgot half my luggage, and if Eddie hadn't been there heaven only knows what would have happened to it. As it was, we spent most of the morning hunting bags and trunks all over the pier."

As Count Zichy stood waving farewell to the beautiful American heiress, he was, to all appearances, ending a brief summer friendship, an intimacy bred in the paradisial environment of gardens, beaches and moonlight. Now in the cold noon-day sun, it was at an end. He turned his back on Europe and on Charlotte as *La France* went under way. He plunged into work in busy New York.

The Countess' languor can be well explained by a tedious afternoon of being "shot" by the camera.

Meantime Charlotte arrived in Paris. "I stayed there a few days and then went to London. Then I went to Scotland, to visit the Sutherlands. My sister married the second son of the Duke of Sutherland, and a great deal of my time was spent at his famous country home, at enormous week-end parties, hunting, and so on. But in the periods between visits in Scotland, I was running back and forth between London and Paris, with occasional side trips, as to Germany. I had a most enjoying time week-ending at the home of Phillip Sassoon, secretary to Lloyd George, and frequently mentioned as future prime minister of England. Mr. Sassoon is one of the leaders of the intellectual set in England. He not only entertains many famous persons, such as Carpentier, Mary Pickford—whom I met at his home—Charlie Chaplin and such celebrities, but he attracts the more brilliant younger folk of England. I was hardly brilliant enough to enter that group, and I went about mainly with the still younger set, including the young Princes, although I was greatly in the limelight owing to my connection with the Sutherlands through my sister's marriage."

Then came a day when the romantic Count Zichy was forgotten for the moment. "I had been shopping in London one day last winter and in the evening went to a supper and dance at the Ritz. There I met George Burton. I only saw him that one day, but I met him again and again the early spring. In March we decided upon an engagement, which was not, however, to be announced until I returned to the United States."

The climax to the romance, was at hand, although neither party to it knew.

"Our marriage was arranged for a Tuesday. It was to have been a very formal affair and I was naturally very busy with preparations for it.

"On Monday morning I went downtown to my dressmakers. I had an elaborate wedding gown, silver and lace and orange blossoms, and a news photographer had made an appointment with me to obtain a photograph. After the picture was taken I went home. Soon after I arrived, I was called to the telephone.

"It was Eddie.

"'I just heard that you had returned to the States,' he said. 'How have you been?'

"'Oh, just splendid,' I told him. We chatted for a few moments and then he asked me to tell him when I could see him.

"'Well,' I replied, 'didn't you know that I am going to be married tomorrow?'

"He didn't reply for a moment and then he said: 'It's the first I heard of it.'

A closeup of the romantic young couple.

"I began to tell him the details, but he interrupted me.

"'I simply must see you,' he pleaded.

"'The only time I have left is late this afternoon,' I said.

"'Can I come up at six o'clock?'

"I agreed. I had no intention at that moment of marrying anyone other than George Burton. I went downtown again, shopped for a few last moment things, and went home. At six o'clock, Eddie arrived.

"The next morning at nine-thirty we went down to the Municipal Building and were married."

Since that time life has been a whirl of notoriety for the young Count and Countess. From the moment their marriage was known, newspaper reporters were on their trail. They were forced to seek seclusion to avoid photographers. They basked for days in the glare of the publicity their sensational romance had earned for them. No one has had a honeymoon like theirs before or since.

But they are utterly sincere in their love for one another and in their decision to fight their own way. The Count is at present unemployed. With the remainder of his funds, he has rented an apartment in an apartment hotel on Madison Avenue. There he is making a temporary domicile for himself and his wife. The test of his financial status came early in his married life. A deputy sheriff bearing a summons calling him to summary proceedings for the execution of a judgment taken against him over a year ago hailed him into court. The judgment was the result of an automobile accident which occurred last year, when the Count, driving an automobile, ran into a taxicab and demolished it.

In court the Count proved that he was unable to satisfy the judgment. The future, for the moment, looked black.

Then came the movies. A New York motion picture agent, realizing the possibilities of exploiting the Count and Countess because of the widespread publicity they had received, approached them and questioned them as to their willingness to enter the cinema. They hesitated for a moment and then decided to accept. Within a few days a screen test was arranged for them at the offices of one of the leading motion picture companies.

There they went one afternoon recently. The test was to take place high up on the roof of the building in which the motion picture company has its offices. Neither the Count nor Countess knew anything about motion picture makeup. They spent an hour taking a lesson from a gracious casting director, while eleven cameramen,

The Count and his attractive bride look pretty cheerful, considering they are in the midst of a "screen test" that may mean quite an attractive screen career.

(Continued on page 30)

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 16)

mean, Elena—it is the fattest and most comforting—I smoked my cigar and sipped my hot grog, and gazed innocently around. And what do you suppose my innocent eyes encountered—just like that?"

"W—what?" she breathed.

"Why, a letter," he said, jovially slaping his fat thigh, "a real letter lying right in the middle of the table—badly sealed, Elena—very carelessly sealed—just the gummed point of the envelope clinging to the body of it. Now, wasn't that a peculiar thing for an enterprising young man to discover, I ask you?"

He leered and leered into her white face; then, satisfied, he went on:

"The writing was YOURS, dearie. I recognized it. It was addressed to your own husband, who lived under the same roof. And I had seen you creep out, close the front door softly, and scurry away into the night." He made a wide gesture with his fat hands.

"Naturally," he said, "I thought I ought to summon a servant to call your husband, so I could tell him what I had seen you do. But—there was a quicker way to learn what your departure meant—whether you were at that moment making for the river or for Maxim's—anyway, I knew there was no time to be lost. So—"

She shrank away and half rose, strangling a cry of protest.

"Sure I did!" he said coolly. "I read your note very carefully, then licked the envelope and resealed it, and put it into my pocket. After all, Mr. Desboro is a man. It was none of my business to interfere. So I let him have what was coming to him—and you, too." He shrugged and waved his hand. "Your husband came down later; we talked jades and porcelains and prices until I nearly yawned my head off. And when it was time to go, I slipped the letter back on the table. After all, you and Desboro had had your fling; why shouldn't hubby have an inning?"

He regarded her for a few moments, then rose and walked to the door. There he turned.

"Fix it for me. Understand?" he said sharply; and went out.

As the bronze doors closed behind Mr. Waudle, Elena started and lifted her frightened face from her arms. For a second or two she sat there, listening, then rose and walked swiftly and noiselessly to the bay window. Mr. Waudle was waddling down the street. Across the way, keeping a parallel course, walked the Cubist poet, his ankle-high trousers flapping. They did not even glance at each other until they reached the corner of Madison Avenue. Here they both boarded the same car going south. Mr. Waudle was laughing.

She came back into the drawing-room and stood, clasped hands twisting in sheer agony.

To whom could she turn now? What was there to do? Since January she had given this man so much money that almost nothing remained of her allowance.

How could she go to her husband again? Never had she betrayed the slightest sympathy for him or any interest in his hobby until his anger was awakened by the swindle of which he had been a victim.

Then, for the first time, under the menacing pressure from Waudle, she had atempted finesse—manoeuvered as skillfully as possible in the short space of time allotted her, cleverly betrayed an awakening interest in her husband's collection, pretended to a sudden caprice for the forgeries recently acquired, and carried off very well her astonishment when informed that the jades and porcelains were swindling imitations made in Japan.

It had been useless for her to declare that, whatever they were, she liked them. Her husband would have none of them in spite of his evident delight in her sudden interest. He promised to undertake her schooling in the proper appreciation of all things Chinese—promised to be her devoted mentor and companion in the eternal hunt for specimens. Which was scarcely what she wanted.

What was she to do? She had gone, half mad with fear, to throw herself upon the sympathy and mercy of Jacqueline Nevers. Terrified, tortured, desperate, she had even thought to bribe the girl to pronounce the forgeries genuine. Then, suddenly, at the mere mention of Desboro, she had gone all to pieces. And when it became clear to her that there was already an understanding between this girl and the man she had counted on as her last resort, fear and anger completed her demoralization.

She remembered the terrible scene now, remembered what she had said—her shameless attitude—the shameful lie which her words and her attitude had forced Jacqueline to understand.

Why she had acted such a monstrous falsehood she scarcely knew; whether it had been done to cut the suspected bond between Desboro and Jacqueline before it grew too strong to sever—whether it had been sheer hysteria under the new shock—whether it was reckless despair that had hardened her to a point where she meant to take the final plunge and trust to Desboro's chivalry, she did not know then; she did not know now.

But the avalanche she had loosened that night in December, when she wrote her note and went to Silverwood, was still thundering along behind her, gathering new force every day, until the menacing roar of it never ceased in her ears.

Where was she to go? To her husband? It was useless. To Desboro? It was too late. Even now, perhaps, he was listening scornfully to his young wife's account of that last interview. She could see the contempt in his face—contempt for her—for the woman who had lied to avow her own dishonor.

Why had he come to see her then? To threaten her? To warn her? To spurn her? Yet, that was not like Desboro. Why had he come? What she had said and intimated to Jacqueline was done AFTER the girl was a wife. Could it be possible that Jacqueline was visiting her anger on Desboro, having learned too late that which would have prevented her from marrying him at all?

Elena crept to the sofa and sank down in a heap, cowering there in one corner, striving to think.

What would come of it? Would this proud and chaste young girl, accepted the acted lie as truth, resent it? By leaving Desboro? By beginning a suit for divorce—and naming——

In spite of her white misery and wretchedness, now, as she sat there in the drawing-room alone, her cheeks crimsoned hotly at the memory of her arts and wiles and calineries; of her new shyness with the man she had never before spared; of her clever attitude toward him, the apparent dawn of tenderness, the taint provocation in her lifted eyes— God! It should have been her profession, for she had taken to it like a woman of the streets—had submitted like one, earning her pay. And, like many, had ben cheated in the end.

She had not been well for a few days; had meant to see her physician. But in the rush of events enveloping her there had been no moment to think of mere bodily ills.

Now, dizzy, trembling, faintly nauseated, she stood supporting her weight on a gilded chair, closing her eyes for a moment to let the swimming wretchedness pass.

It passed after a while, leaving her so utterly miserable that she leaned over and rang for a maid.

"Order the car—the Sphex limousine," she said. "And bring me my hat and furs."

"Yes, madame."

"And—my jewel box. Here is the key——" detaching a tiny gold one from its chain in her bosom. "And if Mr. Clydesdale comes in, say to him that I have gone to the doctor's."

"Yes, madame."

"And—I shall take some jewels to—the safe deposit—one or two pieces which I don't wear."

The maid was silent.

"Do you understand about the jewels?"

"Yes, madame."

She went away. Presently she returned with Elena's hat and furs and jewel box. The private garage adjoined the house; the car rolled out before she was ready.

On the way downtown she was afraid she would faint—almost wished she would. The chauffeur's instructions landed her at a jeweler's where she was not known.

A few moments later, in a private office, a grey old gentleman very gently refused to consider the purchase of any jewelry from her unless he knew her name, residence, and other essentials which she flatly declined to give.

So a polite clerk put her into her car and she directed the chauffeur to Dr. Allen's office, because she felt really too ill for the moment to continue her search. Later she would manage to find somebody who would buy sufficient of her jewelry to give her—and Mr. Waudle—the seven thousand dollars necessary to avoid exposure.

Dr. Allen was in—just returned. Only one patient was ahead of her. Presently she was summoned, rose with an effort, and went in.

The physician was a very old man; and after he had questioned her for a few moments he smiled. And at the same instant she began to understand; got to her feet blindly, stood swaying for a moment, then dropped as he caught her.

Neither the physician nor the trained nurse who came in at his summons seemed to be very greatly worried. As they eased the young wife and quietly set about reviving her, they chatted carelessly. Later Elena opened her eyes. Later still the nurse went home with her in her limousine.

ABOUT midday Clydesdale, who had returned to his house from a morning visit to his attorney in Liberty Street, was summoned to the telephone.

"Is that you, Desboro?" he asked.

"Yes. I stopped this morning to speak to your wife a moment, but very naturally she was not at home to me at such an hour in the morning. I have just called her on the telephone, but her maid says she has gone out."

"Yes. She is not very well. I understand she has gone to see Dr. Allen. But she ought to be back pretty soon. Won't you come up to the house, Desboro?"

There was a short pause, then Desboro's voice again, in reply:

"I believe I will come up, Clydesdale. And I think I'll talk to you instead of to your wife."

"Just as it suits you. Very glad to see you anyway. I'll be in the rear extension fussing about among the porcelains."

"I'll be with you in ten minutes."

In less time than that Desboro arrived, and was piloted through the house and into the gallery by an active maid. At the end of one of the aisles lined by glass cases, the huge bulk of Cary Clydesdale loomed, his red face creased with his eternal grin.

"Hello, Desboro!" he called. "Come this way. I've one or two things here which will match any of yours at Silverwood, I think."

And, as Desboro approached, Clydesdale strode forward, offering him an enormous hand.

"Glad to see you," he grinned. "Congratulations on your marriage! Fine girl, that! I don't know any to match her." He waved a comprehensive arm. "All this stuff is her arrangement. God! But I had it rottenly displayed. And the collection was full of fakes, too. But she came floating in here one morning, and what she did to my junk-heap was a plenty, believe ME!" And the huge fellow grinned and grinned until Desboro's sombre face altered and became less rigid.

A maid appeared with a table and a frosted cocktail shaker.

"You'll stop and lunch with us," said Clydesdale, filling two glasses. "Elena won't be very long. Don't know just what ails her, but she's nervous and run down. I guess it's the spring that's coming. Well, here's to all bad men; they need the boost and we don't. Prosit!"

He emptied his glass, set it aside, and from the open case beside him extracted an exquisite jar of the Kang-He, "famille noire," done in five colors during the best period of the work.

"God knows I'm not proud," he said, "but can you beat it, Desboro?"

Desboro took the beautiful jar, and, carefully guarding the cover, turned it slowly. Birds, roses, pear blossoms, lilies, exquisite in composition and color, passed under his troubled eyes. He caressed the paste mechanically.

"It is very fine," he said.

"Have you anything to beat it?"

"I don't think so."

"How are yours marked?" inquired the big man, taking the jar in his own enormous paws as lovingly as a Kadiak bear embraces her progeny. "This magnificent damn thing is a forgery. Look! Here's the mark of the Emperor Ching-hwa! Isn't that the limit? And the forgery is every bit as fine as the originals made before 1660—only it happened to be the fashion in China in 1660 to collect Ching-hwa jars, so the maker of this piece deliberately forged an earlier date. Can you beat it?"

Desboro smiled as though he were listening; and Clydesdale gingerly replaced the jar and as carefully produced another.

"Ming!" he said. "Seventeenth century Manchu Tartar. I've some earlier Ming ranging between 1400 A.D. and 1600; but it can't touch this, Desboro. In fact, I think the eighteenth century Ming is even finer; and, as far as that goes, there is magnificent work being done now—although the occidental markets seldom see it. But—Ming for mine, every time! How do you feel about it, old top?"

Desboro looked at the vase. The soft beauty of the blue underglaze, the silvery thickets of magnolia bloom amid which a magnificent, pheasant-hued phoenix stepped daintily, meant at the moment absolutely nothing to him.

Nor did the "poudre-bleu" jar, triumphantly exhibited by the infatuated owner—a splendid specimen painted on the overglaze. And the weeds and shells and fiery goldfishes swimming had been dimmed a little by rubbing, so that the dusky aquatic depths loomed more convincingly.

"Clydesdale," said Desboro in a low voice, "I want to say one or two things to you. Another time it would give me pleasure to go over these porcelains with you. Do you mind my interrupting you?"

The big man grinned.

"Shoot," he said, replacing the "powder-blue" and carefully closing and locking the case. Then, dropping the keys into his pocket, he came over to where Desboro was seated beside the flimsy folding card-table, shook the cocktail shaker, offered to fill Desboro's glass, and at a gesture of refusal refilled his own.

"This won't do a thing to my appetite," he remarked genially. "Go ahead, Desboro." And he settled himself to listen, with occasional furtive, sidelong glances at his beloved porcelains.

Desboro said: "Clydesdale, you and I have known each other for a number of years. We haven't seen much of each other, except at the club, or meeting casually here and there. It merely happened so; if accident had thrown us together, the chances are that we would have liked each other—perhaps sought each other's company now and then—as much as men do in this haphazard town, anyway. Don't you think so?"

Clydesdale nodded.

"But we have been on perfectly friendly terms, always—with one exception," said Desboro.

"Yes—with one exception. But that is all over now——"

"I am afraid it isn't."

Clydesdale's grin remained unaltered when he said: "Well, what the hell——" and stopped abruptly.

"It's about that one exception of which I wish to speak," continued Desboro, after a moment's thought. "I don't want to say very much—just one or two things which I hope you already know and believe. And all I have to say is this, Clydesdale; whatever I may have been—whatever I may be now, that sort of treachery is not in me. I make no merit of it—it may be mere fastidiousness on my part which would prevent me from meditating treachery toward an acquaintance or a friend."

Clydesdale scrutinized him in silence.

"Never, since Elena was your wife, have I thought of her except as your wife."

Clydesdale only grinned.

"I want to be as clear as I can on this subject," continued the other, "because—and I must say it to you—there have been rumors concerning—me."

"And concerning HER," said Clydesdale simply. "Don't blink matters, Desboro."

"No, I won't. The rumors have included her, of course. But what those rumors hint, Clydesdale, is an absolute lie. I blame myself in a measure; I should not have come here so often—should not have continued to see Elena so informally. I WAS in love with her once; I did ask her to marry me. She took you. Try to believe me, Clydesdale, when I tell you that though for me there did still linger about her that inexplicable charm which attracted me, which makes your wife so attractive to everybody, never for a moment did it occur to me not to acquiesce in the finality of her choice. Never did I meditate any wrong toward you or toward her. I DID dangle. That was where I blame myself. Because where a better man might have done it uncriticized, I was, it seems, open to suspicion."

"You're no worse than the next," said Clydesdale in a deep growl. "Hell's bells! I don't blame you! And there would have been nothing to it anyway if Elena had not lost her head that night and bolted. I was rough with you all right; but you behaved handsomely; and I knew where the trouble was. Because, Desboro, my wife dislikes me."

"I thought——"

"No! Let's have the truth, damn it! THAT'S the truth! My wife dislikes me. It may be that she is crazy about you; I don't know. But I am inclined to think—after these months of hell, Desboro—that she really is not crazy about you, or about any man; that it is only her dislike of me that possesses her to—to deal with me as she has done."

(*Continued next week*)

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

OWING to the number of questions received from aspiring photoplaywrights this week, Mr. Palmer has decided to devote the entire page to them.

The editorial will, however, be resumed as usual next week.

(Q.) Why are writers constantly warned against attempting short comedy? Is it really more difficult than drama?—L. M.

(A.) Comedy is more difficult than drama for the same reason that the short story is more difficult than the novel—the time in which your purpose must be accomplished is limited. This fact makes it imperative that a comedy contain many more situations per reel than drama, and each bit of action must count either for a laugh or for working up to a laugh. Also, on account of the limitation of time, the subjects that are suitable for treatment are limited, and that makes it difficult to write short comedies that are original. The short comedies are nearly all written by staff writers employed by the producer. They are written as vehicles for certain star comedians, and are written just to suit his peculiarities of style, and the resources of the studio. When you consider these different "angles" of comedy, you can see that it is more difficult to write than drama.

(Q.) Do all screen writers make use of the "spot synopsis" system of laying out stories?—H. W.

(A.) No. There are many writers who do use it, but there are also very many writers who do not. Some of our very best writers think their stories out in great detail before ever putting a word down on paper. Sardou once said, when asked if his new play was finished: "Yes, it is finished; all I have to do now is write it down."

(Q.) Just what is meant when I am told that my story is narrative; surely all stories are narrative?
—M. L. T.

(A.) You are right when you say, "surely all stories are narrative," they are, but the word is used in a slightly different way in the language of the screen. The word as used in scenario writing is really a misnomer and would be better defined as "undramatic." A few stories are seen on the screen that are developed in this manner; it will be noticed that they depend chiefly on their fine characterization as depicted in a series of incidents rather than on strong dramatic situations.

(Q.) Should I write the captions in my detailed synopsis?—S. A.

(A.) If you mean should you write all the titles that the story would contain when shown on the screen, then the answer is distinctly, NO. This is the work of the professional title writer. If you can help some situation that you have created by the inclusion of a spoken title, then use it, as it not only helps the scene, but also the characterization. The greatest care must be exercised, however, that these titles are not overdone, while they must be short and to the point.

(Q.) Why am I told that certain things are censorable, when I see these same things frequently on the screen?—V. B. Mc.

(A.) No doubt some of the censorable things that you have seen on the screen are in productions that were screened before that particular subject was barred. Possibly, too, they were in foreign pictures, and the censorship laws are not as strict abroad as they are here. Do not mistake our meaning in this, we do not mean to infer that pictures made previous to the passing of the law or foreign pictures will get by. The owners have gone to a great expense in these pictures and are therefore compelled to take the chances of having them turned down in certain states and towns. Each city thinks it has the right to make and enforce its own censorship laws and the producers are now being extremely careful what material they now purchase.

(Q.) What is the best type of story to write?
—O. P.

(A.) Good drama with plenty of novelty and good characterization is always good provided it contains real heart interest. Comedy drama with an ingenue lead is also an excellent seller. Melodrama is not as popular as it was and it has to be uncommonly good before an editor will consider it. There is a market for clever situation comedies but, and here's the rub, they positively must be novel and scintillating with humor. It is extremely difficult to get.

(Q.) I have had an argument with a friend. He maintains that when you speak of an "antagonistic" character, you mean a villain; I say he is wrong and that the antagonist means someone who is acting contrary to the lead. Which of us is right?
—S. M. W.

(A.) Your friend is certainly very wrong. Two friends who may both be equally good men may be "antagonist." The word really means one who is opposed to the aims and objects which the hero (or heroine if the story has a woman lead) has set out to accomplish. Naturally this opposition, if properly developed, results in various predicaments or "situations."

(Q.) I work very slowly. In writing my stories I come to places where I find that I can't go on; I am continually changing my characters and my action; and I discover that what I consider good one day seems very poor stuff the next. Can you give me any helpful suggestions?

(A.) Your difficulties are not peculiar to you; every writer has met them, and is constantly meeting them. *Good* work is the result of toil and time. You should be encouraged by the fact that you are dissatisfied with your work, and have the patience and persistence to better it. There is not much hope for a writer who dashes off a story and insists that it is perfect. As a suggestion, we advise you to spend a little more time in preparation (in selecting a theme, in gathering material, and in developing the plot), and a little less time in the actual writing. The real work of the photoplay is done by the imagination.

(Q.) What is meant by *major* and *minor* crises?
—V. D.

(A.) The major crises are the highest points of interest; the minor crises are the lesser points. To illustrate: A mother discovers that her young daughter has been meeting a man of bad reputation and, horrified, taxes the girl with it (minor crisis); as girl is defiant, mother tells girl's father and he forbids her seeing the man again, the girl refusing to promise (minor crisis); father has girl locked in her room (minor crisis); she climbs out the window, joins the man and they elope (major crisis).

(Q.) It seems to me if we must write photodramas according to set rules, we will all be writing the same kind of story. Isn't variety wanted on the screen?—G. G. J.

(A.) Decidedly; variety is what is wanted and it is what will keep the photoplay alive as an institution. The rules will not make for sameness of ideas and treatment any more than the rules of music and painting cause musicians and artists to compose the same style of music or paint identical pictures.

(Q.) Do the studios ever buy original *ideas?* I mean if the story as a whole does not appeal to the producer, will he purchase the idea that appeals to him, or will he request the author to rewrite the story?—R. D.

(A.) Producers very often purchase a single idea. They know how they want that certain idea developed into a story and the "job" is usually left to the staff writer. We have only heard of two or three occasions where the producer requested the author to rewrite his story.

(Q.) Is it necessary to have a thorough education, college and otherwise, before one can write a story for the screen?—T. T. T.

(A.) Indeed, it is not necessary that one have a college education. A great many of our most successful scenarists have had very little schooling. Enroll in some good school of photoplay writing, but be sure that you choose one that is reliable.

(Q.) Is it absolutely necessary that a photoplay story possess a love interest?—N. P.

(A.) No, it is not necessary, but where there is no love element, the story and the characterization must be strong enough to overcome this missing link, as we may call it. As a general rule, producers prefer stories that have a love interest, because every audience possesses a little romantic streak, and it is well to give them an opportunity to enjoy it.

(Q.) Why do producers object to Christmas scenes in photoplays? I have written a very beautiful little story around the joys of the Christmas holidays, and it does not seem to "go over."—T. R.

(A.) Are you sure that your story is not more *narrative* than *dramatic action?* Producers do not have any objection to a scene or two depicting Christmas time, but we are afraid that an entire Christmas *story* would be most unattractive to him because of the fact that Christmas comes only once a year and that would be the only appropriate time for a picture of this kind. You see, the producer will not take the chance of having his market narrowed in this manner.

(Q.) Is it permissible to write a story which involves the entire lifetime of the characters?—A. S. N.

(A.) Unfortunately, such a story would be quite impracticable for the screen. The every-day events in a persons' life would be of no interest to an audience. It is the unusual, dramatic moments in the careers of your characters that make drama.

(Q.) Is there any demand for a story based on a college romance?—H. D.

(A.) No, unless the story has unusually dramatic possibilities. This theme has been used a good deal in the past, and at best it is narrative material.

(Q.) Would it be possible for a company to produce a picture in conjunction with an English class studying scenario writing?—C. L. S.

(A.) This would be decidedly impracticable. It would be too expensive to transfer an entire company to any certain locale such as a college campus. Usually, appropriate settings can be found near the studio where the production is taking place.

(Q.) Would the actions of escaped convicts be considered censorable material in the screen story?
—C. L. B.

(A.) Such action would hardly increase the value of a story. Try to avoid the subject of crime as much as possible. Make your stories pleasant, human, and optimistic.

(Q.) Can subtle characterizations be used on the screen?—A. R. F.

(A.) At the present time producers are much more interested in advanced and subtle characterization than in the old stereotyped characterization of the past. They want stories that deal with real human beings with their individualistic traits and little idiosyncrasies. A good story may be marred by having characters which are merely "types."

(Q.) What is meant by "theme?"—F. P.

(A.) "Theme" means the basic idea, or what your story is about. In "Humoresque" the theme was mother-love; in "Forever," the immorality of human love; in "Tol'able David," the theme is the passionate desire of an adolescent boy for manhood.

(Q.) Are "loyalty to one's brother" and "groundless jealousy" good themes for the photoplay?—F. P.

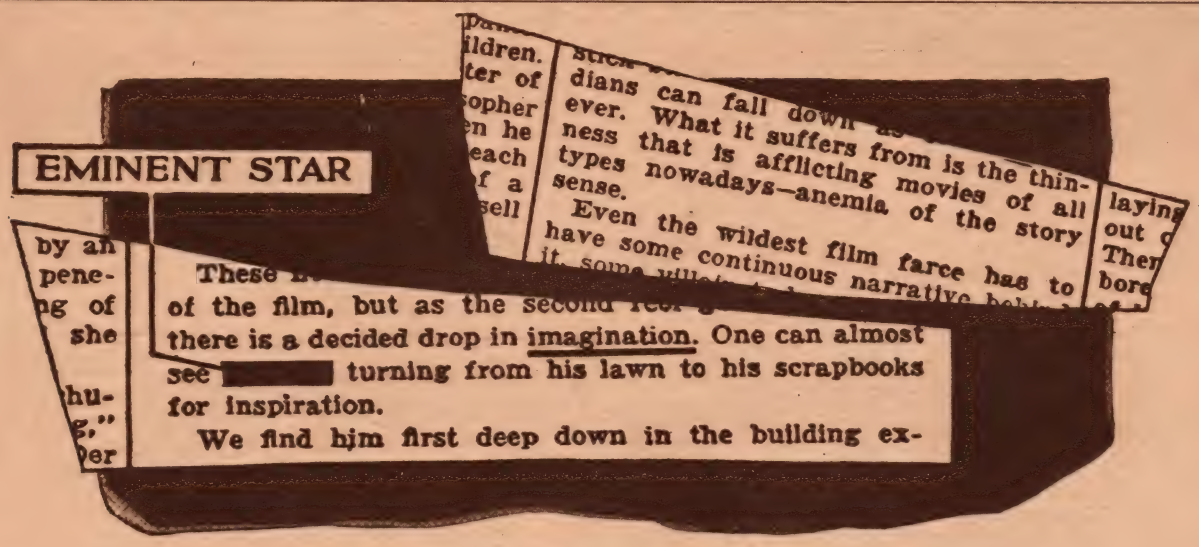
(A.) I think each of these themes would be suitable as the foundation of a photoplay. Of course, the value of your story will depend primarily upon its dramatic development. These themes have both been used a good deal in the past, but they still admit of novel and entertaining treatment.

(Q.) Is it necessary to submit a brief synopsis to the studios with a manuscript?—R. G.

(A.) It is preferable to do so. Synopses are not given a mere "casual glance" by readers in the studios. The discovery of available material is too important for such negligent action as this. You may rest assured that your brief synopses will be given a careful reading. The editors prefer stories with brief synopses as it facilitates their work. For instance, they may read through thirty or forty pages of the detailed synopsis and find that the story calls for a female lead, whereas they are searching for material for a male lead. All this time could be saved by a careful reading of the brief synopsis, which should indicate clearly the plot of the story.

(Q.) I am making an earnest study of photoplay writing. Do you think it would be a good idea for me to visit the studios and witness the production of a picture?—W. M.

(A.) I believe you would derive but little benefit from visiting studios. For practical reasons it is impossible to allow visitors to witness more than one or two scenes while the picture is being "shot." Consequently, the impression received is fragmentary and frequently confusing. Efficiency experts have figured that each visitor at a studio costs the company approximately fifty dollars, because of the time lost by the actors and actresses through the commotion caused, and the annoyance to those who are working in the set. For this reason, it is also very hard to gain admittance to any studio.



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ORPHANS OF THE STORM

(Continued from page 14)

the lids and gave the pupils an appraising glance. After standing for a moment in deep thought, he called the old woman aside.

"Don't encourage your daughter too much," he counseled kindly, "but bring her to me next Monday. I'm sure she can be cured."

Repeatedly the old hag bowed low and murmured her thanks, but the moment the great surgeon's back was turned her face grew black with rage and she shook her first at him. What? Restore the sight to this girl and make her useless for begging purposes? It was monstrous! Louise was still standing where the doctor left her, a wild hope in her heart. What if the great doctor could cure her after all and she should be able to see, and thus free herself from the clutches of the Frochards and find her dear sister, Henriette? The joyous thought almost suffocated her.

"Can—can the doctor do anything?" she asked timidly.

"No," the old hag snapped. "He said your case was hopeless."

Then, for the first time, all hope died within the breast of Louise, and when hope is dead there is nothing left in life to live for.

They were standing before Notre Dame, where Louise had been exposed as a babe. High mass would soon be out, and they hoped to reap a harvest when the worshippers came streaming out. Jacques came reeling out of a nearby tavern and confiscated the money he found in his mother's pocket. They were two of a kind, Jacques and La Frochard, and that was the reason she found it impossible to refuse him anything. They scuffled a little, but in the end the mother gave him the money he sought. Just then Pierre came up and reported that on account of the cold he had not been able to take in any money at all. Mother and elder son cursed and beat the cripple unmercifully, and when Louise dared to intercede for him, she, too, came in for her share of blows.

Snatching the thin shawl from around Louise's shoulders and folding it around her own, she turned to leave.

"You'll shiver better without this shawl," she declared with a brutal cackle, "and the more you shiver the greater the harvest of coins. See that you make a rich haul or I'll break every bone in your body when I get you home tonight. Jacques and I are going to get a tiny sip to warm our perishing bodies. Guard her, Pierre, and see that you turn over to me every sou you take in—or it will be the worse for both of you."

They were glad to see the two of them go. It was bitter cold. The snow was deep in front of the majestic cathedral and the wind swept up from the river with a strength and ferocity that pierced them to the bone. Pierre tried to comfort the suffering girl, but his task was a hard one. He warmed her hands with his own and strove to comfort her, but the weather and the

Danton, "Friend of the People."

death of hope in what she believed were the doctor's words caused her to sob in hopeless grief. Her teeth chattered and her frail form quivered with every blast that came up from the frozen river.

A great wave of overwhelming love and understanding pity swept over the crippled Pierre. Resolutely he took off his coat, under which there was but the thinnest of rags. Tenderly he wrapped it around her, saying as he did so:

"This will help you to keep warm, I know. I am too warmly clad myself, so I do not need it. You see I am not, not—at—all—c-c-cold." His teeth rang like castanets in spite of himself and, though Louise could not see it, of course, his thin, pinched face was drawn and purple. But though Louise could not see this, by that strange, uncanny sense of the blind, she divined how he was suffering, aided by the chattering teeth. Resolutely she put the coat from her.

"No, no, Pierre," she cried resolutely. "I would not be so selfish. You would freeze without it. You are the only soul on earth that is kind to me, now that darling Henriette is gone. Oh, Pierre, Pierre! Shall I ever see her again? Shall I ever see her just once again?"

Pierre was at a loss how to reply. The girl started to sob, and it tore Pierre's heartstrings. At that moment the mighty organ rolled out the recessional and people came streaming out of the cathedral. La Frochard, too, left the tavern as soon as she heard the majestic tones. It was a time for harvest and she would not neglect the golden opportunity. No, not even for cognac!

SYNOPSIS

During the time of the black famine in France, a noblewoman gives birth to a child whose father is a peasant. The child is taken away from her by the nobles and left naked on a snow pile to die.

In another part of town, the Girards, a family of poor peasants, decide to leave their only child on someone's doorstep as they can no longer buy food for it.

The father, taking the baby away, sees the abandoned child on the snow pile and, repenting, takes both babies home.

Later through the black plague, Louise, the little foundling, loses her eyesight and both the elder Girards die. The two orphans decide to journey to Paris to visit their cousin and to try a cure for Louise's sight.

They are met by the Marquis de Praille on their way and he, greatly attracted by Henriette's charms, makes advances to her which she repulses. The marquis, angered, orders his servant to kidnap the girl.

The villainous servant executes his task and brings her to the marquis' home where she is rescued by the Chevalier de Vaudrey, who kills de Praille in a duel.

In the meantime, Louise, left wandering alone, is picked up by a villainous old hag called Madame Frochard and is taken to her home, where she is told she must beg for a living.

This she refuses to do and is thrust into the dark cellar in spite of the pleadings of her crippled son, Pierre, who is laid low by a blow from his foul-hearted brother, Jacques.

Louise's tender, bird-like soprano rose in one of the pathetic Provencal ballads she and Henriette had loved. There was beauty and heart-breaking lament in the golden notes. Moved by the rare melody, a beautiful, ermine-clad figure paused to listen. It was the Countess de Lineries. Instantly La Frochard had her skinny hand outstretched and was whining:

"Charity! Good lady. In the name of God and all the saints. Charity for the poor and helpless."

The song awakened strange memories in the heart of the woman who had suffered so much for love. Memories of a long-lost daughter, still mourned, though given up as dead. Memory of a rare-sweet love and days of delight, succeeded by one long night of horror. What was there in this poor child that could stir her so? Moved by a sudden impulse, she leaned over and spoke to the unfortunate girl. She knew not what she said, it was merely an excuse to hear her speak.

"My child," she said, "can you not see me?"

"No, madame, I am blind," was the low, sad reply.

A strange feeling of sympathy surged over the countess. Was it the subtle tie of blood calling to blood? She felt a wild impulse to take care of this child; to cherish and protect her. Did Louise feel the same impulse? For the first time she made an attempt to appeal to a stranger.

"Alas!" she wailed. "Blindness is not the worst of my misfortunes. I—I——"

La Frochard pinched Louise with such vigor that it was all she could do to repress a scream. She drew the hapless orphan closer to her under the pretense of mothering her. In reality, to keep her from making an appeal for rescue.

"We are starving, lady, starving," she sniffed. "The poor girl is almost out of her head from hunger. The oldest of seven. Oui, Madame. My own darling daughter and the flower of our flock. For the love of Heaven, lady, a dole of charity from your generous heart."

Smothering the impulse to mother this sweet young girl with the beautiful voice, the countess placed a louis d'or in the palm of Louise. La Frochard's eyes sparkled when she saw the golden coin. It was all she could do to keep from snatching it from the hand of the orphan. Two gold coins in one day! She must keep Louise at no matter what cost! There was a world of regret in the voice of the noblewoman as she turned away.

"I would give the world to have a daughter like you. Give this coin to your mother, my child."

CUPID THE CONQUEROR

The proud house of Acquitaine had not been successful in having de Vaudrey immured in the Bastille. It was hinted that a certain "high personage"—they dared not connect the name of Marie Antoinette with that of the handsome chevalier, the Cagliostro affair had made he courtiers cautious—was interested in the welfare of the noble youth, so for the present he was safe. The count realized, however, that he was surrounded by enemies who were merely awaiting a favorable moment to strike and strike hard. The proud house of Acquitaine would never forgive the slight put upon its honor, yet, notwithstanding the danger the ardent lover was more determined than ever to woo and win the lovely Norman maid for his wife.

The chevalier had imagined himself in love before. Now he knew that what he mistook for love was but a pale shadow beside the glowing, amber-lit, rose-tinted reality. Thoughts of Henriette filled his mind day and night. The touch of her slender white hand thrilled him as he had never been thrilled in his life before. He cared nothing for the danger from the house of Acquitaine, gave no heed to the court's displeasure or the king's anger. All on earth that was now worth while was the love of Henriette.

Did she love him? He could not say. He made many pilgrimages to her lowly lodgings in the Rue de Bonne Femme as to a shrine of love. Often the momentous question trembled on his lips then, frightened, died away in silence. He knew Henriette was engrossed in the search for her sister. Just how much Louise filled the thoughts of the lovely girl, or what place he occupied in her mind, he could not know.

"Don't you ever think of anyone but Louise?" he asked wistfully, letting his gaze wander down the street through the open window.

Henriette looked at him in profound surprise.

"How can I think of anyone else?" she demanded. "She fills my life."

The chevalier turned his great, large, brown eyes reproachfully on her.

"Do you never think of me?" he asked in a pained voice.

The lovely golden head shook a most decided negative, the Cupid bow mouth though, took on a more tender curve and the blue eyes danced with sapphire lights. He grew cold with fear at the shake of the head, and then his heart danced with joy at the look in her eyes.

"You do think of me!" he cried joyously. "You do! You do!"

"Perhaps—yes—a little—sometimes. Oh, yes, indeed! A great deal," she confessed naively, the dimples coming and going in a most bewitching manner.

"Henriette, my darling, you love me!" cried the overjoyed de Vaudrey, gathering her in his arms with one quick, sweeping motion.

Henriette made no protest. It was sweet to nestle in the arms of a protector. Even before he printed a kiss on her virginal lips, he drew forth a family heirloom, a quaint ring with an arrow piercing a heart, set around with gems worth a king's ransom. Proudly he handed it to her. Henriette was about to take it when she realized the meaning, the troth ring, outward and visible sign of an engagement. He loved her; he wanted to marry her despite the fact that she was a commoner. How proud and happy she was at that moment! She would not have changed places with Marie Antoinette herself. Then the drabness of life after the rose hue of romance. With a mental jolt she recalled the promise she had made to Louise, the solemn oath that she should not marry until her dear sister could see and approve of her choice. There were other considerations, too. She would ruin his career should she consent to this great love given so freely. Reluctantly she returned the ring.

"I could not marry you," she declared. "To do so would be to ruin you."

His handsome face grew cold with unknown fear. He had been so happy, so sanguine of success a moment before. He fell on his knees to her; he, the beloved of

The Chevalier de Vaudrey

the most punctilious court in the world, the pampered child of fortune and the favorite of a queen, fell on his knees to this child of commoners. He was in agony as his eloquent voice pleaded his cause. Henriette turned away to hide her emotion. He misinterpreted her action.

"Then you really do not love me?" he cried and his voice was as the voice of the dead.

"No!" she said slowly, checking with difficulty the sob that almost choked her utterance.

Slowly he turned to leave her, his heart and soul in his eyes. At the door he paused for one long, lingering look. He heard a sob, and his heart leaped with a great joy.

(Continued next week)

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Cupid the Mascot

(*Continued from page 7*)

Stedman, Helen Holmes, Dorothy Dalton, Agnes Ayres, and numerous others. She did not start in pictures with the old Essanay Company, however. Her childhood was spent in preparation for a stage career and she did appear in theatres in productions in which Gertrude Hoffman and Chauncey Olcott were starred.

This period of preparation was brief, however. She entered pictures, a youthful blonde goddess, not at the very start, but toward the end of the first movie epoch; that is, as the original companies, Biograph, Selig, Lubin and Essanay were about to be merged into the old General Film Company, and finally to be supplanted by the more recently organized corporations.

Blanche Sweet, her old friends say, was a hard worker, totally sincere, and as one who has been acquainted with her since her first days in pictures declares, "a most unusual type of motion picture star." She is less frivolous, more completely serious, thoughtful and perhaps even a trifle intellectual, than the average young girl who, being beautiful, chooses pictures as a career and happens to be successful.

Her initial success, as has been related, was the result of the elaborate Griffith production in which she was first starred. It made her known to the general public as no other picture could have done, and when Biograph was disintegrated and the Triangle absorbed many of its players, Blanche Sweet at last became a star in her own right.

At that time, she was a very young girl, glorified by an unexpected success and not the serious-minded woman she is today. The change in her character was due more or less to an illness, which interrupted her screen career and prevented her from making pictures for nearly two years. Her admirers will recall the period when she seemed to be losing her hold. He appearance changed, she was obviously ill, and it was said that as a picture actress, she was "through."

To the amazement of those who recalled her merely as a member of the old Biograph Company, one of the series of transient stars who flashed across the screen horizon briefly, principally because the number of available players was limited, she came back. First came the news that she had re-entered pictures. Then came her first new release. It showed her in the flush of perfect health, as radiantly beautiful and as gorgeously blonde as ever.

From Hollywood filtered the story of how she had saved herself and continued her career through the aid of Christian Science, how during her illness she had fought off despair by faith and had finally succeeded in dominating her fate. She made at that time several successful pictures, the best remembered of which is "The Unpardonable Sin," and her work continued until last year when again ill-health forced her to give up her work.

So much for her professional career. Her personal life has been one of gradual development, brought to a final fruition in this patient romance which she and Marshal Neilan have finally brought to a conclusion. It began in that queer old studio which seems to have been the beginning of most things in pictures, at 11 East Fourteenth Street, where Biograph reigned. It is difficult to go back to those early days and find definite anecdotes, the more so because Blanche Sweets' work began when Biograph was advancing toward a more modern method of production. Under the direction of Mr. Griffith the organization was taking shape. The days of three two-reelers a week, of constant trouping, shifting from one variety of role to another over-night, of improvised scenarios and tawdry sets was just passing.

It was there that Blanche Sweet met Marshal Neilan. There is nothing definite about such a meet. One is introduced to the other, a few words are spoken, first impressions are received, and then, gradually, friendship forms.

And the friendship between Marshal Neilan and Blanche Sweet was based on the old aphorism of opposites attracting each other. Marshal Neilan is the embodiment of all those characteristics which are lacking in his present wife. He is aggressive, forceful, virile, the sort of man who was able to force himself up, while she is placid, calm. His personality is based on his aggressiveness, he is a fighter, his friends say. He ruthlessly casts out of his path all obstacles he meets. When he makes a picture, he does not even pretend to limit his imagination to reality. He even thrusts facts aside for fantasy and upon that fantasy his reputation has been greatly built. An originator he is.

The meteoric character of Marshal Neilan's career can best be illustrated by a brief sketch of his picture career. There was a day when he played with Biograph opposite Blanche Sweet and when, as he posed for the final closeup, he realized that instead of playing emotions he was living them. With Biograph, too, he played opposite Mary Pickford. Other opportunities beckoned and the lad who had begun at the bottom, who had been an assistant director—the one studio "official" who is looked upon with scorn by players and studio hands alike—this lad set out to conquer new worlds. He entered the Kalem organization and soon was busy acting, directing and managing. He rapidly advanced in the Kalem organization until he became General Director. When he completed his work with Kalem he was engaged by Col. William L. Selig, to direct for the old Selig Company.

Up to that time the Neilan personal touch which has made successful many a picture which in anyone else's hands would have failed, became apparent. Neilan directed a memorable five-reeler, "The Country That God Forgot." Within a few short years he had passed from the trivialities of stock in Los Angeles and San Francisco to national fame.

Famous Players-Lasky soon engaged him and he made for that company several very successful Mary Pickford productions, the best known of which is "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." and "Stella Maris." Soon, however, he was back with that other Biograph star, following the path that destiny had mapped out for him; he became Blanche Sweet's director, in her own company.

His ultimate ambition, to become an independent producer, was realized when First National was formed and he was able to obtain a release for his productions. He gathered around him a company of players who formed one of the happiest stock groups in Hollywood, among whom are numbered such film discoveries as Colleen Moore, Wesley Barry and Pat O'Malley, and others, such as Noah Beery, Barney Sherry, many of whom have clung to him through the ensuing years.

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MIDNIGHT

A ROMANCE before breakfast is unthinkable. Certainly there is little romance at the breakfast table. Then, after breakfast, come the "cares that infest the day," as Longfellow said, but the poet also suggested "the nights shall be filled with music."

We don't know whether he had in mind the tinkling of a guitar under a latticed window in Havana, the rhythmic beating of a tom-tom under the stars of the South Sea Islands, or the moonlight wooing of an Eskimo lover to the music of reindeer bells.

BUT perhaps, after all, the sweetest music in the world to most of us is the recollection of hours happily spent.

At midnight, after the melody has died away, after the flowers are dead, after the dance is over, there is time for remembrance. Life then becomes many-sided in recollection, so MIDNIGHT shall be a many-sided magazine.

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MIDNIGHT is without precedent to stifle it—without prejudice to restrain it. The newest thing among magazines.

And all for a dime!

Romantic Elopement of Penniless Aristocrat

(*Continued from page 24*)

representing most of the newspapers of New York City, and several reporters awaited them on the roof. At last, after a pair of midgets and the brother-in-law of a famous editor had been given their test, the Count and Countess climbed the narrow stairs to the roof. The Count dressed in a gray suit, carrying a cane and wearing his summer straw at a rakish angle, and the Countess, dressed simply in a street suit, posed for the still cameras, were interviewed over and over again, and finally went through their paces.

"The Countess is an admirable type," said the director who gave the test. "The Count has still a great deal to learn about makeup, but they both have good possibilities."

This is not the first time that the Count has made an attempt to enter motion pictures. Shortly after his arrival in the United States in 1920 he visited numerous studios in New York, but because he was able to find more immediate employment, he gave up the attempt. At that time he declared he was willing to take any studio job from assistant cameraman up, merely for the sake of adapting himself to studio routine.

If they fail to enter pictures, the Count and Countess may go to Europe.

"Perhaps we'll go to the Crimean," the Countess said. "We want to avoid meeting both Eddie's family and mine over there. We want to do everything solely on our own."

"I am doing a great deal of writing," the Count added. "I already have several scenarios ready, but I do not wish to relinquish control of them unless I have a hand in the production. One story deals with my own life and in view of the publicity I have received, it should prove an interesting picture.

"I had already become interested in motion pictures in Europe, for during the war it was impossible for us to obtain foreign motion pictures. Forced to manufacture for themselves, our people in Hungary have developed a large industry which is mainly controlled by foreign capital. Although I do admit the absolute superiority of American film producers, I do hope to present something with an entirely new atmosphere. While the actors here are very good, they do not run a very wide scale along the gamut of human emotions.

"I feel I have some foundation for motion picture work, as I have travelled much and know the psychology and temperament of the various nations and their subjects through personal contact. To my mind, the reason for the monotony and the great similarity of the average American film story is that almost all the writers are restricted to a small choice of types, and as a result are bound to send the characters of their screen plays through almost identical situations.

"On the other hand, a man who has known types from all over the world, raised in many different climes and among different customs, such a man has an inexhaustible storehouse of types and characters.

"Please don't take this to mean that American life lacks romance, for that would be making an entirely wrong deduction. On the contrary, America has produced the kind of romance that has thrilled the entire world. All I have to do is to mention Mark Twain or James Fenimore Cooper or of still another school, Jack London. Each of these great authors has commemmorated for all time to come the romance of a passing age in the history of America—the romance of the frontier man."

And Count Zichy ought to know. Although he is an alien, although he has spent practically all of his life in Europe, he is completely Americanized at the moment. He knows how to talk in the best American slang, he has mastered the diction of the American, he loves American sports, baseball, polo, football, and of course, the twin indoor sports of all American boys, billiards and the rollicking dice. The blood of his American mother runs strongly in his veins and if American motion pictures will not give him his opportunity, it will be with regret that he will turn his back on America and take with him his thoroughly American Countess back to the shores whence he came.

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MOVIE WEEKLY

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Alfred Cheney Johnston

WHO *is* DICK TALMADGE? *Ask Doug Fairbanks*

MOVIE WEEKLY

July 22, 1922

10¢

ARE YOU A BLONDE?
ARE YOU A BRUNETTE?
Do You Want a Screen or Stage Career?

MARY EATON
by White

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Vol. II. MOVIE WEEKLY No. 24
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

A School for Stars

OUT in Hollywood's "Film Colony" there has recently come into existence what is probably one of the most remarkable schools in the world today. It is unique among all institutions of learning in that its pupils are made up only of men and women who have already achieved a brilliant success in the very subject whose phases they are studying.

The "School-Room" is the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, the "Faculty" is made up from the most prominent directors and artists in the entire Paramount organization, and the "pupils" are all members of the Paramount stock company, many of them already stars in their own right, and others being numbered among the most popular leading men and women on the scheen today.

Can you imagine going to school under such men as Cecil B. de Mille, George Melford and Theodore Kosloff, and having as your fellow pupils such men and women as Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valetino, Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan, Agnes Ayres, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniel, Jack Holt, May McAvoy, and a host of other screen celebrities?

But, unfortunately for the eager movie "fan," no amount of mere money can ever buy admission to this illustrious school-room. It is for Filmdom's elect only. Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of the Famous Players—Lasky corporation, is in direct charge of the school and the stock company from which its members are drawn.

"In its plan of instruction," he states, "the school embraces those subjects which are calculated to develop the personalities and talents of the members of our stock company who, though men and women who have already achieved enviable reputations through their work on the screen, naturally do not wish to stand still in their artistic development."

Our students being almost entirely people who have already achieved a considerable degree of success in their life work of acting for the screen, the method of instruction is a little different from the ordinary curriculum. The purpose of this school is no to instruct in fundamentals of screen this school is not to instruct tion may correct minor faults, but to so broaden the working knowledge of our players that they may increase their versatility, and have a far wider outlook on their art."

The time and place for holding the different classes of the School is assigned by the Director, and members of the stock company may select such classes as they wish. The right, however, is reserved by the Director to asign any member of the company to any particular class, which, in his opinion, will prove of unusual benefit to that player. Cecil B. DeMille is the Director in charge of the work of the School, and his judgment in all such cases is final.

The classes and subjects covered include: The Theory and Practice of Photodrama with William DeMille as instructor; Pictorial Values wth Penrhyn Stnlaws, famous artist-director, as teacher; Dancing, Carriage and Fencing, taught by Theodore Kosloff, formerly of the Russian Imperial Ballet; General Physical Training with Norman Selby (Kid McCoy) as director; Costume Theory under Paul Iriba, former designer for Poiret; Make-Up wth Theodore Roberts as instuctor; and a host of other allied subjects, each being under the personal direction of a master in that particular field.

Discipline and compulsory attendance at the various classes are maintained as in any other University, and a rigid set of rules has been suggested and adopted by the players. A Players Board of Control, consisting of Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Thomas Meighan, Sylvia Ashton, and Theodore Roberts, co-operates with the Director of the School in all matters of discipline and administration.

This Paramount "School for Stars" is a decided innovation in the picture field, but it offers a splendid example that other progressive producers might well follow.

The Girl on the Cover

"Movie Weekly's" Cover Girl this week is little Mary Eaton. Mary Eaton is the charming little dancer in Flo Ziegfeld's "Follies," this year. Furthermore, we have been told, she may transfer, for a few hours daily, anyway, her art to the silver sheet. In doing this, Miss Eaton follows the example of her sister, Doris Eaton, who has been dividing her time between the stage and the screen.

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DO YOU WANT a Screen or Stage Career?

Enlist in the Blonde-Brunette Vampire War

SEIZE YOUR CHANCE

"MOVIE WEEKLY" is mustering recruits for personality opportunity on stage and screen.

There will be two winners.

Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," gives one a position in his play, "The Perfect Fool." His stage director, Julian Mitchell, trains you and presents you with knowledge enough to assist you to make good—provided you have the talent.

A. N. Smallwood, vice-president of Pyramid Pictures, gives another winner a picture contract with his company at a salary of $100. Furthermore, Director Ray Smallwood, producer of "My Old Kentucky Home," "Queen of the Moulin Rouge," and other specials, will train personally the winner. Then he will cast her in a Pyramid production.

Your fare to and from Ed Wynn's show and the Pyramid Studio, here in New York, will be paid by Mr. Wynn and Mr. Smallwood, respectively.

You winners will bear no expense. Everything paid. A big opportunity for a stage and a screen career open to you under the best in the profession.

The judges: Flo Ziegfeld, Julian Mitchell, Ed Wynn, Lillian Lauferty, and A. N. Smallwood—will decide from your photographs whether or not you are beautiful. They will then select from the most beautiful photographs of contestants, the two whose hundred-word statements indicate they are the most intelligent of the beauties.

If there is anything you do not clearly understand about this *Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest*, address your questions to the VAMPIRE EDITOR, and also enclose ten cents for back issue of "Movie Weekly" containing all details of contest. This contest closes October 7, 1922. *Rush in pictures! Read "To Be Eligible" regulations!*

NEW YORK AMERICAN—

BLONDE OR BRUNETTE?

By "BUGS" BAER

SPICED society is dizzy over non-essential question relating to blondes versus brunettes.

ALTHOUGH Kaiser was run raggity in 1918, there is still war going between curly tittle blondes and brunettes. Beautiful lamps with golden wicks claim they are more true than black skulled sisters.

FASCINATING angels with brunette halos squawk plenty at this. They assert that blondes are so silly they should wear cuckoo clocks for bonnets.

BLONDES shouldn't quarrel with brunettes because most of 'em started as brunettes. If girls start argument like this it might get serious if redheads get mixed up in it.

BLONDHEADED flappers can be devoted, brunettes constant, but if you start to pick out stanch and steady wife by color of her head, you will find that baldheaded women are less fickle than any of 'em.

THAT settles that. Now, who makes most important vampires? Brunettes chirp that they have entire eastern rights to vamp business. Blondes trill that brunettes are exceeding their authority.

ONE little blonde turned Europe upside down, spilled America, and was about to go to work on Africa and Asia when her lawyers advised her that alimony crop wasn't ripe yet.

ONE little brunette wouldn't even start to work on miserable retail job like that.

IMPOSSIBLE to state what color wig entitles its owner to official vamp badge. But all types of women are sisters and shouldn't quarrel with one another when there are so many men waiting to be husbands.

MOST flappers' hair is sixty per cent combings, twenty per cent bought and two per cent authentic. Each Saturday every girl in country sends her wool to beauty shop to be permanently waved for week-end.

BUT when it comes to breaking up homes, shrillier sex hasn't got government monopoly. Don't forget that there are plenty of boy citizens who are running for office on that ticket.

BLONDES and brunettes should sign pink peace treaty and consolidate against sterner vamps.

BUT it's just like frail fashion plates to argue about two questions at once. Both blondes and blackies want to be considered best vamps and best wives of season.

GIVE 'em six-ounce powder puffs and let 'em fight it out between 'em.

TO BE ELIGIBLE

(1) You must be a natural blonde.

(2) You must be a natural brunette.

(3) The auburn, or red head, girls are included with the blondes.

(4) Photograph requirements:

(a) Send in a full figure of yourself clothed in an attractive frock that does you justice.

(b) Send in full figure which gives you good idea of your form. Wear, possibly, tights, or a one-piece bathing suit, this showing you off to splendid advantage.

(c) Send in closeup of your full face.

(d) Send in closeup of your profile. (*These pictures must be no larger than* 8 *inches by* 10 *inches and no smaller than* 5 *inches by* 7 *inches.*)

(5) Attached to these four photographs must be your hundred-word statement, entitled: "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." It must be typewritten, on one side of a sheet no larger than letterhead size. Suggestions for your articles can be found in the advice columns run weekly by Miss Mooers, the blonde, and Miss Blythe, the brunette.

(6) Professional actresses are barred from the contest.

(7) Amateur players are welcome.

(8) Photographs and hundred-word statement can only be submitted once. No changes will be permitted after statement has once been received. Take your time in writing your statement. Think clearly, concisely. This is a brainy contest as well as a beauty one.

(9) Address photographs and hundred-word statement to VAMPIRE EDITOR, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and send it first-class mail.

MOVIE WEEKLY'S OPPORTUNITY

DE SACIA MOOERS ADVISES THE BLONDES

Girls, don't make a crass mistake. Don't dress according to colors.

Dress according to your figure.

A blonde cannot gratify her longing for "passionate colors"—deep red, green and others. Therefore, she must dress according to her figure.

Years ago, when I completed finishing school, I traveled on the Continent. In France, while visiting friends, we were invited to a week-end in the country.

Louis-Alphonse of Spain was to come, the Grand Duke of Russia, then an important figure, and other eminent men and women. The evening Louis-Alphonse planned to arrive found the girls and women all a-flutter.

I knew everyone worried over the most striking gown to wear. I worried and worried and worried. Suddenly, I put a stop to such carryings-on. Why worry? I could carry no striking colors. Therefore, I would wear the most effective contrast—**a simple gown.**

This gown was black velvet, severely cut, simple. It catered to my figure.

The evening of Louis-Alphonse's arrival fell. With it, fifty or more guests assembled in the drawing-room. The ladies were gowned in colors of every description. My black velvet gown of severe cut stood out like a silhouette against a flaming sunset.

The effect was startling. My evening a glorious success.

This little experience, marks one of my first experiences as a vampire!

(Miss Mooers will continue her advice to blondes next week.)

Ed Wynn (starred) and his "The Perfect Fool" company.

STUPENDOUS PERSONALITY CONTEST

BETTY BLYTHE ADVISES THE BRUNETTES

The most vital attribute to being a "vamp" is good taste in dress. It may not be showy dress, but it is usually a carefully studied dress. A vampire dresses to express her personality. She discovers her chief charm and accentuates it. In this case I am addressing the brunettes, and contrast to natural coloring should be the key to success.

Dull, lifeless browns can be worn effectively by blondes, but they are taboo where brunettes are concerned. More reddish tones should predominate the brown fabrics. For brunettes oyster gray, bordering on white, is wonderfully effective. The following exotic shades should be affected by the brunette: Orange, the color of the sun; purple and, at this moment, a new henna shade is the vogue for brunettes. Lavender should be avoided, as it makes a brunette absolutely anemic in appearance. White is a distinct contrast suggestive of the Da Vinci women, all of whom had black hair. Black sounds a note of mystery—a Mona Lisa appeal. Red conveys the idea of passion and accomplishes the vivid contrast and strength of color which is reminiscent of Carmen. Pink should never be worn by brunettes.

The vampire personality is put on for effect, as man may put on a new cravat; therefore, this study of dress is vital. The exact design and cut of your dress must depend upon your figure, and is a question which any good dress-maker can decide. In fact, if you have any vampish qualifications whatever, you will not have to study it much—you will know it instinctively.

(Miss Blythe will continue her advice to brunettes next week.)

BELOW:
Director Ray Smallwood (in the oval) directs the big scene in Pyramid's "Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

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Who?—is Doug Fairbanks

WHO is Dick Talmadge? Ask Doug Fairbanks. He knows."

Thus the billboards have screamed ever since, a few months ago, the world first heard of the new movie star. Many were attracted to the theatres where his first film played. He proved to be an entertaining stunt actor, but neither his publicity nor his billing gave any inkling as to the answer to the question: "Who is Dick Talmadge?" And it was hardly possible to ask Doug, busy as Doug is with being Mary Pickford's husband and making two super-features at the same time.

So the answer to the question of Dick Talmadge's identity has remained a mystery until "Movie Weekly" set forth to solve it.

Dick Talmadge's real name is Metzitti, he is a New Yorker, an Italian-American, and he is--ask Doug--the best stunt actor of them all.

Back of this simple reply to the question the billboards have asked is a story of how difficulties, personal and business, may be overcome by ability. Incidentally, it embraces a tribute to Doug, who has had no little share in the making of a new star during a season when the old stars were falling by the wayside.

Dick Talmadge, when he was merely Dick Metzetti, was one of half a million youths of poor parentage who are born in New York City of immigrant parents and who are forced to struggle against the disadvantages of growing up in a country which is theirs by birth, but which is alien to their parents. And young Dick had another of the usual disadvantages of such parentage for he was plentifully blessed with sisters and brothers, eleven in all.

Neither of these handicaps bothered this young Italian lad. He had no desire to become a matinee idol; he never thought of becoming a movie star. He just grew up and enjoyed the business of growing. And with the spirit of youth that was his, he became proficient in athletics. At first it was just the ordinary games of the ordinary boy. But Dick could always defeat his opponents. He could always run a little faster, jump farther, play better than they. And naturally, as he learned the importance of being a victor, he began to develop these talents. From the impossible grime and crowded squalor of New York, there began to grow a boy who could excel those born in the out-of-doors, those who have fields and hills for their gymnasiums, and free running rivers for their swimming pools.

BELOW:

Seven league boots can't hold a candle to Dick's skippings over street cars into the tonneau of a topless machine.

"Dick was never a professional,' says A. Radin, who has sponsored his photoplays in New York City and who has known him since the days when he was plain Metzetti. "He was active in athletic competitions, however, and became well-known to those who are interested in physical culture. But at that time it was impossible for him to show off, I mean, to demonstrate his remarkable ability as a jumper and his absolute fearlessness. Since he became a movie actor, he has naturally made use of the tricks of the camera in certain stunts, but very often he improvises just as comedy directors improvise comedy gags in the midst of a picture.

AT LEFT:

A coseup of Dick Talmadge. Did you ever wonder who he was?

CAMPBELL STUDIOS

Doug Fairbanks, the man who gave Dick the boost that put him over the top as a picture star.

"A few months ago he was working on his second picture. The continuity contained a sufficient number of stunts, so far as the director was concerned, but right in the middle of a scene, Dick told Grover Jones, who was handling the megaphone, to stop the camera.

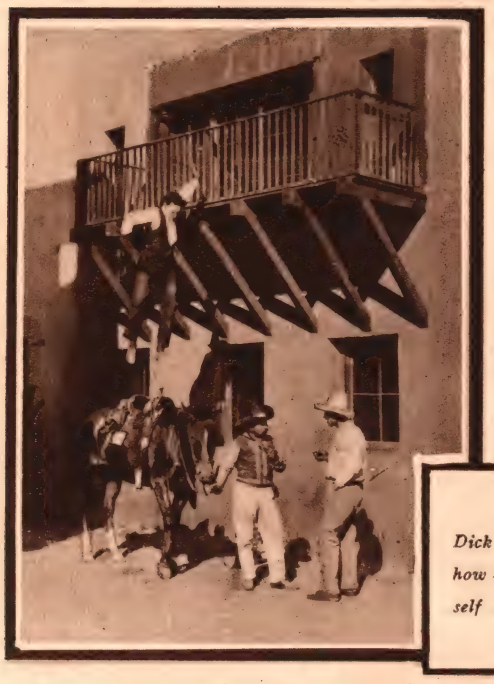
" 'I've got an idea for a good jump,' he said. 'Put a mat under that window on the outside and when I shout, start the camera.'

"There were about half a dozen extras, supposed to be crooks, on the set; Dick got into a scrimmage with them, and then let loose a yell as he started his jump. He leaped to a table, flew off on a broad jump to the top of a door that was ajar and then, by swinging the door, caught a trapeze transom above the table. From this he swung free through a small window on the side of the set and down, a jump of at least thirty feet. The bunch on the set were too astonished to go through with their parts, but we used the shot, for we figured that the audiences, busily engaged in watching Dick, wouldn't notice the others."

But to return to Dick's story. He had made no attempt to enter pictures in New York, but, following the war, he went west, and in the course of his efforts to find fame and fortune, he came to Hollywood. There he naturally drifted to the studio of Douglas Fairbanks, whom he admired greatly, principally because of Doug's remarkable ability to perform amazing physical feats.

"A good many people have said that Dick acted as Doug's double in certain Fairbanks pictures," said Mr. Radin. "That is not so. Dick did play

Dick Talmadge Tells...



At Left:
Dick doesn't care how he bumps himself into a saddle!

athletic contest on the Fairbanks' lot in Hollywood.

Young Dick was able to equal his famous mentor's stunts in the majority of cases and several times he did better than Doug. The ease and grace with which Dick executed the most difficult stunts finally induced Fairbanks to encourage Dick to enter pictures.

It was at this point that Dick met with his first obstacle. He was, as the title of his first picture indicated, absolutely unknown. And he could not afford nor could he obtain friends who would spend the amount of money necessary to spread his fame. Nevertheless, Fairbanks predicted that he would easily make a name for himself in pictures, and incidentally, Doug offered to assist him generously with publicity.

But pictures were in the midst of their worst year. Independent companies were falling by the wayside. Old-time stars were meeting with rebuffs in their search for work. What chance would a newcomer, unheralded and unknown, have?

At Left:
Who could withstand the appeal in Dick Talmadge in a situation of this sort? You can imagine what the close up of his new picture will be.

in pictures with Doug, but only in minor parts. It was in that fashion that Doug became acquainted with Dick's possibilities and later was able to befriend him and to assist him in forming his own company."

Doug probably hearkened back to his own first picture, "The Lamb," made so long ago that it has been forgotten by this generation of movie fans.

Freddie Dalton who is well-known for his portrayal of half-breed Indian roles, was technical director and played a small part in that picture. "It was in the old Triangle days," Dalton relates "Doug had some reputation as a legitimate actor, but he had never tried pictures before. Griffith tried him out, but Doug wasn't camera-wise at that time, and Griffith remarked that he would never do. It was a stunt that put him over. We had a tremendous cast for that picture, a regiment of cavalry, 800 Mexicans, and a splendid cast, which included Seena Owen, Monroe Salisbury—in a bit—Joseph Henaberry—who played Lincoln in 'The Birth of a Nation,' and who later became a director, and Christy Cabanne as director.

"I was supposed to be fleeing from Doug after having kidnapped Seena Owen. But when Doug explained the stunt he wanted to do, I balked, and Red-Eye, an Indian, was employed to double for me. Fairbanks climbed a tree, and entirely within the range of the camera, he swung himself out on a branch of the tree. Then employing the branch as a lever he swung out again until he was flying as if on a trapeze. As he reached the end of a swing of the branch, he let go, leaped to the roof of a building and then jumped feet first down onto the back of Red-Eye, throwing him to the ground. Doug's legs caught Red-Eye and pinned him to the ground, after which the camera stopped and I stepped into Red-Eye's place, for a closeup."

Years have passed since that day, and in those years Fairbanks has not improved on his stunts, although he has improved greatly as an actor. During last year he first became interested in Metzetti and one afternoon he engaged him in an

There was a conference, a notable conference so far as Dick was concerned, between his backer and the New York exchange owner who had offered to take a chance on his pictures and to make an attempt to market them. The problem before the conference was to create sufficient stir to make Dick Metzetti known to the world One plan after another was rejected. One campaign for publicity was characterized as too expensive; another as too far fetched. A stone wall had been reached. There was no egress.

At last came the suggestion from the exchange manager, Mr. Radin, who thus far had not expressed an opinion:

"Why not give Dick some well-known name, a name that will draw attention to him, something like Pickford or Talmadge?"

Talmadge it was, and Talmadge won. It may not be entirely fair to trade upon the name of another, but in the case of Dick Talmadge, there was no choice. If he had used any name less known to picture fans it is probable that he would never have had the opportunity of winning for himself the small share of fame he has already gained and which he quite honestly deserves.

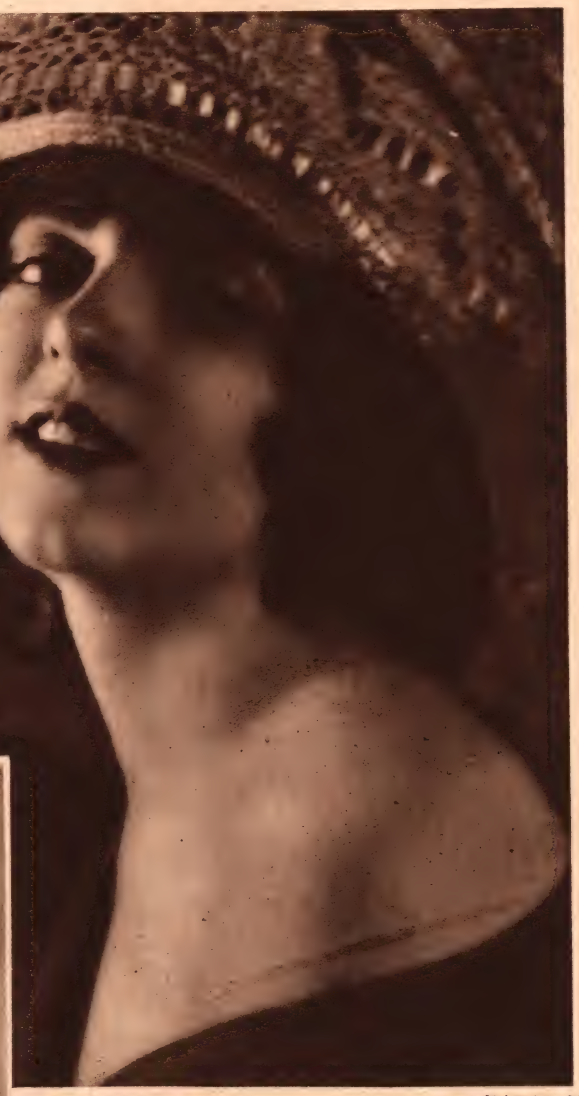
Incidentally, Dick Talmadge is unmarried and despite the fact that he risks his neck every so often in jumping from one high building to another or in walking along roof ledges, he is not eccentric and is very popular among those who know him both in Los Angeles and in New York. If he ever were cornered and forced to demand some fair maiden's hand, he would be likely to ask: "Do I marry your daughter or shall I jump out of this tenth story window?" And Dad would probably agree to the marriage, even if he did know that Dick could jump out of tenth story windows and land on the concrete pavement unharmed.

But Dick will hardly marry in the near future. He is working hard to make good permanently and to bring a fortune back to New York. Some of his brothers are assisting him in his work, Leon Metzetti acting as technical director in his pictures, and Dick, with them, is solidly establishing a little nest egg for the old folks at home.

His success is a tribute to his perseverance and his constant attention to his physical welfare. That these factors have brought him fame in the movies is not remarkable, for equipped with them, he would have won fame in any other line of endeavor.

RIES & VAN ROSSEM
Below:
Dick Talmadge defies all safety in making a thrilling jump from a third story window to the top of the limousine.

QUEEN of the FOLLIES



MAC ADAM

"She (Jessie Reed) took my Dannie in," June Castleton said. "What are you doing with Dan Caswell," I asked her. "Before I knew what had happened, she slapped me in the face."

INTERNATIONAL

Dan Caswell and June Castleton. Caswell is one of Broadway's creatures, the son of a millionaire. He made himself famous on Broadway by his lavishness in parting with his money!

INTERNATIONAL

AT LEFT:

Another photo of June Castleton, dismissed from the chorus of Ziegfeld's "Sally," who admitted her love for Dan Caswell, already married to Jessie Reed, but who is now suing Jessie for a divorce. Some mixup!

A Story of Intrigue, Love and Scandal.

UNHAPPY lies the head that wears the crown, even when the crown is of tinsel and rests upon the classic brow of a mere Queen of the Follies. Jessie Reed is once more in the limelight.

June Castleton is missing.

Mrs. George W. Glew, June's mother, disappeared a day after her chorus girl daughter.

"Dapper Dan" Caswell, the young Cleveland millionaire, and husband of Jessie Reed, is suing Jessie for divorce, and incidentally looking for June, whom he wants to marry.

And the Follies have another scandal.

Here is the how and why;

Jessie Reed has always been a more or less mythical character to the general public. She has passed serenely before them as they sat in the New Amsterdam Theatre and watched her, the show girl supreme of the Ziegfeld Follies. They have glimpsed her briefly in motion pictures. And they have heard stories of the only show girl in the world who draws a salary running into three figures weekly, who lives in extravagant apartments in New York, and who drives expensive motor cars.

The real Jessie Reed, the girl who has outlived one edition of the Follies after the other, until she has been acclaimed as the Ziegfeld type supreme, has had riches, luxury, happiness—and a life peppered with sensation.

You can't go back to beginnings in the story of Jessie Reed. She is one of the frail creatures of the Broadway that is almost gone, a girl valuable for her beauty and because of it to rise and fall.

There was a time when she was just Jessie. She married a vaudeville actor, Ollie Dobrow. They had a child. She was in a postion to carve out for herself a calm, unruffeld life. Instead she found herself sought out constantly by men. Her position in the Follies, the repute which that position gave her, all made her the goal of one spender after another. One of these men deceived her. Heh husband, enraged, attacked and killed him. Through the jaws of misery, Dobrow passed, to finally emerge successfully.

Then came Dan Caswell. Like Jessie Reed, Caswell is one of Broadway's creatures, not necessarily the Broadway of New York, but of any town which has a street of gay lights, of cabarets, dance halls and night life. Caswell comes from Cleveland. He is the son of a millionaire. He made himself famous on Broadway just as quickly as the spending of money can make anyone famous on that street. Jessie won him, then a lad of twenty-one. Dan ran away and married her, showered jewels upon her, and loved her madly.

From this point the story must be pieced together from the accusations of June Castleton,

WHITE

AT LEFT:
Jessie Reed, former motion picture actress and now acclaimed as the Ziegfeld type supreme, has had riches, luxury, happiness—and a life peppered with sensation.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

AT RIGHT:
A closeup of Jessie Reed.

made before her disappearance. June Castleton is in love with Dan Caswell. Because of her love, because of the complications which his previous marriage to Jessie Reed have caused, she said that she had lost her position as a chorus girl, first in the Follies and later in "Sally."

"Sally" has had an eventful career since it moved from New York after its year's run, to Boston. Geneva Mitchell stepped briefly into the limelight as a result of her sensational elopement with a millionaire and her marriage, which was annulled a few days later. Marilyn Miller announced her engagement to Jack Pickford, and followed it with columns of praise of Mary's brother. A wild party at a private house, held by two members of the "Sally" company, caused their discharge by Ziegfeld. And then June Castleton received notice that she, too, was no longer wanted as a member of the musical comedy company.

"She took my Dannie in," June Castleton said. "She said she was only eighteen and she told him he was the only boy who had ever kissed her. And Dan believed it. He married her, paid all her bills and then, a few days later, he heard of her marriage to Ollie Dobrow, which took place when Dan was a baby, a kid in short trousers.

"Dan accused Jessie of deceiving him, and she started to drink and their honeymoon was just one long booze fight. Dan gave up, and then he met me, and we fell in love with each other. One night, we were dining at a restaurant in Chicago after the show and we saw Jessie and another girl at a nearby table. Before I knew what had happened, the other girl came up to me and asked:

"'What are you doing with Dan Caswell?' And before I could say a word, she slapped me in the face, as hard as she could. The manager wanted to put her and Jessie out, but I wouldn't let him.

"I constantly suffered from her persecution. One time in a train, she got another girl to trip me up and when I fell, she pounced on me and hit me. It was humiliating and painful, too. In the Follies she always tried to trip me with her hoopskirt, and if I had fallen, I probably would have lost my job. Once, at rehearsal she succeeded in knocking me right over.

"Finally, Danny heard of these things and of the remarks she was making about me. He came on to Boston and he decided to let everyone know that no matter what she said or did, he would marry me as soon as he had a divorce from her."

Thenceforth things began to happen to June Castleton. The management of "Sally," apparently eager to remove from the ranks of the company anyone who might be tainted with the faintest breath of scandal, gave notice to June. June did not wait for further eventualities. She immediately told the world about her troubles, blaming them all on Jessie Reed, who, she said, was the cause of her discharge.

"June left the present edition of the Follies," said a friend of hers, "not because the management was dissatisfied, or because she wanted to leave New York. She would have preferred to stay in New York, but Jessie constantly kept talking about her and made faces at her backstage. June stood as much of it as she could and then she decided to ask for a transfer to the 'Sally' company."

But June's troubles did not end with her discharge and the subsequent publicity. Jessie Reed retaliated with a statement that June was trying to steal Dan Caswell from her, whereat June replied that she hadn't stolen Dan, that Dan had left Jessie as flat as the proverbial tire.

Here the matter might have rested and would have, if June hadn't decided to hie herself away from the scandal. June's home is in Boston where "Sally" is playing. She remained at home for a few days following her discharge, and then, without informing her parents where she was going, she disappeared. Her father believes that she went away for a little rest from reporters and gossips, notifying only her mother.

But the day following June's disappearance, her mother, Mrs. George W. Glew, also disappeared. Mr. Glew is not certain whether his wife knew where June had gone and went to meet her, or whether in her worry over the disappearance of her daughter, her mind gave way. He called upon Dan Caswell to assist him, and the Cleveland millionaire, who is now connected with a chemical factory in New York, has dropped all business in an effort to find his sweetheart and her mother. Caswell has asked the police to assist him in finding June, and until she and her mother are located, he will remain in Boston.

Meantime, as in years past, Jessie Reed is still spending her summers in the magnificent ensemble of the Follies. She has denied that she had any part in the discharge of June Castleton and she looks just as serenely regal as ever as she makes her appearance richly gowned in translucent lace. Boston may be abuzz with excitement over the "Sally" scandal; June may disappear and Dan Caswell go searching for her, but Jessie Reed is as unruffled as ever.

And the Follies with their show of splendor and beauty go on without June Castleton. To her attacks, no reply has been made. To her statement that she once collapsed on the stage and that she was left lying in the wings until the company was gone, and a negro call-boy found her, weak and suffering, no word of defense has been uttered. But an inkling of the jealousies and intrigues of life behind the footlights of the world's most famous girl show has reached the public through this scandal.

EGYPTIAN Vamps Picture

Behold the Queen of Egypt, who sepuchrally droned to highbrow Boston, "Woman Lives in a Love Prison . . ."

By Frances McDonald

SLINKY silk and trailing fringe, eyes heavy with languor, breath laden with perfume, a retinue of slaves and a message of Sex Freedom for women—and all Boston fell!

Can you picture the poor old Hub, home of high necks, high standards and high brows, when the news was noised abroad that right out of the grave had come a regular who's-who Egyptian Queen with a cloth of gold train and a wow-wow past—and that she had a word to say to Boston in the cultured town arrived to pay their respects!

Not since the widely advertised Tea Party had such excitement reigned. Strong men quailed and wives sassed back. The Hub rattled. The most luxurious suite in the Copley Plaza—Boston's ultra hotel—became overnight a court of ancient Egypt. Leopard skin rugs were strewn around like Sunday papers—an air of unhallowed anticipation pervaded every corner—slaves crept about soft-footed. Nothing was mising but the Pyramids when the representatives of every newspaper in the acutely cultured town arrived to pay their respects!

If these hardened souls expected to find some female crank suffering from an over-study complex, they were due for the surprise of their lives. In place of rimmed spectacles they beheld pearls that a Rajah would have envied, eyes that any Boston man would have known enough to look away from, and a form that Helen of Troy would have made catty remarks about. The Queen of Sheba was a mere flapper, commonplace, forgotten, in the presence of the strange, full-lipped, half-woman, half-spirit who sat inscrutable irresistible, and met the fascinated gaze of hardened newspaper men with deadly unconcern.

And what do you think of this? Mayor Curley of Boston fell so for the Queen he presented her with his autographed photograph!

"Woman lives in a Love-Prison," whispered the re-incarnated Queen. "Why should one man possess all of any woman's love? How can he possess it? I, Antinea, had in Egypt when I was Queen, twenty-five husbands. I shall have more." Here the scribes edged nearer, neckties were straightened, cuffs adjusted. Interest deepened.

"Woman, unhampered, is capable of unlimited love. I, Antinea, could love a thousand." The room throbbed with the announcement. The voice, as becomes a voice after four thousand years in a damp tomb, dropped to a husky whisper. "I shall show women how to love."

"Are you going to stay in Boston?"

This crude outbreak from one of the younger scribes, edged the nerves of all present. It was like a shout in the Temple of Isis. Silence answered the sacrilege. Antinea's eyelids fluttered.

"My message is for ALL the women in ALL the world," she whispered, undismayed by so large an order. And outside, in Boston Common, microphones were being rigged up in preparation for the advertised open air lecture to be given by the re-incarnated Queen! Boston women crowded the curbs, for, daily, Antinea was driven amongst them in her heavily-guarded car, her inscrutable eyes downcast, her arms hugging her close-swathed figure.

"Twenty-five husbands!" gasped awe-stricken wives who had forgotten how to love even one. And they huddled together, thrilled with delicious terror. "What would the men folks think!" One of the men folks thought it was going to cause a bunch of trouble.

And that particular man happened to be the Mayor of Boston—good-looking Jim Curley, broad-minded as they come, but a careful boy. He had already promised a permit for the mammoth mass meeting at which for the first time a re-incarnated Queen was to address a few thousand women on the subject of what they had missed.

Mayor Curley began to think that after all perhaps there were some things women needn't know. So all of a sudden, the preparations on the historic Common ceased. The Queen said it was a shame. The men grumbled. They had seen the Queen on her daily drives and had decided there was nothing dead about her. They wanted to hear her speech. But the Mayor had spoken. The dead Queen's secret must remain dead—in Boston.

Interest mounted to fever heat. Why couldn't this lecture be held? Why must woman be ever held down by some man?
couldn't this lecture be held? Why must woman be ever held down by some man?

It looked as if Jim Curley had lost the woman vote. Couldn't he be compelled to allow this visitor to their city, this visitor from the grave, to be heard? Hadn't Boston stood for Margot Asquith? Why protect the public now? And so the staid old city—just crusted with culture, heaved at this insult to the ancient Queen. Boston loves anything ancient. And when you've got a pre-Pharaoh Queen in your midst, you've got the last word in things passe. Hence the heaves.

Then the truth came out with the appearance in Boston of the picture, "Missing Husbands," the story of what happened to some real live hubbies who happened to meet up with a little old girl named Antinea, address, The Desert.

These hubbies, according to the picture, remained missing so far as their wives and fami-

QUEEN to Popularity

Another pose of her whom Mayor Curley of Boston laughingly admitted: "She was a Queen all right!"

lies were concerned, and the little stepper who detained them in the land of sand, was none other than an Egyptian Queen who believed in a woman's right to a thousand husbands if she could find that many. So you can imagine Boston! And the Boston women who thought they were going to be freed from their love-prisons and live their lives completely surrounded by leopard skins and doings.

As for Mayor Curley, when told about it he only laughed and said, "I had a feeling that that meeting should not be held—but she was a Queen all right!"

Who was the girl shrouded in mystery and cloth of gold, who trailed through the lobby of the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston, followed by half a dozen slaves and the astonished gaze of every person within the line of vision? How did she act the part of an Egyptian Queen, for seven days, deceiving not only the hotel management, but the keen eyes of dozens of newspaper writers sent to interview her? Why was her identity and her mission not discovered?

"Metro purchased the French picture, 'Missing Husbands,' and, after its New York run, sent it to Boston. The story is about a certain Egyptian Queen whose methods were ruthless and fatal, whose one thought was to be surrounded by lovers—an inveterate vamp. Metro wanted to bring that particular point out before the public in their advertising. They conceived the idea of fooling the newspapers by having a woman suddenly appear, announce herself as an apostle

Miss Martan, who knocked Boston groggy as the Egyptian Queen, enjoys being gentle Tarzan's little playmate in a ripsnorting serial.

And then it turned out that "Missing Husbands" played a corking stunt on staid old Boston.

of Love, a re-incarnation of an ancient Love Queen, and call herself by the name of the Queen in 'Missing Husbands.'

"Then they began casting about for a girl to be the Queen. It required not only the ordinary ability to interpret a part, but the willingness to live the part in real life and the nerve to face newspaper men and interviewers and a possible audince of a thousand people and actually impersonate a woman who believed her body to be harboring the soul of another!

"She would not only have to act, but to talk, to answer questions and to know what she was talking about. It happened that I had studied Egypt rather extensively, and that I had the proper cast of features for the part. Metro approached me. I agreed to accept the part, for I felt that such an achievement would be the final test of whether or not I could really act. I knew that I would have to deceive a whole city full of people, and I knew that I could do it.

"I designed a costume which I knew would go over. I assumed a voice suggestive of days gone, lives ended. I learned to walk as one who treads softly. And I fooled them.

"Of course, it was all to advertise a picture, but—it was to me a part—and a big one. The public must be told just how certain queens in Egypt did things, and they must become interested in one Queen in particular—Antinea—the particular Queen featured in 'Missing Husbands'—and I was to be the medium through which they were to learn. It was fascinating! I studied up my history. I learned my lines. I confided to my secretary that she must stand by. Then when all was ready, just when in the studio we would say 'Shoot'—then, I left for Boston with my slaves. I shall never forget my arrival at the Copley-Plaza.

"Metro had furnished a magnificent car. I was met at the train and proceeded to the hotel—at midnight. My secretary preceded me—and registered for me as 'Antinea.' The clerk wrinkled his brow over that and inquired whether Miss or Madame. He was told that it was 'Queen Antinea.' He bowed. He had seen Queens before—though even for the Copley-Plaza no doubt I seemed rather 'more so!'

"I was shown to my suite, already reserved by wire. My slaves—all trained by Metro for their parts—were perfect. The bell boys were speechless—and so wrapt was I in my part that it never occurred to me to smile.

"From then on I WAS the re-incarnated Queen. I felt what the Queen was supposed to have felt—that women live in a prison made by MAN. I almost believed that I was to lecture throughout the country just as I told the reporters. I lived Antinea's life for seven days—and then the picture opened at ———— Theatre, Boston, and I removed my makeup and my mummy outfit and asked for my bill!

"It was a wonderful experience—and the best part of it all is that it was a supreme test of just how well I could act a real part. I am sorry it is over, but it was a great strain, for the papers were carrying daily stories and the interviews were continuous. On the whole, being a Queen isn't so bad; only, being an actress is better!"

BERNARR MACFADDEN'S

NATIONAL
Lilymac Wilkinson

A GAME so popular as golf is certain to have a great many devotees among the screen stars. Richard Dix and Owen Moore are very proud of the golf trophies they have collected, and Mae Murray, Anita Stewart, H. B. Warner, Constance Binney and Elaine Hammerstein are only a few of the group of stars who are expert golf players. It is only of recent years that golf has obtained such a following.

It is not a very strenuous game, as can readily be imagined by the number of men past middle age who keep in condition at the links. It is not necessary that an exercise be strenuous in order to be of great value. The long drives which the arm executes with a deep swing from the waist call into play all sorts of seldom-used muscles in and around the stomach —the muscles which in a great many

PARAMOUNT
Betty Compson

BEAUTY PAGES

cases are in especial need of strengthening. At the same time the muscles of the shoulders are used a great deal.

Of course golf keeps one in the open air and also makes the player walk long distances, but the walking involved is more like strolling and therefore loses some of the value that there is in a brisk walk.

Golf is an extremely sociable game, conducive to good cheer, good spirits, good health. They are all factors in the making of beauty. There is this to be said about golf, too—it seems to have a particularly great hold upon its devotees. Once you have been bitten by the "golf bug," you will find yourself practicing out on the links at every available moment. And it is this constant practice which builds up vigor and beauty.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

A Thrilling Tale from D. W. Griffith's Latest Masterpiece Based on the World-Famous "Two Orphans"

NOVELLIZED BY

JAMES GABELLE

HENRIETTE was standing with her arms outstretched toward him. He bounded back and fell at her feet. He was transported with joy. The reaction from deepest gloom to the pinnacle of success was almost too much for him. Rapturously he kissed the hem of her robe, her finger tips, her long, golden curls, crying over and over again. "You do love me! *Ma cherie*, you do love me!"

Gently Henriette kissed the glowing face lifted to hers. A thrill of fire shot through his veins. He felt that he could conquer empires for her dear sake.

"When Louise is found," she sobbed on his protecting breast. "It may be—I don't know. But first, Louise must be found."

THE CRUELTY OF LAW

Marie, Countess de Lineries, was sitting by the window overlooking the brooding Seine. She was in a pensive mood. The scene with the beautiful blind girl had touched her deeply. How lovely she was and how strangely like—— She glanced around quickly with a furtive air. Not here in the same house with the cold, self-sufficient Count de Lineries should that name be breathed. The name of her handsome, boyish lover, cut off in the pride of his youth and strength. How vivid it all was to her—as though it had happened yesterday, and it was years ago. Ah, how the years were fleeting.

The countess sighed deeply and tears bedewed her eyes. She felt that she must see this girl again—must know more about her. How cold she had been! The countess' mind was troubled. She wished that she had given her the ermine coat. It was thoughtless of her that she had not. However, she would see her again and atone for this remissness.

A knock sounded on the door. She started with sudden irritation. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts. The knock was repeated and at her crisply-worded command, the door opened and Maurice, her nephew, entered. At sight of him, the lines in the countess' face softened. He was a great favorite of hers.

"Dearest and most beautiful of aunts," he cried, kissing her long, tapering, aristocratic fingers, "you hold my life's happiness wrapped up in your own, tiny, beautiful hands."

"We are not at court, now, Maurice," she chided, tapping his arm with her ivory and lace, Watteau-decorated fan.

"For the which le Bon Dieu be praised," he retorted with a grimace. "I don't care if I never see the court again!"

"It is that girl," his aunt said with sudden apprehension. "You have never been the same since you met her."

"It is, indeed, Henriette," he replied with energy, his handsome face flushing with the pride he felt. "Oh, aunt, could you but see her, I know your heart would intercede for me. She is so young, so lovely, so pure, so good. My life will be utterly blasted without her. Oh, aunt, if you value my happiness, intercede with the count for me. He will deny you nothing. Do but this and my heart's gratitude is forever yours."

"Youth does not always know what is best," she said softly. "Age may be old, but it is wise."

"Age is not always wise," Maurice cried hotly. "Even so, wisdom does not always bring happiness."

The thoughts of the countess ran back through the years. True, she and her boy husband had been happy. Intensely happy. She had never known what happiness was since that time. A few hours of all-too-brief happiness and a lifetime of regret. It was worth it.

"No," she said softly. "No, Maurice, dear. Wisdom does not always bring happiness."

"You will intercede for us!" de Vaudrey cried, falling on his knees before the countess. "Dear, dear aunt. You hold our happiness in the hollow of your hands. Unless I can marry her I do not want to live. Say you will intercede to the count for us! Please, please, say you will!"

The countess started to her feet.

"I must see the girl first, and judge for myself," she said decisively. "I have your best interests at heart, believe that, Maurice. Therefore, I shall do nothing rashly. Tell Perreault to order my sedan. I shall see her at once."

And with this assurance, de Vaudrey was forced to be content. With all a lover's optimism, though, he felt that Henriette had but to be seen to conquer whatever prejudices his aunt might possess, or fears she might entertain of the power of the king and the count to stop the marriage.

Arriving at the humble abode of Henriette, this daughter of the aristocracy was astonished to find how poor and mean it was. Surely, she thought, Maurice might have looked higher than this? He for whom a princess of the blood royal was pining would not for long be content with a mere daughter of the people, no matter how great her charm. No, a wedding between the two would never do.

The Chevalier de Vaudrey is placed under arrest.

Henriette rose as her distinguished guest entered. Maurice had described his aunt so often and with such detail that the orphan girl had no difficulty in recognizing the countess. With a beating heart, she waited for the noblewoman to speak.

"I am the aunt of the Chevalier de Vaudrey," said the countess as she took the chair the girl tremblingly proffered her.

Henriette bowed, she could not trust herself to speak.

"He has told me of his love for you," the countess resumed. Henriette blushed, but still maintained silence. "His eloquence almost persuaded me to consent to this mad marriage and to enlist in your behalf. I do not blame him; you are very pretty and you have a good face, but if you will let reason be your guide, you will see that marriage between you and the chevalier is impossible."

"I love him, madame," replied Henriette, finding her voice at last.

"If you really love him, you will prove your love by giving him up. It is the will of the king that he wed the young, lovely and wealthy Princess of Acquitaine. She is a member of the blood royal and such a marriage assures his future for all time to come. Refuse, and it will probably be the Bastille for him and La Force for you. Do not speak just yet," continued the countess earnestly. "You may say something that you will deeply regret, later. Let me urge you not to follow your youthful inclinations. They are poor guides to happiness. I—that is—er—a friend of mine once made a marriage that has haunted her through all the years. If you do not think of yourself, think of Maurice. You would not wreck his future. Love does not do such things."

Henriette trembled and grew white. It was as though the death sentence had been pronounced upon her.

"Ah, madame," she said at last. "You are cruel, but it is the cruelty of truth. I felt all along that he should not wed with a commoner, but his words overpowered me."

"His words almost overpowered me," retorted the countess. "Maurice always had an eloquent tongue as well as a handsome face. What I ask of you I ask for his sake. You will prove your love for him by giving him up? By promising to go away and never see him again?"

Choking back a sob that strove for utterance, Henriette raised her head proudly:

"Yes, Madame la Comtesse," she replied, her voice laden with unshed tears. "I love him so that I shall gladly give him up—and then crawl away and die."

"I promise that you'll not regret it, though you must not think of dying. People do not die for love, much as they may talk about it. You will yet meet a man in your own station in life who will make you happy. My husband and I will gladly settle a handsome 'dot' on you or make you any other reward in our power."

Henriette started.

"You mean that?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course," replied the high-born lady coldly. They are all alike, she thought, these peasants.

(*Continued on page 26*)

D. W. Griffith Misses A Big Opportunity

D. W. GRIFFITH'S TRAGIC FAILURE

NOT so long ago, a terrific storm rocked New York and adjacent suburbs. Up at Mamaroneck, D. W. Griffith was working on his new society-mystery drama, "At the Grange," featuring Carol Dempster, when the storm broke.

What a magnificent sight to photograph! Old trees, rising to great heights, and with a sweeping limb spread, bowed to the ground in the path of the roaring gale.

Rushing clouts of rain, blown by the wind, pounded through space. Lowering lead-dulled clouds sped through the sky.

Truly a magnificent sight.

* * * * *

A CAMERAMAN! A CAMERAMAN!

"I must photograph this," cried Mr. Griffith, excitedly rushing around the studio in search for the proper camera to "shoot" the raging elements.

Unfortunately for the American public, the "outdoor" camera was not found, and Mr. Griffith, raging helplessly, stood by while the magnificent storm came to a cyclonic close.

* * * * *

WHICH REMINDS US

Speaking of the elements brings to mind William Cabanne Christy's splendid storm shots in his last year's feature, "The Stealers." Director Cabanne and leading members of his cast were somewhere in upper New York State when a magnificent electric storm broke, followed by a terrific rainstorm, the wind driving in ghostly sheets against an ink-black back-drop of clouds.

Cabanne and his cameraman dashed to the top of the hotel where they were stopping and, fighting the violence of the wind, finally succeeded in establishing themselves and the camera. They photographed some of the most wonderful "storm" shots ever seen on the silver sheet.

* * * * *

WHAT IS THIS TREND LEADING TO?

Mae Marsh is in England. She signed a contract with Sydney Jay to make a big special production. Mr. Jay, in lieu of this, leased Paramount's London studio. Mae's little youngster, Mary, is with her and may appear for the first time with her mother in a picture.

D. W. Griffith

Mae, according to present plans, expects to return in September, by which time Mr. Griffith will be ready to start his next picture, with Miss Marsh cast for the featured role.

But to return to Mae's English picture. Constance Binney signed an interesting contract with an English producing concern, and is now completing work on her first picture in London. Evelyn Greeley signed with the Hollandia Film Company and is working now on her initial foreign production in Haarlem, Holland.

Just what does this trend to the Continent indicate?

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

INTERNATIONAL

Mae Marsh and her daughter Mary arrive in England.

* * * * *

QUOTING SIR CHARLES HIGHAM

This sentence stirs to consciousness a few remarks from Sir Charles Higham at the dinner tendered him by the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers last month at the Biltmore Hotel.

Sir Charles rose to his feet amid hearty applause and a standing greeting from the hundred or so members and guests of the A. M. P. A. Then he spoke. Being fundamentally an advertising man, his speech dealt primarily with this phase of motion pictures, dwelling too, on motion pictures and internationalism.

"You advertising men," he italicized earnestly, "you are the people who MAKE pictures, because it is you who sell them. You create these posters (taking in the many posters on the walls of the dining-room, representative of the various companies' poster

Sir Charles Higham

display advertising) and bring people into the theatres. You sell them the picture.

"And when you sell them—are you sold yourself? If you are not, if you do not consider the picture one that will give something and that will be a credit to your art, to your country, then you are not fit to be advertising men!"

* * * * *

OUR PICTURES ABROAD

Sir Charles mentioned the possible effect of our pictures in foreign countries.

"When you advertise a picture," he continued to these leading representatives of motion picture advertising, "do you stop to consider that it is going to be shown in other countries? Do you stop to consider whether the picture will do justice to your country? To your customs? Your people?"

Stop and consider a few of our pictures. List them in your mind. Now! Do you "Movie Weekly" reader, consider that the major part of our pictures are suitable representatives of *yourself* — the American public —to be shown to foreign peoples who have no basis upon which to judge you except that of the picture?

Tom Meighan

* * * * *

THEY DO SAY THAT

Jack Holt is on his way to New York for a vacation, his first in many a month.

Tom Meighan is coming on to make a picture at Paramount's Long Island Studio.

Dorothy Gish may venture a stage production next year.

Lillian Gish turned down a big offer from a London producer to make pictures in England.

The Triumph of Love

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

HE was still grinning, but his heavy lower lip twitched, and suddenly the horror of it broke on Desboro—that this, great gross, red-faced creature was suffering in every atom of his unwieldy bulk; that the fixed grin was covering anguish; that the man's heart was breaking there, now, where he sat, the "rictus mortis" stamped on his quivering face.

"Clydesdale," he said, unsteadily, "I came here meaning to say only what I have said—that you never had anything to doubt in me—but that rumors still coupled my name with Elena's. That was all I meant to say. But I'll say more. I'm sorry that things are not going well with you and Elena. I would do anything in the world that lay within my power to help make yours a happy marriage. But marriages all seem to go wrong. For years—witnessing what I have—what everybody among our sort of people cannot choose but witness—I have made up my mind that marriage was no good."

Desboro rose and stood with his hand across his forehead, as though it ached.

"You and Elena and I are products of the same kind of civilization. Jacqueline—my wife—is the result of a different training in a very different civilization."

"And the rottenness of ours is making her ill."

Desboro nodded. After a moment he stirred restlessly.

"Well," he said, "I must go to the office. I haven't been there yet."

Clydesdale got onto his feet.

"Won't you stay?"

"No."

"As you wish. And—I'm sory, Desboro. However, you have a better chance than I—to make good. My wife—dislikes me."

He went as far as the door with his guest, and when Desboro had departed he wandered aimlessly back into the house and ultimately found himself among his porcelains once more—his only refuge from a grief and care that never ceased, never even for a moment eased those massive shoulders of their dreadful weight.

He hesitated, turned irresolutely, and remounted the stairs. To a maid passing he said:

"Is Mrs. Clydesdale lunching at home?"

"Yes sir. Mrs. Clydesdale is not well, sir."

"Has she gone to her room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please go to her and say that I am sorry and—and inquire if there is anything I can do."

Somebody knocked; he turned, and the maid came forward.

"Mrs. Clydesdale desires to see you, sir."

He stared for a second, then his heart beat heavily with alarm.

"Where is Mrs. Clydesdale?"

"In her bedroom, sir."

"Unwell?"

"Yes, sir."

"In BED?"

"I think so, sir. Mrs. Clydesdale's maid spoke to me."

"Very well. Thank you."

He went out and mounted the stairs, striding up silently to the hall above, where his wife's maid quietly opened the door for him, then went away to her own little chintz-lined den.

Elena was lying on her bed in a frilly, lacy, clinging thing of rose tint. The silk curtains had been drawn, but squares of sunlight quartered them, turning the dusk of the pretty room to a golden gloom.

She opened her eyes and looked up to him as he advanced.

"I'm terribly sorry," Clydesdale said; and his heavy voice shook in spite of him.

She motioned toward the only armchair—an ivory-covered affair, the cane bottom covered by a rose cushion.

"Bring it here—nearer," she said.

He did so, and seated himself beside the bed cautiously.

Copyright by Robert W. Chambers

She lay silent after that; once or twice she pressed the palms of both hands over her eyes as though they pained her, but when he ventured to inquire, she shook her head. It was only when he spoke of calling up Dr. Allen again that she detained him in his chair with a gesture:

"Wait! I've got to tell you something! I don't know what you will do about it. You've had trouble enough—with me. But this is—is—unspeakable——"

"What on earth is the matter? Aren't you ill?" he began.

"Yes; that, too. But—there is something else. I thought it made me ill—but——" She began to shiver, and he laid his hand on hers and found it burning.

"I tell you Allen ought to come at once——" he began again.

"No, no, no! You don't know what you're talking about. I—I'm frightened—that's what is the matter! That's one of the things that's the matter. Wait a moment. I'll tell you. I'll *have* to tell you, now. I suppose you'll—divorce me."

There was a silence; then:

"Go on," he said, in his heavy, hopeless voice.

She moistened her lips with her tongue:

"It's—my fault. I—I did not care for you—that is how it—began. No; it began before that—before I knew you. And there were two men. You remember them. They were the rage with our sort—like other fads, for a while—such as marmosets, and—things. One of these things was the poet, Orrin Munger. He called himself a Cubist—whatever that may be. The other was the writer, Adalbert Waudle."

Clydesdale's grin was terrible.

"No," she said wearily, "I was only a more venturesome fool than other women who petted them—nothing worse. They went about kissing women's hands and reading verses to them. Some women let them have the run of their boudoirs—like any poodle. Then there came that literary and semi-bohemian bal-masque in Philadelphia. It was the day before the Assembly. I was going on for that, but mother wouldn't let me go on a day earlier for the bal-masque. So—I went."

"What!"

"I lied. I pretended to be stopping with the Hammertons in Westchester. And I bribed my maid to lie, too. But I went."

"Alone?"

"No. Waudle went with me."

"Good God, Elena!"

"I know. I was simply insane. I went with him to that ball and left before the unmasking. Nobody knew me. So I went to the Bellevue-Stratford for the night. I—I never dreamed that *he* would go there, too."

"Did he?"

"Ys. He had the rooms adjoining. I only knew it when—when I awoke in the dark and heard him tapping on the door and calling in that thick, soft voice——" She shuddered and clenched her hands, closing her feverish eyes for a moment.

Her husband stared at her, motionless in his chair.

She unclosed her eyes wearily: "That was all—except—the other one—the little one with the frizzy hair—Munger. He saw me there. He knew that Waudle had the adjoining rooms. So then, very early, I came back to New York, badly scared, and met my maid at the station and pretended to mother that I had just arrived from Westchester. And that night I went back to the Assembly. But—ever since that night I—I have been—paying money to Adalbert Waudle. Not much before I married you, because I had very little to pay. But all my allowance has gone that way—and now—now he wants more. And I haven't it. And I'm sick——"

The terrible expression on her husband's face frightened her, and, for a moment, she faltered. But there was more to tell, and she must tell it though his unchained wrath destroy her.

"You'll have to wait until I finish," she muttered. "There's more—and worse. Because he came here the night I—went to Silverwood. He saw me leave the house; he unsealed and read the note I left on the library table for you. He knows what I said—about Jim Desboro. He knows I went to him. And he is trying to make me pay him—to keep it out of the—the *Tattler*."

Clydesdale's congested face was awful; she looked into it, thought that she read her doom. But the courage of despair forced her on.

"There is worse—far worse," she said with dry lips. "I had no money to give; he wished to keep the seven thousand which was his share of what you paid for the forged porcelains. He came to me and made me understand that if you insisted on his returning that money he would write me up for the *Tattler* and disgrace me so that you would divorce me. I—I must be honest with you at such a time as this, Cary. I wouldn't have cared if—if Jim Desboro would have married me afterward. But he had ceased to care for me. He—was in love with—Miss Nevers; or she was with him. And I disliked her. But—I was low enough to go to her in my dire extremity and—and ask her to pronounce those forged porcelains genuine—so that you would keep them. And I did it—meaning to bribe her."

Clydesdale's expression was frightful.

"Yes—I did this thing. And worse. I—I wish you'd kill me after I tell you! I—something she said—in the midst of my anguish and terror—something about Jim Desboro, I think—I am not sure—seemed to drive me insane. And she was married to him all the while, and I didn't know it. And—to drive her away from him, I—I made her understand that—that I was—his—mistress——"

"Good God!"

"Wait—for God's sake, wait! I don't care what you do to me afterward. Only—only tell that woman I wasn't—tell her I never was. Promise me that, whatever you are going to do to me—promise me you'll tell her that I never was any man's mistress! Because—because—I am—ill. And they say—Dr. Allen says I—I am going to—to have a baby."

The man reared upright and stood swaying there, ashy faced, his visage distorted. Suddenly the features were flooded with rushing crimson; he dropped on his knees and caught her in his arms with a groan; and she shut her eyes, thinking the world was ending.

After a long while she opened them, still half stunned with terror; saw his quivering lips resting on her tightly locked hands; stared for a while, striving to comprehend his wet face and his caress.

And, after a while, timidly, uncertainly, wondering, she ventured to withdraw one hand, still watching him with fascinated eyes.

She had always feared him physically—feared his bulk, and his massive strength, and his grin. Otherwise, she had held him in intellectual contempt.

Very cautiously, very gently, she withdrew her hand, watching him all the while. He had not annihilated her. What did he mean to do with this woman who had hated him and who now was about to disgrace him? What did he mean to do? What was he doing now—with his lips quivering against her other hand, all wet with his tears?

"Cary?" she said.

He lifted a pasion-marred visage; and there seemed for a moment something noble in the

(*Continued on page 27*)

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

HELEN LEE WORTHING

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 27th incorrigible received "Pro Bono Publico," as the Esquimaux proverb so charmingly puts it, and you'll never know how near you come to having to send your messages to your more or less famous daughter in future via either a Ouija Board chauffeur or a seance conductor instead of by the U. S. Mail. Because in the interim since I last wrote you I had an experience which so nearly resulted in my departure from this vale of tears and movie censors that I could almost hear the oars squeaking in the locks of that famous john-boat in which Charon is supposed to do the ferrying business for the River Styx.

It happened during the course of my day's work as an emotional actress before the so-called flickering camera, and it started when Mr. Vitagraph's casting director called me up late the other afternoon and wanted to know if I cared to do some high and lofty

emoting out on a desert location the next morning and, if I did, would I report at the studio at the unholy hour of four a. m.? Well, to make a long story short, I would, and I did.

As far as I am usually concerned, four o'clock in the morning is just about the middle of the night, but "one must make some sacrifices for one's art," as Socrates so aptly remarked when he quaffed the goblet of wood alcohol that time, so I climbed out of a very attractive bed instead of annihilating the alarm clock with a shoe like I wanted to do. I got away from the house without incident, except that when I got out into the hall I run smack into the fat gentleman who rooms just down the hall. Hearing me stirring around at such an unprecedented hour, he had thought I was a visiting representative of the Crime Wave and, attired in a Colt's .45 and a suit of pink pajamas, he was getting all set to be a hero, and acted somewhat disappointed when he found it was only me instead of a burglar.

Well, anyway, nine o'clock found our party of emotion experts and megaphone wielders parked out on location on a tract of land that looked like a cross between the Gobi Desert and the Sahara, and also had some features possessed by neither. We was supposed to be Indians of the North American variety and were accordingly equipped with complexions which looked like the morning after a sunny afternoon at Coney Island, the only difference being that they didn't peel and weren't quite as uncomfortable.

I don't know what tribe we was supposed to be members of—whether it was Navajo, Hopi, or Wig-Wam—but our costumes consisted of two feathers each, about eighty-seven assorted beads and very little else except a primitive hard-boiled facial expression. We started proceedings right off the bat by staging one of those alleged dances which, from what I saw of it, I am willing to bet was one of the factors originally responsible for making the Indian wild.

You know the kind I mean, where the combatants stampede around in a circle, indulging in an up-and-down impersonation of a pile-driver with the knees and bending over from the hips till you are in imminent danger of violently parking a knee-cap in your nose at every step. Which we accordingly did at the Director's request, emitting a war-whoop at every other step. A "war-whoop," Maw, is an Indian exclamation which sounds much like a cross between an indignant wild-cat and an intoxicated banshee trying to yodel.

The morning passed without any incident to speak of, except that I got a little careless once and violently parked a knee in a vulnerable portion of the hombre's anatomy just in front of me with results that shattered both the form and the good temper of the circle for several minutes thereafter. But in the afternoon, the real action came and with it my near escape from a river voyage on the Styx.

It started when, the first thing after lunch, the Director informed us that we were to go a step further in our dancing efforts and stage a Snake Dance. The Snake Dance in question wasn't one of the variety popular in society wherein the performers give an imitation of the bodily movements of the reptile family a la Shimmy, but is an Indian variety where each dancer has a live, healthy, adult snake for an actual dancing partner.

Our technique was simple enough. We were each equipped with one snake and instructions from the Director to gracefully drape said reptile around our necks lavailiere fashion, and then to repeat the circular prance of the morning's dance. Which was all well and good only unfortunately I dropped the three-foot specimen of the genus snake with which I had previously been endowed in a clump of cactus just as the dance was about to start. It was my "first fatal step," as they say in the paper-covered editions of "The Life of Boitha, the Beautiful Lady Bootlegger, or 'Twas a Rummy Affair."

Because when I fumbled around hurriedly in the vegetation, in the excitement of the moment, I clamped my hands on the first thing in the snake line they happened to encounter, and when I drew my reptilian captive out into sight, I made the startling discovery that there must of been more than one snake hibernating in that clump of cactus and that I had very decidedly got the wrong one—a six-foot diamond-back rattlesnake, to be exact. An Indian buck who was standing on one side of me at the time, and an assistant cameraman who was standing on the other, discovered my error simultaneously. Results followed!

Our little group got in violent action like a bomb had arrived in our midst. I got rid of the snake like it was a temperamental stick of dynamite, hurling it away from me with enthusiasm, but with an utter lack of knowledge where it had lit. The immediate result was that each of our trio promptly imagined that his snakeship had lit on him and had donated a mortal bite.

The Indian brave backed into the business end of a pointed yucca leaf, gave one yell of pained fright, then folded his arms stoically and began chanting a mournful Swan Song prior to his departure for the Happy Hunting Grounds. The cameraman tried to run, stepped on the leading lady's Pomeranian, promptly got bitten by the brute and, deciding to be spectacular in his decease, started throwing a flock of assorted fits and began dying all over the place.

As for me, I figured that if I hadn't been bit I ought to have been, so I weakly sat down to face death more or less calmly, since it is an experience that can only be enjoyed once. The minute I sat down I was sure that I had been a victim of the diamond-back's poisoned wisdom tooth, because I began to feel the fiery pain going all over my whole body in a flood.

"What the heck is the grand idea, sister?" yelped the Director, coming up just then. "Are you three lunatics indulging in a private opium jag, eat loco-weed, or what?"

"Go 'way and let me die in peace," I moaned weakly. "We've all been snake-bitten, and I'm burning up all over already."

"Snake-bit me eye!" the Director retorted. "That diamond-back you picked up has been dead for three hours. I killed it this morning and threw it in that clump. Also, if you'll climb out of that bed of cactus you're sitting in, you may get rid of that burning sensation!"

Which I guess will be all for this time.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,
SOPHIE POTTS,
via Hal Wells.

Wallie Reid's Automobile Column

He Who Hesitates is Lost When Trying to Ford a Mud Hole

II.

When you see a deep mud hole that cannot be avoided in the road ahead, just remember that he who hesitates is lost. Don't lose your speed. Keep going. Hit the soft spot as fast as you dare, remembering, however, that the hole may be a deep one and a broken spring may result if the speed is too high. If your car slows up and flounders slip into second or even to low, if necessary. Don't try to

make it on high. Plenty of power is required to pull through and a few feet of deep mud is worse than a steep hill. Sometimes, by skillful steering, it is possible to pick out two comparatively shallow spots for the path of the wheels.

If you stall in the mud, do not attempt to struggle through by spinning the wheels. If the mud is very deep it is impossible to make headway, and you may have to be towed out. As soon as the wheels refuse to drive the car forward, slip into reverse instantly and back out with an easy steady pull. Slip the wheels as little as possible and at the same time do not hesitate. Make the application of power during your backward course as smooth as possible. Once out of the hole there are several courses open to you. You may be able to detour; but if this is not feasible you may discover a path through the muddy section that is more favorable, examining the course on foot; or you can hit the mud with enough speed to carry you through if the under surface is not too rough; or you can put chains or ropes on your wheels.

(*Continued next week*)

Why Did Rudy Valentino Get Permit to Carry a Gun?

DID you know that Gloria Swanson got back from her trip to Europe the other day, and brought with her several whole trunk loads of all the latest Parisian styles and a hat creation that every flapper on Hollywood Boulevard is breaking her heart trying to copy already? It's a Suzy creation with brilliant orange feathers and a perfectly darling veil that continues on over the shoulders with a sort of a modified shawl effect at the back. It goes with Gloria's peculiar type of beauty wonderfully, but I'm afraid that it won't find favor with all of us."

Irma the Ingenue and I were sitting at one of the ridiculously spindling little tables near the rear of the Japanese garden, idly listening to the barbarous strains of a Chinese orchestra that had been imported for the occasion.

"And I wonder what Gloria thought when she found on her home-coming that Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet had been married? Everyone thought not so very long ago, you know, that Gloria was very much smitten with Mickey Neilan herself. Now she returns from a six weeks' trip to Europe to find that in her absence Mickey has gone and wooed another lady fair. However, I must admit Gloria seems to be bearing up remarkably well under the shock—if it *was* a shock, that is.

"And wasn't the sudden marriage of Blanche and Mickey just too romantic for anything? Not a word of warning to anybody, then suddenly they packed up one day, and the next morning or so we heard the glad news. They probably knew what they were doing, of course, but why on earth anybody should go to Chicago, of all places to get married for, I'm sure I don't know! Especially as they both live right here in California where orange blossoms were invented."

"And Eva Novak and Billy Reed have gone and done it, too. Of course, they've been engaged and everybody has been expecting to hear wedding-bells for ages, but still it did seem just a bit sudden when they motored over to Riverside yesterday afternoon without telling a soul where they were going or why, and had the knot tied. Billy Reed, you know, is a cameraman at Lasky's and I suppose that's where he and Eva first met. It's almost like a magazine story, don't you think—"Humble Cameraman Wins Screen Queen," you know, and all that?"

"By the way, did you know that Rodolph Valentino got a permit to carry a gun the other day, and that he packs a revolver almost every night now when he leaves the studio? Everyone is wondering why Rudy should have taken such a sudden notion to go around armed like a pirate. Rudy says that he only wanted a permit to carry a revolver so that he would have something to defend himself with if he happened to be held up by some of our famous automobile highwaymen some night—but still I can't help wondering if that is the real reason. So many stars have received anonymous letters threatening their lives lately, you know, if they didn't send perfectly ridiculous sums of money to the senders, and Rudy has been so prominent and everything the past few months."

Irma the Ingenue interrupted her discourse for a moment to pour another cup of tea for the two of us, absent-mindedly humming "For He's Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," under her breath as she did so.

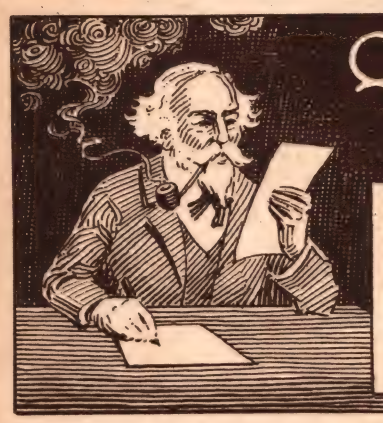
"Honestly, if any more of the stars go to Europe, somebody will have enough material to write a book on 'Hollywood Abroad!' Mabel Normand is still running around in Paris with Raymond Hitchcock and his wife, Norma and Connie Talmadge are to leave for a two months' trip some day this week, and now Phyllis Haver has also joined the globe-trotters. Phyllis is to go abroad to play a leading part in Hall Caine's 'The Christian.' Quite a promotion from dodging Ben Turpin's custard pies for so many years, isn't it?"

"And now all the stars are trying to save their faces—oh, I mean *literally*, of course. Every beauty shop along Hollywood Boulevard is doing a thriving business now, and some of their work would make Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth seem like a one-half of one per cent soft drink emporium, believe me! Fanny Ward really started the idea a long time ago, I believe, in the days when Jesse Lasky only owned one picture. It is said that Fanny had several facial operations to retain that ever-blooming youthfulness of hers. And now I understand that she is coming back into pictures and that she actually doesn't look a day older than—well, than she ever did.

"Even so staid an actor as Guy Bates Post has taken a flyer on the beauty stuff. When he was on the stage it was all right to go about with a corrugated brow and a slight rush of chin to the collar, but now he's in the movies with both feet, it's different. So they say that Guy had a slight operation performed on his features only recently, and that he came forth from the ordeal a regular fresh-loking young Apollo!"

"And then you know it hasn't been so awfully long since Kathlyn Williams retired from the public ken for a while and then returned from her vacation looking at least five years younger in her appearance.

"But who in the world would ever have thought that Rodolph Valentino would possibly have need of the services of a beauty doctor! But you may have noticed that Rudy's ears didn't use to be—well, quite in perfect harmony with his otherwise handsome features. So Rudy went away for a while and now that he's come back to the Film Colony, lo and behold! the offending ears have miraculously grown perfectly shell-like!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

Isn't it funny that in spite of the little note at the top of the page that I cannot answer questions in regard to studio employment, people keep writing to me just the same to know how they can get into the movies! They seem to think I have some magic formula that will put them there. I'm supposed, evidently, to take aside one of the Casting Directors and say, "Please make Abigail a star," and then the Casting Director will do it immediately. Of course, even if I did have such an all-powerful influence as that, I'm afraid it would wear out. Several dozen Abigails and Ezekiels write me every day trying to get on the screen, and you can imagine what would happen if I went to a Casting Director with that quota of requests every morning after breakfast.

That's all, of course supposing that I have any influence with these Casting Directors in the first place. As a matter of fact, I haven't. If I tried to suggest screen possibilities, it would probably be hinted that I mind my own business. I'm a very patient person, but sometimes when I have told the tenth someone in the same day that I can't help them join the movies, my patience cracks. So please don't strain it!

MAGGIE and JIGGS—Do I get paid for answering questions? Oh, no, children, I come down to the office every day so I'll have some place to sit. And my food drops down from Heaven, so I won't have to pay for it. The school teacher in Wesley Barry's picture "School Days," was played by Margaret Seddon. The latest address I have for her is First National, 6 W. 48th St., New York. I think too much of my life to try to suggest who is the ugliest screen actress. Louise Lorraine's address is Universal Studio, Universal City.

MARIE'S FAN—I'm glad to know Marie has a fan; she probably needs one this hot weather. Marie Prevost is twenty-four and lives at 451 S. Hampshire Blvd., Los Angeles. The hero in "Enchantment" is Forrest Stanley, who lives at 207 S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles. Tom Lewis played the part of Marion Davies' father in this picture. Write Ralph Graves at the L. A. A. C., Los Angeles.

HONEY BECK—If I were there, you say, you'd make me a nice cherry pie. You're trying to make me feel bad, aren't you? It's too bad cherry pies can't be sent through the mails successfully, otherwise I might do some hinting. I never hint, you know. It was Lloyd Hughes who played in "Mother O' Mine" and in "Hail the Woman." Too bad he is married; he and Mrs. Hughes, who is Gloria Hope, live at 955 Micheltorena St., Los Angeles. Yes, I think he would be glad to send you one of his pictures. By the way, he is playing opposite Mary Pickford in her new "Tess." Gloria Hope is also in the cast.

KRAZY KAT—Till the red sea stops blushing! Well, now, you know I must be behind the times. I never knew the red sea was blushing; I always thought it was just too full of that nice red wine that we aren't allowed to drink. Am I very good looking? Terribly so—you've no idea. Just to look at me would knock you dead—you can take that any way you like, of course. Shirley Mason is 21; she is five feet tall and weighs 94. Wallace Reid couldn't be in the automobile race because his contract with Paramount wouldn't let him. You see, Paramount didn't want to take any chances that Wallie might be injured or disfigured. No, Will Hays apparently is not going to prohibit Rodolph from appearing on the screen.

MOLLY H.—It's nice of you to be afraid my auburn hair will turn gray, but I know a nice remedy for that. When my hair turns gray, I shall just turn the shoe polish on it. Turn about, you see. No, William S. Hart was never married before he married Winifred Westover; everyone gave him up as a confirmed bachelor, and then he up and fooled us! Nazimova is still playing in pictures; if you don't see her any more, that's your own fault. Her latest release is "Salome." Marguerite Clark has retired from the screen. House Peters' latest picture is "The Storm." You should know better than to ask for all those addresses in the magazine. Lists of addresses require personal replies.

SAINTLY FUN FAN—Thanks for the good wishes for an early increase in pay. You might suggest that to the editor. Clyde Fillmore is bashful about telling his age; I don't think he is married. He is fond of all outdoor sports. Yes, it is true that Rodolph was a landscape gardener and a dancer; it is also probably true that for a while when he was broke, he worked as a dishwasher and a bus-boy in a restaurant.

SWEET OLIVE—So you're a telephone operator; you haven't got my number, have you? Yes, I could tell you were an operator by the number of times you said please. It might be a good idea for more people to follow your profession so they could learn politeness. Lew Cody is divorced from Dorothy Dalton. He lives at 1979 Grace Ave., Los Angeles. Wallie Reid's picture was in the center of "Movie Weekly" June 11, 1921. You can get this copy from the Circulation Dept. for ten cents. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-six. His address—and Raymond McKee's—is the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York City.

HELEN—How nice of you to think that I am a jolly sort of duck. I'm never duckier than when it rains; I have to be ducky then and you should hear me cackle—or is it quack? My barnyard information is limited, you see. Did you see the Art Series picture of Lillian Gish in the July 8th issue? If there are any souvenir booklets of "The Birth of a Nation" left, you might be able to obtain one from the Griffith Publicity Department, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

VENUS OF NO MAN'S LAND and BLACK-EYED SUE—I'll have to run and get a Coca Cola to revive me after all that effort! Pearl White is thirty-three and is divorced from Wallace McCutcheon. Do I think the actors and actresses would answer your letters? That's hard to tell; some of them do some mighty queer things.

NETTA BROWN EYES—Since, as you say, you dropped my letter into your handkerchief box for several weeks, I expected it to be all perfumed with "Eau de——" whatever perfume is made of. But I see you don't use sachet. No, Dick Barthelmess does not direct his own company; he leaves that to Henry King. Dick's mother in "Way Down East" was played by Kate Bruce. Now you come to a moot question—"What does Rodolph put on his hair to give it that seal skin finish?" Someone suggested that he should be called "Vaselino" instead of Valentino. As to what the magic concoction really is, no one but Rodolph's hair dresser can tell you that. And he probably wouldn't. No, I don't like the patent leather polish any better than you do; Jack Holt has taken to it now, too, in his new picture, "While Satan Sleeps."

JUST A BOY NAMED HAROLD—Has anyone ever asked me how old I am? You said it, Harold; curiosity is the chief trait of people who write to me. But you see, I have to overwork my poor memory so, keeping track of the ages of the stars, that I have no mental energy left to remember my own age. May McAvoy was born in New York in 1901; she has never been married. She has dark hair and blue eyes. May McAvoy's new picture is "The Top of New York"; she is soon to begin work on "Clarence."

ANXIOUS BOBBY—So you're worried as to whether I'm young or old; please, I beg you, don't let my age distress you. At least, I'm husky and—I hope—in full possession of my senses. Viola Dana is 24, but she has never let me in on the secret of what kind of powder she uses. I do know that she uses powdered sugar in her iced tea—does that help you any? Jack Mulhall is about thirty-five. Yes, he is married. Too bad. He has been married twice before, so there are probably lots of love letters lying about the house besides the one you wrote him.

BUSTER—Of course I like Eskimo pies except when they're thrown at me. Yes, Theodore Kosloff is married; write him and Jack Holt at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Antrim Short lives at 1771 Cahuenga Ave., Los Angeles.

N. O. LA.—You don't even know what Anolas are? They're no relation to Coca Cola, even if they do have the same last name. They're chocolate Nabiscos. There. I'd better be careful or the Advertising Dept. will get after me for giving away free ads. "Frivolous Wives" is an old picture, made about 1920, before Rodolph had been heard of. No, the Fidelity Pictures Corp. is not a new firm, but it is not well-known. Philo McCollough, Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

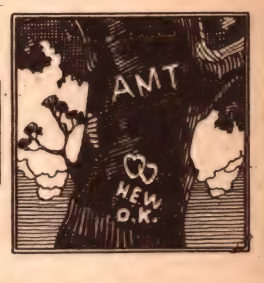
LARRY—You do have queer tastes, since you'd rather read the letters in "Movie Weekly" than eat! You can't live on letters, you see. I'm relieved to know that you're very wise even if you are only sixteen. Now you won't let anyone sell you Brooklyn Bridge. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-eight and has never married; I think the girls have given up hope for him. He is to play opposite Norma in her next picture, "The Voice From the Minaret." Write him at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Harold Lloyd lives at 369 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles.

LITTLE TEN YEAR OLD KNICKERS—If your knickers are ten years old, I should think you'd be about ready for a new pair. Rodolph's next picture after "Blood and Sand" will be "The Young Rajah." Then he will play "The Spanish Cavalier." Theodore Roberts is no relation to Edith.

SMILES—You bet I like hot dogs. Especially at the seashore in the hot dog days. Thank you for wishing me all the luck in the world, but I'm not that selfish. I'm willing to leave a little of the luck for someone else. Johnny Walker is now playing in Robertson-Cole pictures. You can get him at the studio, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles.

WONDERING—So you're tottering on the verge of seventeen. Be careful; you'll fall in. You can only be "sweet sixteen" once—not to mention the "never been kissed." Monte Blue is married, I believe; he has no children. Tom Mix doesn't give his age, but he was a Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War, so he's over twenty-one, I feel sure. Yes, Rodolph speaks English, also Spanish, Italian and French.

Film-Flam



JUST LIKE A CHICKEN

WALLACE Reid is willing to do most anything for Art's sake, but he does think that tihs is awful hot weather to make him play hide and seek in a trunk. And besides, it's mostly hide, and if you don't believe a trunk is a hot place to hide in, try it yourself. The picture that called for this playful action is "The Ghost Breaker" on which Wallie is now working. There is a long sequence of scenes showing Wallie's efforts to hide in a trunk. While the scenes were shot, he had to remain in the trunk, for the action of the picture called upon him to lift the lid repeatedly and see what was going on about him.

And as said before, the day was a hot one—a fine day to do nothing but lie in the shade and drink lemonade. Wallie curled up in the nice, hot trunk. This would never do, thought he. Then he had a bright idea.

He sent to the property man for the diver's air pump which Jack Holt used in "The Man Unconquerable," and had the hose run up, through a hole in the stage, into the trunk. With a saxaphone in one hand and a carafe of ice water in the other, he climbed in and made himself comfortable. Holding the hose under one arm, while a studio-hand below stage pumped cool air to fan him, Wallie smoked, played and sang—and lifted the lid when Director Alfred E. Green touched the buzzer.

"I'm spending the day in the coop," says Wallie.

HOPE IS HOPEFUL

Hope Hampton is a firm believer in the W. C. T. U. motto.

"Well, Hope," said one of her friends teasingly, "don't you think something might be done about prohibition?"

"Surely," said Hope, "it is never too late to a-mend."

A HAROLD LLOYD CELLULOID

"Harold Lloyd wants a celluloid collar—hurry!" was the order that sent Robert Golden, assistant director at the Hal Roach studios, at breakneck speed into Los Angeles. The original had burned up—you know what vicious habits celluloid has! And Harold wanted some retakes for some scenes in "Grandma's Boy."

Golden went to the place where the first collar had been purchased, but "All out of celluloid collars," said the shop-keeper. Then poor Mr. Golden had a weary chase from store to store but apparently no one in Los Angeles wears celluloid collars. Finally at the fifty eighth store, Mr. Golden's tongue was worn out from repeating the same old request fifty-seven times and this time it got all "bawled up."

"I've got to have a Harold Lloyd collar for a celluloid, for the company's waiting," spluttered the weary assistant director.

"Sorry," said the proprietor, "we're out of the Harold Lloyd collar, but I can tell you who I think keeps them. But who in heck is Celluloid?"

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LOCKS D-LOOKS

All the adorers of Rudolph Valentino might have had a shock had they seen him in Hollywood last month. He didn't look like the matinee idol he is supposed to be. Imagine the handsome Rudolph with long hair and side burns! For bull fighters have to have side burns and they also have to wear pig-tails. And since Rudolph is a bull fighter for "Blood and Sand," he grew 'em both.

Yes, girls, his hair is long enough to braid, and every morning at the Lasky studio, Hattie, the hair-dresser, (don't all rush for her job) makes his little pig tail. It is she who fixes the coiffures of Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres—and now the handsome Rudolph's.

"No," explained Rudolph, tossing back his black tresses, "I'm not playing Goldie-Locks."

HIS IDEA OF SIRENS

"Well," said one Paramount rpop man to another, "I hear that Dorothy Dalton's new picture is going to be called 'The Siren Call.'"

"Yeah," grumbled the other prop man, "and I suppose that means I've got to dig up one of them blame whistles like they use on ferryboats!"

* * * * *

AS YOUNG AS SHE LOOKS

Casting directors think they know a lot—and of course they do—but once in awhile they go wrong. And Raymond Hatton, now playing in Paramount's "Pink Gods," has a story to prove this.

"One casting director," says Raymond, "sent for an actress I know, for a part he had in mind. He talked with her for some time, then told her she wouldn't do. Of course she was disappointed.

"'Why not?' she asked him.

"'You're entirely too young for the part in question,' said the casting director, 'we wanted you to play the wife of Mr. Brown.'

"'Well,' replied Miss Blank with a smile, 'that's strange. I've been married to him for five years.'"

AMONG THOSE PRESENTS, DON'T INCLUDE——

Mildred Davis warns all of her admirers that whatever else they give her, not to give her a yacht. She says a yacht is an awful thing, and she should know; she rode in one once. Not because she wanted to; she tried to beg off, but they wouldn't let her. Everyone was just heartless and insisted on her going yachting with the party.

"It was a terrible thing, that yacht," said Mildred, "we were out in the middle of the ocean when that boat went 'ugh' and 'woof.' It was supposed to be thrilling. I never knew what a yacht was like before; it wasn't still a minute. The waves were as high as mountains, and just when they were highest we had to get into a rowboat which bounced around on the ocean like a leaf. I don't like the water anyway.

"Oh," she added, "it was supposed to be a grand yacht, but let no admirer of mine ever give me one. I wouldn't have a yacht set in diamonds."

"Or even," we answered, "in gems of the ocean."

HAIL NATHAN HALE

Richard Barthelmess, wandering around City Hall Park in New York City, was attracted by the statue of Nathan Hale. He once played the part of Nathan Hale in college, so he had a real interest in the statue of the hero. The figure shows the hero with his hands and feet tied, preparatory to being executed as an American Revolutionary spy.

"That's a mighty fine statue of Nathan Hale," remarked the young screen actor to another man who stood viewing it with him.

"Nathan Hale!" was the surprised answer, "I've lived in New York for forty years, and I always thought it was Houdini, the handcuff king, getting ready to do one of his stunts."

CONNIE GROWS UP

Constance Talmadge is up in arms and she doesn't care who knows it. She is just sick and tired of being called "Connie" and she herein gives notice to all editors, press agents, fans and everybody concerned that she has no love for anyone who calls her "Connie."

"It's all right," says Connie—beg pardon, Constance—"when you are in short socks and baby clothes, to have people say, "Isn't she cute, our little Connie?" but when you have grown to nearly six feet and have to live down a reputation of being a tom-boy, how can you be dignified when everyone writes headlines about you, 'Connie Tells of Her Hobbies,' 'Connie Has New Leading Man,' etc.?"

Especially, thinks Constance, now that she is going in for "serious drama," is "Connie" objectionable. You know she doesn't intend to play flirty, light-headed parts any longer. She wants to be taken seriously.

"And I am in dead earnest," she pleads, "when I ask you not to call me 'Connie. Imagine anyone addressing Norma as 'Normie,' or," she added, "Nazimova as 'Nazzie.'"

NEEDLESS TO SAY——

We're always hearing of the terrible dissipations these screen players indulge in after work. There's Viola Dana for instance. She has a little hobby all her own, and she can hardly wait for the Metro five o'clock whistle to begin her dissipation. Between scenes and often, shamelessly and in full view of everybody, Viola dissipates. She knits. She has already made fifteen sweaters this season, and she hopes to have twenty for summer wear very soon.

Of course this vicious habit of hers has possessed her for some time. Between scenes of "The Five Dollar Baby," Viola, in her twelve year old dress, sat knitting Sweater A-3.

"Well, little girl," her Director, Harry Beaumont, kidded her, "what is your name?"

Viola looked down demurely at her knee length skirt. "Oh, sir," she answered. "I'm the little girl they named Needles, California, after."

THE RED, RED WINE

"Lenin Not Paralyzed," Director Robert Z. Leonard read in the newspaper. He turned around to Mrs. Leonard, otherwise known as Mae Murray.

"Lenin's not paralyzed," he observed, "well, maybe not. But it's certain he's had one drink of Red wine too many."

—A. M. T.

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addrssed envelope.*

JUST what is drama? In the first place, drama is conflict—the conflict of duty and desires, of passion and self-restraint. Nearly all amateur writers regard drama as something apart from everyday life, something far off and unusual. They feel that they must go far afield for situations to put into a play. But drama is really with one always, in the home, on the street, in business, in the factory, wherever there is human experience. It is a poor corner of life that yields no drama. There is drama wherever there is a soul struggle. But it is not to be found for the asking. Even the person with trained observation must search for it.

Those near you may be living big drama. They may be struggling against oppressive situations, or revolting against injustices or misunderstandings or the prejudices, the follies or other influences of those who surround them. The conflict with whatever limits or belittles one is drama. The things which one *does* in such a struggle is drama put into action. And drama in action is the material for the photoplay.

"Many new screen writers fail to realize the importance of writing visual action," Mr. Carey Wilson of the Goldwyn Scenario Department said recently. "A motion picture tells its story by action, the movement of the actors," he continued. "Any story whose main significance comes from subtitles, or the printed words which intermittently appear on the screen, therefore fails to measure up to the first requirement of the screen drama.

"The first step in adapting a story into continuity at the Goldwyn Studio is to prepare what we call a 'story thread'—that is, a simple general outline of the drama, using only action or movement in pantomime to depict the story.

"From this the continuity is made. But the editorial board must first see in the story thread sufficient proof that the story is a motion picture story to warrant consideration of it as a screen drama.

"The natural tendency of the beginner is, of course, to tell his story without regard to the form thereof. Consequently, the average amateur submission contains something of the play, something of the short story, something of the actual photoplay. This is all very well when the unsuitable material is convertible to screen action. But frequently, all too frequently, it is not.

"Hence one of the foremost things to be remembered is the essential requirements of visual action. And many a promising script is rejected, although it contains splendid dramatic material, because the translation of such sub-climaxes as it possesses means the dilution of its quality into the commonplace.

"Personally, I never write a line into a motion picture story unless I have first seen in my imagination that particular thing acted out for me by the imaginary actors whom I have chosen to play my scene."

Another common fallacy in dramatic structure to be found in the work of the amateur photoplaywright is the unwarranted use of coincidence. Except in rare, absolutely unavoidable cases, motivation, which is based on coincidence, weakens the entire plot. All the action of your story should spring naturally and logically from the characters themselves; their aims, desire and ambitions, and not from the agency of any external force, such as chance or coincidence, over which they have no control.

The amateur screen writer should keep his characters active. He should make them "work out their own salvation." A great dramatic critic has wisely said that the degree to which a story is dramatic depends upon the degree to which the hero is the architect of his own fortunes. And this applies to the other characters as well.

Remember that what may be possible, or even probable, in real life, will be considered "dramatic implausibility" by the audience if it is not definitely based on the laws of cause and effect. Never resort to chance, or Fate, or Providence to bring about a certain situation, but let the initiative, and the purpose of one or more of your characters bring it about. This will make your story compact, logical, convincing.

The photoplaywright must continually seek truth in characterization. He must endeavor to place real people in real situations and then have them act as they would act in those situations in real life. Given a situation, it must grow naturally out of the characters in it, or the people, in the mind of the audience, must be remodeled until they fit naturally into the situation. This adjustment of character and situation, cause and effect, should be the continual concern of the photoplaywright.

It is always well to test the situations of a story by determining whether they might naturally occur in the life of the average spectator. If they are life-like and plausible, they will probably lead to human and poignant drama. If they in any way depend upon chance, or are sensational and implausible, the result will usually be improbable melodrama of a thrilling, but unreal kind. Dramatic effects can usually be better achieved by placing real and likeable characters in conflict than by showing a conflict between a hero and a dyed-in-the-wool villain. But there must be a marked dramatic contrast between the characters.

The trained screen writer always remembers to center the interest on his principal characters, and carefully develops and motivates those characters so that they are human. He makes them individual and distinctive. Once they are clearly established and he has laid the basis of his story by forming the dramatic triad, the characters and the fact that they are working toward a common objective, and at cross purposes, should lead to strong situations, providing the author does not develop the situations in a mechanical fashion, but permits them to develop naturally from the motives and desires of his characters.

In developing a story, the would-be photodramatist should remember the proper "movement." That does not mean the motion of the characters, but rather the constant growth of the plot through a sequence of situations and critical happenings toward the big climax. To slow up your movement is fatal. Begin by presenting your characters in action that establishes clearly their individual natures and relation to each other, then gradually develop obstacles which one faction places before another, and increase the dramatic tone and tempo as you progress.

Questions and Answers

Q. I have been told that my story has too much "scattered interest"; will you tell me what this means and how I can avoid it?

A. You have probably separated the characters in the story without any necessity for their separation and have then been compelled to develop dramatic happenings around them which have no real part in the development of the plot. Very often the cause is that you have not a clear dramatic objective in the story and if this is the case there is little to knit the story together.

Q. I sent a story called, "The Mystery of the Bar Y Ranch" to three different studios. Two of them returned it without any comment except that it was unsuitable. The third told me it was lacking in originality. My story was a typical western one about cattle rustling and it seemed to me as original as some I see on the screen. How can I go about getting originality in a western picture as everything seems to have been used heaps of times before.

A. It is not at all easy to put "originality" or as we prefer to call it, novelty of treatment, into a western picture of the type you mention. Entirely new twists can sometimes be given to old situations by an ingenious person. Another way is to develop the story with some very out-of-the-ordinary character, one whom you would not expect to find in those surroundings. Such a character must have tremendous personality and must be able to hold the interest of the audience. In this case the characterization is the making of the picture in great measure. Yet another way is to write a story, the action of which might take place anywhere and then give it the picturesque western setting.

Q. How many dramatic situations must I have for a five-reel picture?

A. Never less than three major ones and only if these are of tremendous strength will this suffice. A good five-reel picture often contains as many as six or more and many minor ones leading up to them.

Q. A critic has told me that my descriptions of scenes are "telegraphic" and too cold. How am I to get away from this when I understand the detailed synopsis should be kept as brief as possible?

A. A detailed synopsis should be kept "as brief as possible" but this does not mean that the story is to be sacrificed for the sake of brevity. Your aim should be to get the greatest power out of the scenes you are describing and if this takes a few pages more—then use the few pages. A big scene cannot be developed in a few cold blooded sentences. The emotions must be described to some extent as well as the action, for if this is not done then the characterization is lost at the moment it is needed most. Put all the feeling and power into a "big scene" that you can and if a little dialogue is necessary, use it.

Q. I want to write about some vital problems of the day but when I have it down on paper, I find that the subject is censorable, yet I cannot resign myself to writing milk-and-water stuff.

A. There is a way of going around this censorship matter. If the subject is treated delicately, if there is a moral lesson in the story, a theme based on a vital question has a chance to pass the censors, but it is a chance. Better wait until the public has shaken off the yoke of censorship before attempting such stories.

Q. I have in mind some ideas for writing educational pictures. Is there a market for that kind of material?

A. There is none. Producers of educational pictures have their own staff writers who write up any subject desired. Better stick to writing fiction, the field is unlimited there.

Q. In a story I wrote recently, I had the girl imagine herself wearing beautiful gowns. Should I write "dissolve Mary wearing evening dress," etc?

A. No, write straight narrative. If your story is accepted, the continuity writer will write in the "dissolve" whenever necessary. Do not clog up your story with technical terms, forget that they exist.

Q. Should I write the continuity of my story instead of a straight synopsis. I find that I simply cannot write a comprehensive synopsis but can write a good continuity.

A. Better practice on straight synopsis. It is very hard to read continuity and "get" the story unless the work has been done very well and a novice at the game would hardly be able to turn out a good continuity. This work requires considerable practice and experience.

Q. In writing scenarios I have been told that my style is too narrative. Will you kindly explain how this will affect my writing efforts for film plays? —F. G.

A. Narrative is the telling of a story wherein a series of events happen to your characters with which their wills may or may not have anything to do. Drama, of which the picture play is built, is the story of a *clash of human wills* in the *effort* to *obtain* some desire.

why is there so much money wasted making motion pictures?

BECAUSE— they are using the other fellow's money!

Explains a newcomer who hopes to be a Director

WHY is there so much waste in the making of motion pictures?

Because they are using the other fellow's money.

At least I believe that is the answer to the majority of cases and after all we must deal with the rule and not with the exception.

Lest the reader think that this is just another of those slams at the industry and a smart alecky attempt to belittle the personnel of that industry, let me insert here the information that the writer has recently entered the motion picture game after a period of years spent as editor and publisher of a metropolitan newspaper, as an actor and as a stage producer. Let me also assert that I hope to qualify as a motion picture director and writer and that I look upon such a qualification if I make the grade, as an accomplishment.

I am looking at the motion picture from the inside after a number of years of study from the outside, and I am writing with considerable respect for the enormous strides that it has made and with sympathy for those who have had to overcome the pioneering handicaps.

But there are a number of items of waste and lost motion which seem most obvious, and the strange part of it is that when I ask those who have considerably more experience than I in the game, they freely admit all charges, yet nothing is done to eliminate it.

Why? I can only refer you to the second sentence of this article. Perhaps I am wrong. It is but an opinion—though founded on close observation and inquiry.

Not long ago I was on a trip through a large studio with one of the most prominent directors in the business. He was explaining in detail the costs of the production he was then preparing. He told me of the salaries being paid the various actors, to the scenario writer, to the technical director, to the mechanical staff and to himself. He was receivnig $1,500 weekly.

"When do you begin?" I asked him.

"Why, we are working now," he replied, surprised at my question.

"Yet you have the time to take me on a sightseeing jaunt through your studio and with a salary list running into five figures and with no wheels turning?" I could not help but marvel at it.

He explained that he couldn't explain it so that I would understand. That this was a peculiar business. That on this particular day everything was waiting for some paint to dry on the floor of a set that had just been built.

He then told me that this particular production would cost about $300,000 when finished, yet the story, the foundation and reason for the whole affair, was costing but $5,000. There is a ratio phase there that I cannot see yet.

Then I asked him how he would like to produce pictures himself. He was enthusiastic in a minute. It was his ambition. He had given it lots of thought. He knew just how he would go about it to make the most money. And then he let me have the startling information that if he were producing on his own, he could make the production he was then working on for $60,000. In other words, *eighty per cent of the money spent on that production was being wasted.*

Why? *Because it was not HIS money.* Whose? I know the name of the producer who was signing the checks, but my guess is that it was not even HIS money, but the money of the man who buys at the box office.

But there is still a top note to this remarkable tale. I am a human question mark, due to countless reportorial days, and I asked him how he could reconcile his statements and still retain his honesty. This is his answer verbatim:

"Why if I made feature productions of this kind for $60,000 I would be a $300 a week director instead of a $1,500 one. Good directors always spend lots of money on pictures. The producer wouldn't believe I was worth my salary if I produced pictures cheaply."

Nor is this case an exception. Within the week I lunched with another director, formerly associated with one of the largest producing films in pictures. He has made pictures of the calibre that are labelled "A So-and-So Production," using the director's name. His pictures cost on an average of $150,000. That was with the other fellow's money.

Now he and a partner are forming a producing partnership. He is enthusiastic over his prospects. He assured me that he could turn out far better pictures than before and that the maximum cost of each picture would be $75,000. Just half of what it cost when using the other fellow's money. This director also told me that he could easily produce pictures in a month's shooting time, whereas formerly he took three months.

These two cases are typical and I believe they are 100 per cent true. Yet there is no technical dishonesty involved.

I recently watched the filming of a big feature made by a prominent director. I read his script, which was lying in his chair. It described in detail the action of the scene which he was shooting. The director took that scene TWELVE times, with two cameras grinding all the time. The next night I was with him when he looked at it in the projection room. The twelve versions of the scene were flashed before him. He had six different preferences and finally he became so befuddled with the numerous versions of the same scene that he selected the FIRST one he had taken as being the best of the lot. And he let me know that this was not unusual.

And he seemed very pleased with himself when he told me that he would probably shoot sixty thousand feet on this picture and then use about 4,000 feet when the picture was finally shown. "All good directors do it," he continued. And he quoted many miles of film used by Griffith in his big pictures, as if that clinched the argument.

He may be right. The system may be right. But I believe that with a story worked out in detail, a good director should be able to go out on the lot and from the time he starts shooting, finish the average feature of five reels in one month or less, and if he shoots one scene

ABOVE:
Mary Pickford in a scene from her new picture, "Tess." Mary is her own producer. She spends her own money, not a company's "cold cash."

AT LEFT:
William de Mille interrupts shooting to chat with William Tilden, tennis champion of the world.

more than three times. except for mechanical defects, he is not a good director and there is deliberate waste. And I told the same thing to the director.

But he was ready for me. "Oh, I never pay any attention to the scenario they prepare and I don't spend much time rehearsing."

His company pays a trained scenario writer a large salary to prepare a story for him, yet, instead of using that story and becoming so familiar with it that the actual shooting after rehearsals is almost mechanical, he does his experimenting on the lot and with the cameras grinding.

Now, if that scenario writer cannot prepare stories properly, it is time to get a new one, and if that director is competent or can work better with his own adaptations, he should adapt the story and get it in such perfect shape before he calls actors and cameras, that the actual shooting can easily be done in a month.

And when I quote any of the above evils, I am met with assent, but qualified with the observation that you must make allowances for the artistic temperament of genius.

Genius. That word is getting much battered in the superlative film world. Let a director use a weird light, even though it means nothing and has no excuse for being, he is hailed a genius. Let an actor achieve electric lights. He is a genius, even though he is merely interpreting some sure-fire, actor-proof part created by a writer whose name is not even mentioned.

I wish that the movies had produced more genius. They have produced a number of capable actors, some excellent directors, some master showmen, but to date, in my humble opinion, there is but one genius in all the ranks, Charlie Chaplin.

Chaplin does not nor should not be hampered by anything in the making of his pictures. And Chaplin is spending his own money. He creates, interprets and presents in a class by himself. His apparent buffoonery is classic psychology of humor.

And until someone else comes along who understands psychology rather than talks about it, Charlie is going to remain supreme in his line and with no competition.

To cite one case. Marshall Neilan produced a picture called "Bits of Life." I saw this picture and liked it immensely. I sent a number of people to see it. I made inquiries as to its success. I learned that it was not doing so good. I couldn't understand it and imagined that my judgment must be all wrong. Then I looked at some exhibitors' reports.

The average one stated that the exhibitor liked the picture personally and that the patrons seemed to like it, but it did not do business. This strengthened my faith in my own judgment, but made me more than ever determined to find the trouble, even though it meant nothing to me personally, but satisfaction.

I went to see the picture again. And I am sure that I have the right answer. Mr. Neilan can have it for what it is worth.

It is just a simple bit of psychology. In presenting the picture, Mr. Neilan wrote a letter to the public which was flashed in sections on the screen as the picture was shown, linking the various episodes together. In effect the letter said:

"Dear Public:

For some time I have been looking for a suitable story to follow my last feature. In my search I was unable to locate what I wanted, but in reading I came across these stories, which I have gathered together in one picture."

Mr. Neilan was apologizing. Mr. Neilan was telling the public that he was not giving them what they were entitled to, but was offering a substitute and begging their indulgence. And that dear old public doesn't readily accept substitutes, even though that substitute is better than the original.

And what is the result? The picture is damned—the idea is damned, and Mr. Neilan, with the courage to come forth with a new idea, is squelched simplpy because of a mistake in psychology.

I believe it is a loss to pictures. I believe that Mr. Neilan was on something live. Magazines have long since discovered the value of short stories. But I am afraid it will be a long time before we get another "Bits of Life." Producers will go on taking short stories and stretching them into five reels, wasting not only the footage, but stretching the idea until it no longer resembles anything but a lot of scenes with the thinnest of threads holding them together.

In "Bits of Life," Neilan had several stories to tell in his five reels. He had to tell them and get to it quickly. As a result they were well told.

And consciously or unconsciously, he hit upon and corrected one of the biggest faults in picture-making. This is a general indictment. Neilan had an idea. Instead of ideas, picture producers, even the most successful, have formulas.

There are big names today, capable stars and directors, who are riding on the crest of the wave appealing to an appetite. That appetite turns from satisfaction to satiation quicker than anything on earth.

Perhaps this article will rile a few directors who feel more or less indicted by some of the statements. For soothing purposes, I offer this: Get in front of a mirror and look yourself squarely in the eye. Then ask yourself what was the best picture you ever produced. How much time did it take and how many feet of film did you use? Then compare it with the pictures you are making today if you are one of those famous directors who is given carte blanche on expenses. Then ask yourself and answer it honestly, "How much would you spend on your current production if you owned it and were using your own money for the production?" Some of you will turn away from that mirror without blushing, but how many?

Charlie Chaplin is an independent producer. It is his money, and not a corporation's, that he uses in turning out his superb comedies. A scene from an earlier two-reeler.

BELOW:

Marshall Neilan, standing by the camera, decides on the action for an exterior scene in his "Bits of Life."

Priscilla Dean's two year old namesake on way to FAME

—by Constance Palmer

WHO would think a little mite two years old could not only support herself, but give her father a job?

You've heard of Baby Peggy Montgomery—three-year-old starlet of Century Comedies; of Pat and Micky Moore, and of course of Jackie Coogan. All of them are earning more money than many grown-ups, and little Jackie, for one, is independently wealthy.

And now a new star has arisen, a star with big, wondering, blue eyes and two dimpled, appealing hands. She is just as sweet a little girl as Jackie is a manly and lovable little boy.

Priscilla Dean Moran was named after her parents' favorite film star. Before she was born, her father,—L. A. Moran, an Oklahoma and Kansas City exhibitor,—wrote to Priscilla Dean: "We hope it's a girl. If it is, have we your permission to name the baby after you?" Miss Dean gladly and proudly gave her permission and sent a picture large enough for the baby to hide behind.

A few months ago, Mr. Moran was given a position as publicity director of one of the largest film corporations on the West Coast. But, upon arriving in Los Angeles with his wife and little Priscilla, he found that through studio politics the order authorizing his employment had been cancelled.

Priscilla Dean was deeply interested in the family, and most particularly interested in her little namesake. She arranged for her to be given work in several pictures, thus fattening the dwindling family exchequer.

ABOVE:

Just a mite of pathos, but isn't Priscilla the most adorable little trick you ever saw?

AT RIGHT:

Another "child star wonder"—little Jackie. Jackie seems a trifle pensive. Wonder whether he's been to a circus!

Of course you know Wes Barry, the freckle champion. Wes still retains his popularity.

Priscilla Dean Morgan, named after the popular star, and herself well on the way to stardom!

No one knows what misfortunes and privations the Morans might have gone through in these days of scarce jobs had not Sidney and Chester Franklin arranged to produce children's comedies under the management of Joseph M. Schenck. Mr. Schenck, you know, is Norma Talmadge's husband and produces the pictures of his wife, Buster Keaton and Constance Talmadge.

Chester Franklin is well-known as a director of youngsters. He produced a series of highly successful two-reel children's comedies for Fox. He plans now to direct Priscilla Moran in pictures covering a two years' contract.

Although I do not believe in putting children into pictures for steady work as the support of a family, I do recognize the fact that this particular child is well-started on a screen career which ought some day to reach great heights.

Priscilla is beautiful and, as she grows older, will probably be more beautiful. She is intelligent and will assimillate quickly everything her director tells her. She will develope an ease of manner coming from long years of acting before the camera. And, above all, she is under the observation of one of the biggest producers in the business —Joseph M. Schenck.

While Chester Franklin alone will direct, his brother will supervise the productions. Both of them are well-known as directors of feature pictures. Sidney Franklin is now behind the megaphone on Constance Talmadge's "East is West," while his brother has directed many Famous Players-Lasky features, notably those starring Bebe Daniels.

The number of children starring in their own pictures seems to be increasing every day. Besides Baby Peggy, the Century Film Company has under contract five-year-old Jackie Morgan—who knows about every car and driver that ever raced—and twelve-year-old Johnny Fox.

Marshall Neilan, of course, has Wesley Barry, whom he is loaning to Warner Brothers for a series of five-reel pictures.

Although *to live* should mean *to work*, and although people are vastly amused by children on the screen, figure out for yourself how much good such an abnormal life does a child.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM

(Continued from page 14)

They would sell their souls for a sou. "How much do you want?"

"I do not want money," Henriette cried passionately. "I count my love beyond gold and rubies. I am giving him up because I think it is best for his future happiness. I ask you nothing for myself, but, dear madame, I have a sister, a dear, sweet sister. Darling Louise——"

The countess gave a violent start.

"What! What did you say the name was?" she gasped.

When Countess de Lineries manifested such strange agitation on hearing the name of Louise, Henriette looked up in surprise tempered with respect for the lady's rank.

"Louise," she said softly. "My darling Louise. She is never absent from my thoughts. See, I have embroidered her name on this sampler so that when I meet her again I can show her how she dwelt in my heart."

"Louise? Strange! That name is very dear to me," said the countess softly. Swiftly arose a vision of the days of awful suffering when the baby Louise was snatched from her with ruthless hands. She would never forget that hour of agony if she lived to be a thousand years old.

"Louise is my dear little sister—she is lost. I know not where she is. Oh, you are rich and powerful. Help me find her and I shall do anything you say. Even to giving up the man I love more than life itself."

Nature could bear no more. She broke down and wept. The countess, too, was touched in spite of herself.

"She is blind, le pauvre Louise," continued Henriette, when in a certain measure she had gained control of herself, and touching her eyes to portray her sister's misfortune. "She was so helpless, without me she could do nothing." With many sobs she told the story of her abduction, and the loss of her sister and the efforts of the chevalier to aid her in the search.

The countess leaned forward with a tense eagerness in her face that was almost agonizing. She seemed to sense a premonition of the revelation that was coming. Outside a file of soldiers came into view, but no attention was paid to them, that was a common occurrence in those days.

"I call her my sister," continued Henriette, "though she is really no relation to me. My father found her on the steps of Notre Dame Cathedral one wintry——"

A low cry of commingled joy, grief and pain escaped the countess. Her lips grew bloodless and wildly she clutched at her heart.

"What—what did you say?" she gasped.

"She is not my sister," Henriette repeated, wondering at the agitation of the great lady. "Father found her half-buried in the snow in the parvis before the cathedral. He had gone there to leave me, as there was neither food nor fire in our own wretched home. The suffering of Louise abandoned there made him change his mind and he returned home with us both. Wrapped in the baby's clothes was a large 'rouleau' of gold, and around her neck was this jeweled locket——"

Picard, the chevalier's valet

After all these years! A gasp that was almost a sob broke from the lips of the wretched woman, so erect and proud when she entered the chamber, now so wretched and broken. With a shaking hand she took the miniature Henriette handed her. She recognized it at once, and opened a bit of yellow paper that fell out on which was written, "Her name is Louise. Save her!"

"My child!" she cried in heart-rending accents. "My own darling little Louise! Lost, blind, all alone in this wicked, cruel city. Oh, my God, my God! How could you? How could you?" Tears choked her utterance. Henriette, all awe of her high rank lost in the common sisterhood of sorrow, placed her arms around the stricken woman and whispered words of solace, though she, herself, was almost at the breaking point.

Suddenly, in the midst of their grief, rose a pure, sweet, mezzo soprano voice. It was a simple, pathetic Norman melody such as the two orphans had often sung in the dear days now forever dead. That voice! Henriette stiffened suddenly, straining every nerve. Again sounded the sweet, sad strain. The two sprang to their feet. "Louise!" cried Henriette. Her heart leaped for joy; she was a being transfigured. Breathless, she dashed to the window, closely followed by the countess. In the narrow street she beheld her beloved sister alone, clad in beggar's rags, singing with a quivering pathos in her tones that spoke only too eloquently of her sorrow, a sorrow that tore at Henriette's heart-strings.

"Louise!" she cried. "Oh, my God! Louise! Louise!"

"Henriette! Oh dear, dear Henriette!"

SYNOPSIS

During the time of the black famine in France, a noblewoman gives birth to a child whose father is a peasant. The child is taken away from her by the nobles and left naked on a snow pile to die.

In another part of town, the Girards, a family of poor peasants, decide to leave their only child on someone's doorstep as they can no longer buy food for it.

The father, taking the baby away, sees the abandoned child on the snow pile and, repenting, takes both babies home.

Later through the black plague, Louise, the little foundling, loses her eyesight and both the elder Girards die. The two orphans decide to journey to Paris to visit their cousin and to try a cure for Louise's sight.

They are met by the Marquis de Praille on their way and he, greatly attracted by Henriette's charms, makes advances to her which she repulses. The marquis, angered, orders his servant to kidnap the girl.

The villainous servant executes his task and brings her to the marquis' home where she is rescued by the Chevalier de Vaudrey, who kills de Praille in a duel.

In the meantime, Louise, left wandering alone, is picked up by a villainous old hag called Madame Frochard and is taken to her home, where she is told she must beg for a living.

This she refuses to do and is thrust into the dark cellar in spite of the pleadings of her crippled son, Pierre, who is laid low by a blow from his foul-hearted brother, Jacques.

Frochard takes Louise out into the streets to beg and is met by the Comtesse de Vaudrey, who is attracted to Louise, but does not know that she is the child taken from her at birth.

The Chevalier de Vaudrey is ordered by the king to marry the Princess of Acquitaine, which he refuses to do; being in love with Henriette.

Transfigured with joy the blind girl ran groping and stumbling in the direction from which she thought the voice came, holding out eager arms for the embrace of the sister so dearly loved, calling wildly in a fervor of agony lest La Frochard should come and carry her away. From the window Henriette encouraged her with loving counsel:

"Stand still, Louise dear, I'm coming!

"Don't get excited!

"Wait right there!

"It is your loving Henriette that calls!

"I'll be down right away!

"I'm coming, darling, I'm coming!

Suddenly Mother Frochard, who was never far away from her property, it was too valuable, darted from a nearby dram shop. She took in the situation at a glance. The thing she had feared most had happened: the two sisters had met. With a venomous snarl she seized Louise by the arm and began to drag her hurriedly away. Louise gave one terrified scream. "Henriette! Oh, Henriette! Hurry! Do hurry! She——" Frochard clapped her dirty claws over the girl's mouth and she could say no more. Frantic with fear at the sudden danger to her beloved and with happiness in her grasp, Henriette rushed past the countess, flinging aside the door—and was confronted by a file of soldiers.

"Henriette Girard?" queried the corporal of the guard.

"Stand aside," she implored. "My sister—they are carrying her away. Let me pass! Oh, please, please, let me pass!"

The soldiers stood immovable. The shrieks, heart-rending in their intensity, grew fainter and fainter. They were dying away in the distance. Maddened, beyond herself, Henriette dashed against the gunstocks of the soldiers, beating the breasts, the arms, the faces of the wall-like men with her tiny fists; then, as suddenly turned and dashed to the window, stretching out her arms imploringly; crazed beyond the power of endurance by the sight of her dear Louise dragged along and beaten by the furious old harridan. The countess had fainted and so could be of no use to her.

"Arrest her!" ordered the corporal.

Henriette did not hear the cruel command. She mounted the window sill and would have jumped to the stone pavement below had not the soldiers seized her and dragged her back.

"Have pity!" she implored, falling on her knees before those rough, silent men. "Oh, for God's sake, have mercy! Let me save my sister, my dear, sweet blind sister! Ah, messieurs! If you have hearts in your bosoms, let me save my dear Louise and then take me where you will."

Despite her pitiful pleadings and frantic struggles, she was hurried away to La Force, the formidable prison that killed all hope and every spark of humanity. As the huge, grim iron door closed with a clang, the vile inmates crowded around the lovely orphan with hideous, leering faces. One, crazed by torture and years of prison, rushed forward, arms upraised to strike the newcomer so suddenly torn from all she loved.

FATE AND THE CHEVALIER

"You sent for me, sir?"

The chevalier stood erect, proud, handsome and happy. There was not a cloud in his sky. He had just gained the love of the girl he worshipped and felt as though he could conquer fate. Comte de Lineries looked at him in grudging admiration. Ah, what it was to be young! An unavailing sigh of regret for his own lost youth came from the powerful prefect.

"Yes, I sent for you, Maurice," he replied in a conciliating tone, seating himself at a mother-of- pearl inlaid escritoire, taking up a quill pen and signing warrants with a deftness that bespoke long practice. "I hope that now, since you have thought the matter over, you are cured of your infatuation for that slip of a girl and are willing to unite yourself with the proud house of Acquitaine."

"Never!" was the emphatic reply. "Henriette has just admitted that she loves me and I shall know no rest until we are man and wife."

The prefect looked at his nephew coldly. However, he did not lose his temper. He meant to win, peaceably, if possible, if not—well, win he would.

"You prate of love like a schoolboy," he sneered. "The princess loves you. What more do you want?"

"I want the girl I love and that loves me," was the instant rejoinder. "As soon as we gain your consent our life-long happiness will begin."

The prefect grew ashen with anger. He rose to his feet, his face like a thunder cloud.

"Give up this girl," he thundered, "and at once!"

The chevalier drew his slender, muscular form to its full height. Proudly he looked de Lineries in the eye and proudly he flung back the answer:

"Never! I will die first."

If the chevalier expected an angry outburst, he was mistaken. The count looked at him, and there was unmistakable admiration in his gaze.

"I was young once myself," he said in softened tones. "The love that you feel for this nameless nobody I felt and have always cherished for your dear aunt. Her love has been an inspiration to me, but, and this is important, Maurice: she was of my own station in life or the love could never have remained. Think, dear Maurice, you can never be happy with this girl. The house of Acquitaine would never forgive you. You would be pursued with implacable fury and not only yourself, but the girl, your aunt and myself would all be involved in the general ruin. Give up this passing fancy and make us all happy."

"You are mistaken, sir," the chevalier replied firmly. "It is not a passing fancy, but the one and only love of a life-time. I shall never give her up."

The count's face grew purple with passion. Once, twice, three times he strove to speak, but anger choked his utterance. Finally, in a voice hoarse with emotion, he asked:

"Is that your last word?"

"It is," the chevalier replied firmly. "I have no other."

The Comtesse de Lineries

"Then your fate be upon your own head," said the prefect solemnly.

Sharply he tapped a gold bell on a nearby table. His hand trembled so that he knocked it over. Before the vibrations died, a file of soldiers marched in, saluted, then stood stiffly erect. The prefect once more turned to his nephew. His tones were cold and menacing.

"You know the power of 'lettres de cachet,'" warned. "I have one here sending you to the ro: fortress of Caen, another consigning this peasant to Salpetriere. Do you give her up?"

"Never!"

(Continued on page 31)

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 16)

high poise of his ugly head. And, without knowing what she was doing, or why, she slowly lifted her free hand and let it rest lightly on his massive shoulder. And, as she looked into his eyes, a strange expression began to dawn in her own—and it became stranger and stranger—something he had never before seen there—something so bewildering, so wonderful, that his heart seemed to cease.

Suddenly her eyes filled and her face flushed from throat to hair and the next instant she swayed forward, was caught, and crushed to his breast.

"Oh!" she wept ceaselessly. "Oh, oh, Cary! I didn't know—I didn't know. I—I want to be a——a good mother. I'll try to be better; I'll try to be better. You are so good to me—so kind—so kind—to protect me—after what I've done—after what I've done!"

DESBORO passed a miserable afternoon at the office. If there had been any business to take his mind off himself it might have been easier for him; but for a long time now there had been nothing stirring in Wall Street; the public kept away; business was dead.

After hours he went to the club, feeling physically wretched. Man after man came up and congratulated him on his marriage—some whom he knew scarcely more intimately than to bow to, spoke to him. He was a very great favorite.

In the beginning, it was merely a stimulant that he thought he needed; later he declined no suggestion, and even made a few, with an eye on the clock. For at five he was to meet Jacqueline.

Toward five his demeanor had altered to that gravely urbane and too courteous manner indicative of excess; and his flushed face had become white and tense.

Cairns found him in the card room at six, saw at a glance how matters stood with him, and drew him into a corner of the window with scant ceremony.

"What's the matter with you?" he said sharply. "You told me that you were to meet your wife at five!"

Desboro's manner became impressively courteous.

"Inadvertently," he said, "I have somehow or other mislaid the clock. Once it stood somewhere in this vicinity, but——"

"Damn it! There it is! Look at it!"

Desboro looked gravely in the direction where Cairns was pointing.

"That undoubtedly IS a clock," he said. "But now a far more serious problem confronts us, John. Having located a clock with a certain amount of accuracy, what is the next step to take in finding out the exact time?"

"Don't you know how to tell the time?" demanded Cairns, furious.

"Pardon. I know how to tell it, provided I once know what it is——"

"Are you drunk?"

"I have never," said Desboro, courteously, "experienced intoxication. At present I am perfectly cognizant of contemporary events now passing in my immediate vicinity——"

"Where were you to meet your wife?"

"At the depository of her multudinous and intricate affairs of business—in other words, at her office, dear friend."

"You can't go to her this way."

"It were unwise, perhaps," said Desboro, pleasantly.

Cairns gripped his arm: "You go to the baths; do you hear? Tell Louis to massage the edge off you. I'm going to speak to your wife."

So Desboro sauntered off toward the elevator and Cairns called up Jacqueline's office.

It appeared that Jacqueline had left. Should they switch him on to her private apartments above?

In a moment his call was answered.

"Is this Mrs. Desboro?" he asked. And at the same instant recognized Cynthia Lessler's voice.

She returned his greeting briefly.

"Jacqueline thought that perhaps she had misunderstood Mr. Desboro, so she has gone to the station. Did he go there?"

"N—no. He had an appointment and——"

"Where?"

"At the club—the Olympian Club——"

"Is he there?"

"Yes——"

"Then tell him to go at once to the station, or he will miss his wife and the 6:15 train, too!"

"I—he—Jim isn't feeling very well——"

"Is he ILL!"

"N—no. Oh, no! He's merely tired—overworked——"

"What!"

"Oh, he's just taking a cold plunge and a rub-down——"

"Mr. Cairns!"

"Yes."

"Take a taxi and come here before Jacqueline returns."

"Did you wish——"

"Yes. How soon can you get here?"

"Five minutes."

"I'll wait."

"A rotten piece of business," muttered Cairns, taking hat and stick from the cloak room.

The starter had a taxi ready. Except for the usual block on Fifth Avenue, they would have made it in four minutes. It took them ten.

Cynthia met him on the landing and silently ushered him into Jacqueline's pretty little parlor. She still wore her hat and coat; a fur boa lay on a sofa.

"Now," she said, leaning forward in her chair as soon as he was seated, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Of what?" he asked, pretending mild surprise.

"Of Mr. Desboro's behavior! He was married yesterday to the dearest, sweetest, loveliest girl in the world. Today, I stop at her office to see her—and I find that she is unhappy. She couldn't hide it from ME! I LOVE her! And all her smiles and forced gaiety and clever maneuvering were terrible to me—heart-breaking. She is dreadfully unhappy. Why?"

"I didn't know it," said Cairns honestly.

"Is that true?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well. But you know why he didn't meet Jacqueline at five, don't you?"

He looked at her miserably: "Yes, I know. I wouldn't let him."

"Is he intoxicated?"

"No. He has had more than he should have."

"What a cur!" she said between her teeth.

Cairns bit his lip and nervously twirled his walking stick.

"See here, Cynthia, Jim isn't a cur, you know."

"What do YOU call a man who has done what he's done?"

"I—I tell you it has me guessing. Because it isn't like Jim Desboro. He's never that way—not once in years. Only when he's up against it does he ever do that. And he's perfectly mad about his wife. Don't make any mistake there; he's dead in love with her—crazy about her. But—he came into the office about one today, looking like the deuce—so changed, so white, so 'all in,' that I thought he had the grippe or something."

Cynthia said: "They've had a quarrel. Oh, what is it—what could it be, Jack? You know it will break her heart. It's breaking mine now. I can't bear it—I simply can't——"

"Haven't the least idea what's wrong," said Cairns, leaning forward, elbows on his knees, and beating the hearth with his walking stick.

"Can't Mr. Desboro come here pretty soon?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. I'll go back and look him over——"

Cynthia's eyes suddenly glistened with tears, and she bowed her head.

"My dear child," expostulated Cairns, "it's nothing to weep over. It's a—one of those things likely to happen to any man——"

"But I can't bear to have it happen to Jacqueline's husband. Oh, I wish she had never seen him, never heard of him! He is a thousand, thousand miles beneath her. He isn't worth——"

"For heaven's sake, Cynthia, don't think that!"

"THINK it! I KNOW it! Of what value is that sort of man compared to a girl like Jacqueline! Of what use is that sort of man anyway! I know them," she said bitterly, "I've had my lesson in that school. One and all, young and old, rich or poor—comparatively poor—they are the same. The same ideas haunt their idle and selfish minds, the same motives move them, the same impulses rule them, and they reason with their emotions, not with their brains. Arrogant, insolent, condescending, self-centered, self-indulgent, and utterly predatory! That is the type! And they belong where people prey upon one another, not among the clean and sweet and innocent. They belong where there is no question of marriage or of home or of duty; they belong where lights are many and brilliant, where there is money, and plenty of it! Where there is noise, and too much of it! That is where that sort of man belongs. And nobody knows it as well as such a girl as I! Nobody, NOBODY!" Her lip quivered and she choked back the tears.

"And—and now—such a man has taken my little friend—my little girl—Jacqueline——"

"Do you think he's as rotten as what you say?"

"Yes. YES!"

"Then—what must you think of me?"

She glanced up, bloting her wet lashes with her handkerchief.

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"I suppose I'm included among the sort of men you have ben so graphically describing?"

She did not answer.

"Am I not included?"

She shook her head slightly.

"Why not? If your description fits Jim Desboro and Reggie Ledyard, and that set, it must naturally fit me, also."

But she shook her head almost imperceptibly.

"Why do you exclude me, Cynthia?"

But she had nothing to say about him. Long ago—long, long since, she had made excuses for all that he should have been and was not. It was not a matter for discussion; she and her heart had settled it between them without calling in Logic as umpire, and without recourse to Reason for an opinion.

"The worst of it is," he said, rising and picking up his hat, "some of your general description does fit me."

"I—did not mean it that way——"

"But it does fit, Cynthia; doesn't it?"

"No."

"What!" incredulously.

She said in a low voice: "You were very kind to me, Jack; and—not like other men. Do you think I can ever forget that?"

He forced a laugh: "Great actresses are expected to forget things. Besides, there isn't anything to remember—except that—we were friends."

"REAL friends. I know it now. Because the world is full of the other kind. But a REAL friend does not—destroy. Good-bye."

"Shall I see you again?" he asked, troubled.

"If you wish. I gave you my address yesterday."

"Will you really be at home to me, Cynthia?"

"Try," she said, unsmiling.

She went to the landing with him.

"Will you see that Mr. Desboro comes here as soon as he is—fit?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll tell Jacqueline he was not feeling well and fell asleep at the club. It's one of those lies that may be forgiven—" she shrugged "—but anyway I'll risk it."

So he went away, and she watched his departure, standing by the old-time stair-well until she heard the lower door clang. Then, grieved and angry, she seated herself and nervously awaited Jacqueline's reappearance.

The girl returned ten minutes later, pale and plainly worried, but carrying it off lightly enough.

"Cynthia!" she exclaimed, smilingly. "Where do you suppose that husband of mine can be! He isn't at the station. I boarded the train, but he was not on it! Isn't it odd? I—I don't suppose anything could have happened to him—any accident—because the motor drivers are so reckless——"

"You darling thing!" laughed Cynthia. "Your young man is perfectly safe——"

"He IS! He's at his club."

"What!"

"It's perfectly simple," said Cynthia coolly, "he went there from his office, feeling a bit under the weather——"

"Is he ILL?"

"No, no! He was merely tired. I believe. And he stretched out and fell asleep and failed to wake up. That's all."

Jacqueline looked at her in relieved astonishment for a moment.

"Did he telephone?"

"Yes—or rather, Mr. Cairns did——"

"Mr. Cairns! Why did Mr. Cairns telephone? Why didn't my husband telephone? Cynthia—look at me!"

Cynthia met her eye undaunted.

"Why," repeated Jacqueline, "didn't my husband telephone to me? Is he too ill? Is THAT it? Are you concealing it? ARE you, Cynthia?"

Cynthia smiled: 'He's a casual young man, darling. I believe he's taking a cold plunge or something. He'll probably be here in a few minutes. So I'll say good-night." She picked up her fur neckpiece, glanced at the mirror, fluffed a curl or two, and turned to Jacqueline. "Don't spoil him, ducky," she whispered, putting her hands on the young wife's shoulders and looking her deep in the eyes.

Jacqueline flushed painfully.

"How do you mean, Cynthia?"

The latter said: "There are a million ways of spoiling a man beside giving up to him."

"I don't give up to him," said Jacqueline in a colorless voice.

Cynthia looked at her gravely:

"It's hard to know what to do, dear. When a girl gives up to a man she spoils him sometimes: when she doesn't she sometimes spoils him. It's hard to know what to do—very hard."

Jacqueline's gaze grew troubled and remote.

"How to love a man wisely—that's a very hard thing for a girl to learn," murmured Cynthia. "But—the main thing—the important thing, is to love him, I think. And I suppose we have to take our chances of spoiling him."

"The main thing," said Jacqueline slowly, "is that he should know you DO love him; isn't it?"

"Yes. But the problem is, how best to show it. And that requires wisdom, dear. And where is a girl to acquire that kind of wisdom? What experience has she? What does she know? Ah, we don't know. There lies the trouble. By instinct, disposition, natural reticence, and training, we are disposed to offer too little, perhaps. But often, in fear that our reticence may not be understood, we offer too much."

"I—am afraid of that."

"Of offering too much?"

"Yes."

They stood, thoughtful a moment, not looking at each other.

Cynthia said in a low voice: "Be careful of him, ducky. His is not the stronger character. Perhaps he needs more than you give."

"What!"

"I—I think that perhaps he is not the kind of man to be spoiled by giving. And—it is possible to starve some men by the well-meant kindness of reserve."

"All women—modest women—are reserved."

"Is a mother's reserve praiseworthy when her child

(*Continued next week*)

SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, noted idler and man about town meets Jacqueline Nevers, who is carrying on her dead father's antique business. He becomes interested in her and engages her to catalog his famous collection.

After a week of this work she decides that they are both more interested in each other than is well and decides not to go to Silverwood Desboro's home, again. Desboro, finding her absence intolerable, calls up and begs her to come again, and after much pleading she consents.

Desboro engages a Mrs. Hammerton as social chaperone for Jacqueline that she may join the class of people in which he moves.

He then plans a house party to which he invites her, and all the guests fall very much under the charm of Jacqueline.

Jacqueline, in a moment of weakness, confesses her love for Desboro, and is overheard by Mrs. Hammerton, who warns Desboro to keep away from Jacqueline.

They are married secretly with only Jack Cairns and Cynthia Lessler as witnesses. Mrs. Hammerton, knowing nothing of the marriage, writes to Jacqueline warning her against Desboro.

Jacqueline also receives a call from Mrs. Clydesdale who admits having an intrigue with Desboro as Mrs. Hammerton has stated in her letter.

Desboro suspects that his wife has been told something of his lurid past, and goes to Mrs. Hammerton, accusing her of causing trouble.

She refuses to answer him and he then decides to go to Elena Clydesdale to find out. Elena is not in, however, and he sees her husband and comes to a new understanding with him.

Elena meanwhile has gone to her doctor's, where she is told that she is about to become a mother

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THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "If You Believe It, It's So"
by Perley Poore Sheehan
Directed by Tom Forman
Scenario by Waldemar Young

BETTY COMPSON
in "The Bonded Woman"
From the story "The Salvaging of John Sumner"
by John Fleming Wilson
Directed by Philip Rosen
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

MAY McAVOY
in "The Top of New York"
by Sonya Levien
Scenario by Julia Crawford Ivers

"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"
with Emil Jannings, Dagny Servaes, Harry Liedtke and Paul Wegener
An Ernest Lubitsch UFA Production

GLORIA SWANSON
in a Sam Wood Production
"Her Gilded Cage"
Scenario by Elmer Harris and Percy Heath
Based on the play by Anne Nichols

A William deMille Production
"NICE PEOPLE"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Scenario by Clara Beranger

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "Blood and Sand"
A Fred Niblo Production
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From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and the play by Tom Cushing
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
with Alma Rubens
From the story by James Oliver Curwood
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"
with Dorothy Dalton
An Irvin V. Willat Production
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis
By J. E. Nash
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn

JACK HOLT
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"While Satan Sleeps"
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From the novel "The Parson of Panamint"
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CECIL B. De MILLE'S
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"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
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Scenario by Julien Josephson Directed by James Cruze

"THE FACE IN THE FOG"
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"BURNING SANDS"
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production
By Arthur Weigall
Adaptation by Olga Printzlau

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Adaptation by Jack Cunningham
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
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and Tom Moore
A John Robertson Production
By Clyde Fitch
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and Theodore Kosloff
By Mary Johnston
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon
Directed by Alfred Green

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Adaptation by June Mathis

ALICE BRADY
in "Anna Ascends"
by Harry Chapman Ford
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A William deMille Production
"CLARENCE"
By Booth Tarkington
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

GLORIA SWANSON
in a Sam Wood Production
"The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
by David Lisle
Adaptation by Percy Heath

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vicente Blasco Ibanez
Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Melford Production
Robert Louis Stevenson's
"EBB TIDE"
with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood
Cast includes George Fawcett and Raymond Hatton
Adapted by Lorna Moon

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

ELSIE FERGUSON
in "Outcast"
by Hubert Henry Davies
A John Robertson Production
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"
with Bebe Daniels
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
by Katherine Newlin Burt

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in George Ade's
"Back Home and Broke"
Directed by Alfred Green

AGNES AYRES
in "A Daughter of Luxury"
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"KICK IN"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
by Willard Mack
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

WALLACE REID
in "Thirty Days"
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "Little Old New York"
by Rida Johnson Young
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "A Spanish Cavalier"
Based on the play "Don Cæsar De Basan"
Scenario by June Mathis

JACK HOLT
in a Peter B. Kyne Special
"Making a Man"
Directed by Joseph Henabery
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Miss Elizabeth Frasier, Fulton, Ill.

The Popular Girl Contest at the Lincoln Theatre, Fulton, Ill., created a lot of excitement among the patrons of that theatre. Ten girls entered the contest, five of them running very close for three weeks when the friends of the two leading girls, Miss Elizabeth Frasier and Miss Edith Walter got busy and narrowed the contest down to these two girls. Finally the contest closed with Miss Frasier at the head having received a little over 6,000 more votes than Miss Walter. Miss Frasier was awarded a valuable cut glass water set and a season's pass to the Lincoln Theatre.

Miss Isabelle Hartley, Ill.

The most popular girl in Macomb, Ill., is Miss Isabelle Hartley, at least we are led to believe that, from the report we have just received from the manager of the Illinois Theatre where a Popular Girl Contest has closed. The manager of this theatre, Mr. Hainline, was very generous, giving other contestants a chance to show their particular degree of popularity for besides Miss Hartley, the first winner, four other girls standing next highest in line were awarded respectively passes good for two months, one month, two weeks and one week to the Illinois Theatre. Miss Hartley received a beautiful white ivory toilet set and a season's pass to the theatre. Besides these five prizes, the next ten girls were invited to attend the showing of a big feature picture.

Miss Leila Sapp, Starks, Fla.

Miss Leila Sapp, a high school student was the winner of the Popular Girl Contest conducted by the Gaiety Theatre at Starks, Fla. The contest at this theatre was a huge success—125,000 votes were cast and of these Miss Sapp received over 46,000, thanks to her school-mates who worked eagerly for her. Miss Sapp was presented with an exquisite white ivory manicure set and a season's pass to the Gaiety Theatre.

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The artists whose lives are so delightfully covered by this set are Wallace Reid, Lillian Gish, Bert Lytell, Viola Dana, William S. Hart, Colleen Moore, Wesley Barry, Mae Murray, Harriet Hammond, Ben Turpin, Corinne Griffith, Doraldina.

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Orphans of the Storm

(*Continued from page 26*)

"Away with him!" cried the count in a rage. "We'll break your proud spirit yet."

As the chevalier gave up his sword with a military salute and then marched proudly out, the prefect sank into a chair with a hollow groan.

So engrossed was he in contemplating the ruin of all his dreams of greatness that he did not hear a timid rap on the door. After a short interval it was repeated.

"Jean!" called the voice of the countess faintly. "Dear Jean! May I enter?"

At the sound of the beloved voice, the count sprang to life. He reached the door and was kissing the hand of his wife with youthful fervor. Whatever he might be to others, the grim prefect was always the devoted lover to this wife he worshipped. She was ghastly pale as she entered.

"Come into the garden, Jean," she begged. "I—I have something I must tell you—something I should have told you long ago."

"Always at your service, dearest," he responded, his cares temporarily forgotten in her presence. "But do not look so serious, my beloved, we have no weighty secrets from one another."

She shivered as with a sudden chill, then, together, they went into the spacious grounds surrounding the Hotel de Lineries. Seating herself on a marble bench and drawing her husband beside her, she plunged at once into the pitiful story of her past.

He listened, not once interrupting, his face growing whiter and whiter as the story progressed.

"You see," said the countess pathetically, at the close of her narrative, "our marriage was blessed by the church, but banned by my family, the proud de Vaudreys. They would not permit me to tell you then and I was afraid to broach it afterwards. This blind girl is my daughter and the girl whom you have sent to Salpetriere is her foster-sister. Put me away if you will. I will retire to a convent—do anything you wish, but please, please forgive them."

The wretched woman fell on her knees and clasped his feet in her hands. With tears streaming down his face, he raised her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"If you had only told me before," he sobbed. "Ah, if I had only known."

"And you will not give me up?" she asked, scarcely believing her own happiness.

"Give you up!" he echoed, kissing her passionately. "I love you more than ever. Now we must undo the ill that has just been done. I shall send pardons at once to dear Maurice and this girl he loves, and as for your daughter, Louise, she shall be my daughter, too. She shall be in your arms before nightfall and her captors on their way to the galleys."

What pranks Fate plays! Even as the count spoke there rose a wild tumult that grew in volume every moment. Suddenly a solitary soldier ran past. Seeing them, he slackened speed for a second and called:

"Run! Run for your life! Revolution has broken out and aristocrats are being murdered wherever they are found!"

A NATION INSANE

HENRIETTE recoiled from the expected blow which never fell, for one of the inmates sprang forward, caught the lunatic by the elbow and with a quick twist sent her spinning into a corner.

"Don't be afraid, little dove," counseled the woman in broad Norman dialect. "She is out of her wits, but I'll protect you. Why are you here? You don't look like one of us."

Briefly Henriette told her pitiful story. The inmates gathered around in deepest interest. Imprecations upon the king and the aristocracy fell like autumn hail, as the harrowing recital progressed. These were redoubled when she ceased.

"Their time is coming," warned one woman, tall, gaunt, hollow-eyed and with long, stringy hair almost hiding her face. "They have fattened on our flesh for years, soon we shall drink their blood. Ah-h-h!"

She cupped her hands, held them to her lips with such a fiendish expression that Henriette involuntarily shuddered and turned her face away. Woe to the luckless member of the nobility that ever fell into her clutches!

To the pure, noble-minded country girl, the sights and sounds of that awful place were soul-searing. Time-hardened criminals and first offenders, the insane and idiotic, were all thrust together promiscuously. She was as a lily among nettles. She longed to be by herself, away from the torrent of blasphemy and obscenity, away from the vile odors and the horror of it all. Narrowly dodging the cruel arms of a chained, frenzied maniac, she retreated into a corner and gave way to tears.

"What is it, child?" asked a clear, sweet voice, and Henriette looked up to see a nun standing before her.

For the second time since her entry into that awful place, Henriette told her story. Sister Genevieve, of the Order of Charity, who tried to lead the unfortunates to a better life, listened with grave interest.

"I believe your story," she stated. "One look into your eyes convinces one of its truth. Do not be downcast, my dear. I shall do all in my power to help you. I feel confident that you will not be here long."

When she left, Henriette felt greatly comforted. Then, too, she knew nothing of de Vaudrey's imprisonment and felt sure that, when he learned of it, he would move Heaven and earth in an effort to obtain her release. Her only fear was that he would not be able to learn where she was jailed.

Sister Genevieve told the story of the new girl to the doctor. She was greatly moved.

"What a shame!" she cried. "The poor girl's only crime is that she has no friends. Her one great desire in life is to find her blind sister that some old woman has carried away and forced to beg."

The doctor was lost in thought for a moment.

"Let me see, let me see," he cogitated. "I did see a blind girl with an old hag somewhere. Yes! Yes! I remember now. It was in front of Notre Dame. A very pretty girl. Her trouble is cataracts of the eye that I feel sure an operation will cure. She was with the notorious Frochard. They live in the Rue de Brissac."

Before Sister Genevieve left to return to her convent, she again sought out the still weeping girl and told her of what she had learned, gathering the girl to her bosom, despite the injury to her coif and wimple.

"Courage," she whispered, stroking the girl's long, golden hair. "The doctor has promised to interest himself in your case. He has tremendous power and influence. The hour will soon arrive when you will be freed."

Henriette went as far as the barred gate with the sister. She was about to turn back to the dismal, crowded cell, when she saw a man whose face was vaguely familiar to her.

"Hist, mademoiselle!" he whispered when the guard's back was turned from him for a moment. "Slip this paper in your bosom and read it when no one can see."

"Who are you?" she asked in a tense whisper, fear of the unknown gripping her heart.

"Sacre nom. du chien! Do you not know me?" the fellow demanded in a chagrined tone. "I am Picard, without whom Comte de Vaudrey would not be able to breathe. It is true that I sold little secrets to the prefect, but the secrets I sold to de Lineries I resold to your lover. What would you? A man must live and the price of pate de foi gras is going up all the time. Farewell."

With eager, trembling fingers, Henriette read the note as soon as she could find a place where she could do so with safety. There was a quarrel between two jezebels which degenerated into a free-for-all fight. Under cover of this Henriette was free to read her precious missive. It ran as follows:

"Dear and very dear:

Shortly after you were arrested, I was sent to the fortress at Caen, but I shall never marry anyone but you, heart of my heart. I have a chance to escape, but must not speak of it as yet. Trust Picard. He is devoted to me as long as I pay him well. I long to clasp your dear form in my arms. Athousand, thousand kisses.

Your loving,
MAURICE.

So Maurice was also in duress. There was sadness in the thought, terror, too. But also there was comfort in his loyalty. Over and over again she kissed the paper that had felt the imprint of his dear fingers.

The hour grew late, but sleep in such a den was impossible. Henriette paced backward and forward in the confines of that filthy and noisome dungeon, where the most abandoned creatures in all Paris slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. She was glad to be alone, to hold communion with her thoughts and the man she loved, whose missive she pressed tightly to her heart. What would be the outcome of that beautiful love of hers? Ah, who could say? The present was so dark, surely there must be sunlight somewhere?

In the distance an ominous sound, like the growl of a wild beast, was heard. It grew louder and louder, swelling to the dimensions of a wild uproar. Henriette strained her ears in vague terror of the unknown. The wretched creatures, aroused from forgetfulness, sprang to their feet in wild alarm, looking at each other with questioning eyes. A rumor spread throughout the length and breadth of Salpetriere. It reached the inmates of Henriette's dungeon and was repeated with bated breath at first, as something too good to be believed, and then, when repeated, greeted with a wild huzzah.

"The people have risen! The people have risen!" shrieked Leontaine, the Norman woman, in her broad dialect. "The Bastille has fallen and the prisoners released! Now they are coming to set us free. Oh, thanks be to the Virgin and all the blessed saints!"

(*Continued next week*)

BETWEEN REELS

A young woman recently gained some considerable fame for making a swim completely around Manhattan Island, but Wesley Barry, better known to film fans as "Freckles," has a pet that recently hung up a record that would make this young woman's aquatic effort look like mere local traffic. The pet in question is a small alligator, and the blooming thing swam all the way from New York to Los Angeles. Oh, yes, it did! You see, Wesley kept the little beast in the wash-bowl of the Pullman all the way over.

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CLARA BERESBACH
Ziegfeld Follies. See "Beauty and Brains Go hand in Hand," by Ziegfeld. "Beautiful womanhood" for September.

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Beautiful Womanhood

is something for which American women have waited many years—a personal problem magazine dealing only with womanhood in its finest, truest sense—helpful, intimate and above all absorbingly interesting.

It will help you to be a better sweetheart, a better wife, a better mother, and to enjoy a fuller, sweeter, happier old age.

Not like any other woman's magazine.

It will be a sincere friend to every woman in time of need and a source of keenest pleasure in her lighter moments. The first issue, dated September, will be published on August 10th. 25 cents a copy at all newsstands.

Four Great Features

The following description of four of the features appearing in the September issue of *"Beautiful Womanhood,"* which, while picked at random, are as widely separated in their interest as the poles. They will give you some idea of the scope and policy of this powerful newcomer among the Macfadden Publications, Inc. The dozen or more other articles and stories comprising the September number are as widely separated as regards subject matter and as universally interesting to women.

"Can a Woman Tell the Truth?"

A serious problem ably discussed in the form of a gripping fiction story. One small fib almost wrecks two lives.

How many women fib to their husbands because they are afraid to tell the truth?

How many fib rather than endure the unpleasantness of reproach?

How many fib to shield the children from punishment at the hands of their father?

How many tell the baby "It's all gone" rather than listen to him howl for more cake?

The fib is an insidious evil that weakens moral fibre. Are you entirely free from it?

This story will make you think.

"What Makes a Man Fall in Love?"

How does it happen that so many homely men marry beautiful women and so many homely girls mary handsome men—or for that matter, are able to marry at all with women so greatly in the majority over men? You are supposed to think that good looks play an important part, but when you stop to think about it you wonder if good looks play any part at all as against the more mysterious factors of attraction.

The subject is admirably handled.

"Salome of the Tenements"

The epoch-making novel by Anzia Yezierska, of "Hungry Hearts" fame, will begin in the September issue of *"Beautiful Womanhood."* Because of her almost uncanny power to put into words the innermost yearning of the feminine heart, to express the inner beauty of the soul of womanhood, Anzia Yezierska blazed unheralded into the firmament of modern literature—a genius theretofore unknown. As you read "Salome of the Tenements," you will recognize her thoughts, her feelings, her emotions, expressd in words of unmatched power, as the same thoughts and longings that have always struggled in your own heart for expression. "Salome of the Tenements" strikes the keynote of the true inner beauty of womanhood. It will make a profound impression on every woman reading it.

"Beautiful Hands"

Here is the record of a young woman who does work in house and garden which, according to all popular conceptions, should make her hands rough, red and unsightly. Yet a prominent New York artist uses them as models of the perfect female hand, and claims they are the most beautiful specimens he has ever seen. It will mean a great deal to you to know the story of this woman who has accomplished the seemingly impossible.

Special Notice

In a former announcement of the coming of *"Beautiful Womanhood"* we stated that the first issue would appear on July 15th. Later, after the first number was completely planned, we secured some new and wonderful material that will delight the heart of every woman reading it. Rather than not have it in the first issue we postponed the publication date. Above all, do not miss the first number of *"Beautiful Womanhood"* (dated September), on sale at the newsstands August 10th. 25 cents per copy; $3.00 per year.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.

119 West 40th Street, New York

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WHO *is* DICK TALMADGE? *Ask Doug Fairbanks*

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ARE YOU A
BRUNETTE?
Do You Want
a Screen or
Stage Career?

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SEPTEMBER 9, 1922 TEN CENTS

MOVIE WEEKLY

Lillian Gish

Lillian Gish Plays Fairy-Godmother See page 14

What can Will Hays do in Hollywood See page 6

MOVIE WEEKLY

№ 31. PRINTED IN U·S·A· Vol. II.

McMahon Wrote "Orphans of the Storm"

In printing "Orphans of the Storm" recently, "Movie Weekly" inadvertently omitted to give due acknowledgment to Henry McMahon, the author of the copyrighted novelization of D. W. Griffith's famous film. The story was published in book form by Grosset & Dunlap in April of this year, and is a volume of nearly two hundred pages, with a dozen attractive illustrations.

The Screen's Perfect Lover

Several months ago, "Movie Weekly" asked its readers to send in letters naming the particular actor of the silversheet who, in their opinion, best deserved the title of "The Screen's Perfect Lover." Several hundred letters were received and, while in the main the favorites proved to be much as we had expected, yet there were one or two rather startling upsets in the ranking.

There was no particular surprise in the first choice. Rodolph Valentino was, of course, given first honors and by a very comfortable margin. Thomas Meighan proved to be a very good second to "Rudy," being commended largely for the whimsical sincerity he has so often brought to bear in "crook" roles.

Richard Barthelmess gained third place by a very close margin over Wallace Reid, the two running so evenly that it might well be called a tie. Then came Joseph Schildkraut, who played a leading part in D. W. Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm," and Eugene O'Brien, the latter being the favorite of many readers because of his finesse and repression in love scenes on the screen.

Others who received a number of votes, and the virtues for which they were selected, included: House Peters and Monte Blue for manliness; Crane Wilbur for versatility; Richard Dix for youthfulness; Charles Ray for simplicity; and Elliot Dexter for gentleness.

A Re-Statement of Facts

In the July 22nd issue of "Movie Weekly," we published an article entitled "Egyptian Queen Vamps Picture to Popularity," narrating the arrival in Boston of Antinea, Egyptian Queen, and the impression she made in that city.

The author of this article mentioned in the course of the story the impression the Queen made on Mayor Curley of Boston, and also gave us an autographed picture of the Mayor which he was said to have presented to Antinea.

Antinea turned out to be a little motion picture actress, engaged by Metro to exploit their foreign production, "Missing Husbands," before it opened in Boston.

We wish to retract one statement in this article pertaining to Mayor Curley; that reading: " . . . but she, Antinea, was a Queen all right." Mayor Curley writes to say that he did not even meet the lady in question. Endeavoring to be fair at all times, "Movie Weekly" apologizes for the erroneous statement contained in an article that we had every reason to believe trustworthy.

Start A Movie Star Art Gallery

Each week from now on "Movie Weekly" will publish on its covers a splendid picture of a favorite movie star, reproduced in attractive sepia tones and—having no extraneous lettering on the body of the picture beyond the name of the subject—being especially adapted for cutting out and mounting. This week's cover of Lillian Gish is the second in the new series, last week's pictures of Rodolph Valentino being the first.

It is suggested that our readers start a collection of these attractive covers which will in time form a very desirable art gallery of stars.

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Vampire Editor Tells You In Detail How to Write Your 100-Word Statement

ONLY a little over a month left now for contestants to get under the wire in "Movie Weekly's" big *Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest!*

Have you your photographs ready to send in to the Vampire Editor yet? And have you begun work on your 100-word statement entitled "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How?" If not, you'd better get busy.

Time is flying, and this Contest is so wonderful in its opportunities for the winners—a contract with Pyramid Pictures at a salary of $100 a week and a contract with Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool"—that every girl should enter.

Remember these two splendid positions that await the winners. For one, a chance with Ed Wynn in his famous play, "The Perfect Fool," with Mr. Wynn's stage director, Julian Mitchell, to train you and fit you in every way to make good on the stage—provided only you have the talent.

For the other winner, a picture contract with Pyramid Pictures, with Director Ray Smallwood to train you personally in the technique of the photoplay, and give you every aid in his power to make good on the screen, provided again that you have the talent.

And your fare to and from Ed Wynn's show and the Pyramid Studio here in New York will be paid by Mr. Wynn and Mr. Smallwood respectively!

Aren't these opportunities too wonderful to be overlooked Tell your girl friends! Bring them in, too! And don't forget to get your own pictures and 100-word statement in the hands of the Vampire Editor by October 7, 1922, the closing day of the Contest.

In the meantime, there are three points regarding the Contest that seem to be giving prospective contestants more or less difficulty. They are: photographs, just what constitutes a "professional" actress, and the method of preparing the 100-word statement on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How."

Important! Change in Photograph Requirements

I believe that much of the difficulties in regard to the four photographs that must be submitted by contestants will be done away with by the change in rules in regard to the size of these pictures that we are announcing in this number of "Movie Weekly." As you will see by reading Rule 4 (d) on this page, photographs may now be of any size, from snap-shots up.

This change in ruling will do away with much of the expense and bother that might have been entailed under the former rule in which photos smaller than 5 by 7 were barred. But, even though they are small, try and get snap-shots or other pictures that really do you justice. And remember that the better your picture, the more vivid and attractive, the better, of course, will be your final chances with the Contest judges.

What Is Meant By a "Professional Actress"

Quite a few of you seem to be in doubt whether the fact that you have at one time appeared in an amateur entertainment, or made a single appearance on the regular stage, bars you from the Contest. Not at all. There are many ramifications to the definition of the word "professional" and the construction of the word in regard to stage work is more liberal than in other fields.

Broadly speaking, a "professional" actress is an actress who is now, or has at some time in the past, relied upon working on the stage or in pictures for the actual *earning of her living*, either wholly or in large part.

You may have appeared in any number of amateur or school plays, or even made a single appearance on the legitimate stage, and still be eligible in every way to enter the Vampire Contest.

If you still have doubts about your own individual case in this regard, and will write me, giving me all the details involved, I will be only too glad to clear the matter up further for you.

To Be Eligible To Movie Weekly's BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST

(1) You must be a natural blonde.

(2) You must be a natural brunette.

(3) The auburn, or red head, girls are included with the blondes.

(4) Photograph requirements:

(a) Send in a full figure of yourself clothed in an attractive frock that does you justice.

(b) Send in a full figure—posed in bathing suit or similar costume—which gives good idea of your figure—your form.

(c) Send in closeup—large head and shoulders portrait—of your full face.

(d) Send in closeup of your profile.

(These pictures may be of any size from snap-shots up, but remember that fairly large and clear pictures will, of course be greatly to your advantage with the judges.)

(5) Attached to these four photographs must be your article—*not more than* 100 *words in length*—entitled "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." If possible, it should be typewritten on one side of a sheet no larger than letterhead size. If you have no typewriter, write it neatly and legibly on one side of the sheet in longhand.

(6) Professional actresses are barred from the contest. (See definition of "professional" elsewhere on this page.)

(7) Amateur players are welcome.

(8) Photographs and hundred-word statement can only be submitted once. No changes will be allowed after material has once been received.

(9) Address photographs and hundred-word statement to VAMPIRE EDITOR, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and send them by first-class mail.

(10) Girls under age are eligible, provided they have consent of parents or guardians.

(11) Married women are eligible.

How to Write That 100-Word Statement

But the thing that seems to be causing the most mental turmoil is the preparing of the 100-word statement on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." I am afraid that some of you are getting literary stage-fright when you think of writing this little statement.

After all, it's one of the simplest things in the world to do. In the first place, you want to get a good foundation upon which to build. You can get this by carefully reading the columns of advice that have appeared and do appear in each issue of "Movie Weekly" by Miss Betty Blythe and Miss De Sacia Mooers, columns of advice to brunettes and to blondes respectively.

Study these weekly bits of advice carefully, and also read the stories of ancient vampires written about in the "Lovers' Delight" series. Then, with this lore and knowledge as a background, and with your own personal opinions and experience as a foreground, you are ready to begin preparing your 100-word statement.

Here is an excellent method to follow. You know how to vamp. Every girl does. Very well, then. Suppose, for the moment, that you are trying to explain in a letter to a friend, who knows nothing whatever of the fine points of vamping, everything that you know about the art of luring, and just how you yourself go about it. In other words, suppose that you are going to tell your mythical friend in a chatty little letter just what you yourself know about the art of luring, and why you believe yourself to be an adept in that art.

Don't try to be literary. Don't try to use nine-syllable words and fancy phrases. Just put it very plainly in your own language, as though you were actually chatting in person with your imaginary friend whom you are enlightening. And don't try to keep your statement within the limits of 100 words at your first writing.

Cover the entire field. Go into details. Stress and emphasize particularly your own personal experiences in regard to luring, and your own personal opinions on the subject. You will probably find at the end of this writing that you have a composition of some 500 words. Now you are ready for the real work.

Go over your composition very carefully, reading it closely word by word, and begin a process of elimination. Pick out only the "high lights"—that is, those particular sentences and phrases which are most vivid and really essential to your theme—and ruthlessly discard all the remaining surplus. Continue this process of selection and cutting down until you feel that you cannot leave out anything more without injuring the clearness and interest of your theme.

Now give it a final polish. Make your sentences shorter wherever possible—make

(Continued on page 31)

Movie Weekly's OPPORTUNITY

Betty Blythe

BETTY BLYTHE ADVISES THE BRUNETTES

NOW, how about the victim? What type of man should one select? There is no definite type! It is purely a matter of local application of vamping methods with the victim, tall, short, thin, medium, or stout, as the case may be. The joy of a vamp is variety.

As far as I can glean from the types selected for the victims of screen vamping, the man whom you would least suspect is generally the one to fall under the spell of a siren.

The real-life vamp may not care to waste her ammunition on small game. Then, again, remember that the conquest of a highly susceptible male is hardly worth the name. It doesn't take very much of a vampire to vamp THAT TYPE.

And remember, girls, what I set forth in one of my earlier articles. That the real-life vampire and the screen vampire have not a great deal in common. I have been a screen vampire. I have never known a screen vampire who took her siren allurements with her out of camera range to entrap some unwary male. And, inversely, I have never known a girl who, in real life, tried to be a vampire, who really succeeded as one on the screen. It is the case of the movie villain again—the greatest blackguard on the screen may be the softest-hearted man when he is not playing in pictures.

Vampires of real life and of the screen may SEEM to be similar, because they naturally look alike. Probably the screen vampire has copied some of her makeup, her dress, and her mannerisms from the real-life siren, and don't forget that the real-life vamp has copied from the screen. It's a case of going back to Oscar Wilde's view again—that Life copies Art far more than Art copies Life.

DE SACIA MOOERS ADVISES THE BLONDES

A VICTIM," says Webster's dictionary, "is one injured, destroyed, sacrificed at the hands of another."

A vampire should not victimize a man. If she does, she is no longer an artiste.

Don't look for a weak man upon whom to exercise your wiles. Choose an intelligent man of strong character and, preferably, of a different type from yourself. If you are a blonde, he should generally be a brunette, and vice versa. This, however, is no hard and fast rule.

A young actor, recently married, became enamoured of a Broadway dancer, whose role in a play included also that of the vamp. He was weak, but good-looking. This woman didn't care for him especially, but she went with him. The day this actor's wife gave birth to a child, the vamp thought it would be a good joke to invite him to a little party she had. He came—he was weak—leaving his wife alone in her trial. The vamp gave the actor drinks and soon had him drunk. She thought she had proven her power!

But had she? This story became nosed around Broadway. Now this vamp, who carried her stage work into private life, cannot get a position. Her career is ended.

That is why I say, don't victimize the man. He must be of strong character.

De Sacia Mooers

STUPENDOUS PERSONALITY CONTEST

The full face

Promising Contestants

Each week we will run on this page one or more promising contestants in "Movie Weekly's" Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest. If yours does not appear immediately, don't be disappointed. We have received hundreds of photographs and it is a matter of those who come first are published first. This, however, has nothing to do with the judges' decision as to who the winners are.

Alice Palmer of New York City, in a costume made especially for the *Blonde-Brunette Vam- Contest.*

The Art of Luring; Why I Know How

Lure—the science of enticing, is as old as the world. The original prescription was given to Eve by the Serpent in the Garden, and she lost no time in putting it in practice on Adam, to his undoing.

From her it became the heritage of all women and has moulded history. It was used on Anthony by Cleopatra, by Laure on Petrarch, by Heloise on Abelard, by Madame du Barry on Louis XV, by Lady Hamilton on Nelson, by Marilyn Miller on Jack Pickford.

My own method is that of these women and every woman knows it; what she sometimes does not know is, that possession is the grave of lure.

(Signed)
ALICE PALMER.

HARTSOOK, LA.
TOP: A three-quarters face of Miss Palmer
BOTTOM: The full length. PACH BROS., N. Y.

What Can Will Hays

Will Hays. "When he arrived in Hollywood, the moving picture industry, with a couple of exceptions, acted just as the girls' glee club in some freshwater college behaves after a football game . . ."

A frank report of his visit and the mixup in production now confronting the new Monarch of Motion Pictures.

By THE OBSERVOR

OF all the silly, brainless exhibitions ever perpetrated by a group of adults, the recent celebration in Hollywood over the visit of Will Hays is hereby nominated the most superlative.

It is almost inconceivable that such a percentage of human beings who have reached the age of reason and who are holding in their hands one of the greatest industries of all time should, even for a brief week, go on such a sentimental debauch.

And the wonder of it all is that Will Hays himself was not sickened, for this Will Hays is a capable citizen and has our respect as a politician, as an organizer and as an intelligent business man, but how he stood for the kindergarden hero-worship is more than I can see.

The moving picture industry, with a couple of outstanding exceptions, acted just as the girls' glee club in some freshwater college behaves at the return of the star halfback after he has scored the only touchdown in the annual game with its most deadly rival among neighboring colleges. There were banners and there were songs and there was a general holiday when all movie workers with the above-suggested exceptions, were sent by their various bosses out to the bowl in Hollywood to hear the get-together speeches that are destined to save the industry.

Of course the movie people were not alone. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce and its newspapers were most vociferous in their support, the first, perhaps, because it was once rumored that Mr. Hays advocated moving the studios to New York and they want to keep him off that tack, and as for the Hollywood News, we can't help but believe that this paper was kidding. At any rate, with its Hays articles and its "Desperate Desmond" chase of Karl Kitchen, it added much to its already acquired title of the best humorous publication in America.

In truth, Will Hays came, saw and conquered. And thus the industry is saved. Saved from what and by what I do not know, for immediately after the Hays sojourn here, I looked upon two pictures, one of which, I understand, is making quite a bit of money, and the other slated to be one of the masterpieces of the year. They are just as bad as most of the pictures that are being produced today.

One of them was from the Sennett mill. It is called "Crossroads of New York." It should be called "Hash." I am most conservative when I say that beside it the recently revived Mary Pickford film showing pictures as they were fifteen years ago, is a profound classic. I would like to get Mr. Hays' opinion on this picture. It surely was a blow after reading the utopian messages emanating from the bowl.

The other picture was "The Tailor-Made Man" with Charlie Ray. I feel badly about this. I wanted Charlie Ray to get off on his new contract with a better start and I was anxious to see something good come of this story which really had an idea, something most of them lack.

But the result is nine reels of absolute failure. They could have lightened this somewhat and made it but six reels of failure which is about the proper size for the picture. But Charlie is to blame himself for the greatest fault. He has missed entirely the character he is attempting to portray and instead of carrying out the idea of the story, makes its character just another one of his "boob" parts.

And for no reason at all there is injected a terrific chase near the end of the picture in which the camera is turned at comedy speed and Ray runs all over the country and swims a couple of rivers and climbs masts on ships and fights and does all sorts of "Perils of Pauline" stuff just because someone says, "We need a chase." That entire chase is superfluous and with consistency and logic would have been eliminated by a simple telephone message to the strikers. But we must have the thrills and the chase.

"The Tailor-Made Man" is a comedy needing only true characterization and intelligent treatment to make it a corking good photoplay. It gets neither. Personally I never could understand how it managed to get away from the Pickford-Fairbanks studios. To me, "Doug" Fairbanks was the one man in pictures to play it. I can see in the mind's eye "Doug" donning that dress suit and with it adopting that dominant personality that lifted John Paul Bart from the tailor's bench to the man of affairs. For John Paul Bart was sincere in his belief in himself when he put on that suit. I would much prefer "Doug" as John Paul Bart than as Robin Hood.

But mine is an unpopular opinion especially insofar as it concerned the Hays affair. During the height of the sentimental orgy I made bold to air the opinion among a few movie people and I was verbally lambasted. The usual cry of "critics tearing down" and the request for constructive criticism was their best ammunition. And I was told that I didn't seem able to understand just what the acquisition of Mr. Hays means to the motion picture business.

And I must confess that I don't. The only thing I can see the need of in motion pictures is good pictures. Not masterpieces. I know they alight in any line but seldom, but I do expect to see a number of good pictures and a whole lot more of intelligence used in the making of them. There are a few people doing it now, but so few that they make such outstanding hits; then they curtail their activities and rest on their oars, leaving the public to exist on about 85 per cent of mediocre fare.

Get loose from the stupid rules that have been built up around production. They are stifling and even more so when you strive to cover them under the name of "technique." Forget technique. Forget about rules. Forget about chases. Forget fights. Tell your story with true characterization. And when you get into the truth in characterization you will find that suspense and technique will take care of themselves and that chases and fights will

Rupert Hughes, Toastmaster at the dinner given in Will Hays' honor.

Do in Hollywood?

develop logically and there will come many times when you can give the screen a good story without any of the so-called sure-fire ingredients.

If your imaginations are friendly enough to stretch to the point where you can see me as an accepted advisor of the powers that be among picture makers, here is a bit of my program. Hire Ernest Lubitsch AND Max Rinehart. Pay them anything. It will not cost so much more than Hays. Bring them over here. They will fit nicely in the new Paramount school. Then send your directors, *all of them,* to that school and learn from Lubitsch how to make drama talk in terms of pictures. For there is no one over here who seems to be able to do it or maybe he is here and cannot be heard above the chorus that shouts for the rules of making pictures to be obeyed.

That would be a great thing for pictures and the day the industry makes such a move I promise to head the procession passing into the Hollywood Bowl for celebration. But so long as you only offer me a name as an inducement, I must decline, for I got sort of used to big names when I lived in Washington and during my newspaper apprenticeship.

A prominent director just read all of the above and agreed with some of it, but said I was unnecessarily harsh and that I exaggerated in my criticism.

Just an incident. Within a week I saw a movie produced by one of the largest programs and a prominent director. In it there was a death scene with a man dying on a couch and several people in the room. A little child sat next to me. She was about six.

"Watch them take off their hats and bend their heads," she nudged her companion. And almost as though she was directing it, came the action.

She knew the wheels and when your audience is conscious of the wheels turning, you are slipping and badly, for they will not watch the wheels for long.

THE OTHER SIDE of the QUESTION

We publish the above article about Will Hays and Hollywood for the purpose of giving our readers the other side to the question: "What Will Hays Do for Pictures?" You have read steadily for several months — indeed, since Mr. Hays left the Cabinet in March to assume directorship of picture activities—of the splendid work expected from him. Nothing, however, of what he is up against and the weary job ahead.

The Observor is frank in his statements and summary of the situation. He is not a pessimist, however; neither is he a cynic. He is too interested in motion pictures. His purpose in writing this article is not to destroy; rather to construct through a candid presentment of facts which will start people thinking.

"Movie Weekly" invites its readers to write in and tell us what you think of Will Hays and his work. What do you think he will be able to do? Do you think he can change conditions that have been rampant since the inception of pictures, years and years ago? Do you think he can alter the policies of companies that have been conceived after considerable concentration? Do you think he can change the channel of the motion picture people's lives?

"If your imaginations are friendly enough to stretch to the point where you can see me as an accepted advisor of the powers that make pictures—hire Ernest Lubitsch. Pay him anything . . ."

Jack Pickford, for whom Mary originally purchased "The Tailor Made Man" and then disposed of it to Charlie Ray to produce as his first starring vehicle for United Artists.

"Pictures this year are just as bad as ever. There's "The Tailor Made Man" with Charlie Ray . . . The picture is nine reels of absolute failure . . ." What can Will Hays do about this?

This is Will Hays' job.

He has been in the swing of things since March. There have been no obvious changes made.

Still, to reconstruct takes time. Mr. Hays has just made a trip to the Coast to look over conditions there. In all likelihood, the result of this trip will round out his plans and in the course of a reasonable length of time, he will be all set to incorporate into his pattern the designs that will alter the entire appearance.

"Movie Weekly" raises the question, however: WHAT WILL HAYS DO FOR PICTURES? We want you to give us your frank opinion. Don't just say he can't do anything, or that he will do big things.

Say what you think he can do. How can he inject his own pep and enthusiasm and wholesomeness into a profession that, just before he came in, was sagging noticeably?

We want to publish your letters on our FAN PAGE. Mr. Hays will see them. Why not think over this problem and give him your best. Of course, each letter will have the writer's name attached to it.

Don't delay too long. Send in your suggestions.

Special Features Next Week

In next week's issue of "Movie Weekly" don't fail to read:

Pola Negri's Life Story, Written by Herself

Pola Negri comes to New York soon, where she will, in all likelihood, make pictures for Paramount. *Read her early childhood and struggles written by herself especially for "Movie Weekly."*

Life Story of Richard Dix in Booklet Form

Everybody is interested in this rising young star. Don't fail to read his story, illustrated.

Through the Camera Eye

Being an intimate closeup of the stars, minus their makeup on the studio floor. This story will tell you many things about your favorites.

Two-page Picture of Shirley Mason

And Many Other Big Features!

Casting Bread Upon the Water

The big picture stars usually lend a helping hand to the novice who shows signs of real ability.

By CONSTANCE PALMER

MOST picture idols have helped others throughout their careers, provided those others have recognized ability. The movie game is cynical—heartless, and to succeed in it takes good old-fashioned grit. Personality and personal contact are the two great factors in the success of every star on the screen.

The game is one for opportunists—those people who are wide-awake enough to recognize an opportunity and who are quick enough to grasp it and strong enough to hang onto it.

The names of four of the brightest luminaries in pictures are continually quoted by most of the screen's successes. The first of these is D. W. Griffith. Seven out of ten of the stars I talk to mention Griffith as their first and greatest instructor. He recognized in the then-new industry of motion pictures a vast potential force.. He did everything in his power to develop this force. Consequently he was always on the lookout for new people.

Mary Pickford's is another name that is mentioned with pride by actors and directors.

"To my mind, Marguerite De La Motte is by far the most brilliant actress 'found' by Fairbanks. Her work is steadily improving and I prophesy the day will come when she will reach the highest pinnacle of honor in motion pictures.

To have worked for her is a blanket-right to the best in the land.

And Douglas Fairbanks! There hasn't been much said about it, but the list of those he has helped is rather astounding. During those faraway days when he made pictures for Paramount-Artcraft (Famous Players-Lasky) he gave such leading women as Bessie Love, Katherine MacDonald, June Caprice, Eileen Percy, Alma Rubens, Wanda Hawley and Marjorie Daw their first big chance in big parts.

Marjorie Daw was also a Griffith protege before Fairbanks signed her as his leading woman for a series of pictures. She is just as sweet and gentle a girl personally as she appears to be on the screen. After the expiration of a long-period contract to play in Marshall Neilan Productions, she is now free-lancing.

The two latest "finds" of Douglas Fairbanks are Barbara La Marr and Marguerite De La Motte.

Miss La Marr is a lady with considerable history. While still in her 'teens she was recommended to retire from city life by a Los Angeles judge because she was "too beautiful." The men she met simply *couldn't* keep their heads when they saw her. The recommendation was no reflection on Miss La Marr's character—it was simply a safeguard for the male population.

The "too beautiful" girl has blossomed into a superbly lovely woman. She has literary talent as well as acting ability for, prior to going before the camera, she was a prosperous writer of scenarios and continuities.

Her first chance came in the form of an offer from Fairbanks to play *Milady* in his production of "The Three Musketeers." Since then she has played a not-dissimilar part in Rex Ingram's "Prisoner of Zenda," and now has the leading role in the same director's "Black Orchids," being produced for the second time. Miss La Marr seems to have been born under a lucky star or—what is much more likely—she combines hard work with talent and beauty. This is a sure-fire recipe for success.

But to my mind, Marguerite De La Motte is by far the most brilliant actress "found" by Fairbanks. Her work is steadily improving, and I prophesy that the day will come when she will reach the highest pinnacle of honor in motion pictures. Beautiful, charming and intelligent, she brings to the screen a new sincerity, a new whimsicality which eventually will throw into the discard all the fluffy-fluffies who ever cast down an eye.

Of the men discovered and given a chance by Doug, there is Bull Montana . . . Now Bull has his own company and is starred. Can you beat it?

Barbara Le Marr is one of Doug's latest finds . . . Her first chance came in an offer to play Milady in "The Three Musketeers." Her latest work is second lead in Rex Ingram's "Prizoner of Zenda," in which she is excellent.

Marjory Daw was a Griffith protege before Fairbanks signed her as his leading lady for a series of pictures.

Joe Henaberry, with the straw hat and Ted Reed, discussing in the old days the script of "His Majesty, the American" with Doug.

Of the men discovered and given a chance by Fairbanks, Bull Montana is the best-known to the general public. Incredibly homely, with his bull-neck, cauliflower ears and badly-shaped head, he is the "superlative low-brow" on the screen today. But in addition to being a supremely awkward typification of the popular conception of our nation's most recent sparring partner, he is funny. He looks funny, he acts funny—he *IS* funny.

And off the screen he is just as laughable. At first he was employed to box with Doug—and to make him laugh. Once seen, he is never forgotten. Directors in other studios began to remember him and to call him when rough-neck parts were to be filled. Now he has his own company and is starred by Hunt Stromberg. Can you beat it?

Albert Parker, a scenarist who collaborated on the writing of "The Nut," was later given a chance as a director by Fairbanks. He afterwards went to New York where, I believe, he alternates between directing and writing. His latest work was the script of John Barrymore's "Sherlock Holmes."

Ted Reed, whom Fairbanks met in Detroit and brought to the Coast, directed "The Nut." However, he has done nothing more as he has an independent fortune and does not feel the urge of necessity.

Of the directors given their first chance by Fairbanks, Joseph Henaberry—who has been a Lasky director for several years—and Victor Fleming stand out most notably.

Mr. Henaberry directed all Roscoe Arbuckle's Lasky films, and all Jack Holt's starring vehicles. He is now directing Alice Brady at the Long Island studios of the company.

After Victor Fleming had completed "When the Clouds Roll By" for Fairbanks, he went to New York, where he directed Constance Talmadge. Returning to the Coast, he was behind the megaphone on Agnes Ayres' first starring vehicle, "The Lane That Had No Turning."

Of the leading women to whom "Doug" gave a first helping hand on the ladder of fame back in those old Paramount - Artcraft days, some have since held their niche among the very topnotchers of Filmdom, and some, through no fault of their own perhaps—have slipped back into oblivion.

Bessie Love—also a Griffith "find," by the way, leaped into fame almost overnight, and for a few brief months this winsome little leading woman seemed to have one of the brightest futures of any of the younger players of the screen. Then she made a decision that many other promising young players have also made, to ultimately regret, and joined the forces of an independent producer.

In many ways, the company was rather ill-managed. Not given the best of stories, and not being kept before the public to the extent that her newfound fame required in order to insure its permanence, Miss Love rapidly faded from the public eye and for a time sank into relative obscurity. But now this former favorite seems to be well on the way to staging a regular "come-back," playing a leading role in Metro's "Forget Me Not," and being signed up for other notable productions in the near future.

June Caprice was another Fairbanks "find" who was rather unfortunate in her later screen fortunes. Miss Caprice was merely a single flower—though a mighty attractive flower, to be sure—in a large boquet of "Just-Like-Mary-Pickfords" that were presented to the public by enterprising—and stupid—producers about that time. he wore her hair in a mop of ringlets; she was an ingenue—therefore, she *must* be a second Mary Pickford.

That there never has been and never will be another Mary Pickford, and that the world at large prefers burlesques to imitations, anyway, never seemed to dawn upon these obtuse managers of Miss Caprice's film destinies.. So June obediently and saccharinely typified good triumphing cinematically over evil for a short time—and then disappeared. Later she became the wife of Harry Millarde, Fox featured director, and is now the head of a very happy little household of her own.

Eileen Percy, another of "Doug's" early leading women, went to Fox a short time later and has remained there ever since under the terms of a long-time starring contract. Thanks to her buoyant Irish brand of tom-boy beauty, and her genuine flare for farce comedy work, her fame seems secure for some little time to come, both as leading woman and as star in her own right.

Alma Rubens, possessed of a certain reposeful brunette loveliness that fully compensated for any slight weaknesses she may have possessed in the way of great dramatic abilities, left the Fairbanks company to sign with Cosmopolitan as a star and is, I believe, still with that organization.

Two of the young women who were merely unknowns when they first played opposite Douglas Fairbanks, but have since attained to and held genuine stardom are Wanda Hawley and Katherine MacDonald. Miss MacDonald, called justly "The American Beauty," has been handicapped by rather poor pictures, but her rare loveliness and exquisite personal charm has seemed to compensate her audiences for the rather palpable weaknesses of her stories.

And so it goes. Film stars, if they are great enough and big enough in their characters and hearts, are not only not afraid to give the other fellow a chance to make good, but are more than ready to extend to him the helping hand that may mean so much. And their reward is that, in addition to the thrill of definitely accomplishing great things for the screen in their own work, there is added the heartfelt gratitude of the people whom they have helped along the rocky road to success.

Mary Pickford, with her director, John S. Robertson, bending over a miniature set for her new picture, "Tess," while others in her company look on. "To have worked for Mary," it is agreed, "is a blanket-right to the best in the land."

Charlie Chaplin has helped a number of players to stardom, most notably Jackie Coogan and Edna Purviance, who is soon to be starred in her own productions at the Chaplin Studios.

By their Mottoes shall you know them

HAVE you a little motto in your home? If you have, then you are displaying an infallible index to your character that "he who runs may read."

For that is what a motto is—a vest-pocket, triply-concentrated, indication of just what a person's actual individuality and character really is.

Your screen favorites have mottoes. And, if you want a dead "give-away" on the real personalities of the three stars on this page, just give their mottoes a glance. For, "by their mottoes shall ye know them."

Invest in a smile, it pays big dividends

Thomas Meighan

Modesty and Endurance are the greatest means to achieve and keep success.
Conceit is the undoing of many great one's.

Rudolph Valentino

"Let's Go!"

Priscilla Dean.

Travelling the Road to Success with Mary Astor

The first time the story of this extraordinary little actress has appeared in print

By LEWIS F. LEVINSON

ALBIN, N. Y.

Mary's hair is an exquisite silken auburn and we are only sorry that it does not emphasize this lovely study of her.

ALBIN, N. Y.

Mary Astor who, two years ago, staked her past, present and future on a "single throw of the dice." But she won out and now . . .

TWO years ago, Mary Astor staked her past, her present and her future on a single throw of the dice. If she had lost, she would have lost everything.

She won. She won fame, an enviable position as a motion picture actress, and her present salary of a thousand dollars a week.

This is the story of how Mary Astor took a chance and won:

Mary Astor is really Lucille Langhanke. She was born, not quite seventeen years ago, in Quincy, Illinois. Her father is a teacher of German. He has been moderately successful in life. In addition to his modest salary as a teacher, he has also obtained a good revenue from the sale of German grammars he has written.

But he has never been able to call himself a successful man. Talent he possesses, and ambition. But the war, the temporary discontinuance of German instruction, all reduced his circumstances.

His little red-haired daughter had always been his greatest pride. When she was a tot of four years old, he began to appreciate her possibilities. He tried to give her some of his university-acquired culture. He taught her dancing, made her practice pantomime, made her graceful, charming to the eye.

But she lived in Quincy, in the dull Middle West. No theatrical managers came to Quincy in search of future stars. No movie directors left their cars on Main Street, in Quincy, to walk the bypaths seeking future Mary Pickfords.

Two years ago, Mary Astor sent her photograph to a magazine which was conducting a beauty contest. In the course of a few months, her father received a letter, stating that if he wished to pay the expenses of his daughter, she would be given a screen test in New York, and that if she were found acceptable, she would be engaged.

Langhanke considered the suggestion. The opportunity for fame, slender as it seemed, was the only possible avenue toward wealth open to his little girl. He owed her a fair chance. But could he afford the trip? He had but a few hundred dollars in the bank. She would need a wardrobe, she would have to live in a hotel. She would have to be chaperoned by her mother. It seemed a vague, impossible gamble.

But Langhanke grasped it. He notified the magazine that Lucille Langhanke would take the test. He set forth on his Odyssey to New York, staking all on his daughter's future.

When Lucille, with her parents, arrived in New York, they found the odds almost hopelessly against them. Half a hundred other girls constituted the monthly batch which had come at the magazine's bidding to test their beauty against one another. Lucille, a child of thirteen, awkward, spindle-legged, red-headed, yet with the face of an angel—could she attract the attention of the judges, and win out over these mature, well-built, self-sufficient opponents?

She was told to appear at an artist's studio one morning. The artist was Charles Albin, one of the contest judges. He planned to look the girls over, and incidentally to show them how to make up. Here is his narrative of how he discovered Lucille:

"I was thoroughly disappointed in the group of girls that day. None of them seemed to fit my preconceived idea of what a beauty contest winner should be. They crowded a little room. They were nervous. One girl was almost hysterical. I half wished I could wash my hands of my task, when I happened to see a mop of red hair in the background. I didn't see the girl's face. I just saw her hair. I cried out

"'Come over here, redhead!'

"She walked toward me, and as soon as I saw her features, I knew the contest was over as far as I was concerned. I took her to the other judges. They couldn't see my immature little girl. They thought she was nothing but a child with possibilities—no more.

"So I asked her to come to my studio and be photographed. I worked with her all day before the camera and rushed my studies out in the dark room. When I brought them to the other judges, they were almost convinced. But each had personal favorites, and I could only get a trial for little Lucille Langhanke.

"A few days later she was sent with another girl to the Griffith studio in Mamaroneck. No especial mention was made of her in the note she carried. She was described as 'Mary Astor, another girl you may like,' and as a result she never saw Mr. Griffith.

"She returned with her father to my studio and told me that she was thoroughly discouraged. Mr. Langhanke's money was practically gone. Something would have to be done at once. I telephoned to Lillian Gish and told her of the girl I had found. At that time, Lillian Gish was about to make a production in her own company. She said that if

(*Continued on page 29*)

Suzanne of the Studios

Her Own Story of Her Glimpse Behind the Silver Screen

I SLEPT very little that night for thinking of what had happened; and I was sure as never before of my ability to take my place among the rich girls whom I had always envied before for their ease and haughty ways. Nor was that all; my mind was inflamed by the things that had been said of my ability to play my part, and I was sure that, if I chose, I could be a movie queen.

I had no intention of trying to be a screen actress, being better satisfied to be a rich man's wife. Wally, for his part, was manifestly more in love than ever, and I simply couldn't keep him from making love to me in the most ardent way.

My love affair was going very much to suit me, but otherwise I had some very trying moments. Mamma never ceased to upbraid me for my treatment of Barry; and Barry, unhappy as he was, never lost hope of winning me back, though I tried to make him understand that there never could be anything between us.

"Don't you love me any more?" he asked me one evening when we sat alone in our little parlor.

It made me miserable to see him so unhappy. "Barry," I said, "I care a great deal for you, but I don't want to marry you. I want always to be your friend, but that is all."

"I'm willing to wait," he said in a low tone. "You are the only girl I ever cared for. I know I'm rough and not as good as you should have, but I'll try to change any way you want me to. I'm going to night school and I'm studying hard. I'll be somebody some day. Won't you give me a little hope, Sue?"

It was terribly pathetic, and I did like him; I liked him better than I did Wally. But what was the use? I meant to be a lady, and I knew he could never give me what I wanted.

"No, Barry," I said firmly, "I can't give you any hope. I shall never change my mind."

He got up, his jaws set and a strained look on his face. I had an idea he was going to say something furious; but that wasn't it at all. "All right," Kid," he said softly; "you know what you want, but so do I; and I'm not going to give you up. And what I want you to remember is this, that if ever you want something done for you that no one else will do, call on me." That was all. He left me and didn't come to the house any more.

It was a wonder Wally and I were never found out, but we managed so well that we never were. It made it easier for us after my birthday, which came in February. I was seventeen then, and insisted that I should be my own mistress after that, and would not be accountable to anybody for what I did. Goodness knows, it had been that way for a long time; only now, not even Mamma asked disagreeable questions.

It was soon after my birthday that Wally met me with a long face and said his father was going to send him to the New York office to take a place there and learn more about that end of the business. I was frightened and angry. I felt that I would be forgotten when he went to the big city. It was like waking from a beautiful dream.

In my first outburst of dismay I revealed my thoughts and upbraided him bitterly for not having brought his father around before. He took me in his arms and soothed and caressed me, assuring me that whatever else happened he would never care for any other girl, because he was mad about me. And finally he promised that before spring came he would marry me.

I wouldn't let him make very violent love to me then, and even when it came to saying goodby I refused to yield to more than a few kisses, telling him that when he wanted my kisses enough he could have all he wanted when I was his bride. After all, kisses in an automobile on a cold night certainly do not amount to much.

We arranged that he would write often, sending his letters to the post-office, where I was to hire a box. And he did write often—every day. I wrote him sometimes three times a week. And such ardent, passionately loving letters as he wrote!

I was pretty lonely without him because I had neglected most of my old friends and because there were no more rides in the evenings; and I think I loved him more than ever. Anyhow, when after about two months separation he wrote that he would come to Purling Center and would meet me in the usual place on Sunday, with good news, I was the happiest girl imaginable. I fairly threw myself in his arms when we met, and let him kiss and fondle me all he wished. He plainly was hungry to have me in his arms, for he was more ardent than ever.

It was good to feel his lips on mine after his long absence but I was anxious to hear his good news to find out if it harmonized with my hopes. So he told me.

"It's like this, darling," he explained. "I've been awfully lonely without you, and I've been at father trying to bring him around. Well, he is anxious enough to have me married and settled down, but he wants me to marry a girl by the name of Carrie Travis in New York."

"Pretty?" I demanded jealously.

He laughed and hugged me. "About one-hundredth part as pretty as the girl I'm really going to marry. You see I found out that what dad wants and what he's willing to accept are two different things. He admitted to me one night that if a boy married without his father's permission, it was up to the father to accept the inevitable. So you and I are going to be married first and tell dad afterward. The minute he sees you he'll surrender."

"When?" I asked, after being hugged and kissed.

"Just as soon as you can be ready. I've got a dear little apartment in the city all ready for us. My plan is for you to go over to the Junction in the trolley next Saturday night, there take the express for New York. Get your sleeper engaged tomorrow so you'll be sure of it. You'll reach the city Sunday morning, and we'll be married right away."

I took my fur coat home that night and hid it away, for I was going to wear it on the journey. I won't say I had no doubts or tremors of fear that week. I couldn't help thinking of the stories I had read about girls who had run away from home to be married only to be betrayed; but I knew I could do anything with Wally, and I knew he loved me with all his heart. Perhaps I really wasn't afraid at all, but only affected as a girl naturally would be who was going for the first time to leave home and to leave it for such a reason.

I'm glad to remember that I was very gentle and kind to everybody at home that week; I even smiled at Barry when we met one morning, instead of turning my face away from him.

I was restless and uneasy, but I stayed home every night, sewing or reading, much to the amazement of everybody. I think mamma believed I was turning over a new leaf. And there were times when I almost abandoned my plan of leaving them.

I always ended one of these wavering moments by laughing at myself. What a fool I was! What was I afraid of? Would I lose my chance of marrying a rich man by childish fears of the big city? That was what was the matter. Where was the courage I had always been so proud of?

As I say it was only in occasional moments that I had these tremors. For the most part I held firmly to my purpose and prepared for my journey. Out of two hundred and fifty dollars Wally had forced into my hand that Sunday night, I bought myself a stylish dress at our big store and smuggled it home and hid it. I bought my ticket and secured my sleeper berth as Wally had directed.

When Saturday night came I waited till all were in bed, dressed myself in my best with my lovely fur coat over all, and with my engagement ring at last on my finger. Then I pinned a note on my cushion for mamma. It was short, but I made it as loving as I could.

"Dear Mamma: I am sorry to leave you, for I love you; but I have had an offer from a producer who wants me in the movies. I would have told you about it, only I was sure you would make a fuss. By the time you are reading this I shall be well on my way to California. Don't try to stop me, for I am determined to do this, and I know that it will not be long before you will be proud of me. My love to papa and everybody. I am sorry I have given you so much trouble always.

Lovingly,
SUE."

It was Wally who had suggested the California idea so as to put them off the track; and it really was a very clever touch, for all the family knew how I loved the movies.

I softly kissed little Kitty as she lay in the bed sound asleep, opened the window and crept out. I left the window open as we always had it at night, and said goodby under my breath. Then, with a beating heart I climbed down from the roof of the shed.

I remember that for a moment I stood debating whether to turn back or not; then I flung up my head, ashamed of my lack of courage, and went my way.

I was a little nervous when I boarded the sleeper, for I had never been in one before; but I had studied the manner of the rich girls in Purling Center, and I guess I must have carried it off very well, for the porter was very polite to me, and took my little bag from my hand and led me to my section.

I didn't dare undress, being so new to the experience, but I took off my new gown and lay down. I didn't sleep very much, so I was ready to get up as soon as I heard the porter shouting in the morning that we were now in New York.

Wally met me. My! but I was glad to see him, and clung to him with all my strength.

"We'll go home first," he said, after greeting me affectionately, and asking some questions about whether I was tired or not.

"The minister first," I said, looking up at him.

He laughed nervously.

"Not as early as this," he answered. "We'll have something to eat first."

I didn't like it, but what with the confusion and the newness of it all, I didn't know what to say in protest. I was like a bewildered child and could do little but hang on his arm as he led me to the subway. I wondered how he could tell which way to go.

It wasn't a long ride, and the walk from where we got off was not far. The streets were almost

(*Continued on page 27*)

Suzanne was just a poor girl, the daughter of a mill forman. Wallie was the son of the mill owner. When they met, his ardor made her give up Barry, who was devoted to her—but poor.

Suzanne and Wallie were secretly engaged for weeks, and after he went to New York to live, he persuaded her to join him there to be married—without his father's consent. Suzanne, leaving a note that she had gone to California to accept a movie offer, stole away from home.

Her arrival at the New York apartment which Wallie had rented for her was a great disillusionment. Finding that Wallie did not mean to marry her, Suzanne forbade him ever to see her again.

Determined, then, to get into the movies, she went to the office of a producer, where, because of her beauty, she was offered a job—at a price. Horror-struck, she rushed away, but through the kindness of another of the screen applicants she secured work as an artist's model.

The artist was, she felt, a man whom she could trust——

Read the thrilling story of Suzanne, her troubles and her conquests

Beauties of the Screen

ALBERT J. KOPEC

The joy of youth with the abandonment of Spring is in this picture of Derelys Perdue, star in Congressman M. W Howard's "Bishop of the Ozarks." Miss Perdue was well known as a dancer before she decided on a picture career.

DAGUERRE, CHICAGO

AT LEFT:

A beauty of form and face. Madelon La Varre, star of stage and screen, who is playing the feminine lead in "The Charlatan," has a pair of the prettiest shoulders on stage and screen.

IRA D. SCHWARTZ

AT RIGHT:

Bernice Ackerman, known on stage and screen, photographed in a charming study.

Lillian Gish Plays Fairy Godmother

Lillian Gish

And Petite Mary Bott, Manicurist, Realizes Her Cherished Dreams of a Movie Career

By PRUDENCE PRINCE

WHAT did Lillian Gish, celebrated movie star, see in the wistful brown eyes of Mary Bott, pretty sixteen-year-old manicurist, when she looked at her across the table in a Fifth Avenue shop the other day?

What motive prompted this star of stars and mightiest of the mighty in moviedom, to reach down from her heights to this unknown, obscure little manicurist and start her on a picture career?

There must have been some psychological something which flashed from Lillian to Mary while the latter ran her smooth white buffer over Lillian's pink tapering fingers. For the meeting resulted in Mary forsaking the buffer and nail file for the grease paint and mascarow of the movies.

Such an act is unusual and almost unheard of in filmdom. It simply is not being done, you know. Stars are stars. We have heard of them us ng their influence in starting out their own immediate families, but as for helping a perfect stranger up the ladder to success—that's "out."

The Mary Pickfords, Nazimovas, Pauline Fredericks, Norma Talmadges—all the big lights of the screen, come in contact with pretty girls, talented girls, girls of screen material, every day, and let we haven't heard of any of them adopting proteges or starting any of their lesser sisters on to fame.

In fact, there is a tendency in the opposite direction. Not very long ago one of the big stars held a gigantic publicity contest in connection with a new picture she was making. The contest was held in the middle west, by an Iowa newspaper. A sweet little Iowa girl, pretty as a picture, was judged the most beautiful, and as a recompense for her beauty received the honor of taking a part in said star's picture, which was in the making in the New York studios.

The little girl, thrilled to her finger tips, came to New York to take the promised part. The whole state of Iowa looked on with pride—for the contest was one of the most successful a newspaper ever held. When the picture was released a few months later, every foot of film in which the little prairie flower appeared had been cut out. Her face was nowhere to be seen. Her mother, her school chums and countless thousands of newspaper readers looked in vain for the little girl. The film cutter, at the request of the director and star, had done his deadly work.

Yet the star had received reams and reams of publicity during the waging of the contest.

Consequently, with this attitude towards the novice by most of screendom's celebrities, was it not a most unusual thing for Lillian Gish to start an unknown girl up the ladder of fame?

Why?

Perhaps Miss Gish saw in the appealing, flower-like face of Mary, that which would perpetuate her own work on the screen when the "moving finger had writ, and having writ, passed on."

Perhaps she saw in Mary's dainty stature, soft curling hair, peach bloom cheeks and rose petal mouth, something of her very own loveliness which would live again in the hearts of the American public in youthful Mary's art.

Who knows?

But whatever the motive, Lillian Gish has placed a little girl in her seventh heaven and by doing so has endeared herself to the countless multitude to whom she is already endeared.

The good fortune which has befallen Mary has come like a bolt from the blue.

One of eight children, fatherless and without money to fit her for a profession, Mary became a wage earner for the family at the tender age of fifteen. Her mother works at odd jobs during the day in an effort to keep her large family together. And the little brothers and sisters perform such duties as will bring them in a few pennies to lessen the burden of the mother..

"You know how you dream things," said Mary as she sat slowly rocking on the porch of her modest home in Union Hill, New Jersey. "You dream and dream lovely things and then you wake up and find them all untrue. But this is a dream from which I haven't awakened and every day it comes nearer being true, than the day before."

It was all but a capricious quirk of Fate which led Lillian Gish into the little manicuring shop on Fifth Avenue one lovely Spring morning.

"Of course," said Mary, "I didn't know it was Lillian Gish whose fingers I was polishing. I noticed she looked long and searchingly at me. Finally she said:

"'Are you interested in movies?'

"I replied that I liked to go.

"'Would you be interested in motion picture work?'

"Any girl would.

"Then drawing out her card, she asked me to bring my mother out to the Griffith studios on Long Island, the next day.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Lillian Gish and Lowell Sherman

Mary Bott

Dick Barthelmess Shooting Pictures on High Seas

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

Dick's New Picture

FAR from the stickiness, humidity and heat of New York, snugly habitating the yacht Neuris are Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish, heading the cast of Dick's new picture, temporarily entitled "Fury." This picture, by the way, is from the pen of that original scenarist, Edmund Goulding, who wrote "Peacock Alley," "Fascination," and "Broadway Rose" for Mae Murray.

Dick, as you know, is a devoted son to his mother, Mrs. Harriet Barthelmess. Just after he left, Mrs. Barthelmess was uncomfortably shaken up in an automobile crash, but after a week in the country, she feels up to her old self.

To return to Dick and Dorothy. This is the first time they have appeared in a picture together since about 1918, when they co-starred together in D. W. Griffith specials. It will be good to see them together again. Dorothy considers Dick foremost of the stars today and Dick is just as high in his opinion of this little star.

Dick's Taste in Cars

Several fans have asked us what car Dick runs. Mrs. Barthelmess tells us that he now has a five-passenger Packard, but before it he had a five-passenger Stutz.

Glenn Hunter in Universal City

That rapidly climbing young star, Glenn Hunter, is now in Universal City, part of which he has leased to produce his new picture, entitled "The Lap of Luxury." Frank Tuttle is again directing Glenn in his third independent star production, which is from the pen of Townsend Martin, who played in a previous Hunter picture and also has a part in this one.

Martha Mansfield, star of Pyramid's "Queen of the Moulin Rouge," is playing opposite Glenn. We believe this will be his last picture before he returns to the stage in a new fall play. Glenn is a mighty busy youngster, a successful one at that.

Martha Mansfield playing opposite Glenn in his new picture.

Can You Get Away From Pictures?

Ye Rambler wants to know if it is possible to get away from pictures. Personally, we don't think so. We decided to take a vacation and trail away from the Metropolis, up to the Wayne Country Club in Pennsylvania. We promised ourself solemnly that we wouldn't talk, think, or listen to anything pertaining to motion pictures. Just have a good time.

All went well until the third day. Then, rain. The bunch assembled on the porch and in due course came the question: "What do you do?"

Glenn Hunter in a scene from his last picture, "Second Fiddle."

"We ramble in pictures, among other things," we replied with a sigh of resignation.

"Do you like Mae Murray?" one of the girls asked.

"You bet we do. Mae Murray is a woman who proves her conviction no matter how much work is entailed." We told 'em about the controversy between Mae Murray and Marco Gonzalez in "Movie Weekly" over the Dance of the Bull in "Fascination."

"Do you like Marion Davies?" interrupted a voice at the far end of the porch.

"We should say we do. Marion is all right. You hear a great deal about her, but she's all right and we'll stand up for Marion any day."

Marion and School

"I went to school with Marion Davies," remarked little "Matty" Kamber, assistant manager of the Wayne Country Club.

"Yeah?" our interest accelerating.

"I was in the eighth grade."

"Was Marion popular with the girls?"

Matty nodded. "But no one knew her very well. She was quiet. And beautiful, tall for her age, and such lovely blonde hair."

Dick, his mother and his wife, Mary Hay, enjoying themselves at Dick's country home just before he left on location.

Floored By Temperament!

Our eye critically surveyed the porch group to light on "Booky" and remain. "Booky" is the social director at Wayne, and what a girl! Splendid physique, an original bobbed mop of black hair, and a smile guaranteed by Ye Rambler to melt the most icy of hearts.

"When you going into pictures, Booky?" we drawled.

Booky flashed her smile. "I'm not."

"You'd make a good leading lady," we mused.

But Booky just smiled. With a sigh we shifted our position and, hugging our knickered knees, gazed thoughtfully at "Nappy."

"You'd make a good vamp, Nappy," we prophesied, taking into consideration her short, straight, bobbed hair, piquant features and small, slender form.

Nappy proceeded to demonstrate how she would vamp in a manner that out-Thedaed Theda Bara at her best.

"You'll do," with the insouciance of an age-worn casting director.

"I want $5,000 a week," pronounced Nappy.

"Eh?" wide-eyed. "Your contract is broken. Too much temperament."

"How about a game of basketball?" suggested "Booky," as the sun broke through the clouds.

"Great!" And so ended motion picture converse at Wayne.

It Just Goes to Prove

But it just goes to prove that no matter what is said about motion pictures or those in them, there is a "something" about them that intrigues and seeps into any conversation.

Ye Rambler looks forward to the time when instead of being rated around 70 per cent, the cinema will rank at least 90 per cent, for it is one source of keen enjoyment to everyone, at some time or other.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

CLAIRE WINDSOR

Photo by Clarence S. Bull

My Lady of

LE LUXE AU XVIIIe SIÈCLE.
Femme de qualité reposant sur un lit d'ange.
(D'après une estampe de Saint-Jean.)

The Battleground of the Vamp.

My Lady of the Camillias

Or, The Boudoir, Battle-ground of the Vamp

By MARIE FRANCE

EDITORIAL FOREWORD: *Next week will be the final instalment of the Battleground of the Vamp series that has been running in the past few issues of "Movie Weekly." This week's article is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it narrates the story of the real lady of the Camillias, a role that Nazimova played in one of her most recent pictures.*

MARIE DUPLESSIS! What romance and tragedy her name conjures up! This frail, wistful creature, who at eighteen startled Paris by her seductive charm and delicate beauty—she was the real lady of the Camillias.

Alexander Dumas, the younger, inspired by her character and temperament, wrote his most famous book, the play of which is called "Camille." Dumas knew her and was so interested in her unusual qualities, in the sad, sweet dignity of her personality, that upon hearing of her death he felt inspired to write his human story.

Her face was of an oval shape, rather pale, her eyes almost black, and her lips scarlet, her manner was dignified, yet gracious, and there was a charm about her like an indescribable perfume. Someone once said of her: "She is either a duchess or a courtesan."

Jules Janin, the celebrated critic of that period, wrote of her: "I remember meeting her for the first time in an abominable green room of a theatre on the Boulevards of Paris. Everyone was there, from a working man to a gentleman. The general conversation was about everything, from dramatic art to fried potatoes, but when this young woman appeared it seemed as if she illumined us all with a glance of her lovely eyes. She walked on the muddy floor as if she was traversing the Boulevards on a rainy day. She raised her dress intuitively in order not to touch the dried up mud, without thinking of showing us—for what would have been the good of it?—a neatly shod foot and a well-rounded leg covered by a silk stocking. She entered the room and went, with head erect, through the astonished crowd.

"Liszt, the great composer, and myself were very much surprised when she came and sat down familiarly at our table, for neither he nor I had ever spoken to her. She immediately addressed the great artist, and informed that she had once heard him play, and that he had set her dreaming . . . With the marvelous instinct which was peculiar to him, he tried to discover who this woman could be who was so familiar and so dignified, spoke to him first, and who, after the first words had been exchanged, treated him with a certain hauteur, as if he had been presented to her at a levee in London, or at a party given by the Duchess of Sutherland.

"Meanwhile, the three solemn knocks of the prompter resounded through the theatre, and the critics left the room as well as the crowd of spectators. The unknown lady alone remained with us; she drew near the fire and shivering, placed her feet near the small log, so that we could observe with the greatest ease, from the embroidered folds of her petticoat to the curls of her black hair. Her gloved hands made you think you were looking at a picture, her handkerchief, marvelously trimmed with costly lace, while in her ears two pearls glistened, which might have made a queen jealous.

"The last time I saw her, she was sitting in a box at the opera. She was acquainted with a great many gentlemen of the upper classes. From the mere movement of her opera glasses you felt that the fair looker-on could have told more than one story concerning these young men of the highest rank. She indiscriminately directed her glass first here and then there, without bestowing more attention on one than on another, as if indifferent to all, while everyone repaid her notice by a smile, a rapid gesture, or a sharp and quick glance. Lastly, as if by chance, she directed her opera glass on the recognized female leaders of Parisian society There was suddenly in her attitude a certain indescribable air of resignation and humility that was painful to behold.

"The gentleman who accompanied her was a handsome young many, obviously proud of being with Marie Duplessis and not sorry to increase his own importance by showing that she was really his, and by annoying her by those many marks of attention so dear to a young creature when they come from a man she loves and so disagreeable when they are addressed to a mind otherwise occupied. She listened to him without hearing him; she looked at him without seeing him.

"This fair sinner, surrounded by the admiration and homage of youth, was weary. Lassitude was the great misfortune of her life. She had seen so many of her affections shattered, had been compelled by necessity to enter into ephemeral "liasons," to pass from one love to another, without knowing why she stifled quickly of a partiality just springing up and feelings of tenderness just dawning, that she had become quite indifferent to all things, forgetting the love of yesterday, and scarcely thinking any more of the love of today than of the passion of tomorrow.

"What an unfortunate creature! She had need of solitude and she was besieged by admirers, she would have longed to be loved and she was told she was beautiful! She abandoned herself, therefore, without resistance, to the vortex which was swallowing her up.

"At the conclusion of the opera, the beautiful creature left. I saw her leave her box and wrap herself up in a cloak lined with costly ermine. I even recollect I assisted her to lift her cloak on one of her shoulders, which was very white, and she looked at me, without recognizing me, with a gentle, mournful smile, which she transferred to the tall young man, who was at that moment engaged in paying the box opener and in making her change a five-franc piece. 'Keep it all, madam,'

the Camillias

she said to the woman, bowing to her politely. I saw her come down the grand staircase on the right, her white dress standing out against her red cloak."

The astonishment was general when people heard that so young a creature was so seriously ill, the doctors recommended her quiet, rest, sleep and silence. On hearing this advice she began to smile, she knew that everything was possible for her except keeping those hours to herself which certain ladies can keep.

Soon she became the life and soul of all parties. She made the orchestra play her favorite airs, and when night would come, when a little sleep would have done her so much good, she terrified the most intrepid gamblers by the heaps of gold she piled up before her, and lost at a single stake, as indifferent to gain as she was to loss.

She fell desperately ill without complaining, and she found kind assistance and protection among the passionate adorers of her happy days.

Thus she died, gently lulled to sleep. She had no longer any lovers, but she had never had so many friends.

Her death produced a sensation and was talked about everywhere. At the expiration of three days the door of her house was unlocked. The tall windows looked out on the Boulevard opposite the Church of the Madeleine. Not a single odor of death remained amidst those silky curtains, in those long draperies, with their ever-changing colors, or on the Gobelin carpets, where flowers seemed to spring up scarcely touched by her childlike feet. The bed in which she had died scarcely bore a mark that anybody had slept in it. At its head a stool retained the impression of the knees of the friend who had closed her eyes.

She died silently, as reserved in her death as she had been in her life, she expressed only one wish: she wanted to be buried at the break of day, without fuss and without noise.

She now lies in the Montmartre Cemetery in Paris.

For years afterwards the demi-mondaines of Paris visited her grave, leaving the camillias that she loved on the mound that bears her name, often putting their name and address on the cards. Poor creatures, in the midst of death they had to think of living . . .

Julie De Lespinasse—what was her real name? Yet she has made the assumed name that her mother gave her at birth mean so much . . .

JULIE DE LESPINASSE—what was her real name? Yet she has made the assured name that her mother gave her at birth mean so much that should the name of her father ever be learned, it seems safe to say it will never be added to her own.

Her mother was the Countess Albon, a woman of noble birth who stole away to a little house in Lyons so as to give birth to her child secretly. There was much whispering in the salons of Paris, much conjecture as to who the father was. Even before her birth, Julie seemed to become an interesting character . . .

Mrs. Humphrey Ward made Julie De Lespinasse the heroine of her novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter," changing her name to Julie le Breton, also changing many facts about her character so as to fit her into a late mid-Victorian atmosphere . . . The real Julie would never have fitted in or wanted to fit into such a background.

When she grew up, this child without name, it was her voice, low, winning and seductive, that seemed her greatest attraction. She wasn't exactly pretty, and yet in a roomful of beautiful women it was little Julie De Lespinasse who was surrounded by all the men. Guibert declared "her talk was never above or beneath a man, she seemed to possess a key to all characters, the measure and exact quality of all spirits. One could imagine that some invisible charm was constantly luring each man's interest. . . . "LURING EACH MAN'S INTEREST" . . . one might almost write those words as a direction for vamps . . .

Her little head was crowned with an abundance of fine hair. Her face was oval, her nose fine, though a trifle turned up, her mouth a little full, but frank, and her black eyes were strangely expressive with an air of deep thoughtfulness. Tall and slender, she had great distinction of carriage. When Julie was quite a young girl, she was introduced to Madame la Marquise du Deffand, a fashionable, brilliant woman whose salon in Paris was then famous for the great people one met there. She begged Julie to live with her as her companion and friend, but warned her in advance: "The slightest artifice, or even the most trifling little affectations, if you put it into your conduct, would be intolerable to me . . . you must resolve to live with me with the utmost truth and sincerity, never use any insinuations nor any exaggerations. In a word, never lose one of the greatest charms of youth, which is candor."

Marie Duplessis! What romance and tragedy her name conjures up! . . . She was the real Lady of the Camillias.

How easy to give such advice . . . and how foolish to believe that it would be followed. "Life," as the French says, "is very complicated" . . . One resolves on a certain course and it all seems quite simple, and around the corner comes an emotional meeting . . .

Julie, of course, agreed to follow Madame du Deffand's advice. Almost immediately she became a great success, Madame du Deffands' evenings became even a greater success than they had been. The large formal room was done in yellow, all the furniture being of the Louis XV period. In the corner of the mantlepiece stood a big chair, the Marquise Du Deffand's famous "throne," the high back of which curved forward until the top formed a veritable canopy over her head. Several seats and a bookcase were arranged close by, while a cabinet in the angle of the wall displayed some fine pieces of china.

La Marquise Du Deffand was an autocrat, Julie pleased her, therefore Julie was to be her child, her slave, her servant. But Julie was twenty and magnetic and she fell in love, desperately, with all the ardor of a passionate nature, with a close friend of Madame Du Deffand, Jean d'Alembert. One can imagine the romantic background for their love affair from the following letter, written by d'Alembert to Julie: "Both of us lack parents and family," he wrote, "and having suffered abandonment, misfortune and unhappiness from our birth, nature seems to have sent us into the world to find each other out. to be to each other all that each

(*Continued on page 28*)

The Romance of a Girl Detective

By Fulton Oursler

WHO could it be?

As Miriam glanced into the barrel of the revolver, trained directly at her head by the unseen hand of an unknown foe, she was surprised to find herself more interested in the identity of the intruder than her own personal danger.

The door was opening very slowly, and now she could discern a large hand, the back of it covered with much hair, the palm red and calloused. Its grip upon the revolver was firm and unshaking, and Miriam wondered if that enormous forefinger, which lay curled around the trigger, would jerk it back if she should scream.

But Miriam had not the slightest intention of screaming.

In a moment of such immediate peril she was amazingly self-possessed. Perhaps it was a kind of hysterical calm which was upon her, but at all events her brain remained clear, she neither trembled nor wanted to shriek—all her faculties were trained suddenly upon a vastly important matter.

Banishing instantly the first question which came to her—the identity of the intruder—she snatched the bag of jewels toward her bosom. There was not a moment to be wasted. She must hide those pearls before the door swung open!

All these meditations were the work of two swift moments. Before a third had clicked away in the little Dresden china clock upon her fireplace mantel, she had decided. With a swift, darting movement of her hand she tossed the bag of pearls into the air, and with a slight crackle they fell exactly where she had aimed them—in the waste paper basket.

The next moment the door fell back and disclosed her visitor.

With his revolver aimed directly at her head, his eyes flickering with malicious glinting lights beneath their drooping lids, Gabrielle loomed, lean and lank and triumphant in the doorway.

"Don't you move!" he muttered.

She continued to stare at him, pale, her heart thumping, but still not frightened. She had not the time to be afraid. Her mind was too busy with the problem this man had brought with him, to fear him or his revolver. Her plan would fail, if he delayed her. She must get downstairs and hide in that closet before the seance of silence began, before her uncle and the Langels reached the library. Otherwise, everything might be lost.

"What do you mean by this, Gabrielle?" she asked sharply. "Have you gone mad? Put down that thing!"

"Don't you move!" he repeated, still keeping his voice low, tense and threatening. He stepped into the room and closed the door quietly, still aiming directly at her.

"Gabrielle!" she repeated. "I ordered you to put that pistol down!"

With the door securely closed behind him, he permitted himself the luxury of a grin of contempt.

"You dry up!" he snarled. "I guess you've given me your last order, young lady. I am just about sick of playing flunky to you—you, with your fine airs, thinking you are better than anybody else. I've stood it because it was part of the game—but the game is about up, now, you know!"

"I tell you again, Gabrielle, to put that revolver down! It might go off!"

"It will go off, if you open your mouth again!" he told her. "I ain't got any time to waste on you. But I've been watching you. You think you're pretty smart. You've been snooping around this house, trying to find out what's none of your business! Well, I'm going to fix you so you won't do any more of it. That's why I am here. I don't just know what you thought you were going to do tonight, but whatever it was you ain't going to do it. See?"

She shook her head.

"I don't understand!" she said.

He sniffed disdainfully.

"Is that your bedroom in there?" he demanded, pointing at the door behind Miriam. She nodded doubtfully, wondering what was in his mind.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm here for, missy. I'm going to put you to bed! I'm going to tie your hands and tie your feet and stuff a towel down your throat, and keep you quiet! And if you so much as let out a peep I'm going to send you out to Woodlawn Cemetery for a good long nap! Is that plain English? Do you get me?"

What could she do? She couldn't let this man outwit her at the very moment when she needed freedom most. Yet plainly he was desperate. He meant what he said. Miriam almost fancied there was a lust for murder in his eyes, as if the idea of sending her to Woodlawn would not be altogether distasteful to Gabrielle. She must think—and think quickly!

"Why are you treating me like this?" she demanded.

"Because the others insist on it," he snarled. "If they left it to me, you'd be a dead flapper right now. I know you and your kind. You're more dangerous than all the plain clothes men in the front office. You're always poking your damned nose where you've no business to!"

"You pitched that cornice down on me!" flared Miriam in sudden, angry accusation. He grinned malignantly.

"Maybe so!" he confessed. "Now, cut out this gab. I ain't got no time to waste on you. You go in that room there and bring me the sheets off the bed. I'll show you what a first class trusser I am, when I want to fix somebody so they'll stay quiet, missy!"

The pearls had not been lost after all, Miriam's uncle told her but were hidden behind a secret panel. Eluding Madame Langel, her son Maurice, and their hirelings, Miriam secured the precious chamois bag. Before she could open it, however, in her room, the door opened slightly, and she found herself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. Quickly she threw the pearls into the waste basket; then the door opened, admitting Gabrielle, the butler.

His purpose was to tie her to prevent her presence in the library, where the Langels were to talk to her uncle, and get him in their power. Gabrielle forced her to take the sheets off her bed, meaning to tie her with them, but by strategy, she trussed him up instead, and forced him, at the point of his own revolver, to take a sleeping potion.

Armed, she descended to the library and hid in the closet to listen. There, just as the Langels entered the room, she felt a moist hand laid against hers in the darkness of the closet.

Whose hand was it?
Read what happened next.

Miriam turned and hurried toward her bedroom door, when a snarl from Gabrielle made her pause.

"And don't you shut that door!" he commanded. "You do, and I'll come in there and choke you to death!"

A sudden chill swept over Miriam—a chill of superstitious dread. The rose fire pearls! She had had them in her possession less than ten minutes, and here she was, already being threatened with death! What would Gabrielle do, if he knew that the famous necklace—which Miriam felt certain was the object of all the scheming—lay among torn papers in the waste basket, only a little distance from his feet?

"I'll leave the door open," she promised him briefly, and passed on into her bedroom.

As she bent over her bed, drawing back the lacy coverlets, to remove the sheets as he had commanded, her brain was whirling with urgent thoughts. She knew how desperate was her plight; how quickly the time was passing, making more and more hopeless the project she had planned.

In order to complete the daring program she had laid out for herself, it would be necessary for her to outwit this Gabrielle, whose slang proclaimed him not a Frenchman, but an American. She had to overcome Gabrielle. But Gabrielle had a pistol, and he was just as ready to shoot or choke, as he had been to pitch that cornice from the roof. Miriam shuddered at the detached cruelty of the man. He regarded her as a menace to his plans, therefore he was instantly ready to kill her. To the qualms of the Langels, doubtless, she owed her life. If Gabrielle had his way he would kill her now, and have his mind free from worry from her.

Well, she would see about that! As she drew the sheets away from the mattress, she was getting angrier, and the angrier she got, the more daring and the more practical her thoughts became.

As she gathered the sheets in her arm, a daring idea came to her—a plan that would mean certain death if she failed, but freedom if she won.

As she approached the doorway, where Gabrielle still stood, lowering at her, while his finger lurked against the trigger of his revolver, she was carrying the two sheets loosely gathered and trailing down in front of her.

He eyed her keenly as she came toward him. Plainly he was ready to suspect her of any trick, and he did not mean to be fooled. It was difficult for Miriam to keep her eyes free from the guile of her purpose—to keep her face fixed in the expression of surrender and abject agreement to his wishes. Yet, if she had not done this, her plan would have been impossible.

"Don't come no nearer!" commanded Gabrielle, as she reached the center of the room, near the fireplace.

Still keeping her covered with the revolver, he reached out his free hand to receive the sheets, which he meant to tear into strips and bind the girl a prisoner.

As he reached out to receive them, however, Miriam took one step backward. This took him by surprise, and he leaned forward, stretching to seize the sheets. That moment was the one on which Miriam had calculated. He was just a bit unpoised, the weight of his body thrown forward, as he stretched forward his arm.

In that same moment, Miriam cast all her hopes, her very life, on the success of a scheme she had contrived in the few moments that had elapsed since Gabrielle had first entered the room.

She took two quick steps forward, lifting her arms and throwing the draped sheets like a net in his face. They fell flounderingly around his head, as he staggered back with surprise. Without a second's pause, Miriam reached out, seized a poker from its rack at the fireside and brought it down with all her force against the wrist of his hand which held the revolver.

The crunch of his wrist bone, broken by her blow, sickened her ears, but the revolver fell harmlessly to the floor, as a muffled cry of pain and rage came from beneath the sheets. In his surprise, his fury, his pain, Gabrielle struggled wildly, thus entangling his feet in the sheets and pitching forward violently in a snarled snare of sheets around his feet.

It was fully two minutes before, with much cursing and kicking and groaning, Gabrielle had extricated himself, and sat there, holding his broken wrist, and staring haggardly up at Miriam.

He could do no more—he dared do no more than sit there and groan and stare—for he was looking into the barrel of his own revolver, and around the butt of that weapon lay clasped the cool white fingers of Miriam Grant.

"Don't you move!" she said to him, chuckling, an imp in her rejoicing at the way she had turned the situation. "Otherwise, I'll send you for a long nap out to Woodlawn, or wherever your family burying lot happens to be, Gabrielle!"

"Damn you!" he snarled, nursing his wrist bitterly. "If you don't let me out of here, I'll kill you!"

She laughed at him.

"Go ahead and try it!" she defied him. "I can shoot, Gabrielle—and remembering that cornice incident, and some other things you said, if I shoot at you, I am going to shoot straight! Now get up!"

She backed away a few steps, as he struggled

(*Continued on page 29*)

Round About with the Stars

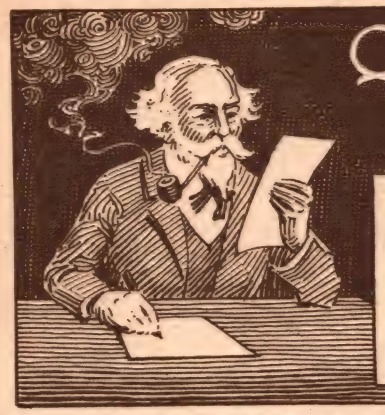
And now Dame Rumor says that the famous long distance love affair of Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet is rapidly proving to be "another good romance gone wrong."

When Will H. Hays met Jackie Coogan, "The Kid" promptly challenged Will Hays, Junior to a game of marbles, winner take all. Daddy Hays accepted, and now both youngsters are training for the match.

"No wonder the Chinese got that rep for patience!" remarks Connie Talmadge in her latest, "East Is West." "These things would go better for playing a drum!"

Two folks who are very much "in the swim." Edith Roberts gives the glad hand to the Hawaiian aquatic marvel, Duke Kahanamoku, who is now starring in the Pacific Ocean.

Conway Tearle and Norma Talmadge stage one of those rapturous love scenes in "Norma's latest picture, "The Duchess of Langeais," soon to be released.



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

IN the July 1st issue, I published a little drawing of myself as one of "Movie Weekly's" readers thinks I look. Lots of you have ideas of your own as to how I look—everyone seems to think the whiskers are false. Someone was kind enough to write me that she thought I was answering questions because I was too ugly to get on the screen. Mean of her to rub it in, wasn't it? I suppose she can't imagine that anyone should have ambitions in other directions. Others of you are a little more flattering in your ideas about me. There must be some artists in our big family of readers; would any of you care to send in drawings of how you think I look?

I'm no millionaire, so no prizes are offered. But maybe some of you would like to see your drawings published on the answer page.

LIZA JANE—So you think I am bright? That's because I have a sunny disposition. Ouch! No, I won't tell your beau you used pink stationery to write to me on. You should have sent it in a scented envelope, with a two-cent stamp. Ella Hall has not appeared on the screen for three years. Robert Leonard is now Mae Murray's director—also her husband. Mary Pickford has very blonde hair and hazel eyes. She is five feet tall. Her hobbies are walking and reading.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS OF NEW YORK—If you're not careful, Doug will sue you for plagiarism. All those who don't know what plagiarism means can exercise Noah Webster. D. W. Griffith does not give his home address; write him at his office, 1476 Broadway, New York.

OFFICER 666—Sure I've heard of New Britain, Connecticut, the greatest, as you say, hardware center in the U. S. I buy all my hats there, because they get such hard wear. John Bunny's son George was in movies for quite awhile, but I don't believe he has appeared on the screen lately.

BILLY—Was I in the Battle of Shamrock? I confess ignorance—what was the Battle of Shamrock? I suppose it was a sham battle where they threw rocks. Wallace Reid is thirty and is six feet one inch tall. He weighs 170, so he doesn't have to diet. His favorite sports are swimming and golf. Yes, Wallace Reid is his real name. His leading woman in "Across the Continent" was Mary MacLaren. Dorothy Davenport, his wife, was formerly on the screen; then she retired for years, but recently appeared in "The Masked Avenger," with Lester Cuneo. She is now on the stage. She is a leading woman rather than a star. Bebe Daniels is twenty-one; her name is pronounced Bee Bee. Yes, that is her real name. Her latest picture is "Nice People."

CRAMER HILL—It's you again with questions; well, all right, I'm still here with the answers. Mary Pickford is five feet tall; Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are playing in vaudeville. Ruth Roland's latest serial is "The Riddle of the Range." Wesley Barry's hobbies are the same as any other boy's—baseball, football, swimming, playing Buffalo Bill.

MY SWEET HAWAIIAN MAID—Be careful how you sign yourself; I love Hawaiian pineapples, but I'm a little bashful when it comes to the maids. As to whether I received your last letter—how do I know which was your last one? It must be hot there if you have to put your cold cream in the ice box. Sometimes it gets so cold here that we have to keep the coal on the fire. Nothing has happened to Creighton Hale; he is still alive, and as the saying goes, kicking. He recently played in "Orphans of the Storm" and then opposite Molly King in "Her Majesty." He is playing in a stock company in Baltimore for the summer, I am told. No, I don't use Hollywood in my furnace; I'm afraid the Hollywood burn.

U. KENT HELPIT—How do you know I can't? You bet I've eaten pretzels, in the days when the beer was foamy. Now—well, the only foam one sees nowadays is found at the ocean. Buck—now Charles—Jones is a William Fox star. His latest picture is "The Fast Mail." Yes, he is married, but I do not know his wife's name. He lives at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles.

PERINDA—Glad to know you, Perinda. Louise Lorraine is five feet one, weighs 130, is nineteen years old, has dark brown eyes and black hair. I don't know what she eats for breakfast. She is now playing in a serial for Universal, "The Radio King," opposite Roy Stewart. The girl in "The Son of Tarzan" was Manilla Marenf. No relation to Vanilla. I've no idea where she can be reached, as I have never heard of her before or since.

LONESOME LOWELL—Why should you be lonesome; Lowell has two or three other people besides yourself, hasn't it? Virginia Faire is sixteen, scarcely old enough to be married, now that ingenues are out of style. She has dark brown hair and eyes; she has appeared in about fifteen pictures. Madge Bellamy is just nineteen and is not married. Neither is Ann Forrest. Ann is now in London making a picture, "If Winter Comes," for Fox.

OLD LADY WINTER—That reminds me—where did I hide my coal? Probably in one of my empty cigar boxes. Thomas Meighan's address is the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Bessie Love is about twenty; write her at the Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Thanks for the picture of me as you think I look after work. I assure you I don't doll up like that very often. You're thinking of some of these movie actors.

HILA MABEL AXTELL—So you're a theatrical girl but you're not moving pictures. Well, I'm relieved to know that; I shouldn't like to be a moving picture myself. Alice Terry has been Mrs. Rex Ingram for about six months. She is twenty. Write her for her picture at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine and Rodolph twenty-seven. Write him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

PAT—You must be popular in a poker game; you probably draw your cards and say "I'm pat." Or perhaps the only poker you know about is the one you use on the fire. Mae Murray is extremely blonde; Harrison Ford is a medium brunette. He is thirty and is divorced from Beatrice Prentice. Write him for his picture at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood.

THE MACDONALD TWINS—I suppose your mother tells you apart by counting your freckles or some such scheme. Conrad Nagle is Gloria Swanson's leading man in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew." The cast of "The Broadway Rose" has not yet been announced.

MOVIE STRUCK—Please give you a sensible answer! I shall have to avenge that insult! Do you prefer swords or pistols? (Don't mind me—I just saw "Monte Christo"). There's no use asking me how to get into the movies because it can't be done. You might just as well ask me how to become a millionaire—one is as simple as the other. The answer is—about getting into the movies—go to the various studios and ask for a job. But you won't get it. Of course you can enter the vampire contest, no matter what color your hair is. By a "natural blonde," we mean a blonde by nature and not by hair dye. Norma Talmadge would send you her picture if you write her in care of her husband, Joseph Schenck, 1540 Broadway, New York. Write to Katherine MacDonald at 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Thanks for the barrels of good wishes—but I can't drink that.

DARK EYES—No, I can't say I agree with you that William Farnum is the greatest screen actor. He no doubt has a great many admirers, however. He is forty-six years old; he is married to Olive White. His address is the Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

MADIE—As to whether blondes are more desired for the screen than brunettes—that depends on which kind the director who is engaging players likes. Stars are of all sizes, complexions—all kinds. George Stewart is twenty-two; I'm sorry I have no description of him. I suppose you know he is Anita's brother. Niles Welch played opposite Elaine Hammerstein in "Evidence." He has been married for five years to Dell Boone. Niles was born in Hartford, Conn. in 1888. He lives at 7517 Hollywood Blvd. Los Angeles. Mabel Normand has never been married. Matt Moore is thirty-four. Lou Tellegen is in his forties.

ADELE BUCKINGHAM—What do you have to go to get your answers in "Movie Weekly?" The most important thing is to ask questions of me, those that will be of interest to others besides yourself. And then if you can say something clever in your letter, your chances for a published answer are greater. You can probably get Marion Davies' picture free by writing her at the International Studio, 2nd Ave. and 127th St. New York. She is about twenty-four, and is five feet four inches tall. Forrest Stanley lives at 207 S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles.

R. V.—Naturally I have Ruth Roland's address in my file. You must have used up a lot of brain power to figure that out. It is 105 S. Norton Ave. Los Angeles. Her very latest serial is "The Riddle of the Range." Incidentally, perhaps you would be interested in the Ruth Roland Club. Ruth is awarding prizes to members of the club who wish to enter her contest. Among the many prizes are a portable typewriter and her own ring. For further information about the club, write to Mr. Walter Moses, Chairman, Penpals' Journal, Grand Junction, Colorado. J. Warren Kerrigan retired from the screen several years ago and probably does not keep a supply of photos on hand any longer. I suppose he still lives at 1743 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood.

MARY MILES MINTER IN TRAIN WRECK

OH, dearie, you just ought to see Katherine MacDonald's new leading man! The handsomest thing! We thought that the marcel wave had waved farewell to our leading men, but it isn't so. I feel, in fact, dearie, that a season of pretty leading men is setting in with unusual severity! Elinor Glyn discovered the latest one."

Irma the Ingenue slipped into the rustic seat beside me, at the tea table, amid the deathless cherry trees in the tea garden, and prepared to dish—both ways.

"His name is Orville Caldwell, and he is accounted the most physically perfect actor of the stage. I don't know, for my part, how they decide these things, especially when a lady is concerned in making the report on a man! You know it was all Elinor Glyn's doing that Orville came into pictures at all.

"Orville—now wouldn't you just expect a perfectly handsome man to be named Orville?—was playing in 'Mecca' on the stage when Elinor Glyn saw him. And when he made his appearance as the Sultan of Cairo, they say the famous Elinor blinked fast two or three times, pushed her diamond tiara back on her head a bit in her surprise, leaned forward, and never took her eyes off him until he left the stage. She said he looked exactly like Paul in 'Three Weeks.' She said he just personified her hero. She hadn't known before just how Paul looked, but now she was sure that he looked like Orville.

"It will be a regular prize beauty show, won't it, with Katherine MacDonald one of these what you might call certified beauties and her leading man also a blue-ribboner?"

The volatile Irma glanced up from her cherry ice, and caught sight of Blanche Sweet. Miss Sweet wore a cute archery costume, and looked decorative with her bow and arrows under her arm.

"Oh, I hear that Blanche is taking target practice these days," said Irma, after we had nodded to Miss Sweet, and she, rosy and sweet from exercise out-of-doors, had returned our nod with a wave.

"Nobody in the world knows what she is taking target practice for," explained Irma, "but Blanche herself says it is for the exercise. I think that she is doing it so she can wear that cute little green cocked hat, and the brown leather boots and green, flowing sleeves. Of course she may just be learning for a scene . . . What? Well, of course I mean a picture scene!"

My companion's bright eye just then lighted on May Allison and her husband, Bob Ellis.

UNDER the ORANGE PEKOE TREE by IRMA— the Ingenue

"They had a marvelous time over there in Porto Rico. But May must have met with some sort of an accident—probably during the making of the picture—because she had bruises all over her forehead. She didn't say what the trouble was. She says that Bob is the most wonderful director in the world. But some people say they have different rooms at the hotel.

"May was very devoted to Bob, before they were married. When he was ill up on location, she went up and nursed him. He was delirious, and kept saying some feminine name over to himself. I understand the engagement was broken then, but it was patched up afterward.

"Nobody seems to know just what Carmel Myers is going to do about her divorce. I met her the other day, and she said she had nothing to say. But she isn't living with Mr. Kornblum. She is living with her mother.

"But there are still a lot of married folks in Hollywood who get on nicely together. Take Allen Holubar and Dorothy Phillips, for instance. They seem as happy as can be. They are going to take a vacation when Allen gets through with 'Broken Chains.' Miss Phillips has been playing a lead in one of Elinor Glyn's stories. She says they were up at Santa Barbara trying to make scenes, but that positively she was too busy to work! All the society people are there now, and she just had to sandwich her work in as best she could, what with teas, dances, motor parties, and things like that.

"Oh, here comes Gloria Swanson! Doesn't she look nifty? I hear, my dear, that she is going to leave Lasky. No, I'm sure I don't know why. But they say that perhaps the reason is that she is to have her own company."

Just then Irma peeped from under the brim of her pretty hat to behold Lottie Pickford coming in.

"Dearie, you should have seen how happy everybody was at Jack Pickford's wedding! One of the male guests started upstairs for a telephone, but got into Mary's room by mistake. Mary was just finishing her toilet for the wedding, and let out a shriek. The guest apologized, made for another room, and got into the room where the bride was just putting on her wedding veil! He tumbled confusedly out, exclaiming: 'Perfect harem!' Then the sight of so much feminine beauty in his native haunt—or something—seemed to have gone to his head. He started to tumble downstairs, but Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks grabbed him, pulled him into Doug's room, and administered restoratives!

"Marilynn Miller is going to do a picture with Jack Pickford, just as I told you. I knew I was gazing into the right crystal when I told you that, all right.

"Oh, but there's Jack Pickford now! He didn't come in quite soon enough to be alluded to as an angel, did he? Well, I don't suppose he'd care to be, anyway. But, speaking of angels, it was awfully nice of him, I think, to give up his share of Olive Thomas' estate, amounting to $37,000. You see, he had full right to it.

"Isn't it lucky about Mary Miles Minter not being hurt in that wreck out in Idaho! She must have been wearing her rabbit's foot that afternoon, all right! She was crushed against the side of her drawing room, but only slightly cut on her arm, because she put up her arms to ward off the flying glass. She wired back home, 'Shaken up, and my disposition ruined, but face intact.'"

Then handsome Tony Moreno came in and took Irma away from me.

The Fans Own Page

So many interesting letters are received by THE COLONEL that "Movie Weekly" decided to publish some of them for our readers to enjoy. If you have something of interest to tell other fans—your opinion of movies, the visit of a star to your town, or anything else you know pertaining to movies that you think other readers would like to hear about—write and tell THE COLONEL.

Information From a Fan

Dear Colonel:

So you don't know who played in "The Grey Seal?" Well, anyway, it was "The Adventures of Jimmy Dale." E. K. Lincoln is the star; he plays the role of Jimmy Dale, alias "The Grey Seal." It's a serial. You can tell all this to your reader who calls himself or herself "A MOVIE WEEKLY READER."

Listen, why doesn't "Movie Weekly" have some more interviews? And how about giving you more space?

Gee, I always thought Ann Schaefer was a negro—she played the part of the colored woman in "The Ordeal." But last night I saw "The Man Unconquerable" with Jack Holt. She is in that, you know. She really has a swarthy skin, though, hasn't she?

I saw D. W. Griffith in an old, old picture, "The Fatal Marriage." Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid were co-starred in it. D. W. just had a small part; he did it well. I wouldn't mind being D. W., would you?

Let me know something about Art Acord's age, weight, height, etc. Now you ask me one. Who's the youngest in the Talmadge family? Ask Dot Gish how John is—John's her polly. And kindly tell me Polly Frederick's age.

I see they're going to call Mary Pickford's picture "Tess," not the entire name "Tess of the Storm Country."

Goo' bye (apologies to Richard Headrick).

LORD FAUNTLEROY.

Art Acord is 32, six feet one inch tall, and weighs 185. Pauline Frederick is 38. Constance is the youngest in the Talmadge family.—THE COLONEL.

All the Way From Hawaii

Honolulu, T. H.

Colonel Kapu:

Did you receive my last letter? Could you pronounce the Hawaiian names I gave you or did you have to call in assistance?

Do you know how canned chicken soup is made? Well, they get about four old hens, ten pans of luke warm water flavored with pepper and salt; then they put rubber boots on the hens and walk them through.

It is so hot here that we have to put the cold cream in the ice box..

Why doesn't "Movie Weekly" start a popular girl contest here? Why don't they put some pretty bathing girls in the beauty pages and get them in some poses that are different from the general run?

I think that the fellow who took the part of the Chevalier de Vaudrey in "Orphans of the Storm" comes up to R. V.

Does Rodolnh Valentino that he is handsome? Or did Tony Moreno?

Are Dorothy Phil-lips a cupid bow or did Rich-Barthelmess them up?

If Elaine Hammerstein on the head would Bert Lytell?

Aloha? Are you a Shriner?

Aloha nui,

YOUR SWEET HAWAIIAN MAIDEN.

A Crush On Kenneth Harlan

Columbus, Ga.,
Aug. 14, 1922.

Dear Colonel:

May I, too, confide my ambitions to you, oh wise one?

Doubtless you will be surprised to learn that I am mad about Kenneth Harlan. No? He is my favorite, bar none, not even the excellent Rodolph, who is a close second.

It would be useless to try to put into drab words the wonderful things I think of him, so I am going to leave them to your imagination. Imagine all the enjoyment possible, and that's what he is to me. How does he manage to keep his gorgeous likeness out of the movie magazines? I have seen only a few pictures of him.

Please be gracious enough to give me all the available information about him, especially his address. And may I add a plea that you and I unite forces and have him starred? I am sure *we* can do anything, even to making me his leading lady! ! !

Seriously—I am in love with him, but don't tell!

Yours, in conspiracy,

GLORIA.

Kenneth lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles. Further information by mail.—THE COLONEL.

Opinion of an Amateur Casting Director

To Whom It May Concern:

I am an admirer of the different movie stars that are good. I would like to know who is going to play in "Souls for Sale." I was reading that they had picked out Anita Stewart. She is good, but I don't think she is the type for that character.

Norma Talmadge is a beautiful actress, very emotional, but I do not think even she would do for that part.

You need someone with a very sweet and mild and innocent expression and the only one I think of is Elaine Hammerstein. Now do not think she is my favorite, for I like Norma Talmadge just as well, only one has one kind of personality and the other has another.

For Tom Hobly, I think that Thomas Meighan is just his type, although Rodolph Valentino is my favorite of the men, only he is not so good in his part.

Elaine Hammerstein is the most innocent, serene and sweetest star. I study her face for her character. There are many others as good, but of different types of character. I hope Rupert Hughes thinks as I do. I could assure him he would have a perfect leading lady by having Elaine Hammerstein. Wonder who it will be?

WONDER.

A Slam at the Colonel's Pipe

Akron, Ohio,
Aug. 1, 1922.

Hello Colonel:

Did you get your title in the home guards or during the Spanish-American War?

Say, Colonel, every time I see your picture you have your pipe in your mouth. It's getting a little strong now; I'll bet you have to lock it up when you're not using it.

What is Douglas Fairbanks' address? Why don't you publish a picture of Doug on a full middle sheet—that is, a sheet of paper, not a bed sheet?

So long. .....

Yours till Niagara Falls,

WALT SMITH.

P. S.—Not post script—prohibited stuff.

Doug's address is Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal.—THE COLONEL.

Bert Lytell Visits Lowell

Lowell, Mass.

Dear Colonel:

Well, here I am again. This is "Lonesome Lowell" writing to you again. Do you remember when I wrote to you, saying that I wished some stars would come and visit Lowell? And you replied saying that it was too bad they didn't come, but of course Lowell wasn't as gay as Paris?

Well, I guess some movie actors saw it, because whom do you think I saw in person? Guess! Yes, you're right, Bert Lytell, and gee, he's just as handsome in real life as in reel life. He talked about work in the studios, and gee, what a wonderful voice he's got. Well, here's hoping to see him again in the future.

Yours respectfully,

LONESOME LOWELL.

News From a Correspondence Club

York, Penn.

Dear Colonel:

Many thanks for your dandy little chat for my bulletin. I'm having several copies mimeographed.

Eagle Correspondence Club is a success and you should see the outlines and regulations Mr. Atkins has for it. He only started in the latter part of March and now has over one hundred members. Many activities are in progress.

Eagle is a new idea in clubs. First comes Eagle, then there are neighboring circles, a Richard Dix division, and a Viola Dana division (of which I am head). We have state secretaries, foreign secretaries, etc. It is great. We are soon having a magazine.

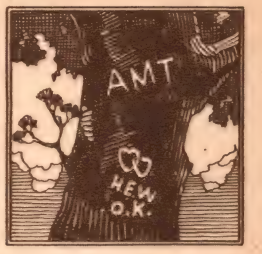
Please boost us. And please insert this notice:

All readers interested in Richard Dix and Viola Dana please write E. D. D., c-o 31 E. Princess, York, Penn.

With best wishes, I remain,

WILBUR DETWILER.

Film-Flam



Keeping Paris Green

PEARL WHITE, riding horseback recently along the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, saw a familiar figure riding beside her. It was Georges Carpentier, the French heavyweight champ. From the way Georges was riding, it looked as if he never heard of such a thing as a speed law. As a matter of fact, there was no speed law as far as Georges was concerned. For everyone else, yes, but for Georges—well, he had been presented with the freedom of the city or something. The idol of Paris didn't need to bother his head about laws.

"You're some rider," Pearl said to him in admiration, "but you're no cowboy. I'll just challenge you to a horseback race tomorrow morning."

All this was said in French, but even if the Film Flammer were smart enough to write it in French, half of you couldn't read it.

Georges immediately accepted the challenge and Pearl borrowed an English polo pony from a friend. But then the French law stepped in. For Georges to gallop along the Bois at top speed—that was one thing; but for someone else to do it—that was another. But it wouldn't be a very exciting race if one of the contestants had a speed limit while the other one didn't, so that was that for the Bois. So the two celebrities took their mounts to the Longchamps race course and there, to make a short story shorter, Pearl proved her skill by beating the famous Georges. Paris cheered her again and again (Paris likes Pearl, anyway.) Paris cheers anyone or anything that adds to the excitement. For gay Paree, in order to be gay, must have thrills to keep it young and fresh and verdant.

In fact, you might say, mightn't you, that Pearl White helped to keep Paris Green?

One Part He Couldn't Play

A giant negro strolled into the office of the Hope Hampton studio where the star was busy filming "The Light in the Dark."

An assistant director gave him a long look—it needed a long one to cover him. Perhaps, thought the director, thinking of the title of the picture, the man wanted to play "the dark."

"Are you an actor?" he asked in response to the negro's query as to where the casting was done.

The big guy handed over his card. On the corner of it was printed: "I specialize in Nubian slaves, Congo kings and Maori bushmen!"

"Actor!" said the giant, throwing out his chest proudly, "why, man—Ah cain play any part in ANY pitcher 'ceptin' de lead in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.'"

* * * * *

Pearl Was "Shot"

Pearl White is such a natural born hurrier that she can do almost anything faster than anyone you ever saw. She may have invented the idea that you can spend a week in New Jersey any afternoon.

So, characteristically, Miss White hardly waited for the Olympic to dock on her return trip from Europe before she dashed out to the George B. Seitz studio at Park Ave. and 134th St. She learned by radio at sea that Director Seitz was ready to "shoot" at sunrise or moonshine or any time Pearl gave the word.

"When do you start work on your next picture?" a reporter asked Miss White as the Olympic was towed up the river.

"Well," Pearl replied, glancing at her wristwatch, "I'll be ashore by 9:15, at the studio by 10:00 and working within the next five minutes after that. Maybe sooner if the taxi driver does not have a relapse.

"You see," she concluded, "if Director Seitz is going to shoot at sunrise, I want to be sure that he'll have something to shoot at. I'm it."

* * * * *

Not a Dressy Dressing Room

If you imagine that stars always have beautiful dressing rooms all dolled up in taffeta and lace, you're quite wrong. Will Rogers, who, of course, could scarcely be expected to have a dressing room as fancy as that, has a nice, spacious stall in an old barn which is the dressing room for the male members of the cast of "The Headless Horseman of the Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Will, you remember, plays Ichabod Crane.

The other day, however, there was a slight misunderstanding. For Will came out of his own private stall leading a horse by one ear (the horse's ear, of course).

"Say," he drawled in his customary manner, "I found this yere horse in my dressing room and I want this thing settled right now. Who's the star in this picture—this cayuse or me?"

But Just As Dangerous

"Bill Riley, our property man," said Richard Barthelmess, "has hardly stopped shivering yet after his experience on location with us in the mountains of Virginia. We were making scenes for 'The Bond Boy.'

"The Virginia mountain regions have their own ideas about law and order. They don't share New York's respect for a cop—except when he isn't looking. Down there they have no use for Volstead, either, and the beverages that they make—well, they're more than one-half of one per cent.

"So, when Bill Riley followed the rest of the company by motor, with the bloodhounds which we used for the picture in his keeping, the natives were most attentive. In fact, they were so attentive that they followed Bill all around with their eyes on those bloodhounds. To them, bloodhounds meant only one thing—revenue agents. The motto among those mountaineers in regard to revenue agents might well be stated—"Shoot to kill"—without any polite reservations about the whites of their eyes.

"Bill was called upon to show credentials to prove that he was not hunting moonshiners. Even then, he was told that it was safest for him to depart from that community. And Bill believed them. He said that old flivver never ran so fast in its life.

"'Gosh,' said Bill, telling of it later, 'you hear lots about people carrying things on their hip pockets. Well, these men sure did. But what they had on their hip pockets certainly wasn't drinkable!'"

* * * * *

An Opening for Vincent

"Sh-sh," hissed Vincent Coleman in a most mysterious manner, as he came into the Green Room Club in New York. The other members looked up in astonishment; it sounded like the beginning of a confession that Vincent had stabbed a man in the library, which, as everyone knows, is a terrible place to stab a man, and the only excuse needed for writing a play.

"What have you done?" quaked the other members of the Green Room Club; you could see where the club got its name—the room was green with envy.

"Well," said Vincent, "it's a secret, but I have a job playing the lead in a Malcolm Strauss production."

The members sat back in their chairs. Why all this fuss—Vincent had had other jobs!

"I play," the actor continued, "the part of an Egyptian prince and I wear—wear—wear hardly anything at all. In fact," he stammered bashfully, "I lead a life in the open."

A Catty Remark

Gustav Seyffertitz wonders how it feels to play in a picture without getting killed at the end. For Gus is always the villain. And he is at his old tricks again. He plays the villain in "The Face in the Fog," Lionel Barrymore's next picture, and as usual, he is killed in the last reel.

"I'm sure," he sighed, "that in my career as a villain, I've wasted more lives than a whole family of cats."

* * * * *

Applied Externally

Wanda Hawley doesn't need to pay out any good money to see a fight. When she feels the need of a good rousing scrap she can put on a private one of her own.

All this is not by way of accusing Wanda of having a pugnacious disposition, because as a matter of fact, the fight which proved her ability was made to order for "Burning Sands." Wanda put in a day's work in a rough and tumble scrap with Robert Cain, the "heavy" in the picture. Of course the fight didn't last all day, but the scene had to be photographed over and over before it satisfied the director.

"If anyone asks me what I am fondest of," said Wanda, rubbing her sore muscles, "I shall answer without hesitation, arnica and iodine."

* * * * *

The Goods the Trousers Were Made Of

Choppie, Jacqueline Logan's chow dog, was treated with great respect by members of the company making "Burning Sands." Jacqueline could rest assured that no one would kick her dog aroun'.

Because Choppie, they all understood, could take care of himself, not to mention his mistress. One night a burglar entered Miss Logan's room during her absence, and the dog caught him with the goods.

The burglar was not inclined to leave behind any of the loot, but Choppie was determined that he should leave something, and the seat of his trousers was very satisfactory, as far as Choppie was concerned (the burglar expressed no opinion). So, we repeat, Choppie caught him with the goods.

Not Much, If Any

"Sammy," said Tom McNamara, the scenario writer, to Sunshine Sammy, "in my new story you are called upon to ride a lion and use a snake as a whip."

Sammy's eyes opened wide, and his mouth, having a bigger start, opened wider.

"Me ride a lion!" said the little darkey, "no, sir, not me. And besides, snakes bite."

"But," said McNamara, with twinkling eyes, possibly having in mind the fact that remedies for snake bites are forbidden by Volstead and others, "it's against the law for a snake to bite."

"Huh," grunted Sammy, "but whut do a snake know about de law?"

* * * * *

Especially in Japan

This story is such a wild one that the press agent rushes to state that it is really a true one and is not a press agent yarn. Of course, since press agents are noted for their fondness for the truth, far be it from us to doubt the veracity of one of them.

This can well be a wild story of course, because it's about that wild and woolly Western star, Harry Carey.

Harry, it seems, was arrested for speeding. That happens sometimes, of course, in the very best families. The judge before whom he appeared had quite an interesting little chat with Harry—subject, the movies. Finally, the judge turned to the case in hand—or, to be more accurate, in court.

"Harry," said he, stroking his white whiskers, "I cannot imprison you. It would be suicide to commit hari-kari."

A.M.T.

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

MR. H. O. POTTS,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 18th insistent received O. K., and was sorry to hear that Gamaliel Whitley had broken into notoriety again by contracting a violent and colorful case of painters' colic when he very intelligently tried to use liquid shellac as a beverage at the social session of the Hog Run Yacht Club in their sumptuous new club house on Goose Creek last Saturday night. But what can you expect? Because, as I've told you before, beside of Gamaliel's alleged mind the intellect of a fish would seem as profound as that of Solomon. In fact, that yap is so blissfully dumb that he probably thinks that Sing Sing, New York, is a men's glee club.

Well, folks, I combined business with pleasure today, so to speak, and not only earned the sum of seven dollars and a half, lunch included, for displaying by talents as an emotional actress before the so-called flickering camera, but also broke into Society of the capital letter variety as well. The latter came to pass, when Mr. Universal sent me to plagiarize from the literary style of Moses and his contemporary writers, and other more or less important members of his company to the grounds of the Hollywood Country Club to work on some golf scenes.

Golf, Maw, is an alleged game which is somewhat of a cross between a locoed form of croquet and a cross-country hike, and was apparently originally invented by a nut whose pet delusion was that walking is healthy. The main idea of the supposed sport is to cover some ten or fifteen miles on foot, breaking the monotony of the trip by trying to knock a little ball into each of eighteen tea cup sized holes which are hid with fiendish cunning at various unsuspected points throughout the course. The weapons of combat are so-called clubs, which look as though their direct ancestors on one side was shinny sticks, and on the other umbrella handles. Other names for golf, excluding the profane, are pasture pool, prairie marbles, and meadow billiards.

Well, anyway, I was attired for the occasion in a feminine golfing costume, which means that my appearance combined all the finer points of the central figure in an "Anna Laurie" tableau, and the end man in a Scotch minstrel show. Said costume consisted of a pair of golf shoes, which same, apparently for economy's sake, is always made out of at least two different kinds and colors of leather, a pair of tweed knickers, a blouse, and a pair of hose that for general weight and thickness would have satisfied Mr. Peary on his late Polar excursion and that was remarkable furthermore for another startling fact, because they violated all masculine precedent in the matter and was worn *outside* the trousers. From all of which you may gather that I wasn't entirely an encouraging sight for a timid elderly lady to meet along a country road on a dark night.

The director started the day's festivities by parking a little ball on an under-sized ant-hill that he called a "tee," and then giving me a particularly heavy club with instructions to see how far I could drive the pill, when the camera started. I accordingly stepped over to the ball, made some mean and wicked gestures with the club in the air, and got all set to make a drive that would seriously endanger the State House in Hawaii. But before I could get into action, there came an agonized yelp from the director.

"Ye gods! what a stance!" he howled. "You're supposed to be playing golf, Miss Potts, not chopping wood or stealing Father Time's stuff with the scythe. Here, get into a half-way respectable position!"

Then he proceeded to fix me in a position which would have given a professional contortionist the D. T.'s. He made me face south while I was supposedly trying to drive the ball west, twisted my feet around till I would have required the services of a trained detective to tell which was right and which was left, and capped the climax by making me hold the club overhead in a position that looked somewhat like the Statue of Liberty might if she went on a home brew jag, with the handle of the weapon pointing south by sou'-east and the tip flirting coyly with my left ear.

Then when I was twisted and tied up to such an extent that no one short of Houdini could have unscrambled me in less than an hour, he told me to hit the ball. He might as well have told me to kiss the back of my neck! I'll defy Annie Oakley herself to swat that pill from the position I was in.

At my first attempt, I missed the ball entirely, but succeeded in excavating half the soil barrier that separated me from China. The second effort was much the same, only more so. Then the director had another eruption. This time he was very icily polite.

"If you're really bent on digging a well instead of playing golf, Miss Potts," he remarked sweetly, "I'll have the caddy get you a post-hole digger. You'll find it much more convenient."

I was about to come back with a withering retort to the effect that I was supposed to be an emotional actress and not a female edition of Jock Hutchinson, when another diversion took place in the person of a portly individual in knickers, who hove into sight over the little hill just back of us.

"Fore!" this bird yelled in a loud and mean tone of voice.

"You're a gifted liar!" I told him politely. "That only makes *twice* that I've swung."

Finally, on the third effort, through a combination of coincidence and miracle I managed to hit the blooming pellet, and then we proceeded to start out on a cross-country hike which would have made Sherman's celebrated stroll through the State of Georgia look like a mere walk around the block. Also, during the next three hours, I became more or less acquainted with a flock of other golfing weapons, including a midiron, a niblick and a mashie. A "mashie," Maw, is not one of those he-vamps who make a practise of making eyes at poor working girls on street corners, but is a club which I am told is used when you want to elevate the ball, so to speak.

Then, when we'd finally staggered over the entire eighteen holes of the course in the director's overwhelming passion for realism the cameraman made it a perfect day by suddenly announcing that he had very intelligently forgot to put any film in his camera magazine when we started out, and consequently we would have the job to do all over again tomorrow.

Which I guess will be all for this time, only tell Paw if he wants to find out for himself just what golf is really like, that he can get very much the same effect by taking an old umbrella and a second-hand tin can down on the south meadow, and playing a game of solitaire shinny as far as Goose Creek, stopping ever and anon to painstakingly park the can in every ground-hog hole he happens to pass en route.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS, *via* HAL WELLS.

Your Car and Mine

By Wallace Reid

Star in Paramount Pictures

What Your Left Arm Is For When Traffic Gets Jammed

VIII.

LAST summer, one pleasant Sunday afternoon, while approaching an important middle western town, it happened that during a slight traffic jam at a crossroads, a hot-tempered young lady pulled up just ahead of me and in doing so crashed into the car just ahead of her with sufficient force to dent its right fender. Apparently the driver ahead had failed to hold out his arm and had stopped too short for the fiery-tongued young woman who thereupon proceeded to administer a brief but scorching tongue lashing which I shall remember for a long time because of its picturesqueness and ferocity. It chanced, too, that at the next con-

gestion point she was also just ahead of me and from what she said, the driver of the car ahead also had a weak left arm. Apparently our average speed rate was identical for two miles down the road I was again reminded of her presence by a still more vigorous display of vocal pyrotechnics. Evidently there was nothing that made her so mad as a driver who was too lazy, careless or forgetful to signal. Since then, I have made it more or less of a habit to watch other drivers and find that a surprising number fail to give any signal when about to slow down or turn, or if they do give one it is indefinite. While there is no standard of practice, I have concluded from watching others that the most understandable signal for a left turn is to point to the left repeatedly; for a right turn, to extend the arm straight out and then swing it in toward the right several times; for slowing down or stopping without turning, hold the arm still and straight over the side of the car.

Dominating Power, Perseverance . . .

Read in Character Analysis of Mary Pickford's Features

By MARY TOWERS

CROWN—Large, high, full, indicates benevolence, conscientiousness and spirituality. The broadness just below the crown and forward, where the temples are located, show constructive ability of a high order. The fullness in and about the ears, indicates a desire to argue, even to fight for individual rights and a tendency to hold on to what is secured; energy, temper and passion is also shown in conjunction with a slow moving, but deep thinking mind.

Forehead—Splendidly balanced, not too broad nor too high, here lies power, an evenly equipped mind ruling a vigorous physical nature. Prominence of the brow over the outer corners of the eyebrows indicates a systematic mind and habits. One who follows impulses after thinking about them.

Eyebrows—Arched, show a lack of originality, the wave near the edge indicates temper, over-sensitiveness and jealousy, drawn down on the outer corners, they show ambition.

Eyes—Clear and steadfast, with a full pupil, set far apart; these eyes indicate a mind of great power, the fullness beneath the eyes denote fine powers of expression.

Nose—Moderately long from top to tip, shows strength of will to carry out plans, consideration for the feelings of others and reasonableness. Its firmness of shape shows a liberal but cautious mind, the well-developed wings of the nose indicate passion, physical strength and endurance.

Mouth—Fullness indicates generousness and good judgment, the arch line of the upper lip shows ambition, a mobile mouth that means an emotional nature as well as a sensitive one.

Chin—Breadth and depth of chin shows physical strength, recuperative powers, perseverance and tenacity of purpose.

The entire expression of the face, the personality it suggests, is goodness and lovableness. There is across the broad, high cheek bones a sense of the primitive and if one could forget its magnetic prettiness, its faminine appeal, one could read in its outline dominating power, a great understanding of values, perseverance and will.

Suzanne of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 12)

deserted Wally said, though it seemed to me there were a great many people there.

The apartment was in a very quiet street, and not at all the swell place I had imagined. Wally let himself in with a key that fitted the hall door and the door of the apartment, and we went upstairs in the silent house. Somehow I was worried; and when we got into the apartment, which was a very pretty one, Wally turned at once and snatched me to him and began to kiss me.
door and the door of the apartment, and we went upstairs in the silent house. Somehow I was worried; and when we got into the apartment, which was a very pretty one, Wally turned at once and snatched me to him and began to kiss me.

"We must be married right away, Wally," I faltered.

"But we can't, dear," he said, removing my coat and taking me in his arms again. "I couldn't get a license without you. We'll go get it together tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" I gasped, now really frightened. "You said we would be married today."

"I didn't know about the license then, darling," he coaxed, fondling and kissing me so passionately that I was beginning to feel like yielding my fears. But he went on, "Besides what difference does it make? We are just the same as married. Isn't it a cosy little nest, dear? It's our home. And tomorrow we'll be married." He went on caressing me and taking liberties he had never dared take before; and I rested in his arms like one stunned.

"Tomorrow?" I murmured.

"Yes, darling. Today we'll be man and wife and tomorrow the minister may do his part."

I closed my eyes and lay limp in his arms.

Wally evidently supposed that I was falling an easy victim, for when I went limp in his arms he made as if to pick me up. Just what was in his mind I don't know, but the horror that had overwhelmed me, when I realized his perfidy, passed in a moment and gave way to a furious anger.

"You beast! You beast!" I panted; and striking him a stinging blow in the face, I broke away from him.

I didn't try to get away. I wasn't afraid of him. I stood there facing him, silent, panting, raging. He, too, was silent for a moment, looking at me stupidly. I think he was amazed that I made any resistance when I was apparently so completely in his power. He took a step toward me and opened his mouth to speak.

"Don't dare to touch me," I cried out; "don't speak to me; get out of here!"

"But Suzanne, darling!" he ventured.

I stamped my foot, and I think my voice rose to a scream. "Get out of here, you beast! Get out! Get out!" I was beside myself with fury as I ran to the door and tore it open.

"But Suzanne," he gasped in a whisper, fearing to be heard outside, I suppose, "I'll marry you."

"Get out!" I screamed, "and never let me see you again."

"I'll go, I'll go," he gasped, approaching the door. "Don't make so much noise."

I pointed to the hall outside, and there must have been enough of my feeling betrayed in my face to quicken his steps until he stood outside the door. I started to slam it in his face, but he put his hand out and pleaded through the opening in a positively abject tone.

"I'll get a license Monday morning and bring a minister," he said in a hoarse whisper.

"If you brought fifty ministers, I wouldn't marry you now," I cried fiercely; and with that pushed the door shut and bolted it.

For a moment I stood there by the door panting with rage; then with a sudden revulsion of feeling I ran across the room and threw myself on the couch and burst into a flood of tears, convulsive sobs tearing my throat.

Anger and humiliation were all I felt then; but that mood passed and my tears ceased and by degrees fear came. I had not been afraid of Wally for one second; he wasn't the sort of man to be afraid of. But fear came with the realization that I had cut myself loose from home and was alone in a strange apartment in the heart of a big, unknown city.

It was one thing to leave light-heartedly the shelter of my home to marry a man who could give me another and more luxurious. It was quite another thing to find myself suddenly adrift in a strange place, thrown on my own resources, far away from friends or familiar faces.

If I had been wise I would have gone back home instantly; but I don't need to tell anyone who has read so far that I wasn't wise. I wanted to go home; oh, how I wanted to go home! But my foolish, little pride wouldn't let me. I had gone my own wilful way so far, and my silly vanity kept me from going back to safety because it would involve admitting that I had made a mess of things.

It wasn't easy to arrive at a decision. I sat on the couch with my tear-stained face between my hands wavering between one course of action and another until, finally, vanity prevailed and I resolved to remain and try my fortune.

If I had had any fear of Wally I would not have stayed in the apartment five minutes; but I had none and so put him out of my life once and for all, and made up my mind to use what he had put at my disposal.

The summing up of my situation was not an agreeable one, but it might easily have been much worse. In the first place I had to be thankful that Wally was the weakling he was, so that he was eliminated as one of my troubles. I shuddered to think what the result might have been if he had had the physical strength and the will power of Barry. Barry! I wept again when I thought of him. How had he felt? What had he done on hearing the news?

Well, being rid of Wally, there remained the apartment, which no doubt he had rented for a month at least: then I had sixty dollars in bills and some small change; also I had some fairly good clothes, but not enough to carry me very far. After these things I had nothing but my not very large knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, and a self-confidence which was augmented by a courage born mostly of sheer ignorance of life.

Don't imagine me making this summary with any calmness. It took me most of that doleful Sunday to work it out. Sometimes I cried in my despair and sometimes I raged in my anger; but at last I knew that I was going to try to find something to do before writing home. The thought of the moving pictures was the most attractive to me, though I hadn't the least notion of how to go about making an entrance into that attractive field. I only knew I wanted to be a movie actress, and that I had the one great asset for being one—beauty. Of course it was in my foolish little head that I had made a wonderful success the night of the masked ball, but even I was not silly enough to think that experience would count for anything in getting me an opening. Frankly I counted most on my looks.

There was plenty of food in the kitchen, and I used what I wanted of it. Twice Wally came to the door and tried to get in; and when I threatened to call the police over the telephone he pushed a note under the door—a note full of abject pleading and glowing promises. I read it and wrote on the back that if he ever troubled me again I would call the police and tell them everything. I pushed it under the door, and he went away and never did trouble me again.

I didn't have any idea of how to set about making my first effort, but luckily that came to me in the middle of that first awful night, when I waked up in the clutch of a panic of terror. I don't know how it came, but it did—I must go out in the morning and buy all the magazines I could find that were devoted to moving pictures. In one of them I was sure I would find something to guide me.

I won't dwell on my feelings that next morning. It is enough to say that they were dismal and very poignant. Going out on the street after my breakfast was like an adventure in an unknown wilderness. I wondered if I could find my way back to the apartment; I feared everybody would see at a glance that I was a runaway, deceived girl. Every man was a menace, every woman a reproach.

As a matter of fact I had no difficulty at all, but bought a number of magazines devoted to moving pictures and reached the apartment in safety. I studied the

magazines and finally picked out the addresses of a number of studios and a few producers who had offices on Broadway.

The addresses really meant nothing to me, for excepting Broadway I did not know the name of a street in the city. I suppose that is why I chose an address on Broadway to begin with.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when I set out on my search for work. I made myself look as pretty as I knew how and started out. I didn't know where I was in the city excepting as I had seen the name of my street on a sign on the corner. I was afraid to ask questions of anyone but a policeman, but I was lucky enough to meet with one a few minutes after leaving the house. He was polite enough, but stared at me when I asked the way to Broadway as if my question were a strange one. I suppose it is not often one meets a person in New York who doesn't know where that great thoroughfare is.

The officer asked me what address I wanted, and when I told him, gave me minute directions which I followed as well as I could and finally found myself in the midst of a whirlpool of human beings and automobiles at the intersection of Broadway and Forty-second Street.

I think no child lost in an African jungle could have felt more helpless than I did in that turmoil. If I could have caught sight of Barry at that moment I would have thrown myself into his arms and begged him to take me home and make me his wife. I was in a mood then to make a good poor man's wife.

I can hardly tell now how I found the address. I suppose I was more troubled in my mind than in my demeanor, for by asking questions in a presumably rational manner I finally made my way to the offices I was seeking.

The room I entered was not a large one and was pretty well filled by the dozen men and girls who sat or stood about the railed-off inclosure, some of them talking loudly, some whispering and others waiting silently.

If it had been in Purling Center I would have known how to act, but here I was at a loss. No doubt my first experience of the great city had dazed me. I stared from one to the other wondering which one I should speak to, and receiving only scornfully appraising glances, shrank into a corner and said nothing, which was probably as wise a thing as I could have done.

In a few minutes a young man came out of an inner office and coming to the railing cast an insolent eye over us. He calmly disregarded the clamoring voices that were raised in assertion of priority and continued to look us over until his eye fell on me.

He pointed his finger at me and announced curtly, "You're elected. Come in!"

I stared at him, thinking there had been some mistake; and then as I didn't move, a big woman by my side, whose bleached hair I had noticed with scorn, gave me a little push and said in a kindly whisper, "He means you, dearie. Go to it."

It wasn't at all the self-assured girl of Purling Center that made her way to the gate in the railing, but a very timid and much chastened one.

The young man, who held the gate open for me, gave me a look of appraisal as I came into full view that, somehow, sent a flood of hot blood to my cheeks. It wasn't admiration—I was used to that and liked it—but it was something quite different. I didn't know then how to classify it, but I learned later. It was such a look as a man might give a pretty, female slave who was up for sale.

When I entered the inner room I saw a middle-aged man seated at a desk. He was well-dressed and good-looking. He looked me over with great deliberation as I timidly stood there, his expression almost exactly the same as that of the young man outside. Then a smile of gratification broke over his face.

"Well, well!" he said genially. "Have you had any experience?"

"No, sir," I stammered, wondering stupidly how he knew my errand.

"So I thought; so I thought. Well, we'll see what we can do. Sit down here!" indicating a chair at the side of his desk. I sat down and underwent another bold scrutiny that would have driven me out of the room only that I kept telling myself that personal appearance was an important element in the makeup of a movie actress.

"I think I can use you, Girlie," he said abruptly. "I guess you'll be sensible, won't you?"

"Ye-es, sir," I faltered, not knowing just what he meant. I was bewildered by the ease with which I was getting on.

He brushed my coat aside and placed his hand on my knee. I shuddered at the familiar touch of his hand and wanted to draw away, but checked myself lest he think me silly and prudish.

"What's your name?" he asked, leering at me. "And how old?"

"Suzanne Lester; and I'm seventeen," I answered.

"Fine!" he said, his hand pressing harder on my knee. "A pretty name, too. I was looking for just such a girl in a new production. It'll be a minor part at first, of course, but if you'll be sensible I'll make your fortune. Eh?"

"Ye-es, sir." I faltered again, torn between uneasiness at his disturbing familiarity and the view of the golden vista opening up before me.

"That's the way to talk, my dear." he commended. "I've taken a great fancy to you, and you won't be sorry. When I take hold of a pretty girl like you I don't stop till she's made. You live with your folks, I s'pose?"

"No, sir," I replied like a little fool. "I'm alone here in the city."

"Better and better," he cried, patting me on the knee. "You play your cards right and I'll be the making of you. When can you begin?"

"Any time."

"Say! You're Suzanne on the spot, aren't you," he laugh d. "Well, that suits me. I've got a nice little part for you. It's a kissing part. That'll suit you, I s'pose?"

I may as well admit that I had instant visions of the handsome hero making love to me. "Ye-es, sir," I stammered again.

"Say! I like you, Girlie. You'll get on. I'll bet it won't be the first kissing part you've taken, eh? Pretty lips like yours were meant for kisses. Let's see how you do it."

He shifted his hand from my knee and caught my hand, pulling me toward him. I was silly enough, but not so silly as not to understand him at last. I snatched my hand away and started to my feet.

He looked honestly amazed. My innocence had deceived him. He stared at me for a moment. "What's the matter with you?" he asked harshly.

"There's no need to kiss you," I said. "I'm willing to do it in a part, but——"

"Say! it's in the part to kiss me, Girlie; and don't you forget it. I thought you were going to be sensible. Do you want an engagement, or don't you? If you do, you sign the contract with your pretty lips; if you don't, get out. I have no time to bother with you."

Without a word I turned and fled from the office, my eyes filled with tears of shame and humiliation. I stumbled through the curious crowd and got out into the hall. I only wanted to get away. I stood there uncertain which way to go to get the elevator, when I felt a touch on my shoulder. I turned quickly, thinking the man might have followed me. Instead it was the big woman with the bleached hair who stood beside me.

To this day I don't know the name of that woman with the bleached hair, but I shall always remember her with gratitude. Her face was painted, her manner common, and when she talked she used such slang that I can only partially reproduce.

"The piker!" she said indignantly, "you wouldn't stand for a hold-up, and he threw you out, hey?"

"He insulted me," I sobbed.

"There now, dearie," she said, putting her arm about my shoulders, "don't let that worry you; a crook like that couldn't insult nobody."

She had drawn me away into a long, quiet corridor, and, glad of a sympathetic listener, I told her enough of my story to let her see how alone and helpless I was.

"I get you, Kid," she said softly. "I was like that once. Gee! that was a century ago. Listen! you want to leave the movies alone till you learn the ropes. There's a lot of 'em like that pole-cat in there, but there's some that ain't. I don't say give up your ambition; all I say is get in another way. And don't never pay the man's price."

"I'll die first," I said vehemently.

"Well, stick to it. It ain't always so easy to die when it comes to it, but anyhow you stick to it an' you'll be glad you did. Now, I got t' get back in there, but here! you take this address—" she scribbled an address on a bit of paper—"an' go there. It's the name of an artist who wants just such a model as you. He's all right, an' you can trust him. There won't be much in it, but it'll help you to a little mazuma. An' what's more it's one good way to break into the movies. Keep your eyes and ears open and grab your chance when it comes."

With that and a pat on my shoulder she was gone.

I found my way to the studio of the artist. It was down in Greenwich Village, near where my apartment was, as I discovered later. He was a pleasant-looking, elderly man; and when I told him why I had come, he studied me as intently as those horrible men on Broadway had done, but very differently. I didn't mind his eyes at all.

"Have you ever posed?" he asked.

"No, sir; but I'll try hard to please you."

"I'm sure you will; and you are just the type I want. The work is very fatiguing, but I think we shall get along very well."

He explained the picture he was to paint of me, and showed me a rough sketch of it. I was to be an old-fashioned girl. He brought out the costume I was to wear and showed me the dressing-room where I could change my clothes.

I wondered that I was not afraid to undress there, in the next room to him, with nothing but a flimsy, unlocked door between us; but I trusted him so completely that, except for breathing a little more quickly when my clothes were off, I was undisturbed.

(Continued next week)

Vamping Into Royalty

(Continued from page 19)

has missed, to stand together like willows, bent by the storm but not uprooted, because in their weakness they have intertwined their branches."

Youth and Spring had entered the house of the old aristocrat . . . she saw its beauty, felt its effect on those who surrounded her . . . and hated Julie for being April when she was December . . .

Madame Du Deffand had a habit of sleeping through the day and often late into the evening . . . Julie almost unconsciously at first, established a salon of her own, an hour or two before the Marquise held court, and of course it was not long until she was discovered. Madame Du Deffand entered one evening when they were not expecting her, and there was a dreadful scene, she accused Julie of stealing her friends and ended by ordering her out of the house.

Julie took an apartment of her own in the Rue de Belle Chase, the one above was occupied by d'Alembert. She had four servants, a housekeeper, a house maid, a cook and a ladies' maid. Her apartment was comfortably and charmingly furnished. The woodwork in the drawing room, the room that became famous as her salon, was white, and the hangings were of crimson silk, there were arm chairs, low seats, soft and admirably adapted for intimate conversations. Most of the furniture was of rosewood and on a cabinet stood a bust of d'Alembert. And her boudoir? It, too, was done in crimson silk. One must realize Julie's knowledge of a passionate background. Her bed was in a deep recess and was almost completely veiled by crimson brocaded curtains, there were a few pictures on a lovely French mantlepiece on which a clock faintly tinkled the hours.

Soon the street in front of her apartment was choked with the carriages of those who flocked to her salon.

Every coquette of her time wondered at the secret of her charm. One man analyzed it: "She creates an impulse that makes one want to please her and love her. How many persons saw one another in her salon, sought one another, under the spell of her personality! The charm of her circle was in her, the persons who composed it were not the same elsewhere. It was only in her presence that they had their full value."

d'Alembert was the type of man who was faithful to the last. He gave Julie a dog-like devotion and like most women she was bored by it. Julie was by temperament ardent and headstrong. She was no sooner sure of her power over men than she passionately plunged into life . . . it fascinated and delighted her . . . . it seemed so easy to conquer, but it was only when she was conquered that she knew the greatness and the tragedy of existence . . . The Marquis de Mora was brought to Julie's salon and from the first moment of meeting each seemed to feel the attraction of the other.

Afterwards Julie said: "I have understood the whole price of life, for I was loved indeed—a soul of fire which abandoned itself to the need and pleasures of love . . . thus de Mora loved me . . .

She lived for a few mad months for her conqueror. d'Alembert—poor fool, blind to it all—wrote to Julie: "The only fault that I reproach you with is that you are ignorant of the meaning of passion."

Julie suspected de Mora of being unfaithful to her. She became like a mad woman, torn by jealousy, and only long afterwards did her friends discover that she took opium.

"I cannot explain your hold on me," she wrote him. "You have done me the greatest wrong that can afflict a virtuous soul, yet when I think of this I am drawn to you by a power I loath."

De Mora was on his way to Paris to see Julie when he was taken ill, and it was said that despair hastened his dying struggle. His last words were: "I was on my way to you and I must die. But you have loved me and the thought of you still gives me happiness. I die for you!"

Two rings were found on his fingers, one which contained a strand of Julie's hair, the other of plain gold, was engraved with the device, "All passes, but love endures."

Julie remained faithful to his memory in spirit at any rate. She had many other lovers, but she constantly informed them of the greatness of de Mora.

Lillian Gish Story

(Continued from page 14)

"I was simply dumbfounded. I literally danced for joy the whole day long. The morrow couldn't come too soon. We arrived at the studio, met Mr. Griffith and took luncheon with Miss Gish. During luncheon Miss Gish explained just what a motion picture career would mean—hard work, disappointments, disillusions, happiness, unhappiness——

"The next day Miss Gish arranged for a camera test. Then I took a minor part in 'Orphans of the Storm.'

"Through the influence of Miss Gish I received a small role in the R-C picture 'At the Stage Door.' Her card of introduction has given me entree to all the big artists of New York, which I could never have gained without.

"I have posed as study subjects for many of the biggest photographers and wherever I go I find Miss Gish's name a magic wand to open doors which have been barred heretofore.

"I have been told by photographers that I resemble Miss Gish. Directors say I 'screen' like her. I wonder? I know that during these years of my struggle to gain a foothold in moviedom I shall keep Miss Gish before me as an inspiration."

And as little Mary rocked to and fro there crept into her eyes a look we thought we had seen some place before—plaintive, appealing, wistful.

Maybe it flickered for an instant across the shifting lights of the silver screen from the depths of a darkened theatre. Maybe we saw it as "Henriette" or "Broken Blossoms," but we're sure it has haunted us somewhere.

The Romance of a Girl Detective

(*Continued from page 20*)

to his feet, and stood heaving whispered blasphemies in the center of the room.

"Walk back four steps!" she order crisply.

"What are you up to?" he groaned.

"You'll find out soon enough. Are you going to walk back those four steps?"

"I'm walking them!"

When he had backed to where she wanted him to stand in the room, he glared at her, as if silently demanding to know what she was going to do with him. As she had promised, he found out soon enough.

"See that little blue box on the mantel?" she asked.

He looked at it, and groaned that he saw it, all right, and what about it, anyhow?

"That box was left here by a young lady friend of mine," explained Miriam brightly. "She is a very nervous person and has to take pills to quiet her nerves, poor thing. Those pills are sedatives that make you go to sleep. Take two and you'll get a good night's sleep. Take four and you'll sleep like Rip Van Winkle. There are ten left in the box, Gabrielle. You are going to take them all!"

"What!" he howled. "You ain't going to poison me?"

"No, I am not going to poison you, but I am in a hurry and I don't propose to wait long for you. No, those pills won't kill you. The doctor told this girl that it would take two boxes to really kill a person. But there are enough there to put you soundly to sleep for the next few hours, and that's what I am particular about just now!"

"I won't do it!" yelled Gabrielle.

"Do it quick!" snapped Miriam. "You didn't hesitate to try to kill me! Why should I show you any mercy—I'll shoot you down like a mad dog, if you don't do what I tell you to!"

He gave her a look of hopeless pleading, then slouched over to the pill box. He opened it and eyed the little round green tablets with disgust. Suddenly he turned fiercely and rushed toward her.

"I'll kill you!" screamed Miriam, and he halted dead short in his headlong flight.

"I guess you would—damn you!" he snarled. He turned back and seized the pills. For an instant he hesitated and Miriam feared he was considering throwing the pills upon the blazing hearth log.

"Swallow them—one at a time!" she ordered.

With groans and grimaces and wry faces and curses and oaths and imprecations and vengeful glances, he obeyed her. One by one the pills were laid across his thick tongue and dispatched into his interior regions. At last he let the box fall to the floor and ground it revengefully under his heel.

"Now sit down in that easy chair by the fire," commanded Miriam. "I want you to be comfortable!"

He shook himself, and then sank heavily upon the cushions of the cozy chair.

Five minutes—ten minutes—ticked away. Gabrielle gaped prodigiously. Then he shook himself, fighting off the influence of swiftly approaching langor. Again he gaped, and stretched, and swore, and shook himself. But the potency of those ten drugged tablets of concentrated sleep was too powerful, even for the enormous resistance of his impulses, which battled against it.

Gabrielle was drugged and unconscious! Miriam pricked him lightly on the back of the hand with a pin, and he did not stir. He was dead to the world! She had turned the tables on him—and now she was free!

But Miriam was resolved not to take any more chances. The game was proving too desperate for any risk. Gabrielle was apparently asleep—he did not start when she pried at him with her hairpin—but there was still the chance that he might be faking; that his sleep was not genuine, and that the moment she left him alone he might become very much awake, indeed.

She glanced at the sedate little hand-painted clock on the mantel. It still lacked fifteen minutes of eight o'clock. Did she have the time?

Should she hasten downstairs to hide in the closet, or first truss up the slumbering Gabrielle, as he had meant to bind her!

Considering all that had happened, and the terrific danger to which she would be exposed if Gabrielle should come after her, Miriam decided on the latter course. With strong, capable hands she ripped the bed sheets into long, narrow bands, and then, remembering some of the lore taught her by a young scoutmaster in a neighboring camp one summer, she proceeded to tie up her late enemy with a precision and efficiency altogether commendable.

Around his wrists and ankles she wound the strips, weaving them into formidable clove hitches, half-hitches, figure eights, sailor's delights, and other intricate knots designed to make the tying fast. When she got through it was fast. She even wound two sets of bands under the armpits of the sleeping man and then drew them through the back of the chair, bringing them down and affixing them firmly to his legs. By this device the harder he pulled the knots, the more completely he would find himself tied.

This was a feverish business, for Miriam was conscious that she was gambling with her time. Flushed and panting she glanced at the clock and saw that she had less than ten minutes. With a little exclamation of dismay, she pushed the button that banished the soft electric glow and left the room with its sleeping prisoner in darkness. Then she stepped out into the corridor and locked her door, again tucking her key safely under her garter.

Swiftly, yet silently, she hurried down the corridor, down the stairs, and, glancing carefully all around her to see if she were noticed or pursued, she hurried toward the library. The door was partly open, and no light was shining. Her heart vaulted with triumph. She was still in time.

As she was hurrying toward the library door, two figures emerged from a door at the other end of the hallway, and walked directly toward the library. They were Madame Langel and Maurice, both engaged in low-voiced and earnest conversation.

Now what would she do? The question darted through her mind like a bullet. After going through all the events of the last few hours was she to be balked in the final moment?

With a dull pain at her heart, she realized that it looked that way. Undoubtedly the Langels were headed directly for the library, and once they were in there, she would have to abandon all hope of hiding in the closet.

Yet she must hide in the closet. All her plans hinged on that.

Again she was forced to think quickly—and again she got an idea.

"Madame!" she called huskily, rushing up to the pair of them.

"What is it, Miriam? My God! What is it?" exclaimed Madame Langel, in her loud, vulgar voice.

"Where is Uncle Henry?"

"Why, your Uncle Henry went up to his room, I believe. But he said something about coming down to the library for a talk with us. Did you want to see him? If so, I fear, child, you will have to wait until tomorrow. We have a very important matter to discuss tonight!"

"No! No!" protested Miriam, apparently in great anxiety. "I don't want to see him. I am worried about him—that's all. I was just coming down the hallway and I thought I heard him fall in his room. I called to him and he didn't answer. I didn't want to go up to his room—he doesn't like me to—and so I thought I would ask you to see if he is quite all right! Maurice could run up and rap on his door."

Madame Langel and her son exchanged questioning glances. Plainly the information Miriam had handed them was worrying.

"I'll go right up, mother!" said Maurice impetuously.

"I'll go with you!" exploded Madame Langel, and to Miriam's intense relief, the pair of them started up the stairs. Chuckling a little grimly, Miriam heard them reach the second floor and go on up to the third. Then she turned and raced back down toward the library.

It lay in majestic and luxurious desertion, filled with shadows and mystery, as she ran into it lightly. Without pausing, she darted across the room and opened the door of the closet, in which heaps of uncrated books and old magazines lay stacked in irregular piles. A great sigh of relief escaped her lips as she closed the door upon herself, and dropped wearily to the floor.

She was alone in the dark closet at last!

Perhaps they would go to her room to look for her? If they did, they would find the door locked. But if they used a pass key, they would get in and find Gabrielle? Why hadn't she thought of a better scheme than sending them on a wild goose chase upstairs. She had not been so clever about that, after all. She found herself in an agony of apprehension.

And the pearls?

In her excitement she had forgotten the pearls. She remembered how she had thrown the chamois bag into the waste basket. Suppose the Langels should find them? But of that Miriam was not especially fearful. She did not believe a safer hiding place could have been devised—the waste paper basket was the last place in the world a thief would look into for a priceless necklace.

But she must make sure that she recovered them before the maid cleaned up the room the next morning!

The Langels were long in coming, she reflected. Suppose that something had really happened to her uncle. Or perhaps they were looking for her. Oh, if they did get into her room, what a mess things would be in, then!

The trend of her reflections were suddenly interrupted, not by any outer circumstance, but by the return of her intuitive sense of warning.

The same feeling which she had known in the subway car that morning flooded through her mind with insistent force. She felt the near presence of another human being. By that mysterious prompting from some subconscious sense, she felt that she was not alone.

Yet no one had entered the library!

That feeling of awareness was not to be contradicted. For the first time in all of her adventures, Miriam felt alarmed. She felt that eyes were watching her. She did not know where to look to meet that invisible gaze. She could sense—though she could not hear—the rhythmic fall and rise of the breathing of another human being.

Chills radiated through every delicate nerve of her body. She was only a young girl, enmeshed in a tangle of mysteries and until now she had fought gamely, fearlessly and intelligently. But now—in the dark—to know with the certainty that transcends the evidence of the ordinary senses, that someone is in hiding close by; and to know that one dare not scream and reveal one's own hiding place—that is heart quaking, blasting, frightening.

She hugged herself and rocked backward and forward, her lips trembling, the tears gathering in her eyes. It was with a sense that amounted almost to relief that she heard the voluble Madame Langel, addressing some angry remark to Maurice, and knew that they were coming toward the library.

"I think that girl is crazy!" Madame Langel was announcing with conviction. "Well, thank God, it will be over after tonight, Maurice, and you may be damned glad she wouldn't have you!"

"Yes, mamma," agreed Maurice, his voice lukewarm. "When is the old duffer coming down?"

"Immediately," returned Madame Langel, as she crossed the threshold of the library. "Be patient, Maurice, and remember that this is going to be the end!"

Miriam heard the click as Madame Langel pressed the electric button. At the same moment, a warm hand was laid against her own—a hand that came suddenly out of the darkness.

(*Continued next week*)

Story of Mary Astor

(*Continued from page 11*)

she couldn't use 'Mary Astor' she would try to find a place for her with Mr. Griffith.

"So I sent Mary to the Gish's apartment. Lillian raved about her. She loaned her some of her own dresses, made her up, and took her to Mamaroneck, where she introduced her to Mr. Griffith, who was in the middle of a scene of 'Way Down East' when Mary was brought on the set. Griffith dropped all work for the day, and had 3,000 feet of negative shot in the tests which he made of Mary that day.

"'A marvelous beauty!' was the way she was described.

"But success doesn't come easily. Lillian Gish could find no place for Mary in her company. And Mr. Griffith, busy with the launching of 'Way Down East,' thought that his word was good enough guarantee. He was not producing at the time. He could have found no place for her. And the situation of the Langhanke's was becoming more and more desperate daily.

"Mr. Langhanke visited me at that time, and told me he had read of the purchase of a number of German plays by Famous Players. He wanted to apply for a position as translator. I sent him to Harry Durant, scenario editor of Famous Players. He told Langhanke that he could use his services in the near future. But the professor, earnestly devoted to his daughter, mentioned her to Durant, who, imagining that Langhanke was only one more screen-struck parent, figuratively threw his hands up, and told Langhanke to bring in her pictures some day and show them.

"Langhanke took Durant at his word. He rushed uptown in the subway, obtained the series of art studies I had made, and called at Famous Players' offices an hour later. Durant again received him, and when he saw the photographs, he immediately referred them to Jesse Lasky. A few days later, a conference was called, Mary Astor was acknowledged a girl worth experimenting with, and she was signed to a contract with a rising scale for each six-month period until she reached twenty-one

"She played a bit in 'Sentimental Tommy,' a bit which was never shown in the public edition of that picture. And she played a lead in a brief propaganda film made for the government. But again luck was against her. She was a minor. Her contract would not hold. Moreover, Famous Players was curtailing production. She drew her salary of $60 a week for nearly a year, but she was getting nowhere.

"Such was the situation when Lejaren A. Hiller began to cast for a leading woman for his series of short dramas based on works of art. A rejected applicant told me about the opening. I telephoned Hiller, whom I know personally. He said that he had already asked seventeen young women to call. He needed no more. I urged him, told him that Mary was the most ideal type I had ever found. He said he would see her.

"She called, and was immediately accepted. The three production in which she worked in this series were each shown in a Broadway theatre. Mary Astor's beauty attracted favorable criticism. Her stock began to rise. She was fifteen when she played her first lead. Pliable, beautiful, eager to learn, and talented, her path has been easy since this first real opportunity came to her. Since that time, she has played leads with Eugene O'Brien, with Glenn Hunter, and now is to be featured in a production being made in Sault Ste. Marie, with Harry T. Morey. Her present contract, running for thirty weeks, calls for a salary of $1,000 a week."

Such is the story of Lucille Langhanke, the small town girl who took a chance, and won. Obstacles stood in her path, but determination and faith in her ability removed them. One of the most significant features of her career has been the fact that she has been able to work in the movies chaperoned at all times by her parents. She has met with no misadventures. The folks of the screen have been kind to her. She has found them admirable associates. She has proved that a girl can make her way in motion pictures without help, without influence and without yielding to supposed temptations—for Mary Astor has met with no single temptation since the first day she stood before a camera.

Few actresses have so bright a future before them.

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My Biggest Thrill

By WALLACE REID

Paramount Star

ALTHOUGH my work in motion pictures has involved many thrills, I believe that the one moment which I can single out as the most thrilling of all my life, was back in 1908, which was some years prior to my debut in motion pictures.

I was in the Big Horn basin country in Wyoming. I got separated from the rest of our party and then jumped a big deer. It was getting so dark that my aim wasn't true and I hit him, but not in a vital spot. He carried the lead and I followed him.

There was a big mountain peak that we used as a sort of landmark, but I lost sight of that and found myself completely lost.

I kept right on, however, until I got the deer, and then lay down to sleep in the bottom of a brush canyon with the deer as a windbreak, thinking to get my bearings with the coming of more daylight.

When I awoke in the morning, then came the thrill. The carcass of the deer was about half eaten away and in the dirt I saw the tracks of a big mountain lion.

There has been a great deal of discussion about who invented the shimmy, but from the way I shook for the next moment or two, I think I can claim full credit. The wonder of it all, and a fact which shatters all scientific theories in this regard, is that the beast ate a dead carcass and left a living body unharmed. After collecting my nerves, I got on the trail of the mountain lion and later shot him. Then I was able to find my way to camp again. I have the mounted head of that deer as a memento of that memorable event in my life.

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Winner of
MOVIE WEEKLY
Popular Girl Contest
Held at King City, Mo.

STELLA CASEY

The winner of the "Movie Weekly" Popular Girl Contest held at the Airdome Theatre, King City, Mo., was Miss Stella Casey, whose charming photograph appears above. At the time this issue of "Movie Weekly" went to press we had not succeeded in receiving particulars regarding the contest at the Airdome Theatre. However, we heartily congratulate Miss Casey on her success.

Vampire Editor Tells How to Write 100-Word Letter

(Continued from page 3)

them almost epigrams in their snappy brevity, if you can. If you can make one word do the work of two or three, do it. Your final result should be a peppy, snappy, vivid, punch-packed statement on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How"—and it should be well within the 100-word limit allowed in the Contest. Then, when you feel that you have honestly done your level best on the statement, clip it to your four photographs and send it by first-class mail to "Movie Weekly's" VAMPIRE EDITOR by October 7, 1922, the closing date of the Contest. Simple, after all, isn't it? But that is really all there is to it. However, if there still remains anything about this 100-word statement on "The Art of Luring" that you do not understand, just write to me and tell me exactly what it is that still gives you difficulty, and I'll be very glad to send you a personal answer at once in an effort to clear it up further for you.

And remember to bear these points in mind when writing your statement.

Be brief. **You need not write the full 100 words,** if you do not want to. If you can put your idea across clearly in 30 words, it is just as good. **But you must not write *more* than 100 words,** if you wish your entry to be considered in the Contest.

Be prompt. The closing date of the Contest is October 7, 1922. Don't wait till the last day to get your statement and photos in. Do it now!

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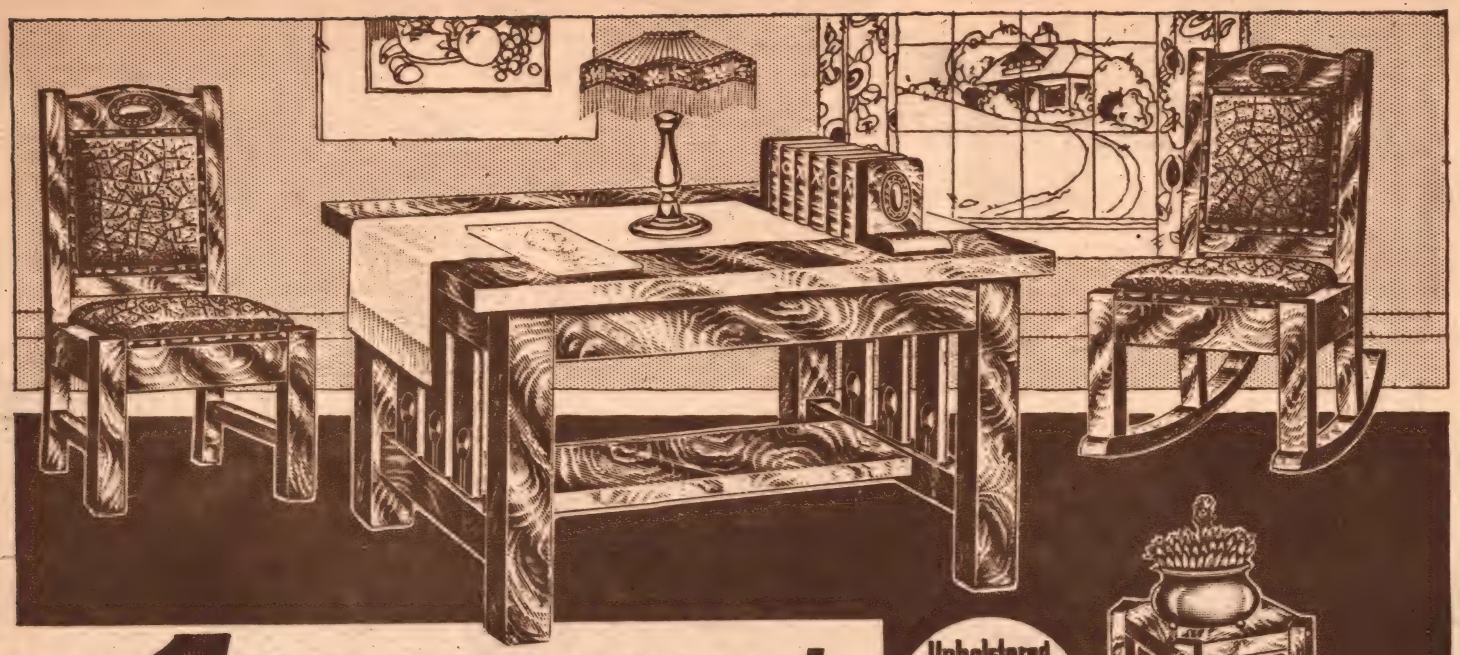

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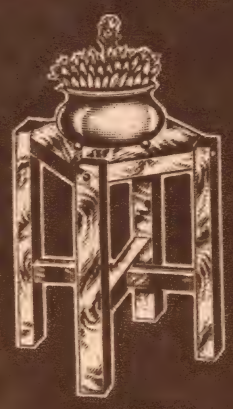

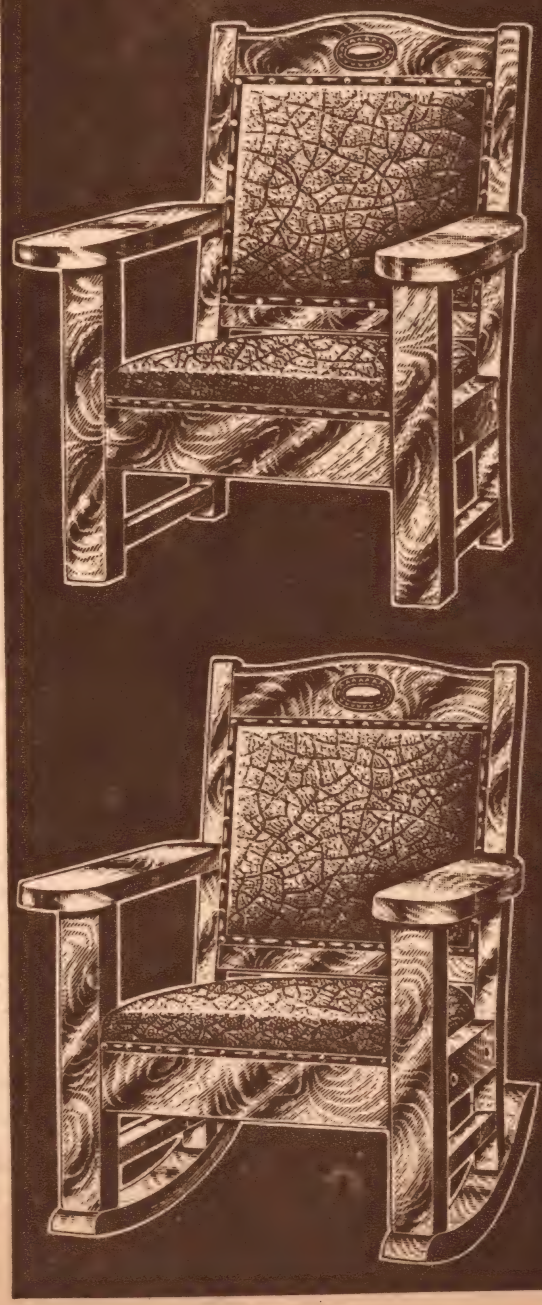

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MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

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SEPTEMBER 9, 1922 TEN CENTS

M

Lillian Gish

Lillian Gish Plays Fairy-Godmother See page 14

What can Will Hays do in Hollywood See page 6

SEPTEMBER 23, 1922 TEN CENTS

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRISCILLA DEAN

Is William S. Hart Unlucky in Love? See page 6

Rodolph Valentino's Big Comfort See page 10

MOVIE WEEKLY
№ 32. PRINTED IN U·S·A· Vol. II.

"Say It With Pies"

THE last five years have witnessed a truly astounding improvement in the quality of moving picture comedies.

The improvement has been a welcome one, to say the least, to a bored and long-suffering fan public. For it is doubtful whether there ever existed in any other phase of the shadow art such enormous and appalling room for improvement as was found in the photoplay comedy of only a few years ago.

Early attempts at comedy on the screen were almost pitiful in their stark crudity. There were but two major humorous themes—Pursuit and Pastry. Both were remarkably simple—in more ways than one.

The Pursuit Theme originated away back in the dim, pre-historic days when the cinema world was still enraptured with the thrilling sight of an express train actually being shown in motion upon a white sheet. The Master Plot of this theme, from which all the many minor variations came, was almost a work of genius in its sheer simplicity. A man ran, for any or no reason whatever, a flock of other people ran after him, inspired by the same motives, somebody in the speeding procession tripped over his own feet, everybody promptly fell over the recumbent figure—and a general good time was enjoyed by all.

The Pastry Theme, though originating at a slightly later date, was even more tenacious in its vogue. This theme was also of a charming and stupendous simplicity, consisting entirely in a violent contact between a human countenance and a large and goo-ey section of pie, preferably custard. Such an innocently prankish procedure was supposed to incite peals of merry laughter—and probably did on the part of Los Angeles pastry makers.

From such crude beginnings as these to the subtle and genuinely clever comedies that feature the silversheet today is a long step forward, and to many observers the change has come about with such unobtrusive rapidity that it seems almost an overnight transformation. Today, the comedy of the screen is dependent for its appeal upon the unique genius of the individual rather than upon a hackneyed ritual—in its highest form, being comedy of Personality, rather than the old-time comedy of Situation.

The recognized King in the comedy field is, of course, the one and only Chaplin, but of late two other Lords of Laughter have stepped forth to seriously challenge the King's supremacy—a solemn-faced young man by the name of Keaton, and an equally solemn youth in tortoise-shell glasses, named Lloyd.

All three are supreme artists. In their capable hands, the screen has at last come into its own in a form of the Drama in which it should have long before been pre-eminent. For in no other phase of make-believe is Pantomime, the art of the shadow stage, so peculiarly effective as in Comedy.

Chaplin's art is possibly the more subtle of the three. His comedy is one that ranges from the broadest of burlesque to the finest possible shades of meaning, and it is a comedy with pathos intermingled, and with tears just beneath the surface of the laughter. "Shoulder Arms" probably represents the high-water mark of Chaplin's burlesque, and "The Kid" of his more subtle work.

Harold Lloyd's comedy is more of the exuberant frivolity of Youth and, despite the splendid standard of excellence set in his first five-reeler, "Grandma's Boy," we cannot help but feel that Lloyd's art will grow better yet with maturity.

Buster Keaton has developed to its full possibilities the well-known fact that nothing so effectively begets a smile as the lack of one upon the part of the comedian. Keaton has a particular flair for burlesque and satire and, in the opinion of the writer, his latest comedy is also his best. Though only two reels in length, "The Frozen North" is one of the most delicious satires that the screen has ever seen, parodying as it does the virile, "he-man" dramas of the Great-Far-White-Open North that have almost snowed the movie world under during the last year, literally as well as figuratively.

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An Apology

In the August fifth issue of "Movie Weekly," we published on page 13 a photograph of Dorothy Devore. The credit line said Miss Devore was a Mack Sennett bathing girl beauty. This was a mistake. Miss Devore is one of the featured players with the Christie Comedies.

"Reelettes"

Senator Myers of Montana the other day made the remarkable statement: "Mr. Hays would find nation-wide censorship a great aid in his efforts to elevate the industry." Yes, Senator, and the gift of a millstone around his neck would be of invaluable assistance to a drowning man.

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Blondes & Brunettes Stand Equal Chance

says A. N. Smallwood, one of MOVIE WEEKLY'S BLONDE-BRUNETTE CONTEST JUDGES, and President of the Pyramid Picture Corp.

MY attention has been called to a condition that might be described as one of possible panic among many girls who might wish to enter this contest, because of their dread that possibly some of the judges may be influenced in their decision as favoring either blondes or brunettes. I feel that it would be wholly indelicate for me to speak in behalf of any of the judges, as they are quite competent to present their own views. Now, insofar as I am concerned, I am free from any sort of prejudice in this matter. I have never leaned too far in either direction, as concerns blondes or brunettes.

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Faire Binney, brunette, playing in Pyramid's special, "Flapper Love."

Here you will find three brunettes and three blondes, selected by me to portray, as members of our various all-star casts, the leading roles in photoplays that have either been completed, or are now in work in the studio, or very shortly to go into production. This is my method of maintaining that middle-of-the-road attitude on such a very delicate topic as "Blondes or Brunettes—Which?" It is my earnest wish that every girl entering this contest should feel her complete equality before the judges, none of whom, I feel assured, will have any hesitancy in laying aside all scruples as between the two types of feminine pulchritude.

It is very doubtful whether I could present a better object lesson on this point than will be found in the case of six of the prominent stars assigned to important roles in my Pyramid pictures. Miss Sigfrid Holmquist, who played opposite Monte Blue in "My Old Kentucky Home," is a decided blonde. Miss Violet Heming, in "When the Desert Calls," is a blonde. Miss Ruth Blair, in "Wife in Name Only," is a blonde. The brunettes include Miss Betty Blythe in "His Wife's Husband," and the Misses Faire Binney and Lucy Fox in "Flapper Love."

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

Violet Heming, blonde, playing the lead in "When the Desert Calls."

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSON

Sigfrid Holmquist, blonde, the lead in "My Old Kentucky Home."

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD STUDIOS

Ruth Blair, blonde, cast for an important role in a new Pyramid production.

APEDA, N. Y.

Lucy Fox, brunette, one of the leads in "My Old Kentucky Home."

MANDEVILLE

Betty Blythe, brunette, whose latest Pyramid picture was "His Wife's Husband."

Movie Weekly's OPPORTUNITY

De Sacia Mooers, whose current starring picture, "The Blonde Vampire," is now being released by the Film Booking Offices of America

DE SACIA MOOERS ADVISES THE BLONDES

THIS week we want to talk about the Danger Line.

We all know that to every vamp —whether she be in real life or on the stage or screen—there comes a time in her career when the danger line presents itself, and we ask, does she recognize it?

The American Dictionary defines the word, vampire: Eastern Europe, superstition, a ghost which sucks the blood of its sleeping victim; one who lives on others. Awful, you think, so it behooves us to watch out, and while we strive to portray the character on the screen, we must have our mind so poised, so well-balanced that though we know a danger line exists, we are fearless.

The screen vampire must be an actress supreme. Her art so perfect an audience will dread her presence on the scene; she may break hearts, destroy happiness, be all the character demands, but—because in her real life she is so fine a type of womanhood, that same audience sings her praises, and acclaims her wonderful.

To our vampire, Man is the masterpiece of God's workmanship. How could she deliberately destroy it. To her the kisses of the screen, the close embrace, the long, questioning look in the eyes of her lover, awaken no response. Her pulse does not quicken a single beat. Our vamp is playing a part. She is filled with gratitude to the powers that made it possible, and so, resolving to will success, all else is forbidden to enter her mind. She knows that, although her beautiful body is held close in the arms of her screen lover, many times during the making of a picture she is a guardian, and with her mind pure and strong all must be well.

Of course, being human, she does long for love, genuine, beautiful, and for kisses, too, the kind "that stir to sweet response, the 'wakening soul." Oh yes, the public may call us "vamp," but it cannot deny us, as real women, the love that is enduring, and the tenderness we crave. We should be so fine that if, perchance, we meet a brute nature, it will shrink abashed, in its own grossness, in a word, the woman who aspires to be a vampire on the screen, should be all pure, beyond reproach. She must not be thought of as the blood-sucking ghost of the dictionary who lures men, destroys homes, and plays with life, as a bauble created for her amusement.

She did not recognize the danger line, we always do, but, being sure of ourselves, need not fear it.

(*To be concluded*)

BETTY BLYTHE ADVISES THE BRUNETTES

AGAIN we come to the point of FINESSE. No vamp who has perfected herself in the art of vamping will at the last moment lose her quarry because of the sounding of a false note during the ending of the campaign. Last moment defeats, however, are just as likely to happen when a maid goes a-vamping as in any other objective in life.

The expert fly-fisherman will vouch for the truth of this. Many a trout has been lost when it was on the point of being landed. And so it is in the realm of vamping. Over-confidence when all is going smoothly to a perfect denouement, is the reason for failure.

And in work on the screen you will have probably observed that the vampire gets her deserts and the heroine wins her man just at a moment when the hero seems lost to the good little girl forever and ever. Amen. And it is because the vampire lacks the necessary finesse to hold her quarry to the point of landing him, that she loses him. The good little girl has lost him and it is only because the vampire strikes a false note at the last moment that he sees where he has been wrong and returns to his false love or his wife, as the case may be.

So the danger line in vamping is overplaying your hand, especially when the motive that animates you is wrong. If in real

(*Continued on page* 28)

Albin

Betty Blythe

STUPENDOUS PERSONALITY CONTEST

WE are now nearing the home stretch in "Movie Weekly's" big "Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest." A little over two weeks from now, on October 7th, this splendid opportunity contest will come to a close, and shortly after that the judges will announce the names of the two winners.

One will be given a position with Ed Wynn's company in his famous play, "The Perfect Fool," and the other will be given a picture contract with the Pyramid Company at a salary of one hundred dollars a week.

Will YOU be one of the fortunate two? There is still plenty of time remaining to get your pictures and hundred-word statement on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How," in the hands of the judges. And, if there is still any question concerning the Contest about which you are in doubt, you still have time to write in to the Vampire Editor and have the matter cleared up for you at once in a personal letter. All questions from contestants will, as nearly as possible, be answered by return mail.

Be Definite in Your Questions

But I must repeat the warning regarding contest questions that I gave you on this page last week. **Be definite in your questions.** Do not write in merely asking for "full information regarding the contest." Such information is given in every issue of "Movie Weekly," in the column entitled "To Be Eligible," and the field is too large to cover within the bounds of a single personal letter. Unless you tell me exactly the point or points that are giving you difficulty, I cannot be of the genuine help to you that I would like to be. The more definite you are in your questions to me, the more definite I will be able to be in my answers to you.

And be sure to include your full address with your queries. There are so many letters coming to my desk daily that it would be utterly impossible to attempt to answer even a small fraction of them in the limited space of the magazine. I want to give personal answers to all of you, but I cannot possibly do it if you merely give as your address Detroit, New York, or other large cities where a street address is absolutely necessary if mail is to be delivered by the post office.

And a final warning regarding the sending of contest pictures and contest 100-word statement TOGETHER. Pictures are still coming in without a statement on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How" attached, and statements are still coming in from contestants without any sign whatever of the pictures that should accompany them.

Remember that this is a contest of both beauty and brains. It is manifestly impossible to judge the beauty of a contestant merely from a description in a letter. Photographs are absolutely necessary, and the better the photographs—the better idea they give of the contestant's pulchritude—why, naturally, the better that contestant's chances with the judges. But a photograph, no matter how attractive it may be, cannot indicate the "brain" side of the contest, and for that reason the 100-word statement is required from all contestants. One is every bit as essential as the other. And, for your convenience as well as our own, please send both statement and pictures at the same time, and it will be greatly to your advantage to send them by first-class mail, particularly now that the time limit is rapidly shortening.

You need not send the entire four pictures specified in the rules of the contest unless you wish. Two or three, or even one good one will be sufficient, if it is not convenient for you to send in the entire set of four. They may be of any size from snapshots up, but be sure that they do you justice.

And your statement on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How" need not be a hundred words in length. In fact, if you can do the subject justice in thirty or fifty words—all right. The only essential is that the statement must not be MORE than 100 words in length.

If possible, this statement should be typewritten. If you have no machine handy, however, it will be perfectly all right to write it out legibly and neatly in pen and ink, writing only on one side of a sheet of paper of ordinary letterhead size.

To Be Eligible To Movie Weekly's BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST

(1) You must be a natural blonde.

(2) You must be a natural brunette.

(3) The auburn, or red head, girls are included with the blondes.

(4) Photograph requirements:

(a) Send in a full figure of yourself clothed in an attractive frock that does you justice.

(b) Send in a full figure—posed in bathing suit or similar costume—which gives good idea of your figure—your form.

(c) Send in closeup—large head and shoulders portrait—of your full face.

(d) Send in closeup of your profile.

(These pictures may be of any size from snap-shots up, but remember that fairly large and clear pictures will, of course be greatly to your advantage with the judges.)

(5) Attached to these four photographs must be your article—*not more than* 100 *words in length*—entitled "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." If possible, it should be typewritten on one side of a sheet no larger than letterhead size. If you have no typewriter, write it neatly and legibly on one side of the sheet in longhand.

(6) Professional actresses are barred from the contest.

(7) Amateur players are welcome.

(8) Photographs and hundred-word statement can only be submitted once. No changes will be allowed after material has once been received.

(9) Address photographs and hundred-word statement to VAMPIRE EDITOR, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and send them by first-class mail.

(10) Girls under age are eligible, provided they have consent of parents or guardians.

(11) Married women are eligible.

(12) Girls who have bobbed hair are eligible.

Is William S. Hart

By GRACE KINGSLEY

IS William S. Hart, idol of millions of film fans, unlucky in love?

Pop-eyed the fans throughout the world read of the report of the separation of Hart and his bride of less than a year, Winifred Westover.

And the stork is hovering over the Hart family! A Hart heir is to be born in September.

To millions, Bill Hart stands for all that is manly, strong and fine. He is the ideal he-man, both on and off the screen, to fans the world over. The crashing of his domestic menage came like a thunderbolt to these. Even now, the whys and wherefores of the separation are not known. But the fact remains.

Hart has always stood, even to those closest to him, supposed to know whether his feet really were of clay or not, for what was best in the film colony. During the world war, he won a record for the sale of Liberty Bonds all over the country. He was always the champion of womanhood. A bachelor until he was sixty, he has frequently been worshipped by his leading women, and when not worshipped they have always spoken of him in terms of the warmest friendship and admiration.

At home, in his own household, presided over by his sister Mary in the old days, he was worshipped alike by his sister and by the servants.

"He is the most wonderful brother in the world," Mary often said to her friends.

Sister Mary was something of an invalid always. Brother Bill waited on her hand and foot in the old days before he could afford service. When she went to the hospital once for an appendicitis operation, he explained to the writer with tears in his eyes:

"She is all I have in the world!"

Middle-aged women, unhappy in their homes, found consolation in looking up to him as the ideal husband of any woman who could win him. When he was formerly reported engaged to a young actress, a woman wrote to him:

"Life won't ever be quite the same to me. I shall not write to you any more. Perhaps your wife wouldn't like it, though heaven knows she would find nothing in me to be jealous of. I'm just a plain, middle-aged woman, with no pretensions. You have been a sort of ideal to me, and I have liked writing to you, and when you have written to me, I have found deep pleasure in your letters. May you be very happy."

Not a regular mash note, eh? But it showed real and genuine devotion beyond the mash stage.

Yet Bill Hart has been unlucky in love!

(C. Gardner Smith)

William S. Hart has always stood, even to those closest to him, for what was best in the film colony, and has always been the champion of womanhood.

There seems small doubt that what he yearned for is what most people yearn for, if they would only confess it, viz.: the unadulterated worship of the young and beautiful. That is natural. Personally, that fact in Bill Hart endears him to the writer. It shows him human.

But it was not only in his love affairs that he was unfortunate. He had the misfortune when quite a young man, to lose by death a younger sister whom he worshipped.

"I thought he would never recover from the blow," sister Mary said once to a friend of the writer's.

A very great love came into Bill Hart's life about seven years ago. He was an Ince star then—had just come into his popularity.

This love affair is little known to the world. Norma Talmadge was the object of it. Miss Talmadge herself had just gone over to Triangle from Vitagraph. She felt that Bill Hart was something of a conquest. Also she loved him. Report said that she was engaged to him.

Then Miss Talmadge went back to New York, and there soon came back to California the report that she was engaged to Joseph Schenck!

Those who knew Bill Hart at the time declared that the blow was a great one to him.

A young woman came into his life shortly after that. She was pretty little Winifred Westover. But Bill looked on her as a child. She fell in love with him, however. But he didn't know it, and she went away to New York, and thence on to Sweden.

Katherine MacDonald became Hart's leading woman, and rumor had it that the two were engaged. However, Miss MacDonald made it plain that this could not be, as she was still married to the artist, Malcolm Strauss. However, it was known that she held her star in no little admiration, and if she had not been married—who knows? Or if she had secured her divorce at the time? Hart, of course, said nothing, as became a gentleman. It isn't likely that he had recovered from the Talmadge hurt, but many a man has permitted himself to be consoled. But it wasn't to be.

The next real love affair of Hart's was with Jane Novak.

I shall always feel that this affair was the deepest and most genuine which either has ever

Hart's love affair with Jane Novak seemed an ideal one. Their tastes and temperaments were wonderfully congenial. But again Bill lost his happiness.

Shortly after the Talmadge affair, Katherine MacDonald became Hart's leading woman, and rumor had it that the two were engaged.

Unlucky in Love?

experienced. It was mutual; both were genuine souls; the engagement was a long one, and continued through many trying ordeals. For when Miss Novak became Bill Hart's leading woman, she was the wife of a cinematographer, and the mother of a baby girl. But she was not happy with him, and the separation occurred soon.

Bill and Jane were merely good friends for a year or so. No word of love was spoken, but Jane felt the inherent manliness and fineness of Hart. When she had been divorced some time, Hart asked Jane to marry him, and she promised.

It was a quite ideal love affair. Their tastes and temperaments were suited. But again Bill lost his happiness. The engagement was broken off when Hart asked Jane to give up her professional career. One can see her side of it. She had struggled for years, through poverty and unhappiness, to her place in stardom, and she wanted to keep on with her professional work. One sympathizes with Hart, too. He wanted a home and a wife who would be at home when he came in from his day's work. He wanted children.

Oh, more than anything he wanted children, and one of the bitterest phases of his present plight is that his baby will be his and yet not his.

So Jane and Bill came to the parting of the ways, but not without many bitter tears being shed by Jane, according to the friends of the pair. But she would not be dishonest with him, and pretend she wished to give up her work when she did not. A woman who has struggled up to a place in the world learns to value that place; she does not lightly relinquish it, and Jane felt that it was her right to go on with her work.

Then, too, it was whispered that there was another cause of difference. Jane wondered cannily whether Mary Hart would be quite willing to relinquish entirely the headship of Bill's household. She feared for domestic harmony. But neither Hart nor the world will ever know how much Jane Novak has suffered. Perhaps she has even regretted her choice.

So Bill went back to New York and met his old friend, Winifred Westover. Winifred had grown up and developed mentally. Bill no longer looked on her as a child. He found that Winifred loved him—had loved him many years—in fact, ever since she had been his leading lady.

There was a whirlwind courtship, and the two were wed.

Rumors of disagreement were circulated about only a short time after the marriage. Winifred gave many exhibitions of temperament to her old-time friends. Perhaps it was her condition. Mary Hart went to New York.

Then came the public story of the break. Three months ago, Winifred went to live at Santa Monica, a seaside resort near Los Angeles. Now divorce proceedings are being contemplated by the wife, it is said.

Hart is occupying the Hollywood home, charge of which has been resumed by his sister, Mary Hart.

Hart has, it is authoritatively stated, submitted to his wife and her attorney a property settlement, which is now under consideration by them. The settlement, it was declared, makes provision not only for Mrs. Hart but for their unborn child. Report gave the figures as $250,000, which the cowboy hero has assigned to his wife, but Mrs. Hart, it was alleged, was holding out for more money.

(Abbe)

Norma Talmadge was the object of a very great love that came into Hart's life some years ago—an affair little known to the world.

(W. F. Seely, N. Y.)

When pretty little Winifred Westover first fell in love with Hart, he didn't even know it. He thought that Winifred was only a child at the time.

Then Hart went back to New York and met his old sweetheart, Winifred Westover, no longer a child, but a grown woman. There was a whirlwind courtship, then a wedding. And now comes the news of the break—Bill Hart has again lost the happiness that he seemed so near to attaining.

Whether divorce proceedings will be filed or not, is not known. In case Mrs. Hart does bring such action, it is said that cruelty will be charged.

Mr. Hart, on being interviewed in the matter, vehemently denied any cruelty on his part.

"A Los Angeles newspaper," said he, "published statements which the paper intimates came from Mrs. Hart's attorney; some of them are villainously untrue, particularly the ones referring to Mary Hart, my sister, and to Mr. Will H. Hayes.

"It is totally untrue that my sister assumed charge of my home when Mrs. Hart left. My sister went to New York prior to the separation and is still there. She has never regularly lived in my household since my marriage. She lived at my Newhall ranch until she went East. The threat against her for alienation of my affections is too absurd and ridiculous to merit comment.

"As to the statement that Mr. Will Hays acted as intermediary, that is not true. He did not attempt any reconciliation while he was here. In factfi to my knowledge, he didn't even know about the matter."

His wife's charges of cruelty must have hurt William S. Hart very deeply. To one who has always had the reputation of looking up to woman, it must be especially galling to be charged publicly with cruelty. The actor will oppose vigorously any attempts on his wife's part to secure a divorce on such grounds. It has even been hinted that he would bring counter charges of a rather sensational nature.

"I realize that the American public is my judge and jury," said he, "and I wish to say now and for all time that any charges of brutality and cruelty against me are malicious falsehoods. And I further wish to announce to the whole world and before God that never in my life did I lay hands on any woman save in kindness."

What the real truth of the situation is, probably no one will ever know. It is impossible for the fans to believe that William S. Hart could be wantonly cruel, and it also difficult to imagine the gentle Winifred as anything but sweet and kind. Perhaps it is just another case of "incompatibility of temperament." And all the fans are sorry that the screen idol's romance should have been so rudely shattered.

The only bright spot in the situation at present is that perhaps there may be a reconciliation after all. In fact, there seems to be some reason for hoping that this may be the case. On the one hand is the expectant mother, and on the other is the will-be father, who chokes up with emotion at the very thought of the wee bit of humanity that is to come. And who knows but that this same wee bit of humanity may be the most potent factor of all in healing up the breach between the diminutive wife and the great two-gun man who longs so for a home?

Mabel Normand drilled

By HERSELF

Did Mabel look like this when she learned she was to visit England's royal family? . . .

NOTE: *Mabel Normand has just returned from a trip to Europe. While in London, she received the "royal command" and prepared herself to visit King George, or Queen Mary, or Princess Mary, or the Prince of Wales, when . . . Anyway, Mabel tells you something of royal etiquette. How does it all appeal to you free and easy Americans?*

I HAD been in London about a week, taking things very quietly, just "sight-seeing," when like a bolt from the blue "it" came.

"It" was all new to me.

The hospitals of London at that time made a "drive" for funds and it was decided to hold a huge charity ball in aid. At a meeting of the committee, at which Princess Mary was chairman, the council's list of Americans present in London was gone into and when the "m's" had been exhausted they came to the "n's" and Normand.

The Princess expressed a desire to see what I really looked like in the flesh and a lady in waiting was sent post haste to my apartments at the Ritz to "rush me over."

That was disappointment "Number One."

The evening previous I had visited Limehouse. Always a lover of Thomas Burke's books especially his "Limehouse Nights" and "Whispering Windows," I had determined to see for myself the actual conditions and environments so ably expressed in his works.

So I just took a taxi and told the driver to let me off in the heart of the "slums."

I can't begin to tell you now the sights that met my eyes.

Little did I realize that I would be recognized or never for a moment would I have dreamed of going, but somehow or other they instantly began calling me "Miabel" in their quaint cockney dialect, and, instead of a quiet little stroll about, it rapidly assumed the proportions of a parade. And although I enjoyed every moment of it, the object of my visit was ruined. So I picked a few small chaps from the crowd who promised to show me the "real" Limehouse the next afternoon.

So there I was in the slums when I was supposed to be at Buckingham Palace. When I finally came in for dinner, my secretaries were terribly excited over the "Royal Command." In England, more than any other European country, there is a decided class distinction. You are rated according to the amount of wealth you command, your previous condition of servitude, your title and who, what and why your forefathers happened to be doing.

NATIONAL

"The evening previous (before receiving the royal command)," says Mabel, "I had visited Limehouse. Always a lover of Thomas Burke's books . . ."

You either have your club in the Pall Mall or the Piccadilly district, or the Tottingham Court Road section. You are supposed to wear your evening dress every night or you can just "plain" go about; you carry your stick, yellow gloves, top hat, or you are "out of order" if you don't. They look with holy horror if you do certain things in one place, or smile and "egg you on" if you do the same identical thing-ama-jigs in your own "place."

But the dream of them all is to receive a "Royal Command." The theatricals count with hushed and bated breath when the name of Harry Tate, Vesta Victoria, Vesta Tilley, Harry Lauder or some other artist's list of "Commands" is pronounced.

The press of England devotes pages to society notes and happenings. What they had on, who was there, what they said and why.

And the readers revel in it.

If I was to be very American and slangy I was "sitting pretty" that evening.

The next morning at any early hour a telephone call was to the effect that one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen was at my disposal for instructions on royal etiquette. It had been decided upon that I was to appear at either Buckingham Castle or the official home or castle of either the Princess Mary or the Prince of Wales at the first favorable opportunity.

A "Royal Command" sounds terrible, doesn't it? Especially when you don't know what it's all about. Was I supposed to do my Keystone "stunts" or just act like "Mickey" or "Molly-O?" What was I to wear? And talk about? I laugh now when I think of it all. It was so simple. A plain dress, white, elbow sleeved-length, the skirt either short or long, according to the style that I preferred, a picture hat or a small toque—in fact my everyday wear. If "It" was to happen in the afternoon, an afternoon frock. If "It" was in the evening, an evening gown.

I was to be attended by a lady of my own choice, who was supposed to act as my escort. If Princess Mary, my instructions were to this effect. "It" would be in the afternoon sometime, the exact hour to be fixed well beforehand. The Princess is not as worldly wise as the Prince of Wales and certain definite subjects were listed

EDWIN BOWER HESSER

In one of her evening gowns. We wager Mabel would have made quite an impression on King George in this!

in Royal Etiquette

for conversation. Los Angeles, the moving picture industry, my impression of London and little things like that.

The Princess is attended by several ladies of the court who are to stand a few feet back as my lady was supposed to do. Tea was to be served.

If the Prince of Wales, things were different.

I had waited for hours at my Ritz apartments that faced Piccadilly the day he returned from his world's tour and I shall never forget the whole-hearted and sincere greeting that met him. The London press made much-ado about a little talk I had with one of Lord Northcliffs' representatives that day, in which I said that the Prince would make a wonderful leading man for the "movies!"

This was brought to his attention and he seemed to enjoy it. I was to be escorted to his estate by my lady-in-waiting. As was to be the case with the Princess, I was not to talk on any other subject of conversation than the one broached by their majesties. As the Prince had visited the States, it was a mutual subject as was the industry I was in, so it was decided that those two were to be the main subjects.

But the Prince is a carefree chap, a man in his own rights and not given too much to court formality. When I entered the presence of royalty I was to advance slowly, make a curtesy to the Princess, just the least semblance of a bow.

If if was to be the Prince, he would shake hands.

Or maybe this is the way she looked when she said about the Prince of Wales in a London interview: "He would make a good leading man in pictures!"

It was a former rule that you were supposed to back out of their presence, but that has since died a natural death, due to the fact that certain high personages of royalty, clad in long and sweeping trains, had experienced quite some difficulty in walking backwards without first taking lessons from some expert contortionist. The rule now in vogue is for their majesties to leave the room first and you gracefully follow. For to turn your back on royalty or to be seated in their presence while they are standing is one of the unpardonable sins of the court.

If "It" was to be at Buckingham Palace before their Majesties the King and Queen, everything was to be worked in batches of four or five. I was to be assembled with a few others in an anti-chamber and escorted by a lady-in-waiting to the Queen into the royal chamber. A few brief words to each and then out.

Then with all the plans in the making, my high expectations were dashed to the ground and asunder by the murder of Sir Henry Wilson. This happened exactly two days before "It" was to happen. Court functions, court society and everything connected with any royal event were immediately cancelled in due reverence to that wonderful man who was so cruelly assassinated.

But my plans call for a return visit to England in the very near future and I shall be able to tell you all just what it feels like to be "received," for "It" is going to happen then.

Mabel visualizes the royal family the day she learns she is asked to call and see them. Mabel seated in the center, the Prince of Wales standing, King George and Queen Mary in the carriage, Princess Mary seated.

Why are we afraid of Sex?

By OUIDA BERGERE

(Scenarist for George Fitzmaurice Productions for Paramount)

"Everybody is deadly afraid of sex," says Ouida Bergere . . . "We send our children to school to learn arithmetic, but we would keep them home if they were taught anything of sex." Why?

THE sea has its victims; so has Sex. Everybody is deadly afraid of Sex. It is treated like a mad dog, the mad dog of the human pageant. We send our children to school to learn arithmetic, but we would keep them home if they were taught anything of sex. We tell our children nothing of Sex. We let them read nothing that has any suggestion of Sex. We let them see nothing of Sex. Yet these same children, away from home, hear nothing, see nothing, say nothing that, by the same token, does not spell Sex in one form or another.

Parents cannot help learning that children are acquiring this knowledge somewhere, but parents are evidently satisfied with the consoling thought that at least the children are not learning such things at home. They are not learning such things at the motion picture shows.

Parents keep Sex out of the home; the Censor keeps it out of motion pictures. None of the other arts, painting, writing, sculpture, bars it. They dare not. It is the vital substance of all the arts. They could not exist without it. If the arts censored sex, it would be like removing an iron girder from a house of cards. Yet motion pictures, the youngest of all the arts, may not—by order of the Censor—show anything that deals with Sex.

Why are we afraid of it?

It is the essence of all life, yet we avoid it—in the home and on the screen—as if it were the plague. We worship God, but we cast out a divine attribute, a sacred principle of life, a purest tincture of immortality, dumping it in the garbage can called Vice.

Vice is not the brother of Sex. Vice is the muck heap of human passions. We abuse Sex; Vice collects the remnants. The lesson is there for all to read; yet the Censor will not permit us to show these things in the modern photoplay.

The poor devil of a scenario writer, not the Censor, is the one who gets public blame. They give us a beautiful story, a famous book or play; literature that has stood the test of public favor; but we dare not try to give a true version of this same fine book or play to the screen. No; we must take all the Sex out of it first. If we don't, the Censor will. And there you are!

So we take out Sex. The whole play, or book, loses its original form, all its endearing charm, all its fine, life-like fire. The public looks at it in disgust. The picture producer has cheated them. The scenario writer has substituted a stupid fraud; off with his head, as they used to say in the old days. The whole appeal of the story has been lost. Quite true; we have taken out Sex.

Yet the Censor tells us that the public doesn't want Sex. If this is true, why does the public demand and create such stars as Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Dorothy Dalton, Norma Talmadge and others? There is the purest sex appeal; the appeal of youth and beauty and womanly grace—the loveliest thing in life.

Ouida Bergere reads to her director-husband, George Fitzmaurice, the script for his new picture.

Stories of life must be supplied to support this appeal. The Pollyanna type of story is exactly what must be avoided. Yet the Pollyanna plot is the only one the Censor will let us use. This is all right for ingenues; but the day of the sexless, goody goody ingenue is done; she is a dead card in pictures; the public is tired of her bright eyes and long curls. They want vivid women who are alive, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge and others. Yet how are we going to write vivid stories for these lovely creatures?

Ah for a chance to write a true story to put on the screen—a story of human foibles, pulsating with life and fire, action to reveal the heart, to unmask evil and point an honest moral, a glowing tale that brings laughter and tears! But no, the Censor says otherwise. He says every picture must contain a moral, but to do this we must show nothing immoral. What a curious paradox! We must make soup without salt; we must portray life in a series of straight lines; we must show a sky without a moon; a day without a sun. No passion; no gilded pitfalls, just gingerbread and apple sauce.

I am worried about it. The screen is going backward. The public is drifting away from the theatres in disgust. The stories are all cut out of the same pattern. What is going to happen to motion pictures? They are not half as good as they were two and three years ago—before the Censor came into power. The pictures were crude, it is true, but they bore an honest semblance to life, to the reality that comes to our doorsteps, to the little human tragedies that sometimes tear the hearts of us all. They contained sex, the essence that made them alive—the magic fluid we so sadly lack today.

Our pictures of today are nearing technical perfection. The crudities that oft-times marred the films of only a few years ago are rapidly being eliminated, and the photoplay is developing to a state of sheer artistic perfection that makes it a thing of beauty. But without sex, it is a thing of beauty without the one element so essential to imparting the breath of life to that beauty. Without sex, pictures may be as brilliantly perfect and flawless in their technique as is humanly possible, yet remain utterly cold and lifeless in their effect upon the spectator.

The motion picture has now passed the stage where it was merely a new amusement device. It is now an Art. But, the first province of Art being to depict Life, the motion picture must remain but a colorless imitation of true Art as long as the Censors debar it from presenting Life. For sex is the very essence of Life itself.

Why are we afraid of it?

"The Censor tells us that the public doesn't want Sex. If this is so," asks Miss Bergere, "why does the public demand and create such stars as Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge and others?"

Life Story of Eugene O'Brien

Being persistent, Eugene's parents would start him off to another college in November and then sit on the doorstep, figuratively speaking, waiting for his return. And like the cat, he always came back. At that rate, of course, even the most persistent parents would eventually find their determination exhausted; so eventually, in despair, they gave their reluctant consent for Eugene to have a try at a stage career. And it didn't take long for Eugene to pack his tooth brush and shaving outfit and buy his ticket to New York.

There he discovered that conquering New York was not the easy matter he had subconsciously supposed it to be. In fact, it was very much of a struggle. He stayed at an obscure boarding house and haunted the theatrical offices. "Any experience?" he was asked at every turn, and his "no" brought him the usual beginner's luck—the stage beginner's luck being no luck at all.

Weary, discouraged, but still persistent, Eugene at last secured an engagement in a vaudeville sketch called "Bachelor Days." After that, having acquired the coveted experience, he could walk in boldly to a theatrical office and sometimes come out with a job. From then on, things began to look brighter. Having had his chance, 'Gene made good. Engagements came to him one after another. First he played in musical comedies, then he secured roles in productions with such famous stars as Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Illington, Ann Murdock, Elsie Janis and Fritzi Scheff.

Finally, he received an offer to go into movies and his very first picture was "Poor Little Peppina," in which Mary Pickford starred. Unlike many other male stars of the screen, he did not begin his career by playing villain roles. Eugene has always been one of the screen's greatest lovers; perhaps because one never thinks of a villain with wavy hair and crinkly Irish blue eyes and the sort of twisted smile that has endeared itself to 'Gene's admirers.

Whatever it was that made him such an ideal lover is hard to determine exactly, but in any event Eugene has made screen love to probably as imposing array of celebrities as any leading man could wish—Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Clark and Elsie Ferguson. There has probably never been a more popular screen combination than Norma Talmadge and Eugene in the days when he played opposite her in "Ghosts of Yesterday," "The Safety Curtain," "De Luxe Annie" and "By Right of Purchase."

With Marguerite Clark he played in "Little Miss Hoover" and "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Eugene is one of the stars "by popular request." Sometimes a motion picture company, by deliberately exploiting a certain player, makes a star through advertising. Other players become stars because the numbers of fan letters they receive prove their popularity with the public. Eugene was one of the latter kind. When it became evident that here was an actor who had a tremendous fan following, Selznick decided to star him.

Accordingly, about 1919, Eugene had the triumph of seeing his name in electric lights as the star of such productions as "The Perfect Lover" (what title could be more apt for 'Gene's first starring picture?), "Sealed Hearts," "The Broken Melody," "His Wife's Money," "The Figurehead" and "The Wonderful Chance." Some of his later pictures are: "Broadway and Home," "Gilded Lies," "The Last Door," "Worlds Apart," "Clay Dollars," "Chivalrous Charlie," "Channing of the Northwest," "The Prophet's Paradise" and "John Smith."

Early in 1922 his contract with Selznick expired, and much to the delight of their fans, Eugene and Norma Talmadge made another picture together, which is bigger and greater than any of the earlier productions in which this delightful combination of stars appeared, "The Voice From the Minaret."

Mary Astor and Ester Banks think Eugene is the trump.

CUT HERE

MOVIE WEEKLYS

Life Story of EUGENE O'BRIEN

WHEN Eugene O'Brien was a youngster he had no idea of becoming a movie actor. In fact, movies had scarcely been heard of. It was the circus which attracted Eugene's attention and he quite made up his mind to be a circus rider.

"It all started when I was a little shaver, probably not much older than five," said Eugene, smiling at the recollection, "it was then that I saw my first circus. How well I remember it—the big ring, the flying figures on the trapezes, the elephants; they all seemed very wonderful to me, but the thing that impressed me most of all was the gentleman in pink tights who balanced himself so expertly on the back of the white horse.

"I remember," grinned 'Gene, "I sat there on the front row, a little chubby urchin, my eyes wide open and getting bigger and bigger all the time. 'Oh, gee—oh, gosh—oh, golly!' I gurgled over and over—or words to that effect—as each successive stunt impressed me more. I grew so excited I swallowed a peanut whole. It was at this moment of my life, I think, that I firmly decided to join the circus just as soon as I was old enough. For years and years I carried in my mind the picture of the man in pink tights who stood on the horse's back."

And, Eugene added, though his ambition to be a bareback rider was outgrown in his boyhood, his liking for the circus still persists. To this day

Eugene loves the circus, and whenever one of them comes to town, you will find him there munching peanuts and laughing at the antics of the clown.

'Gene was born in Colorado in 1884 and lived there all during his boyhood. He attended the state university there. It was only because of the strongest determination on the part of his parents, however, that 'Gene ever went to college at all. His circus ambitions had given way to stage aspiration about the time, during his school days, when the impressionable youth saw a Shakespearian production and decided that he wished to play "Hamlet" and "Mark Anthony."

But when he announced to his parents his intention of going on the stage, the whole O'Brien establishment almost tumbled about his ears. The stage at that time was considered scarcely respectable and Pere and Mere O'Brien were scandalized at such a career for their son. They declared more sternly than ever that Eugene should complete his college course.

That was easy enough to decide, but somehow 'Gene and college just couldn't agree. Eugene didn't like college, and the dislike was most decidedly mutual. 'Gene was sent home from so many colleges that he scarcely had time to unpack his suitcase between trips. September would see him starting off gayly to acquire a diploma, but along about October he would come dashing home, whistling, and greeting his family with the debonair announcement, "I'm home again!" Co-incident with his arrival would come a heated letter from the college authorities to the O'Brien authorities—subject, the prankishness of the O'Brien offspring.

In spite of the fact that he is always cast in a more or less sentimental role, Eugene insists that he is not a "Laura Jean Libby sort of person." One look at his six feet of husky poundage—one hundred and sixty pounds, to be exact—is proof enough of his statement.

It may be that there is a contrary streak in everyone's nature, but whatever the cause, it seems certain that almost every screen or stage player has an ambition to play an entirely different sort of role than the type he or she is used to playing. Most villains are always waiting for the hero part that will be given them some day. So Eugene, who has always had the sentimental roles handed out to him as a matter of course, has a secret ambition to play "something tremendous—powerful," to quote his own words, "but not as a hero." He still wants to play Hamlet and Mark Anthony, the roles that gave him his first desire to go on the stage, back in his high school days when he saw the Shakespearian productions, and was impressed by the fervor of the acting. And who knows but that some day Eugene may have his wish; certainly his fans have great confidence in his ability to play anything he chooses.

And perhaps it is the remains of his earlier circus ambition that makes Eugene so particularly fond of horseback riding, as he is. Whenever he

When Eugene looked in Mary's eyes, we wonder what he Astor.

has any spare time—which isn't often—he likes nothing better than to take his horse way out in the country at a good, brisk canter. For 'Gene loves the country with its soothing stillness, the trees and woods.

Swimming is another of his hobbies and he is extremely skilled at this sport. Reading is also one of his favorite amusements and his lovely New York apartment is cozy with many books and easy chairs.

Eugene might almost be called "the screen's most eligible bachelor," or at least one of the most eligible.

Certainly it is most remarkable that with all the world to choose from, Eugene should never have married. He says that he will not marry until he finds another woman as nice as his mother. His mother, says 'Gene, is his sweetheart, while as for 'Gene—he is everybody's.

Back to normal. Eugene again makes screen love to Norma in "The Voice from the Minaret."

Beauties of the Silver Screen

DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

Agnes Ayres plans to introduce a new dance in her picture and prepares herself for the task with meticulous care.

RAYMOR STUDIOS, PAUL STONE BUREAU

Beauty and grace are assets for both a stage and a screen career. Little Virginia Bell, in the "Greenwich Village Follies," finds this to be so.

DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

Kathlyn Clifford in the costume she wears in George Fitzmaurice's production "Kick In."

Suzanne of the Studios

Her Own Story of Her Glimpse Behind the Silver Screen

Suzanne was just a poor girl, the daughter of a mill foreman. Wallie was the son of the mill owner. When they met, his ardor made her give up Barry, who was devoted to her—but poor.

Suzanne and Wallie were secretly engaged for weeks, and after he went to New York to live, he persuaded her to join him there to be married—without his father's consent. Suzanne, leaving a note that she had gone to California to accept a movie offer, stole away from home.

Her arrival at the New York apartment which Wallie had rented for her was a great disillusionment. Finding that Wallie did not mean to marry her, Suzanne forbade him ever to see her again.

Determined, then, to get into the movies, she went to the office of a producer, where, because of her beauty, she was offered a job—at a price. Horror-struck, she rushed away, but through the kindness of another of the screen applicants she secured work as an artist's model.

The artist was, she felt, a man whom she could trust——

Read the thrilling story of Suzanne, her troubles and her conquests

MR. HARKER left plenty of space between us, and for a long time we rode in silence. It was he who spoke first.

"Are you sure you want to go to California?" he asked.

"Please," I answered.

"All right!" he said, "you shall go. I can get you out there, but I can't do much for you when you're there."

"Id like to go." It seemed to me that I could not get away from New York quickly enough.

"Just as you say."

"Thank you," I murmured.

He relapsed into silence again and did not speak for some time. "Look here!" he broke out suddenly, "I want to tell you something. I've been kidding you, little girl; you'll never make a screen actress. You've got the looks and you're intelligent; and I suppose you could be licked into shape. I don't know, though. Take my advice and try something else."

"Oh!" I gasped.

"You don't believe it, of course," he said coldly. "All right! Take it or leave it. I've told you the truth. Come in tomorrow and I'll give you a good contract."

I didn't see Jimmy Snell again until I was on the train on my way to California. Yes, Mr. Harker had been as good as his word, and I was on my way with a good contract in my bag. As good a one as I was likely to get, at any rate.

Jimmy Snell wasn't in the same car with me, and the first I knew of his being on the train was when he came in, smiled at me in his own peculiarly hateful way, and sat down beside me.

"So," he said without the least preface, "old Harker didn't get you after all. Lord! if you could act for the films as you can in real life what a success you'd be."

I wanted, in my indignation, to order him out of the seat, but I knew that would create a scene, so I simply ignored him and pretended to go on reading. He chuckled as if greatly amused.

"Some little queen, I'll tell the world," he said. "Go to it! Ride your high horse if you want to, but you are going to have something to do with me whether you like it or not, and I thought the square thing would be to have a little explanation right now."

"Square!" I snapped angrily.

"That's what I said. Harker's out of it now, and you're on your own. Maybe you think you acted your part in that last thing you did. Well, you didn't. I did it for you. Think back, Girlie."

It was true, and I knew it. It was his drilling and bullying that had pulled me through with any credit at all. And I was sure the next time would find me better equipped.

"I learned something," I said sulkily.

"Mighty little," he retorted. "You're not an actress and you never will be. Besides, pretty as you are, you don't screen well. Did you notice that?"

It was true enough. I had hoped it had no especial meaning and that the next time I would show up better. "Well?" I asked. I knew he was not telling me this without a purpose, and I wondered where he was leading to.

"Well, it depends on me the next time and the next—if there is a next time."

"I have a contract," I said stubbornly.

He laughed. "Contracts are made to be broken. And if you make a failure, yours will be broken. Don't fool yourself."

I hadn't any doubt he was telling me the truth. "Well?" I queried again.

"Then what I want to say is that I can pull you through again, or I can be just square with you. Do you want me to pull you through or do you want me to be just square?"

"You mean will I pay the price," I said defiantly.

"I mean I can make you in spite of yourself, or I can let you go to a dead failure by being just square. It's for you to decide. You don't have to answer right away. I'll be back again."

He started to get up. "You needn't wait for an answer," I said hotly, "I'll never pay the price. If you had a spark of manhood, you would stop persecuting me."

"Just as you say, Girlie," he answered, smiling as he rose. "You have had your choice between war and peace, and you have chosen war."

"You said you'd be square," I cried frightened.

"Sure I will," he answered, walking away.

I was frightened. I knew how much a director could do to make or mar even a good actress, especially a clever director like Jimmy Snell. What would he do to me? I couldn't put away the feeling that I was in the coils of a serpent. I had seen in the Zoo a poor little rabbit waiting to be devoured by a boa-constrictor that was slowly making its sinuous way toward it. Yes, that was it; I wasn't in the coils yet, but the threatening head was approaching me.

Jimmy Snell did not speak to me again during the journey, though whenever his eyes lighted on me he smiled. I would have liked it better if he had talked to me. His silence filled me with a sense of foreboding.

When we reached Los Angeles, by a queer stroke of Fate, I was quartered with a lady named Roberts. I had no suspicion of it at the time, but it was the most fortunate thing that had happened to me up to that time. She was a widow of about forty, was making a good living writing scenarios, owned the little bungalow she was living in, and had room for just one person in her house.

She was very kind to me from the first, and when we became well enough acquainted for me to tell her of my troubles, she gave me a lot of good advice. Luckily I was so chastened by this time that I profited by it.

They were hard days, for while I could not see that Jimmy Snell treated me any worse than he did the others, yet somehow it always fell to my lot to do disagreeable and even dangerous things. Some of the "stunts" that show on the screen are "faked," but many of them are genuine, and the actor who is cast for the part must do them.

I was obliged to take wild rides on horseback when I hardly knew how to ride. Once I fell off my horse and was nearly killed. I escaped only by sheer accident. I had to allow myself to be thrown off a high place into the water—deep water. And I couldn't swim.

It would be wearisome to recount all my unpleasant experiences. The worst of it was that I wasn't making good. I knew I wasn't, and would have known it even if Jimmy Snell hadn't "bawled me out" in his most ferocious or most contemptuous way. He was a past master at that sort of thing.

I should have been dropped, but somehow Jimmy never suggested it. I suppose I was useful enough in a way from having learned the technique of the studio. I had wit enough for that, anyhow. But how he did abuse me!

I remember one scene where I was supposed to be a girl in a Western dance hall, and was having a struggle with a drunken cowboy. I hadn't any too much clothes on, and the cowboy was expected to tear off most of what I had on, leaving me very much exposed. As I was only a subordinate figure in the scene, not much of the would show on the screen, but it had to be realistic, nevertheless. I didn't like it at all, but some of the other girls had to go through the same act, so I made no protest since they made none.

"For Heaven's sake," yelled Jimmy at me, though he used worse expletives, "do you like having your clothes torn off?"

"No, I don't!" I retorted angrily.

"Then don't act so. You're not a log of wood; you're a live woman. Don't you know how a woman would act if she was being assaulted by a man? Fight a little. Who ever heard of a woman holding a man off by saying 'please.' Do that over again! and act as if you objected. Even that kind of a woman would fight."

Evidently Mr. Harker had told him how I had acted that night, and he was clever enough to let me know in that way. Also he was showing me that he had not forgotten anything.

I was young and strong and active, and in my anger I made such a fierce fight that the man had some ado to play his part properly and tear my waist.

"More like it," snapped Jimmy. "If you're in this business long enough you'll learn how to protect your virtue, maybe. Now do that for the camera."

I often thought about my people and wished I could write to them to tell them that I was all right; but I knew I was not all right and that I might lose my place at any time. It all depended on Jimmy Snell. How long would he keep me in suspense? I think I was more afraid of him than I had ever been of anyone else, or have been since, I'm happy to add.

I often thought of Barry, too. I wondered what he had done when I left home. I wondered if he had found some other girl to love, and was now married. What wouldn't I have given to see his strong, dear face. I had thrown him away for Wally, and now I knew I loved him.

Mrs. Roberts advised me to quit, but I couldn't bring myself to do it, though I knew by that time that I really never would make an actress. It simply wasn't in me. If I had screened well, I might have done a quiet, smiling part where there was no need to show emotion, but such parts never came my way. Jimmy Snell took good care of that.

I had been taught not to hate anybody, but right or wrong, I hated that man. Mrs. Roberts warned me that he was only biding his time, and I knew it as well as if he had told me so. I passed every situation in review and could think of no way in which he could harm me if only I was careful. It takes a great deal to convince a foolish girl of her folly.

Jimmy Snell, meanwhile, never took the slightest notice of me, excepting when I was in the studio, and then only to abuse me as he did most of the other actors when anything went wrong. Yes, he was biding his time, as I was to know one day not far off. Oh, that day!

I had been in none but small pictures, and had just finished one of these and was taking a rest, when to my amazement Jimmy Snell came up to me.

(Continued on page 26)

Mary Pickford Rests Before Starting "Dorothy Vernon"

Mary Pickford Buys "Dorothy Vernon"

IT was with no little surprise we learned Madge Kennedy had decided to part with her treasured story, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," by Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." But she has, and to no less a star than Mary Pickford.

Upon hearing this, we sent a wire immediately to Mary's press representative, Mark Larkin, and received the following:

"Miss Pickford will do 'Dorothy Vernon' for next production, but does not know when production will start or who will direct. Very probable Miss Pickford will take short vacation, but she hopes to be well into production by first of year."

According to the information we received, Mary Pickford paid one of the largest sums in motion picture history for the rights to "Dorothy Vernon."

The Ups and Downs of This Story

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" has had, perhaps, one of the most enthusiastic biddings of any coveted story for motion picture purposes. Three stars wanted it: Mary Pickford, Marion Davies and Madge Kennedy. Miss Kennedy won out.

When Ye Rambler went to see Miss Kennedy, following the formation of her new motion picture company several months ago, the little star stated she would not part with "Dorothy Vernon," and happily dreamed over the splendid costume picture she believed it would make.

Plans, however, scheduled "Dear Me" as her first picture. "Dear Me," the title of which has been changed to "The Purple Highway," proved a splendid success. The organization through which the Madge Kennedy company will release this production, decided it would be best to adhere to one settled policy: the modern—not costume—picture.

No sooner decided than the company was swamped with offers to buy "Dorothy Vernon."

Marion Davies Interested

"Joe" Donohue, champion five-year-old "wild westerner."

Marion Davies admitted to us not so long ago that she would enjoy making "Dorothy Vernon."

It seems, though, that the Madge Kennedy company paid approximately $15,000 for the story and, at one time, was offered as much as $80,000 for it, but refused. Whether or not Miss Pickford shot the offer up to $100,000 is not known, but the idea "listens plausibly."

A Costume Play for Mary

It will be good news to many that Mary Pickford is going to make another costume play. Her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a monument to the motion picture art. Because it is a costume picture, it can be shown successfully in the years to come.

"Tess of the Storm Country," her production following "Fauntleroy," is not a costume picture. But along comes "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," a delicious romance and a story of winsome sweetness that will delight young and old alike. How appropriate, after all, that our Mary should give this to the silver sheet.

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

Madge Kennedy, who parted with "Dorothy Vernon" after refusing big offers when she bought it originally.

A Communication From Tom Liddy

Tom Liddy is "Movie Weekly's" live-wire office boy and a reporter when he has the time. Tom went out the other day and dug up a "kid story."

"It's about Joseph Adrian Donohue," writes Tom. "Joe is a little fellow, five years old, son of a Brooklyn butcher who, in his youth, was a cowboy and, at one time, with Buffalo Bill at Ambrose Park, Brooklyn.

"Joe went to a Brooklyn theatre, one evening, to find a contest raging. The winner was to get a job in pictures. Didn't matter if he or she was little or grown up. Joe entered the contest and walked away with the honors.

Mary Pickford, who has purchased "Dorothy Vernon" from Madge Kennedy.

"His first picture was 'The Ghost Walker.' Following this, he did a series of two-reel Western pictures and has only recently been engaged for the new serial 'Miss America.' He has made personal appearances at a number of first-run vaudeville houses, but in spite of his success," concludes Tom, "Joe is never fresh, never impudent, but sweet as he can be."

Picture People on Broadway

Crane Wilbur, popular leading man, has written a comedy, entitled: "I will If You Will," now running at a leading Broadway theatre.

Edmund Lowe, another popular leading man, has one of the leads in Wilbur's comedy. He will divide his time between stage and screen.

Rapley Holmes, a character man in pictures, also has a part in this comedy.

Edmund Breeze is appearing in George M. Cohan's production of: "So This Is London!

Mrs. Sidney Drew continues to meet with enthusiastic applause headlining the Keith circuit in her sketch, "Predestination."

Louis Wolheim has finished work in Cosmopolitan's "The Face in the Fog" and is now starring on the road in his last winter's Broadway success, "The Hairy Ape," by Eugene O'Neil.

Lionel Barrymore, who plays the role of Blackie Dawson in this detective story, is scheduled to open on Broadway in a new play, soon.

John Barrymore, whose last picture was "Sherlock Holmes," will appear on Broadway in repertoire, under the management of John Hopkins. Rumor has it that "Hamlet" will be his initial vehicle.

James Rennie, Dorothy Gish's husband, is meeting with success opposite Frances Starr in David Belasco's production of "Shore Leave."

Ernest Truex, the pint-size comedian, continues to play to capacity in his big success "Six Cylinder Love."

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

MARJORIE DAW

Photo by Alfrd Cheney Johnston

Priscilla Dean Stars

The story of her new picture and the

CAST

Cigarette ..... PRISCILLA DEAN
Victor (Bertie Cecil)..... JAMES KIRKWOOD
Ben Ali Hamman.....JOHN DAVIDSON
Marquis De Chateauroy.....STUART HOLMES
Princess Corona D'Amague
ETHEL GREY TERRY
The Colonel.....W. H. BAINBRIDGE
Corporal Louis.....FRED CAVENS
Mystery Man.....BURTON C. LAW
Drunken Soldier.....BOBBY MACK

AT A GLANCE

Title
"Under Two Flags."

Brand
Universal-Jewel.

Star
Priscilla Dean, vital emotionalist of the screen.

Previous Successes
Some of the finest artistic and box office successes of the screen, "Outside the Law," "The Virgin of Stamboul," "Reputation," "Conflict," "Wild Honey," and "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

Supporting Players
Masterly artists: James Kirkwood, a star in his own right; Stuart Holmes, John Davidson, Ethel Grey Terry, Burton Law, W. H. Bainbridge, Fred Cravens and Bobby Mack.

Directed By
Tod Browning, who guided Miss Dean in that wonder picture, "Outside the Law."

Story By
"Ouida" (Louise de La Ramee) staged elaborately throughout the theatrical world, with legitimate actresses of the calibre of Blanche Bates; published as a novel; either seen or read by practically everyone.

Scenario By
Edward T. Lowe, Jr. and Elliott Clawson.

Photography By
William Fildew and a battery of master cameramen.

Time
In a late decade of the nineteenth century.

Locale
Algiers.

THE STORY

THE story concerns itself principally with the fortunes of "Cigarette," the darling of the regiment. The scene is Algiers and the action takes place some time in the 70's.

The opening sequences introduce Cigarette and her beloved soldiers and point out the fact that Algiers is in a state of unrest. The tribesmen of the desert are becoming unruly and it is expected revolt will break out at any moment.

A character named "Victor" is now introduced into the story. He is more or less a man of mystery and allows himself to be known only as Victor. He is willing to join the French forces, but his attitude is resented by several of the soldiers. Victor's attitude is that it makes but little difference on which side he fights, French or Arab, and offers to shake dice to decide the issue. The Corporal with whom he has had his conversation refuses to countenance any such procedure, when Cigarette solves the situation. She shakes the dice with Victor and wins him for France.

Priscilla Dean as the girl, Cigarette, in her new special, "Under Two Flags," the screen adaptation of Ouida's famous novel of that name.

Victor is captured by the Arabs and doomed to be shot. As the signal to "Fire" rings out, Cigarette dashes in front of him and receives the bullet just above her heart. Dying in his arms, she murmurs: "I am happy, just to die in your arms."

The next movement is several weeks later. It is definitely planted that Cigarette has fallen in love with Victor, but he is indifferent to her. This arouses the fire in Cigarette's passionate nature and at times, she states that she hates him. Meanwhile, the powerful Sheik, Ben Ali Hamman, has ridden into Algiers from the desert and makes overtures to Marquis De Chateauroy, to enlist himself and his *friendly* tribesmen on the side of France. The Marquis takes the matter under advisement and finally decides in favor of it. This is exactly what Ben Ali Hamman desires. Later the Marquis and Ben Ali visit the barracks, in company with Lady D'Amague, who is visiting Algiers. The Marquis is quite infatuated with her, and when he sees her interest in Victor, becomes decidedly antagonistic toward Victor. This, of course, is seen by Cigarette. The visitors depart, all except Ben Ali, who remains with the ostensible excuse of further inspecting the barracks. The Marquis, at Lady Corona's suggestion, has Victor ordered to appear that evening at his villa. The Sheik, Ben Ali, sees Victor's reaction to this order and it is evident that he realizes that Victor is a man that would be valuable on his side. He overhears Cigarette plead with Victor to stand whatever insult the Marquis hurls at him, for, to antagonize the Marquis would only get him into trouble.

Victor reports that evening to the Marquis' villa, and Cigarette, who has followed, overhears and also sees the scene enacted. It is obvious to her that Victor and Madame Corona are in love and her heart is consequently troubled. She hates this woman whom Victor has so readily fallen in love with. Victor leaves, and on the way to the barracks encounters some Arabs from the desert. A fight takes place, in which Cigarette saves him from death.

In the barracks, Victor thanks Cigarette for saving his life, and then goes into a delirium. Cigarette discovers, in this way, his real identity, that he is Bertie Cecil, of an English noble family, and that he has taken upon himself his brother's guilt for a crime which is not shown nor explained. (This is aside from the story featuring Cigarette and requires no details further than this.) The raving of his delirium also brings out that he loves Madame D'Amague, and so she goes at once to Madame's villa, intent upon doing Madame physical violence. However, Madame handles the situation in such a way that at last Cigarette blurts out: "Little wonder that he loves you." Thus Madame, by questioning, learns also of Victor's identity. With this knowledge, she would have further converse with Victor, but as the Marquis proves to be such an insistent chaperone, she never has the opportunity to see him alone.

Therefore she sends for Victor after his convalescence, and a very touching scene takes place, during which Madame tries to persuade Victor to return and claim the birthright which is his. She has influence and will help him. Victor has given his word, however, and it cannot be broken. Therefore he tells her it were best that they not meet again—and they part. Later, Madame sails for the continent and is dropped from the story, having accomplished her part as a foil for Cigarette's emotional reactions to jealousy, etc.

(*Continued on page* 30)

in "Under Two Flags"

impassioned role she plays as the girl, Cigarette.

Cigarette falls in love with the reticent Victor and is troubled because of his coolness.

The Sheik (John Davidson) falls madly in love with Cigarette, which fact causes her no end of amusement.

For Cigarette's pleasure, the Sheik, with whom she goes to save the French Army, has his harem girls dance for her.

Victor (James Kirkwood) arrives in camp. It is demanded that he fight for one side or the other. Cigarette (Priscilla Dean) shoots dice to determine. He fights for her side—the French.

Cigarette is prepared to kill Princess Corona D'Amague (Ethel Grey Terry) because it is she Victor loves.

An Underworld Lady

Being the story of that vampy vamp, Marcia Manon and what she is really like when she discards her luring ways on the silver sheet. . .

By MYRTLE GEBHART

YOU didn't know Underworld Queens were ever ladies? Oh my, yes! I met one the other day. Of course, though, she's only a part-time underworld denizen; outside working hours she's as perfect a lady as ever lived, keeps house for her nice, respectable husband, goes to pink teas and acts properly shocked if one of the other ladies calls your pedal extremities "legs," and is real horrified at the news that Bill was seen treating Joe's wife to an ice cream soda. But in business hours——

Ah, there never lived and lured a greater siren than Marcia Manon. As lyric as her name itself is her appeal to man. That beautiful, dusky type, with dark hair and eyes, a dash of cayenne to awaken the slumbrous intensity of her—what greater inducement could a man want to lure him from his own nagging fireside?

Marcia Manon has vamped so many men—in the films, you understand, for outside working hours she is a model wife and society matron—that she has come to be known as the best feminine portrayer of wickedness. Whenever she slinks—don't nice women just adore that word? Sounds so, you know—onto the screen, you are sure a man is going to be lured into shooting his best friend or rifling his baby's bank.

I had just come from seeing the preview of "Skin Deep," Thomas H. Ince's newest photoplay, in which Marcia Manon plays a very, very bad little wife—a luring little devil for all her treachery. A wicked little jade, with a twinkling humor for all her habit of "framing" nice husbands and railroading them to jail. A character defiant and willful, yet with a touch of reality in its woman's complex.

An underworld scene: the Tenderloin in all its racous, brazen glory of tinsel. A small, dark, underground "den," ruffians dancing cheek-by-jowl with gaily-bedecked sisters of the painted lanes; the clinking of forbidden bottles; over it all, murky spirals of cigarette smoke. And, threading the dancing throng, a little minx with black, short-cropped hair, piquantly flirting with her lover while "planting" a diamond brooch in her husband's pocket to secure his temporary removal. If only husbands were thus easily removed! But here, as in real life, he didn't stay removed and came back to get even with his little Sauce Piquante of the Tenderloin.

But to get to the interview.

In the first place, she had finished her last picture, a part with Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader," which followed her work in "Skin Deep," and had gone off to some agricultural farm to learn more about the cultivation of plants, taking up a course she had dropped when leaving college for the business of luring men in the films. Husband J. L. Frothingham had argued against the idea and had finally given in gracefully, as all experienced husbands do. But I knew that, once Marcia got her own way, she would soon tire of it; so I bided my time. A few weeks of the back-to-the-soil stuff was enough for Marcia and back she came to rest in the little mountain cabin her husband has built way up in Laurel Canyon.

WOODBURY, LA.

"The baddest bad woman is human," states Marcia Manon, who has vamped so many men (in the films, you understand) that she ought to know.

There it was that I found her—after my trusty gas-steed had laboriously climbed the tortuous road which starts on a hill, sits down on it, decides to go around the other side of the mountain, changes its mind, and at intervals threatens to sling you down the precipitous depths onto placid Hollywood.

"So glad to see you!" a cool voice greeted me, as I perspired into the entrance of the charming little log cabin. "So quiet up here, don't you think? I love to come up here and analyze my roles and get them clearly defined in my mind before starting work. And such a nice drive up."

"Oh my, yes!" I agreed heartily (?) and was led into the long, low-ceilinged living room of the lodge.

A comfy place, that. All these mountain retreats around here are. Somehow, with the aid of modern engineering, they have gotten all the comforts of home up the mountain and in these cozy nooks snuggled into the sides of the hills, you find electricity, running hot and cold water, grand pianos, marvelous Persian rugs, all the appointments of perfect living.

"The baddest bad woman is human." Tea had been served by a spic-and-span little maid and we were curled up on a divan, chatting of her part in "Skin Deep." "The reason that so many vamps of the screen seem ludicrous caricatures is that they exaggerate the wickedness in their characters at the expense of their naturalness. Badness is human, as is goodness. They must be tempered, the one with the other. No one person is totally the one or the other. Perhaps the reason that I have been fairly successful in playing women from the other side of life is because I have tried to make them *human*.

"Take *Sadie*, the wife of *Bud Doyle*, in 'Skin

(*Continued on page* 31)

Defiant as ever, the tempestuous Sadie (Marcia Manon in "Skin Deep"), listens contemptuously to the words of her pestering trailer, the "dick" (Milton Sills).

As Sadie, the Underworld "goil" in Thomas Ince's new special, "Skin Deep," Marcia Manon gets hers from the "dick," (Milton Sills).

Our Littlest Star

Baby Peggy does the Jack part in "Jack and the Beanstalk" and makes us young again. (Century Comedies)

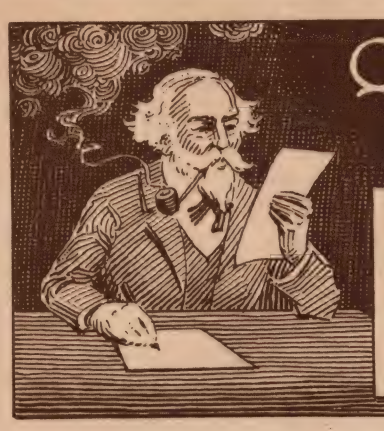
But he reckons without the guile of our hero, Jack, who, after thrilling adventures runs the Giant through with his own sword, and all the people in the village, including Jack, live happily ever after.

The Giant (Jack Earle, a boy of sixteen and already seven feet three inches tall) comes to visit the village, but is met with no cordial reception on the part of the Inn Keeper.

Of course, all stars must make-up. So Baby Peggy prepares for her day's work as Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Jack (Baby Peggy) decides to rid the village of the fearful pest—the Giant. She hies herself up his staircase—the beanstalk—and holds converse with his wife (Blanche Payson). Having learned from her something about the Giant's ways . . .

Jack awaits him toadfrog fashion and, when he arrives, parks himself (or is it herself?) on his leg. The Giant, think the flyweight a bit of grass or the like, pays no attention.



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

IN spite of all I have said that I do not answer questions regarding studio employment, fans constantly write me to know how they can get in movies. The answer is, they can't. If you could just see the office of a casting director and the crowd of people, all of whom think they could be movie stars if they were only given a chance, you would realize how very discouraging the whole situation is. If you are lucky enough to win a beauty contest, you would get special attention and might succeed in getting a foothold in that way. Otherwise, it is just as if you would ask me how you could earn a million dollars.

A TEXAS WONDER—Mine till elephants root up trees, you say. Speaking of elephants, I wonder why hotels don't engage them as porters—they carry trunks so well. No, Neal Hart and Bill Hart are not related. Richard Talmadge is not yet well enough known among movie fans for us to publish his picture in the center of "Movie Weekly."

BLACK-EYED SUSAN—What do you mean, I'm quite a ladies' man? I'm so shy I'm retiring every night. Write to Betty Compson at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

DEE KAY KAY—You sound just like a college fraternity. I can't give you very satisfactory answers about stars' religions as many of them do not make them public. I can say, however, that the Gish sisters are not Jewish. Yes, Nita Naldi is Italian and is twenty-two. She has not appeared on the screen very much as she plays on the stage most of the time. However, she is to play opposite Rodolph in "The Spanish Cavalier."

IOWNA FORD—Well, as Solomon said, it's a rattling good car. No, "Dear Colonel" doesn't sound too familiar, although it certainly sounds familiar, as I get hundreds of letters a week addressed that way. Claire Adams is not married; write her at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Conway Tearle's next picture is "The Eternal Flame," in which he plays opposite Norma Talmadge.

PLAIN PEGGY—It's too bad you're plain. Buck Jones is about thirty. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine, and so is Ruth Roland. Pearl White's eyes are blue.

M. M.—Why don't I ever have a haircut? Ah, ha, you're learning my little secret, I see. If my hair grows long enough I can hide my private stock in it. I don't know why Buck Jones doesn't ever write; maybe he broke his pen. He is not quite six feet tall, and has brown hair and grey eyes. Yes, he is married. His hobby is horseback riding, as you can guess. He joined the movies right after the war after having proved his ability as a horseman when he showed the Frenchmen various daring tricks in horsemanship.

RODOLPH NAVARRO — No, Rodolph, there are no Greek actors or actresses on the screen. Perhaps they are all in the restaurant business.

MARGIE H.—I'm surprised that there is anyone in the world who doesn't know all Rodolph's history by now. He was born in Castellaneta, Italy in 1895. He is about five feet nine inches tall and weighs 154 pounds.

MARION O.—Well, I am putting your answer in "Movie Weekly" as soon as it came in, but I suspect you probably start looking for it about two weeks too soon. I suppose if you read "Movie Weekly" every week, as you say, you saw Richard Dix's life story in last week's issue, and all your questions about him were answered. Write him at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California. Helene Chadwick is 25; she has light hair and brown eyes, and is five feet seven inches tall. She is Mrs. Billy Wellman and lives at 4428 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.

DOROTHY DARLING—What are you trying to do, trick me into calling you pet names? No, I didn't know you had to laugh at some of my answers; I'd hate to have you feel that you have to if you don't want to. Yes, Constance Talmadge would send you her picture if you write her in care of Joseph Schenck, 1540 Broadway, New York City. Write to Mary Pickford at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal.

JO—No, you don't have to have pretty paper to write me on; it doesn't have to be perfumed either. I don't think Marie Mosquini has bobbed hair. Bebe Danniels is American of Spanish descent. Alice Brady has not released any pictures for several years; she just completed one called "Anna Ascends." Billie Dove was the heroine in "At the Stage Door." She is now being starred by Metro. Gaston Glass lives at the Formosa Apartments, Los Angeles.

MACDONALD TWINS — What do you mean by asking me one of those trick questions as to whether I enjoy answering your silly questions; it's like the old one about the man who was asked whether he had stopped beating his wife. You see, with that kind of question you get "in Dutch" whether you answer yes or no. Gloria Swanson's picture was in the Art Series in "Movie Weekly" for January 7, 1922. No, don't send your ten cents for a copy to me; I don't keep a supply of old magazines on hand. Just send it to "Movie Weekly" and your request will be sent to the proper department. Gloria is exceedingly popular, but not the most popular woman star.

LORD FAUNTLEROY—Where does Eddie Polo park his six-cylinder? Do you mean when a policeman is around or when one isn't? Eddie's address at present is 121 W. 39th St., New York. Yes, "The Sheik of Araby" is an old picture re-titled because of the present fad for sheiks. I think it was formerly called "The Man Who Turned White." Tom Mix is about forty, Frances Ring Meighan is in her thirties, and Marie Prevost is 24.

JUST HELYNNE—You do have a roundabout way of spelling your name, don't you? Agnes Ayres was featured with Rodolph in "The Sheik." Where were you when the picture appeared? John Gilbert was the star in "Shame" and Doris Pawn played opposite him. Herbert Rawlinson's latest picture is "Don't Shoot."

PATIENCE—I pat you on the back for that virtue. Agnes Ayres is about twenty-three; she is divorced from Frank Schusker. Her next picture will be "A Daughter of Luxury." Haven't you a suspicion when you see Rodolph on the screen that he has almost--black hair and eyes? Ruth Roland is twenty-nine and is divorced. Pearl White is thirty-three and is divorced from Wallace McCutcheon. Her next serial is "Plunder."

CAMILLE—If I think you're inquisitive with the few questions you ask, what do you suppose I think of those who ask a whole page full of them. I'd be afraid to tell you. Elaine Hammerstein is five feet three and weighs 120. I suppose Katherine MacDonald is probably the tallest woman star; she is five feet eight. Blanche Payson is the tallest screen actress, being six feet three.

A LITTLE GIRL NAMED CLAIRE—And that's a very nice name for a little girl, I should say. Joseph Schildkraut played the Chevalier in "Orphans of the Storm." I suppose you saw Tom Mix's picture in "Movie Weekly" Art Series for August 26, 1922. Betty Compson weighs 115.

VIRGINIA—So you think I should publish Rodolph's family tree at the top of the answer page each week? Well, I think it is a little late to begin that now; most of his fans already know his whole history by heart. Doris Kenyon lives at 850 West End Ave., New York.

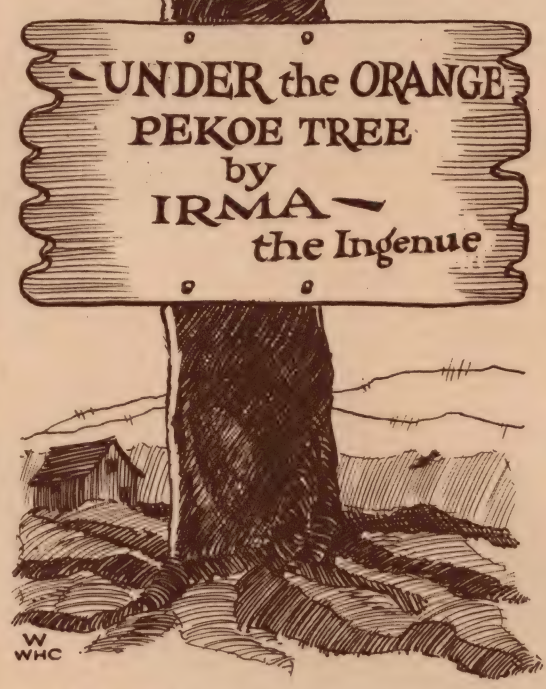
TOL'ABLE BETTY—Why do I start to eat a piece of pie at the little end? I don't. I roll it around my fork like spaghetti and take it all in one bite—it's a great time saver. Jack Gilbert is twenty-seven. Yes, he and his wife Leatrice Joy are separated, but it seems to be only a temporary little quarrel. No, R. V. doesn't play any musical instruments at all that I know of. His life story is already on sale by "Movie Weekly"; it is in the form of a little booklet which you can get for twenty cents. Write to "Movie Weekly" if you wish to buy it.

ERNEST DEATON—Your argument about Constance Talmadge's age is quickly settled—why argue about a woman's age? Constance is twenty-two.

MUD—So your name is Mud. Is your last name Pie? No, Lillian Gish has never been married. Kenneth Harlan is 27. Yes, Wallace Reid would send you his picture on request.

I WANTA ANSWER—No, Ben Turpin wasn't born cross-eyed; perhaps he got that way trying to see his nose. Seriously speaking, however, Ben, according to the story, used to be an acrobat and got his eyes crossed in an accident. At first he thought his future was ruined, but he soon found that he made more money because of his crossed eyes than he ever could have otherwise. No, Ella Hall has not been in movies for three years, but will make another picture some time soon. Ben Wilson directs pictures now, but doesn't play in them. Send your subscription to Subscription Department of "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York.

IS VALENTINO GOING TO LEAVE LASKY?



WELL, dearie, it's a good thing that New York isn't Hollywood, or vice versa, if you know what I mean," effervesced Irma the Ingenue as we settled ourselves at a little table beneath the eternal cherry tree and gave our order to the suave little Japanese waiter who looked like a saturnine little edition of Buddha in a dress suit.

I didn't know what she meant, but I thought it hardly worth the effort to say so. When Irma starts on a conversational tack, she is often like the eccentric farmer who walked around the barn three times before he finally found the front door. There is only one thing to do—wait patiently until Irma eventually comes to the point of what she is talking about, and any attempts to hurry her in that direction only help to ball up the works further.

Feeling like a stranger marooned at midnight in the midst of a London fog, I couldn't stand the suspense any longer. "What on earth are you talking about?" I asked.

"Why, that Bergen shooting in New York, of course!" exclaimed Irma, apparently surprised at my denseness. "It read just like a scenario, only the director apparently decided to change things about a bit and puncture the hero with a .32 himself, instead of leaving the task to the hero, as usual. And the villain in the case, Jack Bergen, had been used to playing hero roles on the screen, too. He was a young chap, you know, who had doubled for Eugene O'Brien and other leading men, and was also becoming fairly well-known in his own right. But one day when the company was on location, it seems that Bergen got himself involved with Location Director George A. Cline's wife, and when they got back Cline just called him around to the house one evening and shot him as nonchalantly as you please. At least, that's what the papers say. I don't know anything about it, of course, but I'm glad it happened several thousand miles too far away from Hollywood for the gentlemen with the stiff hats and the gloomy faces to 'blame it on the movies,' as usual."

"And, speaking of doubles, wasn't it too bad about John Stevenson, the chap who got killed while doubling for Pearl White in a dangerous stunt for a new serial just a few days ago? It was about the first time that anyone ever knew that Pearl used a double for any of her thrilling serial stunts. Pearl was awfully cut up about it, seeming to feel that she was responsible in some way for the tragic affair, though of course, she wasn't. It was just a part of the game, that's all."

"It seems to be a regular Calamity Week in film circles, doesn't it, dearie? Even Eugene O'Brien was among the members of the Casuality list. Only, luckily, Eugene didn't prove to be a fatality, but he had a mighty close call. Walking may be healthy, and all that, but no more of it for 'Gene, thank you! He was crossing the Boulevard at the time of the accident, you know, and dodged one car just in time to get hit by another. When they first took him to the Hollywood Hospital they feared that he might have suffered serious internal injuries, but I guess it was a false alarm. At any rate, 'Gene is sitting up again now with a very attractive bandage around his curly head, and is planning to leave for New York in a day or two."

"And now they say that there is a possibility of a reconciliation between Bill Hart and Winifred Westover Hart," continued Irma, changing conversational topics in mid-air with her usual blitheness. "At least, they have announced that there are not going to be any divorce proceedings, for the present, anyway. Everybody is hoping that it is really true that there is to be a happy ending to the Hart love affair, because Bill is so well liked, and Winifred is almost as popular.

Have you seen Jack Holt yet? He got back from a visit to his old home in New York yesterday. Jack is one example where the old saw about a minister's son always going wrong is proved to be a bloomer. Jack's father used to be rector of St. James Episcopal Church in New York, you know, and Jack in his younger days used to be quite a figure in his father's church. He sang in the choir, rang the old church bell that hung from a tree in the rear of the church, and even helped pump the air into the old-fashioned organ that was there at the time."

"I wonder if it is true that Rudy Valentino is really going to leave Lasky? Rudy is in New York, now, and everyone says that he has come out flat and announced to Paramount that he will not come back to Hollywood to start work on "The Spanish Cavalier" this week, as he promised them he would before he left for the East, and is going to try and break his contract. Rudy says that the reason he wishes to sever relations is because of the way they have advertised some of his recent pictures, but of course there may be other reasons, some of them with a dollar sign on them, for example."

"And, speaking of Rodolph, do you know what I heard? That Natacha Rambova didn't really leave for Europe, after all, and that Rudy's real idea in making the trip East was to see her again. I don't blame him, do you? There probably isn't anything to it, but wouldn't it be too romantic for anything if it were really true?"

"Can you imagine having to advertise in the columns of a daily newspaper for information of a 'husband, lost, strayed or stolen?' Yet that is practically what Mrs. Cullen Landis had to do the other day. And ever since everybody has been wondering if all is well in the Landis household.

"Cullen has always called himself the happiest married man in the world, you know, and that was what made it so surprising when Mrs. Landis reported to a Los Angeles newspaper the other day that her husband had been absent from home for over thirty days without letting her know where he was or what he was doing.

"The newspaper located Cullen at a Los Angeles hotel, and he promptly stated that there wasn't a bit of trouble in the world, no hint of strained relations or anything like that, and that it was just his unfortunate habit of neglecting to keep up his correspondence while he was away on a location trip to San Francisco that had been responsible for all the excitement."

"It must be awful to have a husband so exquisitely absent-minded that he wouldn't even think of writing to you for over a month, don't you think, dearie?"

The Fans Own Page

So many interesting letters are received by THE COLONEL that "Movie Weekly" decided to publish some of them for our readers to enjoy. If you have something of interest to tell other fans—your opinion of movies, the visit of a star to your town, or anything else you know pertaining to movies that you think other readers would like to hear about—write and tell THE COLONEL.

A Cuban Defends "Fascination"

Habana, Cuba.
August 15, 1922.

Dear Editor:

The picture, "Fascination," which so bitterly hurt Mr. Gonzales' moral feeings, I have seen more than once and it has not given me or any of my friends who have seen the picture the impression that Mr. Gonzales published.

When I finished reading the letters which were published in the August 5th issue of "Movie Weekly," I was ashamed and mad, not because Mr. Gonzales criticizes and even insults an actress who did nothing but honor us by selecting the Spanish customs for one of her pictures, but because Mr. Gonzales placed the minds of Latins as low as his own.

He says that he is not any more evil-minded than any other Latin, a statement which I should not tolerate, for ninety-nine per cent of high class Cubans (as he says he is) would never get such an idea from "Fascination." Out of one hundred Cubans, he is the only one who would have such thoughts, and instead of being ashamed and trying to hide them, he has the courage to publish them and compare all Latins with himself.

The Dance of the Bull, which he criticizes for not being known, could not be known in Spain or in any country, for, as I understand it, the American girl who had discovered Carrita was fond of dancers, wanted to dance for him, and, as she did not know a Spanish dance, she improvised the dance called La Danza del Toro, wearing a costume which the count gave her. This means that if Mr. Gonzales saw the picture he did not analyze anything except the horns Miss Murray wore in the Bull Dance and in what a way he analyzed them!

The meaning that Mr. Gonzales saw in these horns is only deduced by the very lowest type of Spaniards such as those who use *sevillanas*. Any Spaniard who has sense can see as well as any American that that was by no means the representation of horns, but of a bull, which is impossible to be represented without horns.

Mr. Gonzales says in his last letter to Miss Murray: "Referring to my original letter, will you please tell me in what sentence in my letter did I say the American girl called anybody a "cabron?"

His exact words were: "The people will not tolerate real men being called "cabron" by this American girl who goes to our country."

Another thing he said in his second letter was: "Furthermore, in my letter I said nothing about my allowing your picture to enter Spain. If you will reread my letter you will see clearly exactly what I did say."

So I will rewrite his words.

"It is too monstrous. I cannot see this picture shown in Spain."

If this does not mean that he won't allow "Fascination" to enter Spain, for he has no power to do such a thing, it does mean that he did his best to prevent it.

He says his grandfather was the president of El Iris, one of the largest fire insurance companies in Habana. But what do this, or whether his mother possesses the most exclusive hotel in Habana, have to do with whether he talks idle nonsense or not? For these are the reasons he gave to Miss Murray: He states all his forefathers' qualities and possessions, also his success as an actor, and says, "So you see I do not talk idle nonsense in criticizing your picture, 'Fascination.'" But I, Jorge Suarez, would consider it idle nonsense if I let that Mr. Gonzales use the name of Latins for that ridiculous, degrading criticism.

Mr. Gonzales, about the note you transcribe from Cine Mundial—you must have dreamed it, because long since before Miss Murray visited Habana I have been buying every number of that paper. I don't blame you for confusing dreams with reality, but be careful from now on whenever you talk about what you did, and especially be sure that it really happened.

You said you saw "Fascination" not once, but twice to be exact. I suppose you wanted to be sure if Miss Murray wore horns on her head; anyhow you should see the picture a third time, and if you blush, be sure you have progressed much more than by educating the public wrongly. Hereafter whenever you feel like writing your thoughts, have more precaution in publishing them, by asking your friends if it does insult anybody, since you did not intend to do it this time. And first of all ask if it does any harm to your country, which up to this time you have so misrepresented with your criticism.

Dear Editor, will you please do me the kind favor to print this letter?

Yours truly,
JORGE SUAREZ.

A Glenn Hunter Fan

New York City,
August 25, 1922.

My Dear Colonel:

I received your answer to my questions about Glenn Hunter and I want to thank you. You see, I would like to meet him very very much. Not because he is a movie actor, but because I like his ways. I can't express my feeling; all I know is I would like him personally.

I live near Columbia University and am surrounded by college boys. Glenn seems so much like them in his dress and manner I am quite sure I should like to meet him.

I hope I haven't taken too much of your valuable time, as I know you have many more letters than mine to read.

Yours in friendship,
M. S.

Regarding Rodolph's Old Pictures

Norfolk, Virginia.

My dear Colonel:

I have been thinking so hard since I received one of your recent letters that I can't help but discuss the subject on my mind, if it is agreeable with you. If not, throw this letter in the waste basket before going further.

You advised me, in one of your recent letters, if you recall, to get over my infatuation for Mr. Rodolph Valentino by going to see some of his old pictures that are now being shown. Now this is what worries me. If I can go and get over being crazy about him, why won't other fans and regular motion picture goers? If his old pictures do not come up to the later ones, don't you think their release will kill his popularity? Now there is an old one at our leading theatre this week called "The Delicious Little Devil," with Mae Murray. What will the regular public think of these old pictures? You know some people never investigate the star or know anything about him or her or what they have played or will play. They just go, and if they like that particular star, they will want to see him or her again. Do they show these pictures on the strength of knowing that when his name is mentioned there is a full house, just to swell the box office receipts? Of course, we admirers are very anxious to see him, he can't make pictures too fast for us (providing he doesn't work *too* hard), and we same admirers know that these are not his best work and will excuse them, knowing we will see better, but what about the others? What do you think of this? Do you think they will hurt him any?

Thanking you to let me hear from you on the above, I am,

MRS. HARRY M. WALTERS.

Praise for Wallace Reid

Spring Valley, N. Y.

Dear Colonel:

I was going to write a month ago, but I kept putting it off. At last I have taken pen and paper to write to you. Therefore you must expect a long letter and many questions.

I am not going to ask you to get me in the movies, but I would like to (that's all). In reading an article about Wallace Reid, I found out that his thoughts and ways are the same as mine, only he is a star and I am still going to school.

He is fond of art (music and painting) and his own art on the screen is just as good. I am fond of music, painting and reading. I like him best of all as his love nest hasn't been broken.

I saw "Orphans of the Storm" and enjoyed reading it in "Movie Weekly." Kate Claxton, the one who arranged it, once lived in Spring Valley. I know the man who when a child was Pierre on the stage in "Two Orphans," in which Kate Claxton was the old hag. I have sent for the book "Two Orphans." I hope I shall like it.

A CONSTANT READER, EUGENE.

About "The Prisoner of Zenda"

New York City,
August 25, 1922.

Dear Colonel:

Received your welcome letter and I thank you for answering me so promptly.

I went to see "The Prisoner of eZnda" last Sunday and it surely was wonderful. Rex Ingram is some director. All the ladies were lovely, although I can't rave over Barbara La Marr—but she is some vamp. Ramon Navarro is quite a figure in the picture and his acting is humorous. His eyebrows make speech non-essential, I should think. I don't care about the goatee effect, but I guess it was fashionable in that age.

I also think Malcolm MacGregor is more handsome than R. V., even if he is of slighter build. The resemblance is rather remarkable, but I prefer him to R. V. any day.

And now we come to Lewis Stone—he is the picture—he is great. I had to page a handkerchief at the end of the picture, and all the powder came off my nose. Outside of that, I enjoyed the picture immensely.

Do you think I'd make a good critic?

Sincerely yours,
F. L.

Film-Flam

A Ready Made Career

JOSEPH TALMADGE KEATON, otherwise Buster, Jr., isn't very old as yet; in fact, his parents haven't been able to discover his first tooth, but his career is already being planned.

When he gets a little older, say about eight years, and announces to the family that he is going to grow up into a policeman, he won't have a bit of luck, not even the remotest resemblance to luck. Even if his father did play in a comedy called "Cops" that's no sign Buster, Junior can be one.

His father, as is natural, wants him to be a comedian, and even wonders whether it might not be a good idea not to let him learn to smile, although that may be carrying things a bit too far. His mother, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, wants him to be a banker and has already bought him a little dime bank for his amusement and training. Mrs. Talmadge, Norma and Constance want him to be a lawyer and are trying to teach him to say "defendant."

That's a family affair, of course, but now First National Pictures, Inc. has entered the argument. They want Buster, Jr. to be an exhibitor. Certainly he has exhibited a husky pair of arms and legs and seems to have a slight talent in that direction; but it is still rather a mystery as to what tendencies Buster, Jr. will develop.

So of course it is really too soon to tell just what Joseph Talmadge Keaton will choose as his life's work, but with all that illustrious family to back him up, he's certain to be something interesting.

As Good As Three Miles

Billie Dove and three of her girl friends all had new hiking outfits, and what was the fun of having them if they couldn't show them off? So they decided to go hiking one morning and set out gayly. They had gone only three miles over a deserted road, however, when big, black, storm clouds began to appear.

Then, it seemed, it was not sufficient to hike. There was no house near, which was more than you could say for the rain, so they began to run. Soon they were overtaken by a young man who urged them to run even faster.

However, three miles is a good long sprint, and Billie finally announced that she couldn't run another step, even if she got drowned. So they slowed up, but the rain didn't. It was a most determined shower and the four of them were drenched.

"I can't understand this at all," said the young man, determined to be the life of the party. "If a miss is as good as a mile we should have been home long ago."

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"Hire's How"

It was a mighty hot day and they had been working very hard, so when Mary Thurman in her part in Richard Barthelmess' picture, "The Bondboy" was called upon to drink a glass of root beer, she thought that was a pretty fine idea. She just loved root beer and she would root for it at any time.

So she sauntered over to the refreshment stand which was part of the setting in the picture and drank a big mug of the beverage with great enjoyment. But when the director said the scene would have to be shot again, she was a little less enthusiastic.

"As a matter of fact," said Miss Thurman, "we shot that scene just twelve times, which means I consumed twelve schooners of root beer. When I finished, I swore off the liquid and I've never touched a drop since. Never again will I root for root beer."

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What Two Little Letters Will Do

If Patsy Ruth Miller were not such an amiable person, she might sue one of these newspapers for libel. Of course everyone makes mistakes, Patsy admits, but she does wish that when she is the subject of a mistake, it should be a more harmless one.

It doesn't seem a very great error, does it, to misspell a person's name? But figure for yourself what it does to Patsy's to have the "t" and the "s" reversed. It is bad enough to have the name appear in print like that, but Patsy is even more distressed because all her friends have taken to calling her "Pasty."

And when one is particularly blessed with a peaches and cream complexion like Patsy Ruth Miller's, it does seem, doesn't it, that she really has a case against the newspaper who started that craze for calling her Pasty!

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A Cheeky Thing to Do

If anyone should dare to suggest that a certain scene in "The Christian" is faked, Richard Dix will give that someone a "piece of his mind." And giving away a piece of his mind is mild, thinks Richard, compared to losing a piece of his face, as he did in the scene in question.

It was on the Isle of Man where "The Christian" was filmed that the episode happened. Dix as John Storm, the hero of the picture, had to liberate a seagull from the trap in which it was caught. While the camera ground furiously, the gull flew around in a panic and bit a nice piece out of Richard's cheek.

"Well, all I've got to say, is," said Richard, rubbing his sore face, "that was a cheeky thing to do."

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If This Be "Trees" on——

Arthur Rankin, who will soon appear in Clara Kimball Young's picture, "Enter, Madame," has a most unusual ambition. He wants to achieve fame independently, without having to be announced in the papers as "Arthur Rankin, son of Harry. Davenport and Phyllis Rankin," or "the nephew of John, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore and the late Sidney Drew," or "cousin of S. Rankin Drew."

Of course, thinks Arthur, it's a good family and no one could be prouder of it than he is, but even so, he can scarcely be blamed for wishing that a little of the attention that he receives should be credited to his own efforts and not to his illustrious relatives.

"In other words," says Arthur, "I'd like to be recognized in the papers some day without being tagged with my whole family tree, bark, branches and leaves."

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Zanzibars of Music

One of Director Fred Niblo's hobbies is collecting all sorts of barbaric curios. And he even goes so far as to know how they are used. Consequently, one of his neighbors was not surprised one evening to see Mr. Niblo on the steps of his Hollywood home playing on a Chinese moon banjo. A mandolin from Zanzibar rested across his knees.

"What weird music," commented the inquisitive neighbor, strolling over to watch Mr. Niblo play.

"Isn't it?" replied Mr. Niblo, "and as soon as I'm through with the banjo, I'll play a few Zanzibars on the mandolin."

Could You Tell Mars From a Telescope?

Rupert Hughes is a smart man; he can do most anything. Most persons would be satisfied to have achieved fame as a writer, but Mr. Hughes is much too active for that. He has proved his ability as a motion picture director and a musician as well, and now he has found something new to devote his talents to. He is an inventor.

Yes, he invented a "director's finder." In case you wonder what it is the director finds with it, it's the scene that the camera is taking. Formerly, the director had to look through the lens of the camera to see how the scene was being focussed, and then he saw things upside down. But by this new instrument, which looks like a telescope, one can see the scene just as it will appear in the photograph.

Blanche Bates, the noted stage star, was very impressed with the telescope when she looked through it during the filming of "Gimme."

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I can see Mars and it looks as though it were only two feet away."

"It is indeed a great invention," smiled Mr. Hughes as he flicked the ashes from his cigar, which had been doubling for the planet.

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From Madness to Sadness

Viola Dana had some real thrills in the filming of her newest picture, "June Madness." There was thrill enough in the script of the story, but nothing like the excitement which came in the filming.

The scenario provided that Miss Dana, driving her car at sixty miles an hour, should dash in front of a train so that the pursuing car would be blocked on the other side of the train. This was dangerous enough, but to add to the excitement, just as she started to cut across in front of the train, along came a heavy truck from a hidden side path. It narrowly escaped hitting the star's machine, but it hemmed her between the train and the truck.

"Whew!" gasped Viola after it was all over, and she found she hadn't been killed after all, "that was a narrow escape! If I hadn't seen that truck in time, this 'June Madness' would have turned into July sadness."

A Bully Remark

When Bull Montana returned from his recent visit to his native Italy, all his "little playmates" were at the station—railroad, not police—to meet him.

It looked like a crowd of people all trying to double for Hercules. On the platform were Spike Robinson, Broken Nose Murphy, Pigiron Dalton, Battling Savage, and others, all in their Sunday clothes and with every cauliflower ear carefully washed.

Bull Montana was overcome with surprise. He looked over his friends all spruced up and beaming.

"Well," he remarked, "this is a great event. I had not expected it. How come you all out of jail at once?"

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Not for Day Time Use

Even though Viola Dana is an expert horsewoman, she might not have selected the particular mare that she did to ride on, had she known what a spirited animal she was. The horse's chief ambition, apparently, was to get back to the stable, and Viola found that thwarting this ambition was no easy task. So when she reached home that night she was considerably tired. In fact, she was so overfatigued that she couldn't sleep, and the horse figured largely in the dream that kept waking her up.

"What kind of a mare did you have yesterday?" inquired the friend who had recommended the stable where Viola had secured her horse.

"I don't know what you'd call it," sighed Viola, "but I'd say that it was a night mare."

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The Ban Doesn't Go Far Enough

Director Fred Niblo's friend is a sure enough vaudeville fan; he goes to a variety show at least three times a week, and he feels that he has heard more jokes about prohibition than almost anyone else except the actors who tell the jokes.

So when Mr. Niblo saw the announcement that no more prohibition jokes were to be allowed in several vaudeville circuits, he hastened to show the story to his friend.

"Two vaudeville circuits ban prohibition jokes," read the announcement and the vaudeville fan was considerably pleased. To him it was a painful subject.

"And when," he sighed, "they ban prohibition as well, the millenium will have come."

A.M.T.

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

MR. H. O. POTTS,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 21st incandescent received, and you say that Lemuel Shirley and Gamaliel Whitley want me to settle a bet that they made down in the cellar of the Hog Run Country Club just after the third sampling of hard cider one day last week, the bet being in regard to the real meaning of the word "pogo." You say that Lemuel claims it is the pass-word of a colored secret society, while Gamaliel insists that it is the name of a particularly wicked-looking knife with which Filipino head-hunters secure trophies for their collections. Well, Maw, tell the disputants for me that they are both wrong. "Pogo" is neither a pass-word nor a cannibalistic variety of butcher knife. It is the name applied to a broom-stick with a bed spring on one end of it and an incipient lunatic on the other end, who thinks that he is being very athletic and having a good time by

jumping up and down with it after the manner of that particular animal family originally made famous by C. Darwin. And that's that.

Well, folks I had a job today in the employ of Mr. Paramount, which for general action and miscellaneous havoc would have made a Kansas cyclone seem as quiet and reposeful as 10 p. m. in a Children's Home. It was supposed to be another delineation of Sport Life in Society, and was to consist of a mixed polo game, the mixture being composed of various genuine Society leaders, men and women in equal proportion, who were to act for the camera for one day just for the fun of it.

When we started out to the Lasky Ranch early this morning for the day's shooting, I didn't expect to be called upon for any very heavy emotional work, being taken along by the Director for the same reason that an axe and other carpenter's utensils are put in pretty glass cases in railroad coaches—"For Use in Case of Emergency Only.". But, unfortunately for me, the emergency happened about five minutes after we'd got out to the ranch, when a plump dowager in the party made the serious strategical error of trying to sit down in a clump of cactus and, to her immediate regret and pain, succeeded in her attempt.

The consequence was that I had to don a polo costume pronto and act as substitute. A polo costume, Maw, merely consists of an ordinary riding habit, a pith sun helmet such as is worn by African explorers and middle-aged gentlemen with tender bald heads who play golf at Catalina Island, and a weapon looking much like an elongated variety of croquet mallet which is secured to the wrist by a leather strap.

As for polo itself, all I got to say is that the yap who first referred to it as being a "sport," would in all probability speak of being run over by a steam roller as being "recreation." It was apparently orginally invented by a melancholy hombre who found all previously existing methods of suicide too tame and uninteresting, and the technique is somewhat of a cross between a locoed variety of croquet on horseback and the emulation of an intoxicated gentleman on a merry-go-round. There are five contestants on each side, I believe, and the immediate object of each player is apparently to hit a ball more or less violently, though why they want to hit the ball and where to, I never did learn.

Well, anyway, me and nine assorted masculine and feminine scions of Society were mounted on rangy little ponies that looked mean, and acted worse than they looked. Then, at the Director's request, we assembled in a little group to indulge in some supposedly friendly conversation before dashing out on the field of battle. Being faced with a choice of either an undersized little man with a bald head and a large waist line, or a slender young woman with bobbed hair and a Boston accent, as a conversational sparring partner, I chose the latter as being the lesser of the two evils.

She seemed to be willing to meet me more than halfway when I induced my mount to sidle over by her. "Good morning, de-ah," she chortled languidly with a sort of submerged tonsil effect in what may once have been a contralto voice. "And, if you will pawdon my awsking, what did you think of F. Scott Fitzgerald's 'The Beautiful and Damned?'"

That kinda took my breath away for a minute, then I realized that, being new to the acting business as she was, she was probably overdoing the thing unknowpingly being every ready to be of help to a sister mortal, even if she did have an accent like a frog with the tonsilitis, I prompted tried to set her right.

"Shh!" I cautioned her confidential like. "You've got the wrong cue, sister. This is supposed to be a scene in Newport, not down on the Bowery. Better lay off the profanity and the cuss words before you get the director on his ear."

I must have pulled a bone of some kind though, because the only thanks I got for my well-meant efforts was a glare which would have chilled a polar bear. But before the conversation could proceed any further, the director gave the word to start the polo melee, and the gang was off. That is, everybody was except me.

The reason for my not being among those present was that my nag, apparently being suddenly taken with the idea that he was Pavlowa or something, had stuck his nose down between his front legs, and was going through a series of acrobatic evolutions which would have shamed a locoed kangaroo.

"Give him his head, stupid!" yelled the director, when he saw what was happening.

"I haven't got his bally head!" I retorted indignantly, trying my level best to keep from doing an Annette Kellerman.

"No, no, you don't get me!" the director yelled back. Thanks to the gyrations of my frenzied mount, I couldn't quite make out what it was he said after that, but it sounded like "Hit his head."

That gave me an inspiration and, swinging the polo mallet that I still had strapped to my right wrist, I parked its head suddenly and violently just between the brute's ears. Never again! There is just two things known to the mind of man that have ever gone higher than I traveled the next minute—one of them being Halley's Comet, and the other being the elevator man in the Woolworth Building. And then,

just to make it the end of a perfect day, so to speak, when I come down—with all the State of California to light in—I had to hit in the one spot that would cause the most personal discomfort, viz. and namely, the cactus bed in which the plump lady had previously sat.

Which I guess will be all for this time, only tell the members of the Hog Run Country Club that if they want to add polo to the list of their activities all the equipment they will need will be a flock of ex-plow-horses and a second-hand croquet set. As far as the rules of the game goes they are at perfect liberty to use their own judgment and make them up as they go along. From my personal observation of the alleged sport, this is the method followed by all the other players anyway.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,
SOPHIE POTTS,
via HAL WELLS.

Suzanne of the Studios

(*Continued from page* 14)

"Think you're much of an actress?" he asked me.

"I'm better than I was," I answered coldly.

"Well now, really!" he laughed. "You don't look very good to me—that is, as an actress. However, we're going to give you a chance this time in a seven reel picture. Got the nerve to try it?"

"I'll do my best," I answered, eyeing him curiously.

"Quite a part, too," he said smiling.

"Maybe I'll be killed in this," I said tartly, exasperated by his smile.

He laughed as if appreciating a good joke. "Oh, there are a few thrilling situations, but you ought to live through them. I sure hope you will, anyhow. We go to the mountains for some of the scenes. Let you know all about it as soon as we're ready."

Mrs. Roberts listened while I made my report to her. "Don't go, honey," she begged. "Throw it all up and come and help me until you find something to do. He's up to something mean."

"I don't know," I said fatuously, "it might be something I can do. I'm getting better, I think."

"But, dearie," she protested, "you told me yourself the other day you knew you couldn't act. Besides, that man! I was told yesterday that he never gives up."

"I don't see what he can do that he hasn't done," I objected obstinately.

"He's up to something, I'm sure. And this time you'll be in the mountains. Better stay with me, safe and sure. I'd make it worth your while," she coaxed.

"I don't like to give up; and really this may be something I can do. I don't see how it can be any worse in the mountains than here. I want to try just this once."

"And if you don't get on any better will you give it up, dear? I hate to think of your working with him."

"I promise I'll give up if I don't do any better this time," I agreed, glad to end the discussion.

Some of the work, as Jimmy had said, was done in the studio. I had a really good, if small, part; and marvel of marvels! Jimmy did his best with me so that I had the feeling that I was doing better than ever I had done before.

One day, however, just before we started for the mountains, he met me apparently by chance and gave me a smile. "Well," he said, "feel like an actress?"

"I hope I'm doing better," I answered.

"Not half bad," he said with a queer look. "Shows you can do it when you really try."

I knew he was only playing with me, so I tried to placate him by admitting my indebtedness to him. "I owe it to you," I responded.

He laughed aloud, "What d'you know about that! The haughty maiden unbends. You don't really think you owe it to me?"

"I know I do Mr. Snell, and I'm grateful to you."

"Wonders will never cease! Sounds almost like an overture for peace," he jeered

"I don't want your emnity, Mr. Snell; I never did," I said half-pleadingly.

His disturbing smile parted his lips. "All right!" he ejaculated, "let's be friends. Shake!" he held out his hand

I hesitated, my distrust of the man difficult to overcome. "Are you in earnest, Mr. Snell?"

"Surest thing you know. I've always wanted to be friends."

It was useless to remind him that his idea of friendship and mine were not the same. I shook hands with him. And I couldn't help noting that he didn't hold my hand unnecessarily long; just shook it and let it go.

"The signing of the pact of peace," he laughed. "And now to prove my bona fides. You admit you're doing well because I'm making you. That's true. You think it proves you've got it in you. That's not true. You'll never make a great actress. But I could pick plays for you and coach you so that you would be a star. You don't film well, but I could fix that, too."

I drew back, my teeth set. It was the old story again. "No, no, no!" I cried vehemently, feeling that I had been tricked into listening to him.

"What a hot-tempered kid you are!" he laughed. "I might have known you'd put the worst construction on my words. You've got me wrong this time, though. I'm not asking you to pay the price; I'll pay it myself, this time."

I looked at him questioningly. I didn't understand. What I did see, however, was that there was a new expression on his face.

"It's like this, Suzanne," he went on, as if in answer to my unspoken question; "I guess I'm what you'd call in love. I want you as I never wanted anything in my life before. Will you be my wife?"

I was dumbfounded. Of all the things I might have expected from Jimmy Snell, this was the last. And there could be no doubt that he was in earnest—deadly earnest, for his face was white and set as he spoke; and he trembled as he waited.

He must have guessed the answer that quivered on my lips, for he forestalled it by bursting out, "Think a minute, Suzanne! You are the one girl I want. I can make you; and I will. I have a play coming next that will just suit you. I'll give you the lead and I'll make you a success if that's your ambition; or if it suits you better, you needn't work any more. I have plenty, and I can give you everything you want. You've got to marry me."

To repeat his words can give no idea of the passionate intensity of his manner. The old, sneering, evil Jimmy Snell was swallowed up in the fierce eagerness of his pleading. I was more moved than I can express, but underneath every other feeling was a fear of the man that could not be overcome.

"I can't, I can't," I cried. "I don't love you."

"I'll make you," he said hoarsely. "I'll be good to you. I'm not a good man, but I'll make you a good husband. And you can make me a good man. I've been watching you right along, Suzanne, and you've proved yourself. You're good through and through; and you've got the iron will to keep you good. You're the prettiest thing on earth. You've got to be my wife."

"I love someone else," I said falteringly.

He stared at me for a moment and with convulsed features turned away and left me. I had thought I had

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The Romance of a Girl Detective

By Fulton Oursler

FOR the next few moments, events moved with bewildering rapidity.

As Gabrielle threw open the closet door, two strong arms were flung out of the darkness of the cupboard and seized his long, lank legs. They were muscular arms, accustomed from gridiron practice to bring down their man. Gabrielle went down, and before he knew what had caused his downfall, Harry Kaye had climbed on top of him and was punching his face with grim satisfaction.

Only for a moment, however, was Gabrielle taken by surprise. His brain quickly came to his assistance, and so did his fists and feet. Within practically no time at all, he was coming back at Harry with the strength of an enraged ape, and the two of them fought there, before the closet door, with the primitive ferocity of wild men. Harry was fighting for the girl he loved, and Gabrielle was fighting for the jewels, for his safety, and with the consuming hatred that comes of deep purposes balked and circumvented.

Not was Miriam idle.

In the brief minutes that had elapsed between the time of Gabrielle's excited entrance into the library, and his announced intention of opening the closet door, she and Harry had held a furtive, hasty and whispered consultation.

It was as a result of this that Harry had been waiting for Gabrielle; had taken the big conspirator entirely by surprise, and floored him. Meanwhile, Miriam had done her part.

With her, through all the time they had waited in the closet, was the revolver which she had taken from Gabrielle, when she overpowered him in her room. Now she stood in the closet doorway, this revolver in her hands, and she was aiming it directly at Maurice, who stood in the center of the room, a statue of astonishment.

Madame Langel was near him, too astounded to say a word.

"Stand still!" ordered Miriam, not daring to take her eyes from Maurice, but wondering desperately how the fight at her feet was going. "If you try to interfere, I'll pull this trigger!"

The thumping, the thudding of fists against chests and cheeks, the gasps, and muttered curses went on, with unabated fury on the floor. Gabrielle was a strong and powerful man, and he was enraged. Like a demon he was fighting, and Harry Kaye was meeting him with equal spirit. How the fight would end neither man could guess —their strength was about equal. Harry's face was bleeding, and Gabrielle had already lost two of his teeth. And still they pounded and struck and kicked and writhed.

"Give it to him, Harry!" screamed Miriam. "Hit him hard! If you can win, I'll marry you!"

The promise had an immediate effect. It gave fresh strength to Harry's exhausted arms, fresh spirit and enthusiasm. There was a thudding crack as his fist struck Gabrielle's nose and forced his head back poundingly against the floor. It brought from Gabrielle a dazed grunt. But the next moment he was at it again, fighting more desperately than ever. Seemingly the new courage which Miriam's promise had given Harry was matched by the increasing determination with which Gabrielle battled back.

As if they were fascinated, Madame Langel and Maurice stood, watching the progress of the fight. Miriam's hand had not relaxed, and she watched them narrowly, and until the issue between the two men was decided, they were content to wait and watch, and not take any chances on Miriam pulling the trigger.

But all this while, Henry Grant sat motionless in his chair, the top of his head showing above the back. He had not moved, nor had he given any indication that he was aware of the dramatic events taking place within a few feet of where he sat.

To Miriam, this was the most puzzling and exasperating part of the situation. As she listened to the straining of the two men embattled at her feet, she began to fear that even with her promise to marry him as a tonic, Harry might yet be whipped by the maniacal strength of Gabrielle. If that were to happen, they would be at the monster's mercy. What could she do?

"Uncle Henry!" she screamed. "Uncle Henry! Don't you hear me?"

No answer came. No movement of the old man indicated that he had heard her. He sat there, quiet and still in his chair, as if he were a carved figure instead of a living man.

Was he a living man?

The question pierced Miriam's mind like a dagger. Had she failed, after all. Had these people, for some dread reason of their own, murdered him in his chair?

"Uncle Henry!" she screamed again, but he did not reply.

Crack! Harry's fist had landed again, as the angry grunt of Gabrielle plainly informed her. But Gabrielle could take a lot of punishment. The squirming, the heaving, the striking went on, and the issue still undecided.

She could bear it no longer. The suspense was intolerable. If her uncle would only respond, she could send him for the police. But he would not respond, and perhaps he was dead. Perhaps Harry would be defeated in the gallant fight he was making just for her.

Something had to be done, and Miriam did it.

The pearls had not been lost after all, Miriam's uncle told her but were hidden behind a secret panel. Eluding Madame Langel, her son Maurice, and their hirelings, Miriam secured the precious chamois bag. Before she could open it, however, in her room, the door opened slightly, and she found herself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. Quickly she threw the pearls into the waste basket; then the door opened, admitting Gabrielle, the butler.

His purpose was to tie her to prevent her presence in the library, where the Langels were to talk to her uncle, and get him in their power. Gabrielle forced her to take the sheets off her bed, meaning to tie her with them, but by strategy, she trussed him up instead, and forced him, at the point of his own revolver, to take a sleeping potion.

Armed, she descended to the library and hid in the closet to listen. There, just as the Langels entered the room, she felt a moist hand laid against hers in the darkness of the closet.

Whose hand was it?

Read what happened next.

Raising her revolver, and turning it just a few inches away from Maurice, she fired directly at the window. The shot rang out thunderously, startling them all. It was followed by a crash of falling glass.

"Don't stir!" cried Miriam, turning the weapon so that it was again trained directly at Maurice and Madame Langel. "If you do, I'll shoot you. I'm desperate—more desperate than you!"

The effect of her shot was almost instantaneous. There was a ring at the doorbell, followed by a pounding on the door, and then another crash of glass, as someone broke the doorway window. The door was flung open and heavy feet came tramping down the hall.

Someone beat authoritatively on the door.

"What's going on in here?" bellowed a voice.

"Help! Help!" screamed Miriam.

Fortunately, Gabrielle had neglected to lock the door when he came in, and now it was thrown back, and two policemen with levelled revolvers strode in.

"What the devil does all this mean?" gasped one of them, as they stared in amazement from the intimidated Maurice and Madame Langel, to the girl standing with levelled revolver, and the two men battling on the floor.

With a smashing crack, Harry Kaye at that moment managed to land a blow on the face of Gabrielle that added a finishing touch to a series of such blows which he had been hammering mercilessly during the last few moments. With a final gasp, Gabrielle sank back and his arms flailed the air no more. Harry had put him to sleep.

Bloody but triumphant, Harry scrambled to his feet and stood beside Miriam.

"Arrest these people!" said Harry, making an inclusive gesture with one sadly battered hand. "They're all crooks—all except the old gentleman in the chair!"

"Crooks!" cried Madame Langel, hurrying forward indignantly. "He's the crook, officer. He was put out of the house this afternoon and I think he came back here to steal!"

"Yes, that's right, officer," said Maurice earnestly. "He's a crook. Now, if you will let me explain——"

"Say," exploded one of the policemen, losing his temper, "how am I going to know who is the crook here?"

"Very simply, officers."

The voice that had spoken was a new voice, a commanding voice of a very considerable dignity, and it came from the doorway to which, now, all eyes were turned.

Frowning as he surveyed the scene, there stood Captain Fitzgerald, of Detective Headquarters!

"Arrest that woman!" he said to one of the policemen. "Put the bracelets on her, too. She's a bad actor!"

"What does this mean?" shrieked Madame Langel, backing away from the handcuffs.

"You'll find out, Lucille. I've got the goods on you, this time," replied Captain Fitzgerald grimly. "Healy, you take care of the young thief there!"

"I'm not a young thief!" protested Maurice.

"Oh, yes you are!" the Captain assured him. "You are still wanted for that little job down in Waco, Texas, sonny. You'll get yours, never fear. And when our friend on the floor here wakes up, I'll take care of him myself. He's the one I am really particular about locking up!"

They stood there while the two policemen, as gently as possible, encircled the wrists of Maurice and Madame Langel, and then turned to the Captain for instructions.

"The wagon is outside," explained Captain Fitzgerald. "Take them down to the district station and hold them there. I'll call around later and prefer the charge!"

The two men saluted, and led their prisoners from the room. Madame Langel was weeping silently, and Maurice was glum and quiet.

Captain Fitzgerald turned to Miriam and her battered companion, and smiled benevolently.

"It looks to me as if you had a real he-American alongside of you now, Miss Miriam," he chuckled. "If you will just pardon me for a moment, I'll tell you a lot of things you don't know about!"

Drawing a set of chain handcuffs from his pocket, he slipped them quickly on the wrists of the still unconscious Gabrielle. Looking down at him, he smiled admiringly.

"Your young he-American friend certainly gave this fellow what was coming," he said, with professional enthusiasm. "I'd like to shake your hand, young fellow!"

"Please don't," protested Harry quickly. "It's sore enough, now!"

Captain Fitzgerald chuckled, as he turned toward Miriam.

"Where's your Uncle Henry?" he asked.

Miriam pointed to the chair, above which the old gentleman's head showed.

"I am afraid," she said, "that something has happened to Uncle Henry. He didn't answer when I screamed at him to help us just now!"

Captain Fitzgerald gave her an odd look, then strode rapidly across the room and faced Henry Grant. His frown gave place to a look of utter bewilderment. As he stood there, smiling down at the old man, Henry Grant made a singular gesture with his hands, and then stood bolt upright.

The Romance of a Girl Detective

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Who are you, sir?" he demanded, then turned to look across the room. With wide eyes of surprise he saw Miriam standing beside the bedraggled figure of her hero.

"What are you doing here?" thundered Henry Grant. "Miriam! Get to your room! Get out of this house, young man! You—I—I——"

The oddity of everything around him seemed suddenly to sink home to the old gentleman.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Why is everything so strange, eh? Where is Madame Langel? What are you all doing here?"

"Mr. Grant," said the Captain, touching him gently on the arm. "I am Captain Fitzgerald, from police headquarters—the man who sent a detective to see you this afternoon. I have a great deal to say to you, and to these young people. Won't you be seated again? I have another matter to deal with just at present. Just be patient for a few moments longer."

The other matter to which Captain Fitzgerald had alluded was Gabrielle. There were signs of returning life about Gabrielle; he was cursing and squirming.

When finally he opened his eyes, he found himself looking into the steely eyes of Captain Fitzgerald.

"You're under arrest, Hazey," said the Captain. "No use to fight any more. You're licked. Get up!"

AN hour later, there was a singular little gathering in the Grant library.

Gabrielle was in the hospital. It had been necessary to send for an ambulance, instead of a patrol wagon, which seemed greatly to increase Captain Fitzgerald's respect for Harry Kaye.

"I guess you know a real he-American when you see one," he said to Miriam, as they had carried Gabrielle out on a canvas stretcher.

When things were finally quieted down in what had been a highly disturbed household, there were convoked in the library Miriam, Harry, Henry Grant and Captain Fitzgerald. In the meantime, Miriam had proved herself a wonder with arnica, witch hazel, and bandages, and Harry looked like a wounded soldier. Old Henry Grant was still asking what had become of Madame Langel, and talked vaguely about his treatment being interrupted.

At last, however, silence had been restored to this room of silence, and Captain Fitzgerald assumed the role of chairman.

"My friends," he began, "I am afraid we are working a little bit at cross purposes, because we do not know what each of the rest of us knows. Now there are some things about which I am greatly puzzled, and which you can explain. There are also some things about which you are vastly puzzled which perhaps I can explain. Now I suggest that we each tell what we know!"

"Good!" agreed Miriam. "Now, let me start, because I—well, because I want to, I guess. You know!"

"Sure!" agreed Captain Fitzgerald. "You're so full of what's happened, you've just got to tell it. Is that right?"

"That's just right," confirmed Miriam, and she proceeded to tell the Captain just what had occurred to her since she left his office that morning. At the mention of this her uncle expressed the keenest amazement. He had not known that Miriam had consulted the chief of detectives. For what, pray?

As the old gentleman did not understand, as yet, that the Langels were under arrest, and that Gabrielle was in the hospital, this surprise was not unnatural. But the Captain bade him hold his patience, and he would presently understand everything.

When, however, Miriam came to describe the jewel story, and the events that followed it, Captain Fitzgerald was even more surprised than her other two hearers. After one or two questions, they sat utterly still and listened, as Miriam recounted her search of her uncle's diary—she told it all unreservedly—how she managed to get the necklace, her climb up the vine, her trouble with Gabrielle, and her adventures in the closet.

"Well!" exclaimed Captain Fitzgerald. "I thought I had something to tell—but this leaves me, well—it leaves me just feeling dumfoozled, that's what, young lady. By gosh, I think you are a wonder! . . . Now, let's see—how did you get in this closet, young man? It was a fine thing to do, I'll say that—risking a bullet, or arrest for burglary, or anything. How did you get in here?"

"Don't make me laugh," pleaded Harry. "My lip's sore!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it was simple. I climbed in the library window, soon as it was dark. There was nothing to it. That's why I came around this afternoon—I wanted to get the lay of the land. And while I was here I got the foolish notion in my head that I could help Miriam by going in and seeing Mr. Grant. I tried to tell him the Langels were a bunch of four-flushers, but he wouldn't listen to me. I don't blame him much, though—I didn't have any facts, and he didn't like me anyway!"

"I am beginning to like you," said Henry Grant gravely. "If you allowed yourself to be pummeled like that in defense of my niece, I think you must be the real kind!"

"Well, didn't you know what was going on in here?" asked Harry.

"No!" answered the old man solemnly. "I did not know what was going on in here, and I haven't found out yet. And I wish someone would hurry up and tell me just what did happen!"

Miriam and Harry exchanged rapid glances. It seemed so singular that the actions of the old gentleman remained unexplained.

"Why didn't you hear what was going on?" asked Miriam.

"Why don't you tell me what happened?" asked the old man obstinately, and Miriam realized that he shrank again from revealing the nature of his malady; a sensitiveness which she had first encountered in reading the pages of his diary.

"Perhaps I can explain," interposed Captain Fitzgerald. "I think I can supply the missing link there. You see, Miriam, when you left my office this morning, you dropped a bomb shell just as you went out. That story you told me about the falling cornice worried me. I began to wonder what was going on in this house, and the more I thought about it, the more I felt that I ought to look into it. Of course, I didn't know about the pink pearls. That is all news to me. But I made up my mind to find out who this Madame Langel was, and it didn't take me long.

"I sent a detective up here, posing as a messenger with a package for Madame. He insisted on seeing her personally and he made her sign the receipt personally. I doing this, he made her take the receipt pad from him, beneath the first sheet of which was a highly sensitized paraffined sheet. We got both her thumb prints on that paper, and developed them at once.

"It is not a quick job to identify thumb prints, but before very long we knew who Madame Langel was. She was Lucille Carver, a notorious thief who had spent fifteen years in the penitentiary. She was a nurse, and only took cases in very fine homes. I was amazed to find, on looking up her record, that she once worked in this very home!"

"Here?" thundered Henry Grant in tones of abyssmal astonishment. "Madame Langel once worked in this house as a nurse?"

"Yes!" declared Captain Fitzgerald stoutly, "she did. She attended Miriam's mother during her last illness!"

"Then that's how she learned about the pearls!" cried Miriam. "She must have overheard that conversation between mother and you, Uncle Henry, just before mother died, when she told you when to give me the necklace!"

Henry Grant nodded his head sagely and stroked his beard.

"Undoubtedly," he concurred. "When I first met Madame Langel abroad, there was something distantly, fugitively familiar about her. I spoke to her about it. But she assured me she had never been in this country before. I don't think I understand yet, however, what brought her into the business!"

"Oh, I think that is simple enough, when I explain it," returned the Captain. "You see, she must have learned about the jewels being hidden in this house from that deathbed conversation. Probably she had her ear to the keyhole; I tell you she was a professional thief. When Mrs. Grant died, of course she had to leave. But her intention was to get those jewels. Unfortunately for her, she was convicted only a few months later of the theft of Mrs. an de Leyden's diamonds, and she got twenty years for it. You see, they connected her up with a lot of other robberies, though she was quite a young woman then.

"It was easy for me to learn that she left the prison a free woman just about a year ago. I do not think her course after that is very obscure. She struck up a partnership with Hazey, who was also released about the same time, and the two of them plotted this thing. All of her loot from former robberies was not recovered. I suppose she had it hidden somewhere, and on the funds raised by the sale of jewels to a fence they followed you to Europe. And there her medical training, and Gabrielle's brains were united in an extraordinary scheme.

"You remember that I sent a man to see you this afternoon, and had him ask you some questions? I assume that you kept absolutely quiet about that conversation?"

"I did not tell anyone," replied Henry Grant with proud dignity.

"I, of course, had the matter doped out wrong, but I didn't know about the jewels, you see. My suspicion was that the woman was trying to get your fortune by marrying you, if, indeed, you were not already secretly married. And, knowing that she understood something about medicine, I feared she was trying to poison you. That was why I sent a man up to inquire if she was treating you for any ailment!"

A slight flush crept up beyond the borders of Henry Grant's white beard.

"I am very sensitive about that," he admitted slowly. "You see, I suddenly discovered while I was abroad that I was growing deaf!"

"Deaf!" exclaimed Miriam in surprise.

"Yes, deaf," continued Henry Grant sadly. "Not deaf in the sense of not being able to hear exactly, but tone deaf. I was losing my sense of music and tone color. I could tell it when I attempted to play the piano. I was terribly grieved about it, and then I met Madame Langel and somehow or other she found it out. And she assured me it could be cured!"

The old man seemed greatly humiliated at this simple confession, but Miriam understood. He loved his music, and besides, he was sensitive, and feared that this was a sign of age and the weakening of his faculties.

"I think I can throw some light on that," continued Captain Fitzgerald, taking up the thread of the narrative. "You remember that my man asked you for a sample of the medicine she was giving you. He did that because I was suspicious of poison. But the real secret did not come out until we had analyzed that medicine in our department laboratory. Then we discovered that the medicine itself was inducing deafness. It was a combination of drugs, including a large percentage of salacylic acid, which has a perceptible effect upon the organs of the ear!"

"You mean they made me deaf?"

"Yes! I do not think there is any doubt that they managed to get some of this into your system before they ever met you. They were daring, unscrupulous, well-supplied with funds, evidently, and would stop at nothing. Probably they had one of their gang—they had extensive criminal connections—in the hotel employ. They could get it into your food. That was only necessary until they got you to take the treatment. Then they gave you the stuff as medicine.

"They played a shrewd game, and they had two trumps. If they could get Miriam married to one of their gang, their course would be easy, because Miriam would get the pearls when she was married. But they fell down on that, God be praised. Failing on that track, they had to try the other and more elaborate course, which was to get into this house as guests. And they did that by treating your deafness. One of their servants was in this house when you returned, and you were being drugged all the time. At last—as they had figured, and indeed, indirectly suggested, I don't doubt—you cabled for them to come here.

"From this point on, Miriam has explained their course with precision. The only thing that still puzzles me, and no doubt Miriam and Harry as well, is what these silent treatments were for. They kept you in this room, while they searched for the pearls, but how did they convince you the treatment was good? What was it, anyway?"

The old man smiled, a bit embarrassed, as he lifted a small, round, black object and fitted it over his ear.

"I was listening every night to a radio concert," he explained. "I suppose it was all nonsense, but they told me it was the best sort of treatment for the hearing. They said this was an improved device, intended to cure deafness. My hearing is really getting worse, and I do hope that, now that they can't feed me any more of that drug, it will improve. I had to strain to hear what was coming through this radio apparatus. That was why I could not hear what was going on in the room here—I had one of these on each of my ears!"

They all smiled at each other. How simple the explanation. Yet none of them had thought of it.

"I want to say this," began the Captain suddenly. "This young lady sprang a surprise on me this morning, when she asked me what I was in business for. I told her to catch criminals, and then she laid me out. She said I ought to make it my business to prevent crime—and, by gosh, she showed me how to do it. She not only talked about it, but she did it. She prevented a big crime, and it was one of the finest bits of detective work I have ever heard about. My hat's off to you, little Miriam!"

There was a moment's awkward pause, while Miriam smiled and blushed, and Harry pressed her hand.

"Well," said Henry Grant, clearing his throat, "I am a badly fooled man. But I can make amends. Young man, what's your name? I've forgotten it!"

"Harry Kaye," answered Harry quickly.

"That's not a bad name," replied the old man critically. "I guess if you want to wear it, Miriam, it will do!"

"I do want to wear it!" cried Miriam, "but I never knew it really and truly before tonight!"

The old man stood up and walked over to Captain Fitzgerald. His manner had undergone a change. Now that the Langels were gone, he seemed much more like himself. He smiled.

"I've got some cigars upstairs," he said. "Suppose you and I leave these young folks alone for a few minutes?"

They walked to the door together, when the old man suddenly turned.

"Miriam!" he called sharply. "What did become of the pink pearls?"

She laughed and ran to the door.

"I threw them in the waste basket," she caroled. "If you'll wait, I'll run up and get them!"

They heard her humming as she hurried up the stairs, and waited impatiently until they heard her coming down again.

"How do you like me?" she asked running to the center of the library, where the light shone upon her softly. Under that mild radiance, the string of rose-fire gems around her white throat gleamed with the fires of dawn and sunset mingled. Their glow was of an unearthly beauty.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" breathed old Henry Grant.

"No wonder they risked so much to get them," said Captain Fitzgerald. "They must be worth a fortune! What are you going to do with them, Miriam?"

She smiled a little sadly.

"I'd like to wear them," she confessed, "but I don't know—perhaps they weren't intended to be worn. We have all the money we need, haven't we, dear Uncle? And Harry's going to make a lot more out of advertising. Why couldn't we sell them and give the money to a hospital?"

"That mightn't be a bad idea," mused her uncle. "Well—going to wear them tonight?"

"Yes!" answered Miriam. "Just for tonight—for this is going to be my happiest night!"

And then, as the two old men left her with Harry, she turned to her bandaged hero and added:

"Isn't it, dear?"

His answer was a defiance of all the bruises which had blackened his arms; an embrace that told her just how happy she had made him.

THE END.

Vampire Contest Advice

(*Continued from page 4*)

life your motive is good and you are not breaking up a home, your vamp methods with proper finesse will land the man whom you have decided to marry. There is no harm in vamping under such circumstances and the wife who has vamped her husband is sure to hold him because vamping is an art and with proper finesse holds its own against all female invaders who might come a-wooing hubby some day.

(*Concluded next week*)

Do *YOU* Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?

The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding an informal social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions.

His friend has just introduced him to the young woman. Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand and make the acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled confusedly something about being "Glad to meet you." By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders.

She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.

Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the drawing room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders.

Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork, and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners—how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.

The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuous by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment—and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.

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Cash prize to man with best set of teeth.
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Priscilla Dean Stars in "Under Two Flags"

(*Continued from page* 18)

During the enactment of the above scene, Cigarette is seen, wandering the streets, trying to find an answer to the hopeless problem she confronts. She bumps into Sheik Ben Ali Hamman, who has had his eyes on her for some time. He makes her a proposition—that she would not find *him* such a fickle lover as Mons. Victor—besides, was not her mother a woman of the desert? Cigarette laughs at him and with a snap of her fingers in his face, departs. From here on, the story moves rapidly.

The Sheik is, of course, in reality an enemy of France and has simply used his position to gain knowledge of the French strength. He sends for Victor and makes him a proposition to join forces with him. Cigarette has followed Victor, and overhears the proposition. In a clever way she attracts attention to a different quarter and in the momentary interval, Victor succeeds in escaping. His detachment is leaving that evening for an outpost, as news has come of enemy activity. He tries to state the knowledge he has gained, but a bone-headed Corporal, who "goes by the book," tells him to "Fall in." So Victor has to go on without having a chance to give this vital knowledge to his superiors. Meanwhile Cigarette has returned to Ben Ali and ostensibly falls in with his proposition, realizing that if she is to save France, she must have tangible proof of the Sheik's treachery.

The Sheik has also framed up Victor, so that before he can tell his story, the Marquis will believe that Victor is the traitor. That evening, Ben Ali, with Cigarette, departs for his desert stronghold, while the Marquis and party, informed by Ben Ali's right-hand man that Victor is a traitor, rides for the outpost.

The court marshal is held the next morning, and Victor is sentenced to death. Ben Ali's man rides for the stronghold to give Ben Ali the news. Meanwhile, Cigarette has kept herself aloof from Ben Ali and he is angered at her indifference. Now, she inflames him so with desire, that he readily accedes to tell her all, and share with her the powers of which he has boasted. Cigarette sees the climax of the situation arriving, and that evening tells him that she will give herself to him. Ben Ali loses all control and tells her all details of his plan. Then, the messenger arrives with the news that Victor is to be shot at sunrise. Ben Ali is about to have Cigarette, when she stabs him, wresting from him the symbol which means war and which will be her proof of Ben Ali's treachery. She escapes and rides like mad for Algiers. Arrived there, she arouses the garrison and tells the General what has happened. The troops are ordered, but before they are on their way, Cigarette has obtained Victor's release and is on her way to the outpost in a race against time. Meanwhile the Sheik has succeeded in arousing help and his men start on their ride to massacre the outpost. Thus we have three movements, concentrating to one point. Cigarette arrives just in time to save Victor from being shot, but is shot herself. Stunned by what they have done, the men carry her to the barracks. Meanwhile the news has spread, and the few men at the outpost prepare to meet the enemy. They are outnumbered and it looks as though the Sheik's men would succeed in the massacre, when the French cavalry arrives.

Wounded as she is, Cigarette again saves Victor's life, and after the enemy are routed and the day is saved for France, Victor comes to Cigarette. She is dying and knows it—and the tender scene which now takes place, is the real kick of the story.

She dies in Victor's arms, with the line, "I am happy, just to . . . to die . . . here . . . in your arms."

Suzanne of the Studios

(*Continued from page 26*)

been frightened by him as much as I could be. I thought the depths of fear had been plumbed by me. Now I knew a terror that was all the greater because it seemed so utterly unreasonable. Why should I fear the man who loved me, as he certainly did?

When I told Mrs. Roberts what had happened, she begged me to drop out and have nothing more to do with the play. "Don't go away with him, honey," she pleaded. "You'll regret it if you do."

Nevertheless I went. Who can avoid his Fate? I am not superstitious, but I believe I simply had to have that terrible experience. Perhaps I needed to know that purity of purpose cannot alone save a girl from ruin. Certainly I returned from those mountains with a gentler, kindlier feeling for the girls who have succumbed in the battle of life.

The work up there was more pleasant than I had expected it to be, and aside from its strenuousness we all had a jolly time. It was a rugged but picturesque country and lent itself to the wild, exciting events of the drama to perfection.

One of the thrilling episodes of the play was my abduction by two Mexicans and my subsequent rescue by the hero. This scene had to be rehearsed many times before I acted in a sufficiently realistic manner to suit Jimmy Snell; and as the others were not needed there, they usually retired to some distance and amused themselves in their own way, leaving Jimmy Snell and me and the two villains to perfect the scene before the cameraman was brought in.

Then, late one afternoon, Jimmy called on me for a rehearsal so that we would be ready for the camera the next day. I remembered afterward, when it was too late, that no one saw me go, and that Jimmy acted as if he was busy with another scene. I had always made it a point to obey orders, so I went to the place of rehearsal, though I saw nothing of my two villains when I reached there.

I sat down to wait, and presently I heard the sound of stealthy footsteps. I called out to let whoever was coming know that I was there, when the footfalls quickened, and two men who were entire strangers to me came into view around a big rock.

I wasn't at all frightened, though the men looked the part of ruffians far better than the pretended ones who were to capture me. I did not even move but looked inquiringly at them, waiting for them to explain why they were there. Instead of explaining, or even saying a word, they threw themselves on me and had me gagged and bound before I could utter more than one scream of terror.

THE men took turns in carrying me, and for at least an hour they went on. Then, at last I was carried into a dilapidated hut and placed on a rude couch. The gag was not removed from my mouth nor the cords from my arms and legs.

It was still light enough to see objects about me, and I studied the faces of the men, trying to determine from their expressions what their intentions toward me were. They, on their part, stood over me and smiled as they evidently discussed me with each other; and it was quite plain that, whatever else they might have felt, there was no compassion in them.

On the other hand they made no movement to indicate their intention to harm me in any way. This, while relieving me for the moment, rather increased my uneasiness than allayed it. Presently they sat down in the open doorway and began to smoke cigarettes while they conversed in Spanish.

It did not take me long to decide that they were probably waiting for someone, who could hardly be any other than the person for whom they had carried me off.

When the light faded, one of the men lighted a lamp that stood on a table, and then resumed his seat by the doorway. I don't know how long I lay there, but I know complete darkness had fallen when I heard footsteps near the hut. The men rose and went to meet the newcomer. I heard low voices and the sound of metal clinking. I knew at once that the men were being paid for their work, and that my real captor had come.

I turned my head so that I could watch the door, and waited in an agony of apprehension. I had not long to wait. I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. The figure of a man came through the doorway and entered within the circle of light. I saw him indistinctly, but knew in an instant who he was—Jimmy Snell!

"Yes," he said somberly. "It is Jimmy Snell. I told you you should be mine, and now you are. I want you to know how completely you are mine before I remove your gag. No one knows where you are; no one is even thinking about you; no one will think about you till the morning is well advanced. Do you realize that?" He gave me a sickening smile.

"I want you to fully understand," he went on in a low tone. "The first time I saw you you attracted me and I meant to have you. I thought I would get you by the easy way of seduction. You repulsed me. I liked you better for it. I found I loved you. I put you in the way of Harker. I thought if you yielded to him, you were not the girl I wanted. You resisted him, and I knew you were the one girl I would marry. I offered you marriage and you refused. Now once again, I offer you marriage. Will you be my wife?"

I don't know how I had the courage in that awful moment to repulse him, for I had no hope of succor.

"No," I replied, "I will never marry you. I hate you."

"Very well," he said, "I will give you one hour to think it over in. At midnight there will be a priest here to marry us. By that time you will be willing to marry me. I think you understand what I mean."

He stood looking down at me as if expecting some word from me; but I had not words; I was plunged into the deepest depths of a silent despair. I stared up at him speechless. He turned away with a shrug of the shoulders.

"You have an hour," he said, taking out his watch and looking at it. "I will wait outside."

He left me alone, and I lay there trying to compose my thoughts. Should I call him and say I would marry him, or should I fight to the last? Should I let him do his worst and then at the first opportunity kill myself?

I can see now how much I must have grown and developed in the days since I had thrown away his love to take up with Wally. I had long since known how unworthy and contemptible Wally was, and I had learned to appreciate and to love Barry; but I think I was only conscious in that terrible hour of how, at the bottom of my consciousness, was contempt for the girl I had been.

I had respected and admired Barry, I had even loved him, as much as such a child as I could feel that divine passion; and yet had been willing to marry Wally for his wealth alone; for him I had neither respect nor admiration, and certainly had not loved.

More and more my decision hardened. I did not minimize the horror of the situation; no splitting of hairs, no righteous determination, no self-assurance of the purity of my own conduct could blind me to the degradation that would follow my refusal to marry him. To myself I would be unclean, to the world if it knew I would be impure; and if there should come a child I would be an outcast. Nevertheless, when I saw Jimmy Snell enter the doorway and knew the hour of grace had expired, my mind was made up. He might do his worst. Death should be the door of my escape from the misunderstanding of the world. And if anyone thinks it was an easy decision to make, let him consider that I was not yet eighteen, filled with the love of life, overflowing with a passionate love for a man I might never see again, and all aquiver with the shame and horror of my threatened fate.

"Well," demanded Jimmy Snell, looking down at me with the smouldering fires of passion in his eyes, "the hour is up. What is your decision?"

I believe he thought I would yield and marry him. I think it was inconceivable to him that any girl could make more than one decision under the circumstances.

"I will not marry you," I said.

He was taken aback, as I could see; but he recovered himself in a moment and set his jaws. "You know the alternative?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you think I will relent?" he queried.

"I have no hope of anything so decent from you."

"For God's sake!" he almost yelled, "what do you hope to gain by your obstinacy?"

"I shall retain my self-respect," I answered with trembling lips; "and I warn you that if you do this awful thing to me, still I will not marry you. And if you do not kill me to close my lips, I will find the man I love, and he will hunt you through the world wherever you may hide, and punish you for your terrible crime. But oh, Jimmy Snell!" I wailed, suddenly breaking, "if there is one spark of manhood in your breast, if there is one tiny throb of love for me in your heart, don't bring such shame and degradation on me."

"Shut up!" he yelled with sudden passion. "I will not listen to you. My mind is made up. You can save your honor by marrying me. Do this, Suzanne, darling," he pleaded, changing his tone. "I do not like to harm you. I want you for my wife. I will make you happy. Don't you see that you must marry me if I dishonor you; it will be your only way."

"I can die," I answered in as firm a tone as I could command. I was near the breaking point.

"Death is not so easy," he said in the old, implacable tone. "You will find it so. You persist in your choice?"

"Yes," I breathed, and shut my eyes.

But suddenly I was conscious that the light had been put out, and I opened my eyes and stared into the darkened room.

(*Continued next week*)

An Underworld Lady

(*Continued from page 20*)

Deep.' A terrible little vixen, bad as they make 'em. But she's human. She errs through love for another man. She is a product of our misshapen system of justice which forces girls who have had no training in earning their livelihood to go into the underworld. *Sadie* is in it, but not of it. She is married, and has been true to her 'side-kick,' *Bud*, until another love enters her life, which excites her pleasure-loving senses. Then it is that the vixen comes out in her. I think it is the best thing I've done in a long while—these society vamps I have played sometimes were so difficult to humanize. I enjoyed plying my screen trade in a different setting!"

There's a bird-like, dainty grace about *Sadie*, as she flashes on the screen, quick, deft, lightning of thought and action; you may hate her for the trick she plays upon *Bud*, but at the same time you'll recognize her, having seen her own counterpart many times in real life. The other day I sat at my window and watched a black-bird flying across my backyard, dangling a huge worm that was almost as big as himself. Finally it was too much for him, and he dropped his prey. I thought of the black-bird when I watched *Sadie* ply her old, old trade upon the silversheet: quick, darting grace, daring, sleekly beautiful—and finally dropping the game. Like the black-bird, *Sadie* "bit off more than she could chew" and had to give up gracefully an uneven battle.

Yes, there are black-birds in life, as there are *Sadies*—and Marcia Manons. The latter, she wants you to understand, pursues her vocation of vamping willing men from purely monetary reasons. She intends to continue being an Underworld Lady for a while to save lots and lots of money, in order that she may—buy a farm and settle down! This back-to-the-soil idea persists beneath that black, short-cropped hair, and any time you miss the lure of Marcia Manon from the silver sheet you'll know that she has saved up heaps of dollars and bought herself a nice, rustic farm—with electricity and grand pianos. And that she has settled down to grow vegetables and things and to forget her Underworld Past in the fillums.

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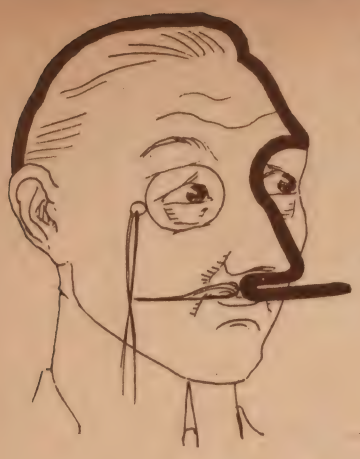

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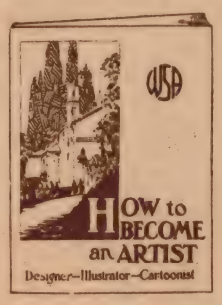

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MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

MARJORIE DAW

Photo by Alfrd Cheney Johnston

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SEPTEMBER 23, 1922 TEN CENTS

MOVIE WEEKLY

PRISCILLA DEAN

Is William S. Hart Unlucky in Love? See page 6

Rodolph Valentino's Big Comfort See page 10

OCTOBER 7, 1922 TEN CENTS

MOVIE WEEKLY

MARION DAVIES

The Jail Flirt
See Page 4

The Life Story of Tom Mix
See Page 11

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MOVIE WEEKLY
№ 34. PRINTED IN U·S·A· Vol. II.

Contrasts

YOUR town may be a hamlet of some five hundred souls, or it may be a city, throbbing with commercial life. But wherever your town may be, it has a spirit all its own, an individuality, just as surely as you have an individuality.

And that individuality is influenced, improved or damaged, by the amusements which are part of the daily life of your town.

The motion picture is the amusement hub of any American town, small and large. Hence, the problem of the motion picture bulks large in the discussion of the welfare of the American community.

All of which is introductory to certain incidents which have taken place and are taking place today along Broadway, where the business life of the motion picture centers.

Two years ago, a promoter raised $30,000, engaged one of the most popular actresses of the screen, one of the screen's leading directors, and a studio. On the reputation of his star and his director, he tried to raise $50,000 more. He failed. The company stopped work in the midst of production. The promoter left New York in a hurry.

His failure was the first of a series which have nearly resulted in the total disappearance of the "fly-by-night" promoter from the motion picture mart. The bankruptcy proceedings which followed the dissolution of the company provided a sensation, for at that time it was believed that there was so much money in pictures that failure was impossible.

But shortly thereafter another company, which had raised several hundred thousand dollars, and was aimlessly and extravagantly producing a so-called million dollar picture, also went into bankruptcy. Its promoter also fled. The assets were taken over by a receiver and a picture was somehow produced and somehow sold, repaying in part the losses of hundreds of small investors.

Since then, other promoters have tried to reap their huge commissions and ridiculously large salaries. They have usually failed. In recent months new Wallingfords have rented offices, gone ahead in their usually unintelligent fashion to raise money, and have given up, not even being able to pay their office rent.

In other words, although the motion picture, in the last two years, has been passing through the crucible of hard times, and has had to suffer because of moral censorship and scandal, it has purified itself of those parasites who in former days did so much to lower the average of quality, and to bring an evil name to the industry.

Now, your town has seen some of the tawdry, poorly directed, miserably acted pictures which have been hastily put together by a promoter who DID manage to get all the money he needed. Your town saw those pictures usually in a small theatre, which, likely as not, was poorly ventilated, had uncomfortable seats, a player-piano for the musical accompaniment, and all the other adjuncts of the cheap amusement place. The only virtue of the production was its cheapness. It didn't cost as much to see it as to see a first-class picture in a first-class theatre. But the residents of your town who saw such a picture in such surroundings were thereby cheapening their own standards.

In Rochester, the new university-owned Eastman Theatre, artistically constructed, tremendous in size, tastefully decorated, comfortable, perfect in all its appointments, could not be the setting for a cheap, tawdry picture. Such a production in such surroundings would be an impossibility. The motion picture itself has to rise to the theatre in which it is shown, in the case of the Eastman Theatre. If the directors of the Eastman Theatre could not find a picture worthy of their show-house, they would convert it into an auditorium.

Your town may not be large enough to support a theatre the size of the Eastman. It may not have a citizen as wealthy or as public-spirited as George Eastman, to endow such a theatre. It might not be able to find a university group such as that of the University of Rochester, to experiment with such an undertaking.

But your town should be able to create and support a community motion picture theatre suited to its needs and thus make it impossible for the producer who has no other goal than money to sell his inartistic, cheap pictures. In Europe, the opera and the stage are subsidized in many localities by city or national governments.

Why not the American community motion picture theatre?

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From The Collection Of
BRUCE THOMSON

What's Around the Corner In Your Life?

Are you ambitious for bigger things than you have now? Do you know what they will be? Many popular picture stars of today had little or no idea that they would ever get into pictures and yet, "around the corner in their lives." . . . Are you like them?

Wallie Reid was a newspaper reporter and on the editorial staff of "Motor," before he bumped into a picture career, "around the corner of his life."

THE desire for a screen career amongst girls and men of today is a fifty-fifty ratio or perhaps even a sixty-forty one, with the "I would like to go on the screen" on the large end. Taken as a profession, motion pictures seems to be a discouraging one to "break in." The field appears overcrowded. In reality—it is. But with mediocre talent.

The beautiful girls in your city may have latent histrionic talent that would surpass that of Gloria Swanson, Gladys Walton, Claire Windsor and others, if given the chance for development. Perhaps these beautiful girls are not interested in such a career. We believe, however, that they are. And yet—how can they break in? How can the handsome young men get in?

Each day, we "turn" a different "corner" in our lives. What is "around those corners" is something we don't know. It may be the means of breaking into pictures, breaking in in something of a big way.

Take "Movie Weekly's" own "Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest." The winners will be given an opportunity that money could hardly buy. A job with Ed Wynn in his successful stage play, "The Perfect Fool," in addition to the chance to forge ahead as fast as your ability permits. Another job with the Pyramid Picture Company, with the odds absolutely in your favor to make good with the company that is starring Violet Hemming in "Desert Love," Faire Binney in "Flapper Love," and others.

All that is necessary to enter this Contest and win a chance for yourself on stage or screen, is to send in several pictures, showing your full face, three-quarters, and full figure, the last taken preferably in a one-piece bathing suit so that your form is shown to best advantage. One more requirement, too: to write a statement, or a letter, of not *more* than one hundred words on "The Art of Luring —Why I Know How." This is nothing more than to say why you can attract a man, how you dress to do it, how you talk, how you act.

And if you win this Contest—you stand a very good chance—"around the corner in your life" is either a stage or a screen career. Just send in the above-mentioned material postmarked not later than October 6, 1922, the closing date of the Contest. (See page 6 for additional details.)

Corinne Griffith is a beautiful star who thought nothing more removed from her than a screen career, about six years ago. She lived in Texas, her life that of the majority of girls. One day, she read about a Contest in a motion picture magazine, the winner of which would be given an opportunity to make good with a motion picture company. Corinne didn't have the slightest idea of winning the coveted prize when she decided to send in several of her pictures to the Contest Editor.

"Might as well take a chance," she reasoned. "Nothing risked, nothing gained. It takes only a few minutes to have the pictures taken, only a few cents to mail them. Why not?"

Why not, indeed. Corinne won the prize. She came to New York from her Texas home and was given a small part in a Vitagraph picture. Not many months later, the Vitagraph company signed the little southerner to a five-year contract, a contract that expires around the first of next year. Several big producing organizations are endeavoring, now, to sign Corinne, at a salary that any girl of twenty-four should be proud to earn.

Corinne Griffith, one sunny day in her home in Texas, became interested in a Motion Picture Beauty Contest, being conducted by a periodical, sent in her pictures—and won. Vitagraph gave her a chance—and now . . .

Out on the Coast, Charles "Buck" Jones is now starring for the Fox company. Buck was a cowboy, not so long ago, earning a small livelihood riding steers. He rode into Los Angeles, one day, decided he could make use of a few spare dollars, and drifted into the Fox lot. He got a job as an extra. The director liked the way he managed a horse, appreciated his fine physique and virile features. Buck was given his chance to make good. Now look at him . . .

Charles "Buck" Jones, a handsome, dashing cowboy, rode into Fox's West Coast "movie corrall" one fine day and got a job as an extra—just to make a little spare change. Look what was around the corner of his life . . .

And of course you know Katherine MacDonald

(Continued on page 30)

"The American Beauty," they call her—Katherine MacDonald. She visited her sister, Mary MacLaren. A director, enthralled by her beauty . . .

A Jail

IRA L. HILL'S STUDIO

Texas Guinan wields a steady pair of guns, but her smile is more to *our* liking!

The extraordinary experiences of Texas Guinan, stage and screen star

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

LEAVE it to St. Anthony!

Texas Guinan has a habit of getting into grief—but her patron saint always manages somehow to get her out of it.

Quite recently the dynamic cow-lady of the films got arrested because someone claimed she owed him $1,575 on an automobile.

She was playing in vaudeville and reached Los Angeles. Presto! she was arrested, hauled off the stage and carted inelegantly to the city bastile to put up bail for herself.

It was the 'steenth time she's been "pinched"—but the burly arm of the law apparently holds no terror for her.

Even though Texas is a shootin', scootin', holy terror in her Wild West pictures, she's more or less tame and unromantic as her real life self.

When a feminine cop and an unromantic constabule stepped onto the stage of Loew's State Theatre in Los Angeles to arrest Miss Guinan for her latest "breach" of legal jurisprudence, she didn't pull any firearms on them.

Although an ugly six-shooter bedecked her hip, she drew not a single bead. She was "pinched" just as she stepped out of her act to the generous plaudits of a thrilled audience. She had just participated in a footlight hold-up in which numerous bullets were shot and many cuss words uttered.

She was all primed and set for a drink of ice water as she ducked into the theatre wings after her act, packing her artillery.

But thereupon the words from the constabular duo:

"YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! ! !"

As I said before, it was the 'steenth time she's heard 'em . . .

Ever since *Texas* Guinan, fresh from the cattle country of her native state, made a buxom entrance into the New York Winter Garden some seasons ago, the finger of the law seems to have been pointed at her.

"As a kid," she told me, and puffed on a Lucky Strike in her theatre dressing room after the first hectic excitement of her late "incarceration" had blown over, "I always hankered for two things:

"I wanted to drive a fire engine and to spend a night in jail.

"I've never driven the blaze buggy, but I certainly have had the very best room and bath a good town bastile could give me."

Texas takes jail matters lightly. They should worry her. Never yet has she done anything in direct violation of the law—at least, so her attorneys have invariably been able to prove.

She's never paid a fine, and she's never been sentenced. Yet . . .

As I said before, she's been pinched more times, almost, than any other one individual at liberty now in this country.

Her first notorious arrest happened some seasons ago when the government charged her with violating the use of the mails in her sponsoring of an anti-fat preparation. And so goes her story:

"I had gotten very fat in New York. The Shuberts saw me and said I'd have to reduce before I could open in their new Winter Garden show, which was to go into rehearsal in a few weeks.

"Fifth Avenue looked like a good hiking ground. And I set out to walk and reduce—but all I seemed to do was to get huskier.

"One day I met a Frenchwoman who told me I was a fool to walk my head off when I could take a preparation made of iodine, alum, alcohol and some other ingredients, rub it on my body and let nature take its course.

"I tried it—and in a month I had reduced from 195 to 120! It worked like a charm.

"Some months later I went on tour out to California. There a newspaper writer who had seen me—fat as I was—the season before, interviewed me and printed a story about *how* I had gotten thin.

"Two weeks later I was in Coronado, where I met a man who offered me a huge interest in a company he said he would form to put my anti-fat remedy onto the market.

"We coined money, so fast, in fact, that I had four secretaries working to take care of my share of the profits for me while I went on with my show.

"Then alcohol took a rise in price and my remedy manufacturer began to use less of it and more alum in my preparation.

"I didn't know a thing in the world about the manufacturing process. I should be annoyed. I was getting something like $2,300 a day royalties, and we had testimonials of everybody from President Taft to Trixie Friganza.

"I began to think I was Hetty Green and had the world by the back hair.

"Then I went to Europe. Came a cable saying the Federal officers were after my manufacturer, who had skipped. So I went home, because I wouldn't look so well in stripes.

"After all was said and done—after I had proved that the company merely used my name and that

When appearing in Washington at Loew's Strand Theatre, Texas was the guest of President and Mrs. Harding.

Flirt

I didn't have anything to say about how the thing was to be run—it had cost me something like $60,000.

"Lesson No. 1. No more beauty secrets to be disclosed by Texas!"

"Again when I was in Los Angeles, some hair dresser tried to sue me," Miss Guinan gurgled.

I thought it was about time for me to go. This was *too* much!

"Oh, sit down—have a chair and slice yourself some tea!" she laughed. "As I was saying . . .

"I had to live for a month in a taxicab so they couldn't serve me with papers. I got an alcohol lamp and kept the car stocked with food—and cooked my own meals while I rode around ditching servers.

"Finally *that* thing blew over when I had my little say in court. More luck from St. Anthony."

When she first came to California to make pictures for the old Triangle company she got arrested for speeding so much that she put the Culver City motorcycle policeman—who happened to have been the first husband of Frances White—on her studio payroll as property man.

"The first time I bought a car," she reminisced, "I went into a cafe for dinner. When I came out every wheel was tagged because I was on the wrong side of the street, turned in the wrong direction, had no lights—and I've forgotten what else.

"But I proved that my ignorance of the city's traffic rules was a just excuse for these matters.

"But when I took a look at that car with those tags on it, I thought it was New Year's Eve."

Texas now says that most of her grief has come to her in the California cow country. In the city limits of Stockton she was arrested for going nearly ninety miles an hour in a high-powered car at five a. m.

But the judge dismissed her when he found that she *had* to make that mileage in order to reach a certain other distant town in time for her stage appearance.

About a year ago, a Los Angeles grocer swore out a warrant against her, charging her with having given him a worthless check for $49.59.

Officers found her at her spacious Beverly Hills home, arrested her and took her to jail.

She spent the night this time in the hoosegow, because she was so mad she wouldn't put up bail.

"It's a riot, jail," quoth Tex. "I heard a noise in the middle of the night and called the matron.

" 'Someone's trying to break in!' I said, but she just laughed and told me it was only the rats.

"I wanted a room and bath, but I found they didn't have one, so I slept peacefully without a bath.

"In the morning the newspapermen wanted to talk with me. But I sent down word that I never received before 11—and I had been up with the other prisoners since 6."

IRA L. HILL'S STUDIO

The look, the pose, the cigarette . . . and ah, the girl, Texas Guinan . . .

Texas and two of the cowboys in her company stop to converse with an old friend, the man who has swept the White House sidewalk since "Teddy" Roosevelt took office.

It was at this juncture that Texas made a comic observation.

"Do you know," she said, "people in jail are like opera singers. They all look for their notices in the daily papers the morning after they've been jugged. And temperamental! Say—they are more fussy than any chorus girl."

The check charge against Texas was dismissed when her bank proved that the plaintiff had not cashed his check until six months after issuance. And Miss Guinan had been in New York three months—and consequently had had her account transferred there.

Result was that she sued the man for $4,000 and won the money.

The whole thing about going to jail has become a laughable pastime with Texas.

"I wouldn't humiliate my intelligence," she explained to me, "by ever letting anybody 'do' me out of twenty-five cents. Most of the people think they can overcharge an actress and get by with it.

"They can't slip it over on me, however. I'll pay my bills and live up to every contract. But I won't pay a cent more for anything than I've promised."

Only a few people know that Guinan is a strict churchwoman in spite of her life behind the kliegs and footlights.

"All of my uncles are priests, and I leave everything to St. Anthony, who's always brought me luck. If I am sued for, say, $500 and win the suit, I promptly give half that amount to the church—in the name of St. Anthony—for charity.

"But I don't like to talk about *that*, though. That's getting personal."

When the latest case against Miss Guinan—the charge that she had sold a mortgaged automobile on which was due $1,575—came to light in court,

(*Continued on page* 30)

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

Blondes and Brunettes

YOUR LAST CHANCE! ! !

To enter Movie Weekly's stupendous "Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest."

BUT A CHANCE WHICH IS GOOD.

The Contest closes October 7, 1922. All photographs mailed to the Vampire Editor, 119 West 40th Street, must be mailed before October 7th. If you mail them October 6th, that is all right. The postmark will be BEFORE October 7th.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO ENTER. BETTER AT THE END OF THE CONTEST THAN NOT AT ALL.

Send with your photographs a statement or a letter of NOT MORE than one hundred words on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." DO IT NOW.

If your photographs and statement on "The Art of Luring" reaches the Vampire Editor postmarked BEFORE October 7th, you will have the same chance to win as those who sent in their photographs and statement earlier. Your statement can be either typewritten or written by hand.

Many contestants have notified the Vampire Editor that they were awaiting the concluding articles in the "De Sacia Mooers Advises the Blondes" and "Betty Blythe Advises the Brunettes" series. This series is now ended. You know the rules, which are not severe and which give everyone a chance. If you have the beauty approved by the judges and write something on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How," you may be one of the winners to get a job with the Pyramid Picture Company at a salary of one hundred dollars a week or with Ed Wynn's show, "The Perfect Fool."

Originally, the judges thought it would be necessary for contestants to send four photographs, so that a complete idea of their physical beauty might be obtained. But the difficulty which beset many girls in obtaining the necessary number of photographs has led to a letting down of the bars. One picture will do, although if you can send in more, your chance for the golden prize will be better. The pictures may be of any size, from snap-shots up.

To Be Eligible To Movie Weekly's BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST

(1) You must be a natural blonde.
(2) You must be a natural brunette.
(3) The auburn, or red head, girls are included with the blondes.
(4) Photograph requirements: These pictures may be of any size from snap-shots up, but remember that fairly large and clear pictures will, of course, be greatly to your advantage with the judges.
(5) Attached to these photographs must be your article—*not more than* 100 *words in length*—entitled "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How." If possible, it should be typewritten on one side of a sheet no larger than letter-head size. If you have no typewriter, write it neatly and legibly on one side of the sheet in longhand.
(6) Professional actresses are barred from the contest.
(7) Amateur players are welcome.
(8) Photographs and written statement can only be submitted once. No changes will be allowed after material has once been received.
(9) Address photographs and statement to VAMPIRE EDITOR, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City, and send them by first-class mail.
(10) Girls under age are eligible, provided they have consent of parents or guardians.
(11) Married women are eligible.
(12) Girls who have bobbed hair are eligible.

And that statement—something which has bothered so many entrants—is not so difficult after all. You have read the advice which Movie Weekly has printed. Write what you think, how you would go about the business of luring. If your knowledge is contained in a single sentence, write it down. But do not write more than one hundred words.

But do it now. Be quick about it. You are still not too late to become famous as one of the winners of Movie Weekly's famous "Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest."

Seize your opportunity. It is knocking at your door. Rise into fame as the girl selected by Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., the famous producer of the Follies; by Julian Mitchell, the noted musical comedy director, and by A. N. Smallwood, the renowned motion picture director, as the most beautiful vampire girl, blonde or brunette, in Movie Weekly's contest.

Your last chance is at hand!

Act!

Mail that statement and your photograph now.

Remember — your expenses to New York will be paid. You will earn one hundred dollars a week for four consecutive weeks. You will play either in a Pyramid Picture, or in "The Perfect Fool." You will have fame at your hand, a career before you, the support of leading producers to make your path to success the easier.

It is not too late today. Tomorrow it **will be** too late.

Do it now!

Contestants in the Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest

HOLLER STUDIO, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Mary Hoffman in "newsboy" attire.

Each week, we run pictures of possible winners of MOVIE WEEKLY'S BLONDE-BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST

In a decorous bathing suit, all set for a swim.

HOLLER STUDIO
Full face

"THE ART OF LURING—WHY I KNOW HOW"

Personality has everything to do with a "Vampire." She exerts herself when she feels a man's presence, and does everything in her power to captivate and capture him.

She makes herself attractive, then gracefully swings her beautiful body, bringing to the eye the youthful curves of her limbs.

Since the days of Adam, Woman has always attracted Man, with Beauty and Personality.

MARY HOFFMAN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOLLER STUDIO
Three-quarters face

Sailing with Death

The story of how "Fury" was made

By

DICK BARTHELMESS

At Left:

The good ship, "Lady Spray," taking Dick Barthelmess and his company on the high seas to film his new picture, "Fury."

ONCE aboard the lugger is enough for me! Sailing over the bounding main in a palatial ocean liner is luxury personified, but a trip on a four-masted schooner, plying through the stormy seas is another story. At that I have had an adventure which I wouldn't have missed for the world.

I have seen how these rough, hardy, happy-go-lucky maties and bos'ns of whom poets have sung, and narrators have told, can weather any storm with a laugh, and I have corralled enough sea atmosphere to write a dozen best sellers, if only the muse had blessed me with a spark of divine genius.

It took us three weeks to ply from Philadelphia to Gloucester, Mass., and never in those long twenty-one days did we catch even a glimpse of the shore line. There was water everywhere, in the ocean, on the decks, inside of us and outside of us. If I were only an ancient mariner instead of a landlubber, I could sing you a story regarding that phase of the matter. However, here's the tale, minus embellishments. Naturally, it is around a motion picture. Yes, you've guessed it—a sea story—a rollicking, adventurous, melodramatic episode.

"Fury" is the picture—the "Lady Spray," the schooner, although we gave her that name, as she was christened "Nereus" and during the war had belonged to Germany, but was awarded to France by the Reparations Commission. When we chartered her, she was flying the Greek flag, having been bought by merchants of that nationality, but she flew the good old American flag, when, white sails gleaming and all hands aboard, she sailed out of port on that eventful day, when we said good-bye to terra firma.

If you are anxious for life in the raw, try some night sleeping in a hammock with a rolling and pitching ship beneath you, the ocean mist seeping through your blankets and clothing and the knowledge that it's several hundred feet to the bottom in the case of an accident. Gather round a table with a hungry crew, where the ship's cook doles out heaping cupfuls of canned willie in stew form to appease your hunger, and first come first served is his policy. That's just what we did, for Director Henry King had insisted that in order to get the proper atmosphere for our picture, we must lead the life it portrayed.

We took our scenes right on board that ship, staged a whale of a fight on its slippery decks, fully realizing our peril if we stumbled too near the edge. Oh, it was atmosphere all right—the kind I'm always going to have in my pictures. But I'm not going to do a sea story again in a hurry, I can tell you.

How that crew did work! For instance, the anchor weighed several tons. It took the men several hours to haul it in or pay it out, for it worked with a windlass, not the motor-driven kind, but of the treadmill, hand variety, where each man took his stand and pushed around in a weary circle until the task was completed. I took my turn at it, and I can appreciate how the galley slaves felt in the old days.

It was an exciting trip, too. Shrouded in mystery as we were after we got out on the high seas, with no apparent mission, it seemed inevitable that we should be followed. By whom? Why, a selected ship from the Dry Navy whose officers suspected that we had contraband liquor, bootleg whiskey or plain hootch aboard. There was a stiff breeze blowing and we made great headway and gave her a bit of a chase, but before she caught us she espied another suspicious schooner, and abandoned us for the second craft, with fine results for Uncle Sam, for she was loaded to the gunwales with liquor.

We stood by—from a distance of about two miles—and watched the dapper little sub-chaser of Captain Volstead hail the rum-runner. It gave us the feeling of participating in one of those exciting incidents of the late war, when all ships save those of the Allied Navies were under suspicion, and when every nautical mile was fraught with its varied danger and adventure.

Mr. Rum-Runner stopped in his tracks when the little chaser fired a shot across his bows. The shot echoed and echoed like drawn-out thunder, even

Dinner hour on the "Lady Spray." Director Henry King, sitting next to Dick, cup upraised, is gazing at Dick's clean-shaven face all agog. Just look at his face and you'll understand why!

on the High Seas

Getting a lesson splicing a rope.

from the distance where we stood. Then, happy that it had not been our bows that had been clipped by the charge, we went on our perilous way.

During the days following this incident I felt more and more like Dana on the first month of his famous cruise, "Two Years Before the Mast." Only I had not been brought up in old Salem and so was not resolved to spend my next two years watching a fool wooden hulk ramble over a fool ocean. Dana had to swab decks and run up the rigging—he was only a common seaman, you know—and I had to swab decks at least twice. The first time, I thought it would be a novelty in my life, for my part called for a scene showing me pushing the well-known scrubbing brush and toting the equally well-known pail along with me.

But for some reason, sun, or wind, or something else, the shot didn't satisfy Mr. King. "Isn't clear enough," he said, when it was run off on the little projection machine in the captain's spacious cabin. So two days later, I donned my greasy togs again and set forth once more with brush and pail.

There are two things, writers say, that make it worth while to go to sea. One is the sunrise. The other sunset. They say you can only see the dawn and the dusk at sea. But they never tried to make a motion picture at sea. It is all very well to show the heaving of the ship in some of your shots, but if you keep it up for the entire five or six reels you will have your audience as seasick as you were when you were taking the picture. So we would start out and take a nice heaving scene showing plenty of action, with the horizon bobbing up and down before the camera as if it had blind staggers.

But, when we wanted a serious closeup, we would have to wait for the sea to subside. We would take our places before the camera. Mr. King would stand with one eye on the horizon, the other on the deck, and when he thought that the good ship "Lady Spray" had settled sufficiently to make it appear that we would not drop entirely out of the line of the camera when the crank began to turn, he would give the signal and the shot would be taken. Now, anyone who has ever tried to stand in one position for three-quarters of an hour knows that his legs seriously rebel when forced to slip out of a hammock at 5 a. m. for the purpose of watching a sun bob up out of the ocean. So I didn't see the sunrise once in my three weeks' trip. And it always happened that I was a bit hungry and not a little fatigued when the sun made the taking of pictures impossible, so I was usually sitting inside taking a snack of willie, when night fell. Some day I'm going to take a rowboat out of the Battery and see for myself if Conrad and Dana are right.

As for storms, there was one storm

Dick, as second mate of the ship.

that almost sent us three hundred fathoms down, but I'm going to tell you about that later. That wasn't a storm, just a fog, but anyone who has been on a schooner for three weeks in the middle of summer, knows that you just can't stop a storm from blowing up. It will blow up even if you keep your fingers crossed from the time a cloud passes over the sun until the good old sun or the good old stars pop out of the very last straggling cloud after the damage has been done.

And storms have a way of coming up out of the east, the west, the north or the south, wherever they take a notion to come from, and whenever they feel like it. Almost every evening we got our regular scheduled bombardment from the heavens. Sometimes the lightning would just naturally streak down the heavens way off toward the horizon and we would sit around on the decks and watch the fireworks. But more often than not the lightning would take a fancy to our hulk, and ZOOM, the show was on.

Old tars, and there were one or two on board, insist that a ship is the safest place to be on during a thunder storm. The water underneath conducts the lightning safely down to the depths and leaves the ship unharmed. But when it starts to teem, and the thunder roars aimlessly but continually, and a soft looking cloud hangs overhead, looking as if it felt like popping down square on the deck, well, it certainly feels good to sneak indoors, even into a stuffy cabin, until the festivities are over.

But storms and heavy seas finally made me develop the best pair of sea legs any landlubber ever boasted. And I learned, too, how to climb the masts, to splice ropes and do all the things sailors are supposed to do except the hornpipe. So if I ever happen to get tired of making pictures and decide to take up life on the rolling main, I can probably—even to the language—get a job from any sea captain between Key West and Cape Cod. But I don't think I shall apply for such a job just yet.

One night we almost visited Davy Jones' locker. We could almost hear the legendary old tar calling to us from the fathoms of water beneath us. There was a dense fog, and we didn't know where we were. When the wind shifts and a fog descends on a sailing vessel, she is pretty apt to get lost and, of course, we had wandered from our course. We had two fog horns aboard which were kept blowing, of course. One of them, however, was run by lung power, and the matie just had to take a rest once in a while. The other was operated by windlass. Either of them had a carrying

(*Continued on page* 30)

Dorothy Gish, playing opposite Dick.

where do IDEAS come from?

"From a toothbrush," calmly announces Jeanie MacPherson, special scenario writer for Cecil de Mille

"Behold the toothbrush," laughs Jeanie Macpherson, her most effective source of inspiration for scenario writing.

WHERE do ideas come from?

What object, surroundings or circumstances are responsible for the formation of a brand-new and original thought?

Psychologists agree that different individuals react in a mentally creative way to different circumstances. Creative artists from the dawn of history to the present have developed ideas under their individual "thinking circumstances."

Balzac demanded the quiet of the deserted streets of Paris for the formation of his ideas. Thoreau chose the stillness of the woods. A famous composer developed tremendous musical themes while immersed in a hot bath. But it remained for Jeanie Macpherson, talented and versatile writer of screen plays, to develop a really novel "thinking complex."

For Jeanie Macpherson gets her ideas from her toothbrush! To her a tube of tooth paste is a magic container of inspiration and the prosaic toothbrush a magician's wand wherewith ideas are brought into existence by a gesture!

There is nothing facetious about Miss Macpherson's belief in the efficacy of her toothbrush. Authorities on the subject of thought processes support her theory that ideas are generated by even such commonplace daily actions as teeth-cleansing.

But even had psychologists differed with her, Miss Macpherson would hold to her belief that her toothbrush is indissolubly linked with ideas. She points to numberless instances of original "hunches" that have sprung into existence during the daily teeth-cleansing.

"I discovered long ago that my best ideas came to me while I was brushing my teeth in the morning," Miss Macpherson declared in discussing this phenomenon. "I would retire at night puzzling over some detail of a screen play. The puzzle would remain unsolved when I awakened. But invariably in the midst of teeth-cleansing the solution would flash into my brain.

"Nor has this exercise restricted its helpfulness to the solving of baffling technical or dramatic puzzles; ideas for original screen stories have been born in exactly the same way. Of course, the finished play has not sprung into existence in a matter of minutes. But the fundamental idea—the theme—of several of the stories that have been most successful have occurred to me while the toothbrush was in action. Those same ideas required months of elaboration before they were developed to the point of motion picture production, for scenario writing takes much time and labor. Nevertheless, I have my toothbrush to thank for the start.

"The tooth brush is just as effective today as it was ten years ago. It is still the magic wand of ideas. I can point out several instances of its efficacy in my most recent work—the adaptation of Alice Duer Miller's novel 'Manslaughter,' which Cecil B. De Mille recently produced for Paramount.

"To illustrate: In the original novel the ending lacked the dramatic 'punch' which it must have for photoplay purposes. It read well, but it would not picturize effectively. All of the difficulties were ironed out too easily. I devoted hours and even weeks of brain-racking thought to the problem of getting more drama into the finish of the story.

"And then one morning the idea came in the midst of brushing my teeth. If Lydia Thorne, the girl of the story, were to marry O'Bannon, the young ex-district attorney and candidate for governor, he could not be elected. The governor's wife could not be an ex-convict. This provided the necessary degree of sacrifice and gave real dramatic strength to a conclusion that was otherwise weak.

"But it was the toothbrush that provided the concluding scenes of 'Manslaughter,' just as it had previously provided many of the other original ideas embodied in the picturization of this novel."

Why should the homely task of brushing the teeth promote the development of ideas?

Jeanie Macpherson has her own explanation, based on her long experience with the results of this practice. Here it is:

"The mind is rested after a night's sleep. The morning is the ideal time for clear thinking. But it requires a little time to shake off the effects of slumber. That time is occupied by dressing. By the time one reaches the stage of teeth-brushing the brain is clear and efficient. Right here the body becomes occupied with a mechanical movement that is not severe enough to interfere with thought, but is sufficiently strenuous to leave the mind absolutely clear and detached. The mechanical rotations of the brush are just enough to claim that portion of the brain needed for minor voluntary movement. The rest of the brain can soar away on its own affairs. That's when the ideas come," Miss Macpherson concluded.

Jeanie Macpherson has been responsible for the stories of many of Cecil B. De Mille's most successful Paramount picture. "Joan the Woman" was one of her early screen originals that won the public's approval. Her adaptations and original scenarios include "Male and Female," "Old Wives for New," "Don't Change Your Husband," "Something to Think About," "Forbidden Fruit," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Saturday Night" and De Mille's most recent production, "Manslaughter."

Jeanie takes a rest from her literary toil to take Harry Harts, the famous racing driver, out for a speedy ride in her machine.

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Beauties of the Silver Screen

DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

This—they say—is a moth dance as done by Bebe Daniels in an appropriately named picture, "Singed Wings."

DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

It would take a good-sized flame to singe Bebe's wings, to our way of thinking, and judging from Bebe's changes of expression, from grave—

DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

To gay, the exotic Paramount star managed to escape both with her wings unscotched and her smile as persistent as ever.

Now it can be Told

Theodore Roberts has some sea-gulls that have never seen the sea Two sea-gulls flew inland and made their nest on top of a dove-cote in his backyard. The female laid eggs, which hatched, and the little sea-gulls are now Roberts' great pets.

Probably the brain of one person never could conjure up all the questions that may be asked about the stars by the fans, but we here try to tell—and will continue each week —some interesting out-of-the-way facts about the picture players.

Revealed by

GRACE KINGSLEY

Wally Reid delights in painting the furniture in his big billiard-room-den-living room. The piano, on which he is playing, is a study in sky blue and vermillion.

Shirley Mason has a big German police dog, which won't take food from anybody but herself. When she went to New York a while ago, the animal nearly starved, but finally the servants hit on a plan of carrying some of her garments along with the food, and the dog sniffed the garments, seemed to feel better, and ate a little.

Constance Talmadge is terribly afraid of horses. This looks as though it held for Fords, too, but maybe Connie is only kiddin' us along.

Pola Negri Dined on Her Arrival in New York

Pola Negri Arouses Keen Curiosity

THE vivid star of "Passion," "Gypsy Blood," "One Arabian Night," and other Continental productions arrived in New York following a rather uncomfortable voyage across. Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players-Lasky, for whom she came over here to make pictures, arranged a luncheon in honor of his star at Sherry's, on Park Avenue. The press was invited, and every girl and every man on a New York newspaper, motion picture trade paper and fan publication, arrived eager to meet Miss Negri.

Miss Negri, contrary to custom (!) was nearly on time, the luncheon being scheduled for one o'clock, she getting there at 1:20. The scribes clustered together in groups, sending surreptitious glances at the composed Nola Negri. Indeed, no fan could be more curious or more desirous of meeting a favorite star than were these blase newspaper and magazine writers to meet the vivid woman who so composedly entered the room with Adolph Zukor.

Different Off Screen

Pola Negri is different off the screen than on. Most people picture her tall, her features large, her nose that of a peasant—small and thickly broad at the nostrils. This is absolutely a wrong impression.

Miss Negri is petite, slender and graceful. The reason for thinking her otherwise is that on the Other Side, her leading men were small in stature. She has large, black eyes which, engulfed in silences, or dreams, or abstractions, suggest the temperamental moods of the sea when rippling gently under momentary azure blue skies. Her nose is not broad; it is small, the sensitive nostrils quivering to the capriciousness of emotion.

Meeting Miss Negri

"How do you do," responded the Polish star, in response to the introduction. Our eyes lingered on the creamy pallor of her complexion, accentuated by slightly rouged lips and the depth of her slumbrous black eyes.

Raymond McKee

Miss Negri wore a long velvet cape, a magnificent black lace collar that hung nearly to her waist, draping it. Her hat was also black, with silver trimming along the brim, curving to each side. She wore a black lace frock, cut low, showing to exquisite advantage her faultless neck.

"Miss Negri does not speak English very well," someone whispered in our ear. In describing her trip across, however, we thought she expressed herself unusually clearly. She speaks with an accent that does not mar her speech, but contributes vocal charm to her others.

"It was not a good trip," she articulated slowly. "Too many people. More than a thousand. But ah, so good to come here to America, my dream, my ambition."

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

KENNETH ALEXANDER

Lllian Gish, as seen in "Orphans of the Storm"

Whole Hearted Reception

Miss Negri, Mr. Zukor, and members of the press, adjourned to the dining room, where a delicious repast was served. After, Mr. Zukor welcomed Miss Negri. The star, however, did not respond herself. An interpreter spoke and thanked Mr. Zukor and the press for his and their cordial reception. When she returns from the Coast, the interpreter said in part, after making Robert Hichens' famous novel, "Bella Donna" for Paramount under George Fitzmaurice's direction, she would be better equipped to speak, having by then mastered the English language.

Of Pola Negri and her first trip to New York—more anon.

Raymond McKee Engaged

Not many months ago, "Movie Weekly" published a story concerning the rumored engagement of Raymond McKee, then playing leads on the Coast in Fox pictures, to Frances White, the popular little interpreter of child songs. This was later denied, however, and Raymond came on to New York for a vacation.

Pola Negri

He has been engaged now to play in All-Star Comedies under the same producer who makes the Johnny Hines pictures. Production on the first picture is now under way in Long Island, and from what news has dribbled in here, it is a sure-fire laugh.

Lillian Gish Signed

Lillian Gish, who has been resting since the completion of "Orphans of the Storm," D. W. Griffith's most recent release, is ready to take out her makeup box and begin work again. This time, however, not under Mr. Griffith's direction. Inspiration Pictures, which wooed Dick Barthelmess away from Griffith, has succeeded in signing both Lillian and Dorothy Gish to contracts. Dorothy, according to the information given Ye Rambler, will co-star with Dick, while Lillian will make her own specials under the direction of Henry King, who has directed all of the Barthelmess pictures, including "Fury," thus far. You can count on seeing some splendid Lillian Gish features, we wager, taking Dick's last few pictures as a criterion and knowing the kind of company Inspiration is and the splendid director Henry King is.

Hope Hampton Turns Down Stage Offer

Well, sir, Hope does it again. Turns down another stage offer. This time, musical comedy. Hope has a "right smart voice." Been studying some time.

Carle Carlton, Broadway producer, plans to send an American company to London to open his New York success there. "Tangerine." Who but Hope Hampton to fill the star role?

Proposition made to Hope. A shake of the head, auburn tinged tresses rising and falling softly to the motion.

"I'm going to wait," Hope says. "I may go on the stage some day. But that time is not yet here."

And that's about all there is to it.

For the present . . .

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

NITA NALDI *Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe*

Who successfully vamps Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand"
Do you wonder why?

The Love Route to Fame

By Valma Rivage

"TAKE it off, Teddy," said a dark girl with straight lashes and a straight bang which gave her a somewhat Japanese appearance, "and I'll press it."

"You've just got to stop spoiling me, Steve," Teddy protested, but did not hesitate to wriggle out of the dress and hand it to her roommate.

Steve, who had been christened Louise, had received her nickname because her other name was Brody. All the girls on the top floor affected boys' names. Teddy, born Edna, had received hers long before she came to New York. Teddy and Steve shared the big front room of the former mansion in the West Forties, now a rooming house. Barbara Hurley, who was called Bobbie, and Marion Fields, who was Johnnie, had two of the smaller rooms. Another was let to Jo Garvey who was not in pictures, but worked for a movie magazine and so "belonged."

"Don't you think," asked Johnnie, who was seated on one of the two couches in the big room, "that for that kind of a shindig you ought to have something more—you know—?" She was a pretty girl with a mass of lovely blonde hair which she wore parted on the side. But lines of envy were not absent from the corners of her rather thin, straight mouth.

"I should say not." Teddy shook her short, dark curls vigorously. She was by far the best-looking girl on the floor, straight and slim, with clear creamy skin, a beautiful little mouth and chin and a head full of dark curls with a red glint in them. "I haven't anything that will stand up alongside of what they'll be wearing. My only chance is to look different."

Johnnie sighed. "You do have the best luck. No Countess ever got shampooed in the next booth to me and invited me to a party."

"Everybody knows she's not a real Countess," put in Steve, who had inserted the plug of the electric iron into the socket over the dresser.

"Oh, you—" began Johnnie when the telephone in the hall caused two doors to open simultaneously. "For you, Ted," called Johnnie, the first to reach it, her hand over the mouthpiece.

"Who the deuce is it?" demanded Teddy, ploughing through a bureau for the white stockings she knew she had had last summer.

"Sounds like Wallie—"

"Tell him I must have slipped out. Advise him to try in the morning."

"You're not very nice to Wallie." Steve bent over the ironing board.

"Don't dare to be. He wants to marry me."

"Well, why don't you, Teddy?"

Teddy straightened up, her oval face flushed. "Say, Steve, do they give you a rake-off at the license bureau? If you don't stop propagandaing for marriage I'll—" Johnnie entered and she changed her tone. "Marriage doesn't interest me. I'm going in for a career."

Steve laughed. "Kimble wants to know why you haven't been near the studio in months. He's got a part for you."

"My God, Teddy," broke in Johnnie enviously, "the chances you have! Think of having a director like Jimmy Kimble *personally* interested—"

Steve's mouth set. "That's not such an advantage—"

Teddy intervened. "Tell Jimmy I'll be over soon. When I get sick of playing. Anyway, I'm not really wasting my time." The other two girls laughed in accord for once. Teddy protested. "I'm not. This party tonight, for instance. Think of meeting a man like John M. Murdon! Why, that might be worth ten years of hard labor! You see, I've got more personality than talent. And I've made up my mind to use what I've got and climb in the top end."

Steve shook her head. "It's a dangerous game, honey—"

"Pooh! I like danger. Besides, men aren't dangerous."

Steve hung the dress on a hanger from the center chandelier. It was a simple white dress with a girdle of silver. "Some day you'll find some that know more than you—"

Teddy's eyes flashed. They were remarkable eyes. Gray, the color of agate, with a tiny black rim round the iris and fringed in long, curved, black lashes. Jimmy Kimble said they were the finest pair of gray eyes in the country. "That's the kind I want to meet. That would be an adventure! Adventure! The thrill of going after big game. Think of crossing swords with the great John Murdon!"

"Lord!" sighed Johnnie, and stopped in the middle of the syllable to make another dash for the phone. It was again for Teddy. "Mr. Bologny—" she announced, returning.

"Oh, my gosh, Baroni. I was to have tea with him. This invitation threw me all off my count. Oh well," she wrinkled up her little nose, "he'll never be much in my life anyway. Do you have to work tonight?" she demanded as Steve jammed her hat down on her head without looking in the glass.

"My God!" ejaculated Johnnie. "How you look!"

Steve flushed and Teddy went up to her, turning the hat and tilting it. "You really are careless, Steve, about the way you look."

"Well, what's the difference? As long as I do my work and do it *well!*" she flung the last word at Johnnie and vanished down the stairs.

Johnnie stretched out on the couch. "She's the limit."

"Lay off her Johnnie." Teddy leaned over the dresser, careful not to let the loose wisps of the Mascarro brush get into her eyes. "You're horrid to her."

"Well, she's an old pill. I bet she's thirty."

"What of it? Don't be so hard, Johnnie." Again the phone cut in on them. Johnnie, returning, made no attempt to hide her irritation. "You need a private operator. Next time go yourself. It's always for you, anyway."

Teddy came back sighing. "That fool McGee. Oh, I *wish* I'd meet somebody really thrilling—"

"Two weeks ago you raved about McGee—"

"Well, I found out he's married. I hate married men."

"John Murdon's married—"

"Oh, that's different. If you're President of the biggest motion picture combine in the country and the owner of a newspaper and a couple of magazines, you can be a Mormon and still be worth knowing. But these little fellows. Why can't men last through a second meeting—ever?" she demanded petulantly.

"Why, Teddy, lots do—"

"Only the D. of D.'s—" (The girls had a whole code of pet phrases. D. of D.'s were the Dying of Devotion brand of admirers.) "Sometimes I wish I were like some girls—could be happy with devotion and never care about thrills. Got any money? I may have to taxi back."

"Not a dollar to my name," glumly.

"Gosh! I'm flat, too!"

"Teddy, why don't you go after that job at the A. P.?"

"After Thanksgiving, maybe. But if I get in right with John M. it'll make anything Kimble has to offer me look like a Russian bank note. Look what he did for Lela Humphreys. Everybody knows she can't act."

"But my God, Teddy, everybody knows she's his— You wouldnt—"

"Of course not, idiot. But maybe something'll come of it. And anyway I'll get a couple of thrills."

"You and your thrills. Don't you know you can't play with a man like John M.? If you don't interest him in a certain way he won't bother. And if you do, he won't stop at anything. You know some of the stories about him."

Teddy shrugged. "Well, the cards aren't all on his side. You see, I know all about him. And he doesn't know a thing about me. And if I don't like his act, I can always quit."

"I think you're a fool throwing away a sure thing like Kimble. God, when I think of the days I've hung around the studio in Leonia and couldn't even get to see McConnell—let alone Kimble—and here you—it isn't fair!" she cried suddenly, a flare of temper raising her to a sitting posture, "it's just not fair! That's all!"

"Johnnie," asked Teddy soberly, "do you really want a job?"

"Do I want a job? God! I'd lick anybody's boots for a chance like the one you're throwing away. I want to work. I'm sick of all this. I want to feel I'm getting somewhere. You can play all your life. But when you're young's the time you have to work."

"Johnnie, I'll get you a job with Kimble—" Johnnie gave a little hard laugh. "You think I can't make Jimmy give you one?"

Who Is This Girl?

Here is one of the most astonishing revelations ever written of the inner circle of the motion picture world.

The exquisite and daring heroine, through whose career we are given such intimate views of conditions in the studios, is not merely a creature of the novelist's imagination. She is actually one whose name is even now on everyone's tongue.

You have seen her in many famous pictures; you have laughed with her, and cried with her, and loved with her. This is her true story—with only the names changed. You will not read far into the story before you will understand why that was absolutely necessary.

The author of "The Love Route to Fame" needs no introduction, except for the fact that she has assumed the name of Valma Rivage in writing this novel. She is a *Saturday Evening Post* writer whose short stories and novels have placed her foremost among our writers.

Her stories have also been adapted for the silver sheet. If you recall the sensation caused by several Jewish productions within the past year, you will know exactly who is the author of this enthralling story of romantic realism and danger.

Don't fail to begin "The Love Route to Fame" in this issue and follow from week to week the adventures of that most exquisite and daring heroine, Teddy Bramleigh.

"MAKE Jimmy Kimble?"

"Sure. Make any of 'em. Kimble's easy. I'll find him at the studio—or perhaps he'll be at the office tomorrow. Just don't you worry."

Bobbie Hurley poked her curly brown head in the door. She was a roly-poly mischievous youngster. "Whew! Look at the ingennue! Say, Teddy, could I bother you for those two thousand dollars? My john has an attack of out-of-town relations and I've got nobody to eat off."

"Holy water, Bobbie. I haven't a button. And no loot except—" she held a squat bottle with a black stopper to the light. "I hate to let this go."

Bobbie put her little nose to the stopper and inhaled ecstatically. Teddy went on, "I was going to use it tonight. Reggie'll give you six dollars for it. The old pirate charges ten. You take it down. I owe him so much I can't let him see me. Take your two and I can give Wallie back the three I borrowed."

Bobbie looked horrified. "You're not going to pay him back?"

The bell rang and Bobbie pressed the button in the hall.

"Guess that's my O. R.," said Teddy. An O. R. is an Old Reliable.

"Well, for the love of Mike," demanded Johnnie, "what are you dragging HIM along for?"

"He's just driving me over."

"Won't you be late?"

"You bet I will. No matter how good you are, you lose half your wallop if you come in before they've sorted and sized up the others."

Bobbie, who had been looking down the stairwell, announced in a whisper, "It's your O. R. all right and laden! Flowers and loot!"

A shiny-haired, very young man, impeccably dressed, entered rather self-consciously, a box on either arm. Teddy pounced upon them delightedly, opening the smaller. "Girls!" she exclaimed, five pounds of Clerry's! Won't we have a feast!" But she was careful not to disturb the inner wrapper and a glance of her gray eyes flashed a signal to Bobbie, who set the Narcisse down again. "You're a lamb, Jack. How on earth did you remember that I like Clerry's?" Oh, the times she had artlessly let slip the name of this favored brand and of the brigand who sold it! Regner, of the grocery store at the corner also kept a line of bon-bons, cigarettes and perfume and would take back standard brands for cash—considerably less cash than when the transaction was reversed, naturally, but—

"It's certainly sweet of you," said Teddy, applying the stopper of the Narcisse to her hair behind the ears, "to call for me and take me over, Jack. These family parties are the worst nuisance. Rich relatives that only ask you because it's their duty—and don't approve of you because you work."

Half way down the stairs she paused. "Go on down. I forgot something."

Obediently he continued, while she tore upstairs. But Bobbie already had the Clerry's under her arm. "If anybody phones," Teddy told Johnnie, "don't commit yourself. Except Joe Deimel. If he calls, tell him I have an engagement for whatever time he wants, but you're sure I'll break it. G'bye."

"Good-bye. Have a good time. And be careful," but Teddy was already half-way down the stairs. Jack was waiting for her in the long, low red racing car his mother had given him for his twenty-first birthday.

JOHN M. MURDON had previously entertained Nicholas Lambriados, the famous Greek statesman, at his palatial home facing Gramercy Park. But Lambriados had expressed a preference for something a little less formal. The party at the apartment of the Countess on Park Avenue in the lower Sixties was the result.

There were twelve guests in all. In addition to the publisher, the hostess and the guest of honor, there was Luther Purdee, known as Old Man Purdee, a small, wiry, white-haired man with a dry skin and moist-looking eyes—head of the largest vaudeville circuit in the country. There was Monford Lorea, a man of forty-four, tall, slightly stooped, distinguished looking, with thinning hair and a small dark, close-cropped moustache covering the ironic curl of his lips. In his youth he had been disinherited by two of the oldest families in the south—the Monfords and the Loreas. Lambriados wanted to get him into the American diplomatic service in Greece, and had already begun to pull wires. There was Kean Wagner, Vice-President of the Associated Producers, the biggest motion picture combine in the world—a stout man in the late forties, with light brown hair and a satyr-like face—very wide across the forehead and cheek bones. Stacey Van Broom, the popular cotillion leader (before he married the notorious Nora Easton and dropped out of the inner circle). She was present, too, with her sister, Ellen Easton, a young contralto who was making a success at the Metropolitan. The other women were Lela Humphreys, the screen star, and Lillian Leroux, dancer and musical comedy favorite.

And Teddy. The Countess greeted her affectionately when she arrived, and introduced her, together with the two Eastons, to the rest of the party in the big living room, well advanced along the road to conviviality. They were all strangers to Teddy except Stacey Van Broom, whom she had met at parties.

He came toward her. "Hello, Miss Bramleigh. You look like a white rose." Teddy was not displeased that he should focus attention on her in that way. But as he led her to a seat, he said in a low voice, "I met you at the studio—you understand?"

She flashed a smile up at him. She noticed Monford Lorea regarding her across the room. It pleased her and she spent a great deal more animation on Stacey than he merited. She did not like Stacey, but she knew how valuable it was, in a room full of strangers, to have somebody on whom to flash one's smile.

A manservant went around with drinks. Teddy started to decline. But Old Man Purdee, fairly under the influence already, jumped to his feet.

"Oh, come now, Miss Bramleigh." He caught up a glass from the tray and presented it to her. She took it to avoid argument. As she smiled up at him, he caught sight of her gray eyes.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "What eyes! I wonder what the price would be—for a pair like that?"

Teddy had a desire to slap him. Instead, she looked at him demurely, her eyes widened innocently. "I really don't know. I didn't buy them."

A little laugh went round and Teddy noticed with satisfaction that she was the center of interest in the room. The manservant murmured something to the Countess, who rose, a little unvolsteadily.

"Dinner's served—everybody. Grab off a partner and come in," and linking her arm into that of Lambriados, she led the way.

There was a general rising and hubbub of voices and moving chairs. Teddy saw, with a little thrill, that Monford Lorea was looking towards her. But before he had taken a step in her direction, Old Man Purdee had seized her elbow, and putting his other hand greedily on the cool flesh of her upper arm, "You're grabbed off," he announced and laughed loudly at his wit. Teddy detached herself with a little shudder and sent Lorea a mute appeal.

Lorea crossed the room, and with a little bow, a dancing glint in his eyes—his eyes were a light hazel with a dozen shades of gold in them—he drew her arm through his.

"Sorry, L. P., but I asked this young lady first."

"Say!" cried the outraged Mr. Purdee. "Where do you get that stuff?"

"I asked her across the room and she accepted before you spoke."

The Countess cried from the doorway: "Here! here! No fights—yet. You can each sit next to Miss Bramleigh," and she smiled approvingly at Teddy. She knew lure when she saw it, even in an adjoining hairdressing booth. And one or two youngsters did liven up a party.

Teddy was seated between Lorea and Purdee, who had a way of leaning all over her when he spoke—of caressing her with his moist eyes. But gradually a troubled question crept into them and he began to regard his neighbor speculatively. Could it be that she—?

When Teddy felt

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She flashed a smile up at him. She did not like Stacey, but she knew how valuable it was, in a room full of strangers, to have somebody on whom to flash one's smile.

The Siren Call

A Fascinating Story from the Paramount Photoplay of that Name Featuring Dorothy Dalton

Novelized from J. E. Nash's story by

JAMES GABELLE

IT was near midnight and Gore's Dance Hall and Casino was in full blast. A noisy orchestra—the best in Alaska, Gore boasted—grouped near the piano, was punishing the latest popular song. There was a bigness to the room which was rare so near the Arctic circle.

Charlotte Woods, with eyes the shade of a falling autumn leaf and luxuriant hair, only a little darker in hue, entered smilingly and was greeted with loud shouts of welcome. It was plain that she was a great favorite. Customers seated at the tables or standing near the bar called to her to join them, others seated in the boxes around the hall waved her a friendly welcome. The lure of her beauty was so great that even the absorbed gamblers gathered around the various tables of chance: roulette, faro, craps, Klondyke, poker and chuck-a-luck, paused for a moment in their games, each one eager for a glance, a smile or a nod from the Queen of the Klondyke.

Pausing before Judge Green, a politician of prominence, she perched herself saucily on a table. The old gallant rose, crossed over to the table, put his arm around her waist and leaned over for a kiss.

"Not now," Charlotte said saucily, turning the full effect of her wonderful eyes upon him. "I have a new one."

"Alas! My poor heart," cried the Judge, clasping his hands to his breast and rolling his eyes in mock agony.

"Judge, you're a dear," smiled Charlotte approvingly, holding her cheek to be kissed, which the judge did with the fervor of a boy.

"A dance, Charlotte! A dance!" cried two burly miners rushing in. A moment later they had her on their brawny shoulders and were parading around the hall with her. Gore, the proprietor, looked on laughingly, then turned to Brent, who stood near, and remarked laughingly as he slapped the latter on the back.

"You're certainly in luck, Brent. Charlotte's worth her weight in gold."

Just then Charlotte, having succeeded in ridding herself of her importunate admirers, came up and asked her husband to dance with her. The hard, cynical smile dried on Brent's face.

"I can't," he snapped impatiently, taking out his watch and showing her that it was time for him to go to work.

"All right, dear," she responded in disappointed tones, and left him to seek another partner.

Hilarity was at its height. Outdoors the thermometer registered sixty below zero. Occasionally the howl of a lone wolf punctuated the pauses in the dance and a tree would crack from the intense cold and come crashing down, but inside all was light, warmth and gayety. At that hour, not a block distant, a little band of earnest reformers were planning to put an end to what they considered intolerable conditions at the dance hall, but the pleasure seekers knew nothing of this and there were the clink of glasses, the clash of strident music and the raucous laughter of women and men when, in the twinkling of an eye, the scene was changed.

The door was thrown violently open and a voyageur staggered in, clad in heavy furs, face hidden by his parka and carrying a large bundle that stirred uneasily from time to time.

"Where's Charlotte?" he demanded thickly.

In an instant the idle crowd had surrounded him. Charlotte pushed her way to the front.

"Why, it's Beauregard!" she cried. "What's up now, 'Gene?"

"I got babby for you."

"For me? Oh, 'Gene, you darling! Whose is it? Where did you get it? Is it a boy or girl? Is it all for my very, very own?"

Her face suffused with a love that was maternal and ennobling, Charlotte stretched out her arms to receive the child, when, noticing the cigarette she held, she hesitated, looked at it with sudden loathing, then gave the paper-covered roll a flip that sent it clear across the hall and with a thrill received the baby, pressing it close to her heart

Gore's Dance Hall

and bending her lovely face down to the cheeks of the child and crooning soft, tender mother words to it.

"Where did you get it, Frenchy?" asked Eleanor Du Bois, admired by some and distrusted by many.

"Miles back, mees," Beauregard answered, throwing his parka back as the heat of the room pentrated his furs. "I come across man, woman froze like ice. Mon Dieu! eet ees sad! They drag sledge. No dogs. Dead, pouf! Long time dead! In sledge this babby squirm, cry. Once I see you cuddle babby bear. So I say, vo'la! Charlotte she tak heem."

"Oh, isn't that wonderful! Wonderful! Have you fed him?"

"Fed him? *Nom de nom!* W'at I have to feed heem?"

"Pat! Rastus!" Charlotte cried with dynamic energy, turning to the porters. "Get me some milk! Hurry! Do hurry!"

Vitalized into life, they scuttled away to do her bidding. In the crowd that circled around her Charlotte saw her husband, for the excitement had been so great that it had called the gamblers from their games; not even Brent or the other keepers of the tables could resist the lure of the unexpected.

"Oh, Ned," she cried joyously. "An orphan baby. Just what I've always wanted!"

Her husband turned away sulkily, a frown gathering on his face. Fortunately Charlotte was too busy to notice this. Just then one of the bartenders returned with a whiskey flask full of warm milk. Shortly after, the two porters entered. They had improvised an ingenius cradle out of a whiskey box by tacking a burlap sack to the open top, allowing it to sag enough to form a comfortable bed. Barrel hoops had been nailed to the top and bottom of the box, making in all a comfortable resting place.

Tenderly the baby was placed in his bed and the flask of milk, with a cloth tied to the top in lieu of a nipple, given to him, which he went after as only a healthy and hungry baby can. Judge Green insisted on rocking the cradle and Charlotte, with an understanding smile that intoxicated the worn old heart of the former official, gave her consent. As she looked on, delighted at the scene, Beauregard leaned over and said insinuatingly:

"Mademoiselle, she geev me one leetle kiss for bring baby—yes?"

Laughingly, Charlotte was about to consent, for the kisses meant nothing to her, when, glancing at the baby, she was struck with an idea.

"No, I won't *give* you a kiss. I'll *sell* you one." Turning to the assembled throng she cried out in the manner of a town crier: "Come one, come all! From now on my kisses will cost one dollar each—who'll be the first to start the baby's bank account?"

The crowd, that had returned to drinking, dancing and gaming, ever eager for new excitement, came throning around her again. She held out her hand to Beauregard for the dollar, but the latter, with an angry scowl, turned and hurried away. Pat, the porter, was enthusiastic at the prospect, long had those ruby lips allured him, but the prospect had been hopeless. He reached frantically into his pocket, but all he could find, after the closest search, was seventy-five cents. The others, with jibes at his predicament, came clamoring to buy kisses.

"I want ten kisses! I want ten kisses!" vociferated Judge Green, excitedly waving a ten dollar bill in Charlotte's face.

Charlotte smiled, showing her pearly white teeth and all her bewitching dimples. "Only one to a customer," she declared.

Laughing and clamoring, the men formed in line, two of the bouncers coming forward and keeping order. As Charlotte stood kissing the men and tossing the money on the baby's rude cradle, Eleanor Du Bois glided to the side of Ned Brent and with a cutting glance towards the energetic Charlotte said scornfully:

"You may be sure I would never do a thing like that."

Brent's face darkened as he looked at Charlotte.

"No, I should certainly hope not," he replied with a tender look and accent, bending low so only Eleanor could hear.

While the kissing scene was at its height, the door opened quietly and Ralph Stephens, prospector, a recent arrival in Alaska, entered. He had keen, intellectual features, piercing blue eyes and dark hair, brushed straight back from a high, wide

(*Continued on page 27*)

WILL CHARLIE CHAPLIN BE PEGGY JOYCE'S NEXT ? ? ?

WE were afraid that Charlie Chaplin was becoming perfectly monotonously devoted to Lila Lee, but now we breathe freely once more. Charlie has made at least a half shift. His new lady? Oh, haven't you heard the birds twittering about it? None other than Peggy Joyce, to be sure!

"She's what you might call an international vamp, isn't she? Well, my dear, they're simply together all the time, Charlie and Peggy. And they do say that when Peggy drops all other admirers and starts in on a man, she marries him, that's all!"

Irma the Ingenue made a trench mirror of her vanity looking-glass and a little tremor of excitement passed over her face as she gazed into its depths.

"Oh, there they are now! Isn't Peggy stunning in that apricot gown! It's long, too! That settles it! We've all got to put on the long gowns now whether they are becoming or not. Oh, dear! And it makes us all look so much older! Some of the girls, just on the verge of being twenty-seven or so, found those short dresses such a godsend! Well, they'll just have to massage twice as hard, that's all!"

"But what about Charlie and Peggy?" I demanded impatiently, as I poured hot water into my tea, thereby incurring the scorn of the Japanese waiter who was flitting from table to table in the tea garden.

"Oh, Peggy seems to enjoy Charlie's company immensely," responded Irma. "Look, dearie, she's taking out her little perfume flask—and pouring perfume into her tea! I heard she did that, but fancy really seeing her at it!

"They went into a perfectly shady nook at Sunset, the other night, and were exchanging rings like two sophomores. I noticed that Charlie didn't get any the best of the exchange, either.

"Some people say that Peggy is going to play opposite Charlie on the screen in his new United Artists picture, but I don't believe it. Peggy wouldn't look so flapperish on the screen, and Charlie simply must have a flapper. Besides, can you imagine Peggy standing for being slapped in the face with a custard pie?"

Irma paused to repair the damage a too hot cup of tea had done to her complexion on a warm day, and went on:

"Kid McCoy certainly has the marrying disorder, hasn't he? He is just about to take unto himself a dear ninth. But she is a widow, and wise—Mrs. Jacqueline McDowell, of Baltimore—you know those Southern women are so wily! Poor Kid! He went up to the license bureau in Los Angeles to get a marriage permit, and got an awful blow. They told him he couldn't have it until his bride-to-be was on hand also. She had said she wouldn't marry him until he got his marriage license. But she finally consented to come West, and now I guess it will be a go.

"What do you know about Allen Alexander, alias Allen Wyness? He is being sued by two women at once, the poor dear? Priscilla Bonner is suing him for divorce, and Gladys Walton has had him arrested for embezzlement. She says that she permitted him to handle money to big amounts, in the capacity of manager, and that $1,600 simply hasn't shown up, that's all.

"It seems that Gladys and Allen were awfully good friends, and I hear that the real reason she is objecting about the $1,600 is because he spent it on a blonde, or at least she suspects he did. During the progress of Priscilla's divorce proceedings, her attorney mentioned Gladys Walton's name in connection with the separation of Priscilla and Allen, but afterward Priscilla had the case dismissed, so there won't be any more said on that score probably.

"Who is that pretty girl? Oh, I know! William Taylor's daughter! Somebody pointed her out to me, the other night. She and her mother have come West to settle up Taylor's estate, which couldn't be done for ten months after his murder, you know. They say that though Taylor had not seen his daughter since she was a baby, he was just crazy about her, and she about him. I hear a lot of the valuable books belonging to Taylor were given him by Mabel Normand, and that Taylor's first wife found a locket with her picture in it in the house, but all she said was, 'Well, he's got good taste!'

"Speaking of Mabel, she says she's going to devote all her Monte Carlo winnings to aiding in the search for Taylor's murderer. She is coming home in a few days now. I'm dying to see her, and hear what she has to say about all the kings and queens and lords and ladies she has seen. I'll bet it will be original, anyhow. Mabel wouldn't be a bit awe-stricken. She might be pretending to be overcome with the honor, but you can bet she'll notice everything about 'em; and it will be awfully funny hearing her tell about how some queens boss their husbands around just like common folks, and how Lord So-and-So makes love like a dumbbell!"

"Have you heard anything about Jack Mulhall and his wife?" I asked.

"Just the whispering of the little birds that all is not quite as harmonious as might be in the nest, that's all. I did hear they were to separate, but Jack says, 'Oh, dear, no;' and Mrs. Mulhall said, 'Oh, *deah*, no!' So that's that.

"Whatever do you think about Pola Negri coming here? I'm thrilled to pieces. Everybody says she is so fascinating that no other woman has a chance when she is around. I shall have to watch Harry, I can see that. Anyway, she is happily married to some sort of a Polish count, and has a little daughter, so that ought to stop *some* people. The Lasky people are getting a house for her. They say that she was asked whether she wanted a Polish cook or not, and she said, 'Oh, no, she was a great patriot so far as her heart was concerned, but that her digestion was quite international.'

"Oh, there's Walter Hiers—looking as happy as a king since he's engaged to Peaches McWilliams. Peaches told a girl I know that Walter, even if he is fat, is a perfectly lovely Romeo when it comes to love making, and she's going to be happy to settle down in Hollywood with him, though she adores New York. Papa McWilliams is just disgustingly rich, and is going to give them a yacht. If they are hard up they can go live on it, and take in washing."

"Have you heard," I inquired, "that Marguerite de la Motte is engaged to a rich lumberman?"

"Yes, but," Irma answered, "they say she wears her engagement ring on her toe, and denies it!"

Film-Flam

When Chaney Started Something

IF Lon Chaney were not a very self-assured sort of person, he might have felt a bit self-conscious when he had to walk around the streets of Del Monte, California, with his hair as closely clipped as a conscientious barber could make it. He undoubtedly looked funny, but it was all a part of his work as the Chinese laundryman in Preferred Pictures' production of "Ching Ching Chinaman."

"After all, what does it matter if I do look funny?" Lon shrugged, making the best of a not-too delightful situation. For how was anyone to know when seeing Mr. Chaney about the hotel grounds that the closely clipped hair was only a part of his makeup?

They didn't know, of course, and therein lies the point of this tale. "Look at the way the picture people are wearing their hair now," said one of the waiters, shortly after the film company's arrival, and dashed to the barber shop.

Within a few hours, all the barbers in town suddenly got most unusual requests that involved their getting out the short-bladed clippers and working them overtime. For all the waiters suddenly decided to wear their hair in the new style, and some of the guests took it up as well.

When the film company left Del Monte a fortnight later, the very latest thing in tonsorial smartness was the "Chaney Chop."

He Could Even Pass the Buck

Bull Montana is very stuck up about his roadster, especially now since it has been repainted and overhauled. Every time he finds someone who will listen to him—which isn't always easy, of course—he begins to tell how fast his "boat" can go, how it passes every other car on the road. He even began to wonder if he couldn't put up a good race with Ralph De Palma.

"Yes," sighed Hugh Fay, Bull's director, after listening for a long time to the praises of the Italian's roadster, "Bull certainly has a wonderful car. He can pass anything in it except a counterfeit quarter or a ravioli parlor."

A New Use for Flapjacks

When Bull Montana became chef in the "Greasy Spoon" restaurant in the opening scene of "A Punctured Prince," he had to learn some tricks that were entirely new to him. Imagine the former pugilist, iceman, Bowery theatre bouncer, mixing and cooking pancakes. Bull has done a little of almost everything, but he has never been a cook.

The other members of the cast of the picture can testify to that, for no one was found who was game enough to eat any of those flapjacks. Bull was quite hurt about it; he took as much pride in his cooking as a blushing bride in her first biscuits.

Hugh Fay, who was directing the picture, picked up one of the griddle cakes and tested its pliability.

"Gosh," said he," you know I think these could be used as patches on my automobile tires."

A Different Method of Cooking

When someone called Mitchell Lewis a hard-boiled egg, he didn't know whether to get peevish about it or not. So he went to the mirror and took a good look at himself. His head did resemble an egg, he decided, the way his hair was all shaved off with the exception of a little top knot in the center. Anyone could tell that he wasn't playing the role of Apollo in the picture. The reason was, he was all made up as a stoker in "On the High Seas."

"But there's one thing I do resent," finally Mitchell declared. "I may look like an egg just now, and I can't blame you for calling me that, but I do insist that I'm not hard-boiled. As a matter of fact," and here he displayed a highly colored coat of sunburn on his shaven poll, "the proper word to describe me is not hard-boiled, but roasted."

The Siren Bought a Siren

Billie Dove discovered when she went to drive to the beach for her daily swim after work at the Metro studio that everyone else had the same idea. The road was so full of cars that it seemed almost a day's journey to drive to the beach. The worst of it was many of the drivers thought ten miles an hour was a thrilling speed, yet they kept to the middle of the road and wouldn't let anyone else pass.

Suddenly one day she heard the whine of a siren such as all motorcycle policemen use in Los Angeles County. She slackened her speed and pulled to the right of the road a trifle. Then she noticed that all the other cars did the same.

So now Billie's problem is solved. She bought a siren!

Not So Good, Either

When Wallace Worsley forgot his dignity as a director so far as to play a ukulele, Clara Kimball Young thought he deserved just what he got. We don't say what Miss Young deserved.

Mr. Worsley had been wasting fully twenty minutes on that uke of his, at the Garson Studio in Hollywood. He craved admiration.

"Well, Miss Young," he asked, "don't you think I play this pretty well?"

Miss Young's eyes twinkled merrily. "Oh, not so worsely," she admitted.

Page the Megaphone

"Oh, yes, I got an offer to return to the stage in vaudeville," admits Richard Dix modestly. Richard, you know, began his career on the speaking stage. And the Goldyn company was relieved when he announced that for the present, he would rather play in movies.

"You see," explained Richard, "the speaking stage called to me, but the trouble is, it didn't call loud enough."

This, of Course, Is All Bull

In Viola Dana's new picture, "June Madness," it was necessary that the little star have a black eye. In the picture she acquires this bruise by tripping against a pew on her way to the altar. But behind the scenes, she acquired the beauteous optic in a much more realistic fashion.

"This black eye wants to be realistic," said Director Harry Beaumont, "so I think we should call in an expert. Bull Montana's our man!"

Accordingly, the services of the ex-pugilist were called, and the discoloration was made.

"This black eye," explained Viola, "came all the way from Montana."

To Shield Herself From Work

Billie Dove and the girls whom she took on a motor trip recently are an amiable crowd, but even they didn't laugh when a tire burst on a lonely road that hadn't been repaired in years.

No other cars were in sight and the nearest garage was miles away, so there was nothing for the fair damsels to do but change the tire themselves. Billie, being the hostess of the party, was more or less automatically elected, especially since it was an automobile party.

The other girls helped her surprisingly well, all except one, who sat by and watched the rest of the crowd work.

"Here you," commanded Billie, looking at the drone, "come on and do something. We don't want to get stuck here all day."

"All right, I will," the girl reluctantly answered, and taking out her handkerchief, she carefully wiped the dust off the windshield.

A La Rip Van Winkle

The other extras who had jobs in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" looked longingly at one of their number whose job was to lie at full length on a pile of straw and pretend to be asleep. Pretty soft, they decided, thinking of the way most of them were toiling for their five dollars a day.

The scene was in a general store of the type common to country districts. The actor took his place on the pile of straw. "Great," thought Director Clarence Badger, as the deaf old man added a gentle snore by way of realism. The scene was filmed three times, and then Mr. Badger ordered the cast and cameramen to another stage.

"All right, Pop, let's go," he bellowed through his megaphone at the old man. But 'Pop' didn't stir. He was earning his day's pay, lying on the straw. He was asleep.

A Timely Remark

Director Fred Niblo has a friend who seems determined to worry over all the little bits of news he sees in the newspapers. So the other day, Mr. Niblo came across him, registering great alarm.

"Look here," he explained, "it says in this paper that time clocks are to be installed in Sing Sing prison to keep tabs on the working hours of the prisoners. Can't they realize the trouble that is going to cause? In a week or two, I'll bet, you will read in the papers a headline something like this"—he paused and got ready to run before proceeding, "Fight in Sing Sing. Staff Punches Clocks."

A Salary Is Nothing to Fay

Little Fay McKenzie, who plays a baby role in Helen Jerome Eddy's picture, "Love's Coming of Age," gets a salary that most grown-ups would feel very stuck up about. But not Fay. In fact, her salary doesn't interest her half so much as her newest acquisition.

If you ask Fay what she likes better than anything else, she will show you—her dollie. It is a very tiny doll and when it is tipped up on its ears it lisps "Mamma." It is Fay's most cherished possession presented to her by Harrison Forde, who plays the male lead in the picture.

A.M.T.

"THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES"
(Robertson-Cole)

ANYONE who has read this Sherlock Holmes story, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, knows what a delightful mystery tale it is. And those who have read it will be interested in seeing how it is presented on the screen. Those who do not know the story will be interested anyway in watching the unfoldment and solution of a most baffling mystery.

The plot is based on an old legend that the death of the head of the House of Baskerville is presaged by the appearance of a hound outlined in living frames. That is obviously an intriguing situation created by a man whose work needs no criticism. Shivers run up your spine when you see the lonely moor in England and the Druid ruins, the hounds radiating flame—all sorts of spooky things.

Unwittingly, however, the picture is a good proof of the fact that there are no foreign pictures that can compare with the work of our home talent. After all, mamma's cooking is always the best. Which is all by way of saying, that while this is an exceedingly interesting photoplay, it is not so good as it should be. The photography, for instance, reminds you of the dear dead days when a movie film danced around before your eyes as if it had the shivers. And it would make things a little more interesting if the leading woman, Betty Campbell, had a slight degree of charm. As it is, you can hardly get very upset for fear the hero will not marry her in the end. Your chief fear is that he will.

Eille Norwood makes an exceptionally appropriate Sherlock Holmes; he has a nice intelligent inscrutable look. Rex McDougall is a charming enough hero.

"LOVE IS AN AWFUL THING"
(Selznick)

LOVE is an awful thing," says the very clever title of Owen Moore's new picture, and from then on things begin to happen in a highly amusing, farcical way.

Marjorie Daw is the girl with whom Owen is in love. Since she is one of the most appealing ingenues on the screen, there seems nothing awful about that. But the awful part is to follow.

It's all because Marjorie's father objects to a man with a past. "How could he have a past," asks Marjorie, apropos of her fiance, "when he's only twenty-seven?" But she doesn't know the half of it! She doesn't know about that chorus girl who refused to marry Owen eight years ago, but now has changed her mind. So it's most unfortunate that she should see Owen at the station meeting his former "flame." And the awfullest thing of all is when she sees his make-believe wife and five kids who have been engaged to convince the chorus girl that he is already married.

Things simply gurgle along, with a delightful cast of expert comedians. Charlotte Mineau, of Mack Sennett comedy fame, is the chorus girl of the changeable mind, while Alice Howell, another old friend of the comedy field, plays the phoney wife. Arthur Hoyt is amusing as the room-mate whose helpful efforts to square things for Owen are constantly making matters worse. Katherine Perry shares the beauty honors with Marjorie Daw.

It is not made clear just how the hero convinces the heroine that the wife and all those children are not his; perhaps the scenarist gave up at this juncture, or possibly the film editors didn't like the solution and cut it out. However, one only expects of a farce comedy that it be amusing; this one certainly answers the purpose.

"THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL"
(Robertson-Cole)

IT isn't hard to guess from the title of Jane Novak's new picture that here is another example of our great epidemic of Canadian Northwest pictures. This one, however, does not show any Mounted Police.

Eille Norwood untangles the mystery in "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

As a matter of fact, it is a most entertaining feature, which has its full quota of thrills. For the first few reels, perhaps, you may get a trifle impatient as you watch the story slowly get under way. During the society scenes of the picture you may well say, "All right, but how about that snowshoe trail?" But be patient, for in this case, patience will be rewarded.

The snow enters the picture at last and is responsible for a lot of excitement. First, Jane Novak, the star, is swept down a swollen stream toward a falls, and the rescue by the hero, Roy Stewart, is very exciting. And that's not all! For, several reels later, the hero is imprisoned in a little cabin in the wilderness because of an avalanche that blocks the doors and windows.

Lloyd Whitlock makes an excellent villain and Herbert Prior plays the girl's guardian, who wasn't a very nice man, either.

Edison Marshall can claim credit for a very interesting story, which was capably directed by Chester Bennett.

"BURNING SANDS"
(Paramount)

BURNING SANDS"—sounds all desert-y and sheik-ish, doesn't it? And it is a photoplay designed more or less for all the fans who went to see "The Sheik" six times, or maybe seven. But all those who liked "The Sheik" because they get palpitations of the heart every time they think of caveman stuff, aren't going to feel one little flutter. For there isn't a single caveman in this picture, not even hiding behind a tent. And the sheik is the villain of the story.

The plot might almost be supposed to give the other side of the question and ask, "Do men like cavewomen?" For Wanda Hawley, as the heroine, does all the pursuing, while Milton Sills, our hero, is a most indifferent suitor. She follows him way out in the desert, in fact, and then when she sees him talking to a little dancing girl, she demands an explanation. In view of the fact that the hero had never paid the slightest attention to her, except to be polite, this demand seemed a trifle presumptious on her part. However, you never can tell, when one of these cavewomen gets started, just what she is going to do next.

Jacqueline Logan had much the most attractive of the feminine roles as the little dancing girl who risked—and lost—her life to warn the hero of his danger. The picture could hardly be said to have a happy ending, inasmuch as the pretty little dancing girl gets killed, while they let the pursuing heroine live. She should by rights have been shot at sunrise for making such a fool of herself.

But it is scarcely fair to blame Miss Hawley, for she did very well with a most unfortunate role. Milton Sills will please his fans as he is ideally cast. But Jacqueline Logan carries off the real honors. The direction is by George Melford, who also directed "The Sheik."

"THE LITTLE WILDCAT"
(Vitagraph)

ALICE CALHOUN is very beautiful. That is the outstanding feature of her latest picture, "The Little Wildcat," written by Gene Wright. Whether or not Mr. Wright is bragging about his work is rather a question.

The story starts with the little slum girl, who steals Cinderella's thunder and becomes a real lady. Miss Calhoun makes a charming hoyden, who is given her choice of paying a visit to the reformatory or being paroled in the custody of the judge's friend, played by Harold Fortier.

The judge's friend is convinced that by changing the environment of the hoyden he can make a lady of her. So far, so good; but after that—not so good. For suddenly, four years later, Alice, at the age of twenty-one, is a trained nurse behind the German lines during the war, who has helped more than five hundred American soldiers back to the Allied lines. How and why such a young nurse ever got in such a dangerous and important post is left to your imagination. It was too much for the imagination of the author, who simply put her there and let it go without further explanation.

Of course the judge who had no faith in his friend's experiment is one of the soldiers whom she rescues and who falls in love with her. After the war is over he suddenly learns to his amazement that she is the same girl who once stood before him for sentence. It had never occurred to him in the meanwhile to ask about the hoyden who had been paroled in his friend's care, although there had been a heated discussion about it at the time.

Ramsaye Wallace plays the judge and looks very attractive. David Divad directed the picture.

The Fans Own Page

So many interesting letters are received by THE COLONEL that "Movie Weekly" decided to publish some of them for our readers to enjoy. If you have something of interest to tell other fans—your opinion of movies, the visit of a star to your town, or anything else you know pertaining to movies that you think other readers would like to hear about—write and tell THE COLONEL.

What Will Hays Can Do For Pictures

Gentlemen:

I, after having read your article, "What Can Will Hays Do in Hollywood?" decided to write your magazine and give as clearly as possible my opinion of the question "What Will Hays Do for Pictures?" If you desire, you may put my opinion on the Fan Page of "Movie Weekly."

I believe that pictures will some day be better than they are at present time and the one to bring about this change is who?—Mr. Will Hays. I think from the results of his work now, which is devoted to the growth of motion pictures, that it partly fulfills the prophecy of a better class of pictures. We can see through, generally, the class of productions shown on the screen today, which we either estimate in our own opinion as good or bad. But there may come a time when all the bad are cast aside and better pictures shown, which the public likes to see. I think all these changes will in a way result from Mr. Hays' untiring efforts to produce better results on the silver sheet.

As to the questions in "Movie Weekly," I think that Mr. Hays has enough influence to bring about big changes in the motion picture world, which will help in the growth of moving pictures if we are willing to co-operate with him. But he can do very little without our co-operation. Do you want to help? So let's get down to brass tacks and help him in this splendid industry which has such a glowing future ahead that will not only help in the progress of mankind, but also the development of civilization. Whatever Mr. Hays' plans are for the future, I am sure it is only for your benefit and mine. So let us help.

MILLARD QUAILS,
407 Front Street,
Burlington, N. C.

About "Smilin' Through"—and Hollywood Marriages

My dear Colonel Unknown:

At last I have ceased crying all over the place long enough to sit down and tell you what a wonderful picture "Smilin' Through" is. That is, if you haven't seen it. If you have, then I need not go into details. It is a picture that can't be praised in mere words, at least, *I* cannot find the right terms with which to express my opinion; it is a picture that I will always remember and I'll never forget "the little green gate, at whose trellis I wait, while two eyes of blue, come smiling through, at me."

I have a souvenir edition of the song "Smilin' Through" with a picture of Moonyeen in her wedding dress of long ago. It makes me want to cry, every time I play it. But perhaps that is because I'm just plain silly!—about "Smiling Through." Well, whether crying is silly or not, I positively know that my tears had sufficient company when poor little Moonyeen died, and if you saw the picture, I'm willing to wager that even you couldn't see that scene through, without shedding a tear. Now, could you? I liked Harrison Ford so much after seeing him as the Waynes, that I'm not going to miss him in any more of his pictures if I can help it.

If you stop to think about it, there are lots of marriages in the film colony that have proved a success. For instance, Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck, Nazimova and Charles Bryant, Bryant Washburn, Jack Holt and lots of others, but —it seems to me as if these recent marriages are based on the same plan as the contract marriage in "The Experimental Marriage," with Constance Talmadge, only lasting from Saturday to Monday. When one reads the accounts of these "wild" parties in Hollywood, a doubt arises—small at first, but gradually growing larger—and one wonders if their favorites are really the same characters that one thinks they are, I mean to say, the same ideals that one imagines them to be, and the same character studies that the interviewers paint. The more "scandal" stories you read, the more you doubt. However, I have no more to say upon the subject. It is very distasteful to me. I don't want to believe anything but the highest things of the motion picture players. It is very disturbing to have your dearest illusions shattered by a few written and perhaps false, words.

There is one picture that I have long wanted to see in the Movie Weekly Art Series—Harrison Ford's, and no profile for me, but full face with those brown eyes "smiling through" right into your own.

Well, I think that is all I have to say for this time, and looking forward to an early reply, I remain,

MISS O. V. D.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BEST FAN LETTER

Some weeks ago "Movie Weekly" began the new department, "The Fans' Own Page." Our readers were asked to write their opinions of current movie events. The response has been so gratifying and the fans have shown such interest in this new feature that we have decided to give five dollars to the writer of what we consider the best letter published each week. Perhaps you have something you would like to say about the movies. Here is your chance to say it, and you may, incidentally, win five dollars.

In Praise of Rodolph

Dear Colonel:

We write to you, our dear old friend, to express our thoughts of what we think of Rodolph Valentino's latest picture, "Blood and Sand."

Well, this is indeed a wonderful picture and Rodolph is fascinating, marvelous, divine. But how terrible it is to see him die at the end! Oh! to see his eyes (like stars) close forever, oh! my, my, how sad. We went to the show so glad and anxious to see our favorite and we came out with tears in our eyes, and for two weeks we didn't smile.

We hope Rodolph won't die again in "The young Rajah" and in "A Spanish Cavalier." As for Nita Naldi—she is beautiful, so is Lila Lee. Are they both Italians, single or married? And "The Prisoner of Zenda" is also a nice picture, but Ramon Navarro is not like Rodolph as they say, he has a different sort of face, smile, eyes and everything.

And we absolutely disagree with the "Movie Weekly," that says Rodolph is not as popular as he was. Then may we ask you why "Blood and Sand" was three weeks at the Rivoli and one week at the Rialto—and in hot weather? And to say that Valentino is not especially liked by picture people because he's a foreigner! My! that's an insult to Signor Valentino and to all foreigners. And do they know that a very great many of our stars are "foreign." For instance, Nazimova, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford (if she was born in Canada), Enid Bennett, Antonio Moreno and many others. We would like to know the names of those stars and producers who hate Rodolph, just to see who they are. With best regards,

GUAN GALLARDO.

Foreign Customs As Shown in American Pictures

Dear Sir:

Having seen Mr. Gonzalez's letter to Mae Murray, I just want to voice my opinion if I may, of some of the American productions of today.

To begin with, I have lived in England all my life, until two years ago.

I have always been a movie fan and take "Movie Weekly." I was interested in Mr. Gonzalez's letter to Miss Murray. Perhaps it was a little too harsh, the first one, but I myself have been in the movie theatre at home when American productions have been shown and have seen people look disgusted with the way they exaggerate. Why do they do it? It seems so contemptible to the naturally reserved English, who resent ridicule. Regarding Royalty, everything is exaggerated. If the producers themselves were to go and live among the cultured people, their ideas would be entirely different.

I wonder how Percy Marmont feels sometimes when he has to read a new script. I doubt if he admires it in his heart. Now, I know Mae Murray is not at fault, even if she did go to Spain, but I want to say that the people's habits are not acquired unless you live among them as one of them. Sometimes foreign customs have to be shown in a picture.

Now, I am not condemning American pictures, because I don't think I have seen any to equal them. Not even those of Ernst Lubitsch and the wonderful Pola Negri. If you had lived abroad and seen how ridiculous American exaggeration looks to us, I think you would feel somewhat like Mr. Gonzalez. Such exaggeration is insulting—or shall I say embarrassing?

If some of the Spaniards who worked for "Fascination" had dared to speak up, perhaps that picture would never have been produced, or it would have been corrected a great deal. But, you see, it is natural to be silent where your living is concerned. Perhaps when they returned home, if one could have followed and listened, one would have heard the real truth as to their feelings.

As much as everyone loves your pictures, at home it hurts most times to see ignorance personified from our good friends, the Americans.

OLIVIA BOTTOMLEY.

An Impulsive Kindly Nature

Being the Face Analysis of Douglas Fairbanks

By MARY TOWERS

CROWN of Head—High and full, indicates consciousness, benevolence and hope. The broadness just below the crown shows constructive ability, cheerfulness and good nature.

Forehead—The upper formation as it extends from side to side, rather slanting from the crowd indicates a reflective nature. The width about the ears, on each side, shows mental and physical energy, one who is quick to think and apt to jump at conclusions which are usually correct, a keenly observant person, inventive, fond of sciences. One who possesses plenty of originality both in thinking and acting, an abundance of force, personal magnetism and self-confidence where action is needed. One who has plenty of friends and seldom makes enemies in spite of a lack of caution and tact.

Eyebrows—Their darkness is an indication of alertness and nervous force, rather heavy and close to the eye they show perceptive powers and a nature gifted with enthusiasm rather than intensity.

Eyes—Well-rounded and deep set, pupil full of expression, the inner corners

not as deeply set as the outer corners, this is the eye of mental breadth, observation and penetration, it indicates optimism tempered with reason, enthusiasm and force controlled by will power.

Nose—Tilted at the end, is indicative of self-defence, its broadness at the base shows caution, a certain sharpness of outline means a rather keen wit, the rather thick wings indicate passion.

Mouth—Large, with full lips, shows natural tendencies towards sensuousness, rather short upper lip indicates an excessively nervous temperament and self-will. The fullness at the corners show power and ambition, fullness in the lower lip means a love for children and animals. The turned up corners are indicative of humor, wit and optimism. Projecting lower lip indicates coldness and shrewdness.

Chin—Width of bony structure means an impulsive and passionate nature, one who is quick of action, energetic and forceful. The square line at the base of the chin indicates determination.

The expression of the face and the personality it suggests is that of a magnetic, forceful and helpful individuality. An impulsive, kindly nature, one who would think he could build Rome in a morning rather than a day. Who would not count the cost if he wanted to be of service to anyone, one with an erratic memory and a romantic viewpoint of life.

Hints to Scenario Writers

By Frederick Palmer

Questions and Answers

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

(Q.) I have reached the point where I do not know whether my story is good or bad. I am discouraged. Do you think that this indicates that I have no ability, and should confine my efforts to another line of endeavor?—L. W.

(A.) This is nothing to be discouraged about. You have been working too intensely. Make your outline, then let it mature. Take it up again, and you will no doubt be surprised at the improvement you have made. After the story has been completed, lay it aside for a time, then reread it. You will then see wherein it is lacking. In other words, take plenty of time—no one can succeed in a "hurry."

(Q.) Why is it that so many published stories are produced when they are inferior to original ones submitted?—F. M.

(A.) One reason for this is that a published story has an advertising value that the original one lacks. It has been *published*, and consequently read by many thousands of people. Those that have read the story are naturally interested in seeing just *how* it will appeal to them on the screen. The time of the original author is rapidly approaching, however; in fact, it is practically here now.

(Q.) My stories have been criticized because they have several lines of action, or "several conflicts." Why is it necessary to have just one conflict in a picture?—Tom. R.

(A.) There should be one central and well-developed line of conflict in a picture. There may be others, but they must be kept subordinate to the main line and hinging upon it. If the minor threads of action are developed at the expense of the major thread, the unity of the story is destroyed and the interest is scattered.

(Q.) I have difficulty in making my characters life-like and convincing. Can you tell me how to remedy this?—L. L.

(A.) You can make your characters life-like by studying human nature. Do as O. Henry did. Talk to the people you meet—acquaintances, strangers, anyone. Get interested in their problems; they all have problems of some kind. Study their dominant characteristics and their little peculiarities. Watch their actions. Try to guess their motives, their reasons for the things they do. By studying human nature at first hand in this manner, you will not only make your imaginary characters seem real, flesh-and-blood people, but you will be more likely to get human, interesting problems into your stories.

(Q.) Why are courtroom scenes and trials not effective on the screen?—J. R.

(A.) Because their effectiveness usually depends upon the speeches made by the two factions, and not upon action.

(Q.) Would a story of the life of the Aztecs be good screen material? To me it is vastly interesting.
—V. A. A.

(A.) It is quite true that subject matter concerning the Aztecs is interesting. The point is that it is not dramatic. Narrative material of this nature, no matter how entertaining it may be, cannot be put on the screen without becoming "draggy." Remember that you must hold the attention of your audience, and this implies that the action of your story must rise in intensity and suspense until a climax is reached.

(Q.) Is it necessary to explain some point in a plot which should be perfectly clear to an audience from the previous scenes?—E. E.

(A.) Leave nothing unexplained. If an audience is to infer what is meant from previous scenes, they will become confused and lose interest in the story.

(Q.) I wish to use a "retrospect" in my plot. Will this detract from the value of the story? If so, how can I avoid it?—S. G.

(A.) "Retrospect" should be avoided whenever possible. Try to construct your story so that you may avoid it. At best it is clumsy and artificial motivation. Sometimes by manipulating the plot, it is possible to begin the action at such a point that retrospection is not necessary; or it may be possible to give such explanation in a few brief subtitles.

(Q.) Is it advisable to write a complete continuity before writing the detailed synopsis of a story; the continuity, of course, being merely for my own use, not for submission?—G. H.

(A.) It is not necessary for you to construct a complete continuity of your story before writing the detailed synopsis. Many students find this a great advantage in their work, and I feel that this matter should be left to the student's personal judgment of the advantage of this method of working.

(Q.) Is it permissible for me to use material concerning a girls' college in my story?—W. C.

(A.) There is no objection to using sequences involving the action of girls in college, if this material is absolutely essential to the subsequent portion of the story. It must be an integral part of the whole.

(Q.) Is it permissible to leave "gaps" in the script for the continuity writer to fill, thus giving play to the imagination and ingenuity of the continuity writer?
—E. D. E.

(A.) Never depend too much upon the continuity writer to change your story. Remember that the photodramatist should supply the plot intact with no omissions or "slurring over." Do not put off upon the director or the continuity writer what is your own job. Give all of the action of your story, and give it in a clear, comprehensive way. The story, you must remember, is the ground-work for the entire production, and should be sound and comprehensive.

(Q.) Why are so many pictures badly named?
—A. L.

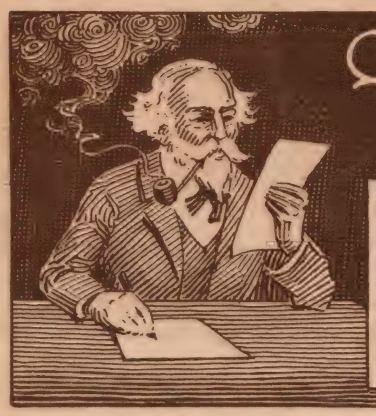
(A.) Unfortunately, a good many photoplays are badly named. Producers have found it necessary to use titles which will have some "box office" value; in other words, titles which will attract the attention of people and make them want to see the picture. I agree with you heartily that in many cases poor titles are selected. Such a title as "Hail the Woman," however, is rather distinctive and appealing, and, furthermore, it establishes in three words the theme of the story.

(Q.) Could part of the plot be sold to a producer with the idea of having a staff writer complete the story?—A. L.

(A.) Your plan for selling your story combined with a similar one would not be practicable. It is true that sometimes staff writers piece together different plots, but when producers buy, they want a story to be intact and fully developed.

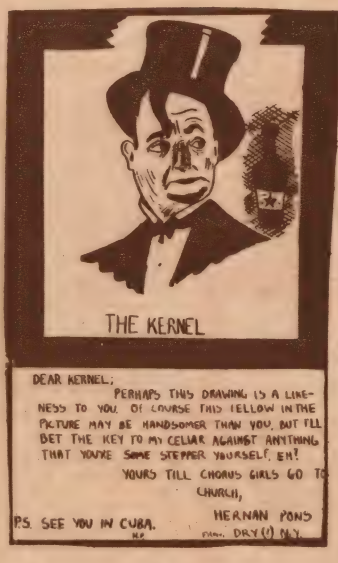
(Q.) In my story, my hero has a twin brother and my heroine a twin sister. With this characterization I believe I can create many humorous situations. What do you think?—Miss J. B.

(A.) A photoplay of this kind would require that your hero and heroine would both play dual roles. Although this is photographically possible, the difficulty in filming on account of so many double exposures, and the complexity of the characterization, would probably render your effort unattractive to the producers.



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.



HERNAN PONS—So you'd bet the key to your cellar, would you? Well, the real question is, has your cellar got anything in it? I strongly suspect from the drawing you made of me that you have me confused with Charles Murray, who cavorts around those Mack Sennett comedies.

IONA FLIVVER—School is just beginning, so what shall you do? My advice would be to run, or you'll be late. Of course I went to school—do I seem so ignorant? Mary Pickford made "Tess of the Storm Country" about seven years ago, but that was in the days when movies were just beginners. Mary thinks the story is worth making a screen classic of with expert direction and photography, according to our improved standards. The new production will be released in the fall. Yes, Ben Turpin's eyes really rove thither and yon as they do in pictures. Charles Ray is thirty-one. Marilynn Miller can be reached at the Colonial Theatre, in Boston.

I. C. LOTS AND IMA FRIGHT—I shouldn't think you'd make a very good partnership. Rex Ingram's former wife was Doris Pawn. Yes, it is true that Eric Von Stroheim is a member of the Austrian nobility—if there is any left. His father was a Colonel of the 6th Regiment of Dragoons, and his mother was a lady in waiting to Elizabeth, Empress of Austria Hungary. Eric was born in 1885. Write him at Universal City, California. Charles Chaplin is five feet four and Clair Windsor two and a half inches shorter.

LOUISE ZANDER—What do you mean, for me to arrange in "any way or other" to have a picture of Buck Jones in "Movie Weekly" next week? Even if I could arrange it for you by knocking the editor down or something like that, I couldn't get the picture in the next week's issue after you wrote. The next week's issue was already in print, and being shipped to various parts of the country, the next after that was being printed, and the next after that was all ready to be printed.

MISS CONSTANCE FISKE—After your very nice letter of course I will answer your question. Richard Dix is not yet a star, but no doubt it will not be long before he will be starred. Did you see his life story in the September 16th issue of "Movie Weekly?"

APPLE BLOSSOM—There's no danger of my thinking your letter is the silliest I ever got; don't you worry about that, for it would take *some* silly letter to get the booby prize. But of course I get lots of nice letters too. Ralph Graves is married to Marjorie Seamon. He has brown hair and blue eyes (I almost slipped there and said blue hair and brown eyes). His hobby is golf, and his address is The Los Angeles Athletic Club.

MARJORIE MAY—You don't think I look like the drawing of me because appearances are deceitful. Yes, and I suppose appearances are especially deceitful when one wears long whiskers like mine; there's no telling what they hide. Sessue Hayakawa has left the movies and is now in Japan. Barbara La Marr can be reached at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Constance Talmadge is in Europe. Betty Blythe works at the Pyramid Studio, 75 Mill St., Astoria, L. I. I suppose the playwright you refer to is Zoe Akins. Ramon Navarros is Spanish.

CUTIE—So you just thought you'd drop me a line from the country? Well, that was some drop, wasn't it, since you are way up in the mountains. Your guess is that I am dark and good-looking. Oh, you don't know the half of it! Glad you enjoyed "Movie Weekly" on your vacation.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR—You're just a little early, aren't you, or haven't you recovered yet from last year's? No, my beard isn't ten feet long; even my feet are not ten feet. Monte Blue is thirty-two (poetry). Yes, he did wonderful work in "Peacock Alley" and "Orphans of the Storm." Joseph Schildkraut looks just the same on and off the screen.

BABS—Maybe William S. Hart and Winifred, his wife, will kiss and make up. Especially now that there is a youngster. No, Claire Windsor is not married. Richard Dix is twenty-eight; his latest picture is "The Christian." His hobby is golf. Gloria Hope is twenty-one. She is Mrs. Lloyd Hughes. Mae Murray has bobbed hair. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was taken in California. I don't know why you haven't seen a picture of Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's husband.

MAPLE SYRUP — I suppose everyone tells you then, that you're sweet enough to eat. Sorry I haven't a picture of myself to send you, as you ask, but I'm afraid if I went to have one taken the photographer would faint when he saw me. Rodolph's picture appeared in the Art Series, March 4, 1922, and on the covers of the May 13th and September 2nd issue. R. V. was born in Italy, May 6, 1895; his hobbies are horseback riding, and swimming. You can get a booklet of his life story from "Movie Weekly" for twenty cents.

BEBE B.—Is Conway Tearle married? You bet he is, and he spends a good deal of his salary on alimony. Adele Rowland is his present wife. Yes, Rodolph's marriage is legal in Mexico and outside of California in general, but he and Winifred will have to be married again after January first before it will be recognized in California. I don't think Thomas Meighan has any children. Of course you may write again, and use pink paper if you like. You can even use sand paper.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE AND PEARL BUTTONS—I'm afraid that combination would give me indigestion. I will tell the editor of your request for another picture of Gloria Swanson in the Art Series, but the editor gets so many such requests that they don't mean much. I presume Gloria has her own horse; I don't know what kind of car she drives. I'd have my hands full, you see, if I tried to keep track of what all the stars eat for breakfast and what color wall paper they have and every little detail concerning them.

BROWN EYED BLONDE—How long does it take to get into the movies? Ha, ha, that's a good one. Why don't you ask me how long it takes to earn a million dollars. The answer is, you might try all the rest of your life and never have a bit of luck. Richard Barthelmess lives in Harrison, New York. I suppose most of the stars are glad to get fan letters because the number of letters indicates how popular the stars are. However, I don't suppose any of the screen players stand on the street corners watching for the postman. Wallace Reid is thirty.

A BROWN EYED VAMP—Whom did you ever vamp? Mae Murray's hair has always been blonde; if it seemed black to you in one of her pictures, it may have been because she wore a wig. She is five feet three and weighs 115. She is twenty-nine. Betty Compson is about twenty-four and Edith Roberts is twenty.

E. N. D.—Of a perfect day, I suppose. Gladys Walton lives at 456 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles.

HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED—As to how tall Irene Castle and Constance Talmadge are in their stocking feet, surely you don't expect me to take their shoes off, do you? I was brought up to be polite. Irene is five feet seven and Constance Talmadge is five five. Yes, Connie has brown eyes. I agree with you that Norma is the prettier of the two; it is hard to say which is the better actress until we have seen Connie in emotional roles.

DARING DARLING—Who or what did you dare? I'm sorry I don't know a niece of William S. Hart's named Beatrice Reynolds. Wanda Hawley's address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Charles Ray, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles. Yes, Nazimova was one of the first actresses to bob her hair.

BOBBED TRESSES—You have a surprise for me—you send no self-addressed stamped envelope. It's a wonder I ever recovered from the shock of getting a letter without a stamped envelope. The toreador in "Fascination" was played by Robert Frazer; he made quite a hit, it seems.

Sincerely yours,
The Colonel

The Siren Call

(Continued from page 20)

forehead. He surveyed the animated scene with disgust and was about to turn on his heel and walk away, when Claire Le Claire—christened Mary Ellen Jones—came up; held out her hand and asked him if he would buy a kiss, ending by puckering up her lips enticingly. His only answer was a look of contempt. Chagrined beyond expression, the girl elevated her nose at an angle of forty-five degrees, turned her back on him, gave a flip to her dress and walked straight up to Charlotte, who had finished kissing the last man and was counting the money she had thereby made for the baby. Le Claire, knowing Charlotte's quick temper and hoping for the newcomer's discomfiture, whispered venomously in the latter's ear:

"That stranger ain't bought a kiss—an' ain't likely to."

Charlotte's temper took fire on the instant. She cared nothing for the kiss, but that her precious baby should be slighted was intolerable. Snatching a revolver from a man's holster, she started toward the newcomer, lips tense, eyes blazing, her whole mien that of an avenging goddess. The crowd followed with breathless interest. Almost before Ralph was aware of her presence she had pressed the weapon against his abdomen and ground out the words through set teeth:

"Kiss me! Damn you, kiss me—or I'll shoot!"

Beauregard demands a kiss from Charlotte as payment for the baby.

Beauregard Reveals Himself

RALPH stood there, startled and humiliated. Charlotte, her face grim and menacing, pressed the gun closer, staring unflinchingly into his eyes. The crowd gathered closer and closer, undecided as to whether they were witnessing tragedy or comedy. Ralph, realizing that he was in a dangerous predicament, did not flinch. After a moment's breathless silence he spoke quietly. "I don't want to insult you," was all he said.

"Go ahead, stranger, insult." Charlotte taunted.

A loud guffaw rose from the throng. There seemed to be no alternative. He leaned over and kissed Charlotte coldly. The latter then turned the revolver to the floor and leaned back, smiling at her easy victory.

"That insult will cost you ten dollars," she said.

Another loud guffaw arose. Without a word Ralph pulled out a large roll of bills and handed her one. She was about to turn away when Ralph peeled off another bill and handed it out to her.

"What is this for?" she demanded.

"It is to pay for the right to insult you once more," he replied evenly.

Thinking Charlotte had made another conquest, the crowd laughed uproariously. She started angrily. Ralph waited for a moment and then remarked coldly.

"Well—I'm waiting."

"Go ahead, Stranger," she snapped. "Insult all you want to."

It was Stephens' turn to hesitate. But only for a moment.

"I don't think that a woman of your sort should be permitted to take care of that baby," he stated finally.

Charlotte stared at him, breathing heavily. Paying no attention to her agitation, Ralph continued:

"No man would want to marry you—much less make you the mother of his children."

He turned to go. As the crowd sensed his language, ugly, menacing words were cast at him and black looks surrounded him. With a sickening sense of the truth of his statement, Charlotte turned white. Seeing this, the mob surged forward as one man to attack him. Seeing this design and suddenly galvanized into life, Charlotte threw herself forward to protect him and cried out:

"Leave him alone! Leave him alone, I say! He paid for the right to insult me."

Suddenly Pat, the porter, tore off his coat, threw down his hat, squared off his fists and yelled:

"He's a domned liar! I'll marry you myself an' be proud to have ye be the mother av me childher."

The laughter of the moment broke the tension. Charlotte looked at him, a pathetic smile on her lips. Ralph stood watching her, a deepening interest showing on his strong, handsome face. With rude chivalry a number of men rushed forward and overwhelmed her with proposals of marriage. Smilingly she refused them all and made her way to the other room where the baby was sleeping. She started to place the twenty dollars with the other money in the baby's improvised bank, then, with quick decision, replaced the money in her bosom and entered the dance hall where Ralph was seated at a small table. As she entered Ralph rose and asked her if she wouldn't sit down. She hesitated a moment, then sat in the chair he indicated, handed him the money, a deep sadness overshadowing her face.

"I don't want you to think I am what you imagine," she said.

She took a small package from her bosom, unwrapped it and held to view a gold wedding ring.

"It has been more profitable for me not to wear this—although I am married," she said simply.

"Oh, you are?" Ralph remarked, completely taken aback. Somehow he felt a vague sense of sorrow—of disappointment.

"Yes," affirmed Charlotte. She indicated Brent, who was talking to Eleanor Du Bois. "See that man with the blonde woman? He is my husband."

Stephens started. Shortly after his entrance, he had accidentally come across Brent kissing the blonde. He hid this information, however, but a new sympathy was awakened.

"Yes," continued Charlotte, "I have to keep it secret for, you see, no one would care to dance with me if they knew I was married."

"Ralph was deeply touched by her story. He leaned forward and patted her hand gently.

"If in your heart you are playing the game squarely, no matter what others think, you'll win out in the end."

Charlotte was deeply touched in turn, and was about to reply when she heard the baby cry and, the mother heart awakened, rushed out to quiet him. As she sat cuddling him in her arms, her husband came up. He scowled when he saw the wedding ring.

"I wouldn't wear that, dear," he said, forcing a fictitious sweetness into his tones. Picking up her hand he slipped the golden circlet from her finger. "I wouldn't wear it. You know we don't want anyone to know we are married. I'll keep it for you."

He left and Charlotte placed the baby in the cradle, then stood looking at it with a smile half sad, half reminiscent on her face, when Beauregard, the half-breed, entered munching candy. His eyes glowed with passion as he looked at her. With wild impulse he tossed the candy on the floor, threw his arms around the astonished girl and tried to smother her with kisses. Astonished beyond measure, she fought him off, striking him again and again but, strong as she was, she was no match for him. Suddenly Beauregard looked up and beheld Ralph Stevens coming in their direction. He released his hold, but the latter had seen enough.

"Go," he said sternly, glowering at the abashed Beauregard. "And I would not try that again if I were you." Needing no second command, the abashed half-breed slipped from the room. "Do you stand for such actions?" Ralph asked abruptly, turning on the disheveled Charlotte, who was smoothing her unruly hair.

"No, indeed," she retorted bitterly. "Usually I have no trouble in handling them."

"You should not be here," he said in a softer tone than he had ever used to her."

"No," she retorted, bitterness deepening in her tones, "and now that I have the baby I won't be much longer."

Ralph Stephens turned to go, started, stopped, started, hesitated again and finally spoke.

"Now that I understand, I would like to take back those insults."

Charlotte smiled wanly.

"That's all right," she said. "I, too, understand."

"Thank you," Ralph said gratefully. "You are better to me than I deserve. I am leaving tonight. I want to say good-bye."

They shook hands cordially and Ralph, after a lingering look, took his departure. Beauregard, who had been lurking behind some drapery, placed another piece of candy in his mouth and smiled a cunning, cruel smile.

(Continued next week)

A story of the Frozen North that surpasses anything of the kind yet written.

Thrilling adventure in the great outdoors with the scene set in one of the inevitable dance halls which thrived in the days of the Klondyke rush.

Where gamblers and politicians, broken down prospectors and profligate younger sons of the upper class rubbed elbows over faro layouts and rough pine bars; where painted ladies and Chinamen, thieves and beggars huddled under one roof to make the night hideous with ribald song and raucous laughter in the eternal quest for pleasure.

Did you like this story so far, Reader? Another instalment next week.

Now turn to page* 18 *and read

TEDDY OF THE TEASERS

the story of a girl who won her way to stardom by her wits.

You Too Can Now Have Glorious Wavy Hair!

New Liquid Discovery Quickly Gives You a Wealth of Soft Glistening Curly Hair.

No longer need you envy the girl with beautiful wavy hair. For beauty experts have at last a new harmless liquid, which gives even the most stubborn hair a wonderfully natural waviness and curliness.

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(If you wish, you may send cash with coupon and save the postage.)

The Love Route to Fame

(Continued from page 19)

that she had checked him somewhat, she turned her attention to Lorea, who met her eyes with a half-curious, half-mocking light in his.

"What's amusing you?" she inquired.

"Oh, lots of things. I was wondering how long you've known the Countess?"

"I just met her—once."

"Then you've never been to one of her parties?"

"No. This is my first."

He frowned slightly and she laughed. "If you're going to suggest that perhaps I shouldn't have come, don't. I had an idea what it would be like, but I wanted to come anyway."

"You interest me," he said, as though she were a new kind of invention. This lack of personal interest piqued her while it attracted her. Men, when she interested them, were not in the habit of regarding her impersonally.

"You mean, you just can't make up your mind whether I belong here?"

"I know you don't. But I was just wondering why you came." She flashed a smile into her eyes, but no answering gleam leaped into his, such as she was accustomed to noting. "Curiosity?"

"Partly," she admitted, caught by his ability to read her. "Something else, too."

"Thrills?"

She nodded. "You're a mind reader, Mr. Lorea. It's positively uncanny."

"Come now. If I am, you shouldn't try anything so obvious as that."

"I mean it. People never get me the first time. Or ever, for that matter."

"I think I get you," he said, without any appearance of boasting.

The party was growing more mellow. A servant opened the doors into the living room, where an orchestra had been ensconced. Purdee claimed the first dance and Teddy yielded it to punish Lorea, who had not seemed eager about asking her, although Purdee was getting near the stage when he would be disgustingly drunk. She held her body rigid, as far away from him as she could—her face averted. She had always hated drunken men.

She turned to Lorea as she sat down, but he was talking to Ellen Easton on his other side.

"You're like a daisy in that white dress," Keane Wagner leaned down and said in passing.

"A daisy?" Teddy inquired. "In a hot house?"

On the laugh that followed, Lorea turned. "No," he regarded her in that irritating, impersonal way of his, "I don't think Miss Bramleigh is a daisy."

"A white violet, perhaps?" she asked, sarcasm in the arch of her brows.

"No. Something more intricate—more exotic. A gardenia, I should say."

When they played the next dance she felt certain he would ask her. And he would not stay impersonal after he had danced with her! But he again permitted someone else to claim her. Although Stacey Van Broom was a perfect dancer, Teddy felt discontented. She did not know that Monford Lorea never gave women what he had every desire to give them until they had first discovered for themselves that they desired it. Often he made them ask for it.

After the second dance they stopped the music and Stacey Van Broom gave some of his screamingly funny imitations. Teddy, casting a discreet eye round the table, saw John Murdon examining the faces of his guests, a slight curl to his lips, as though he did not appraise them too highly. When his eye rested on Teddy, he found in hers a look that matched his own—a little curiosity—a little mockery—as though he were not the great John Murdon at all, but merely a stout, middle-aged man who amused her. She dropped her eyes, pretending to control with difficulty her smile. Teddy was an actress. It was the first time John Murdon had ever caught a woman looking at him that way. He pondered.

A moment later, casting another look around the table, from under her heavy, curled lashes, Teddy noticed that Keane Wagner had pushed his chair back and was regarding her behind Ellen Easton and Lorea.

"So that's Keane Wagner," thought Teddy and recalled the day she had tried so desperately to see him. It was immediately after her arrival in New York, and she had had a letter for him from the manager of the Bramley Film Theatre, a letter on which, out in Wisconsin, she had based her hopes of a career in New York. But the letter had not even procured her a sight of the great Keane Wagner. Some secretary had inquired her errand and, with a slight smile, taken her name and telephone number, saying Mr. Wagner would let her know when he could see her. When no summons came, after all the disheartening waiting, she had gone again. This time she had been told, without ceremony, that Mr. Wagner never saw applicants and that she might apply at the studios in Leonia.

And here he was studying her, furtively. She began to ponder on chance. Chance! That was the great thing. She would make the most of hers.

He approached her for the next dance.

"Do you know what I was thinking of?" he asked in his silky voice.

"Of a story for the Broadway Review?" She knew this was a straight shot. But she could always count on her wits and those heavily-lashed gray eyes to extricate her from anything.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, all the silk gone from his voice. He was a Walking History and Directory of Broadway. He knew all its habitues and the stories connected with them. It was gossip that many of the juiciest bits in the Broadway Review, that delectable weekly, must have been supplied by him. There was a coincidence about his presence at certain parties and the appearance of the yarns. Wise people were beginning to watch their steps.

"I mean—I'd make such a pretty story—The Tale of the Happy Daisy who became a Blue Belle," she looked at him innocently. There was, in fact, a series of stories about country girls in the Big City running serially. He was not quite convinced.

"Who are you?" he asked brusquely, thrown out of his usual soft mode of speech. "You're not on Broadway. What are you doing here?"

"Trying to meet you, Sheik." (They called him the Sheik of Broadway. Perhaps because he knew so many girls—could summon so many to an impromptu party.) "And ask you for a job."

"A job. Beautiful! What would you want with a job?"

"What do most people want with jobs? Money."

"Oh, beautiful! A girl like you doesn't need a job to get money! Why, you could have somebody to care for you."

"I'd rather have a job," said Teddy with sudden crispness.

"Come and see me at my office—late to-morrow afternoon, and we'll talk it over," he said soothingly.

"Your office? They don't let anybody near you."

"They'll let you, all right. Just send in your name. By the way, what IS your name?"

She threw back her head and laughed. As she did so, she caught the eye of John Murdon fixed on her. She saw him lean over and ask the Countess something. She knew they were talking about her. She was tremendously exhilarated.

"Find out," she challenged Wagner. She was surprised. She had thought it would take time with a man like Keane Wagner—that she would have to angle and fence. Her easy conquest did not entirely please her. He would probably have done the same for any girl. He resolved to make him realize she was Teddy Bramleigh—not just any girl to be neatly catalogued with dozens of others whom he could summon on call.

"Doesn't Your Worship dance at all?" she asked of Lorea when the next fox trot began.

"Would you like to dance?" as though the idea had not occurred to him.

But a clamor now arose for Lillian Leroux to do the dance which had made her famous. It was a suggestive dance when done in costume on the stage. But in the shimmering sequins of her fitted gown in the close proximity of the dining room it was more telling and laid heavily suggestive fingers on the already free atmosphere of the party. The talk and laughter grew less restrained. Old Man Purdee told a story. It was accepted hilariously by all. Except Teddy. She grew hot and cold, and feeling the eyes of Lorea on her, turned.

"How's the curiosity?" he asked. As she turned from him angrily the music for the next dance began and although she meant to refuse him, for some reason she did not. She thought she would like John M. to see her, head thrown back Bacchante-like—in the pose that had caught his eye before. But the moment she was in Lorea's arms she forgot about Murdon. Lorea was the perfect partner for her. Not so fine a dancer as Van Broom, but to Teddy much more satisfying. She closed her eyes, her head against his shoulder, lost in an ecstacy of perfect contentment.

They played the dance twice and toward the end Teddy opened her eyes and for the first time became conscious of the others. Purdee was leaning in wobbly fashion against Nora Easton, his mouth sunk against her fleshy shoulder. A shudder went through Teddy. Lambriados, both arms round the Countess, was making a European attempt to do an American dance. There was something indecent as well as ludicrous about the attempt. Stacey Van Broom and Lillian Leroux were doing an Apache, while Lela Humphreys and Keane Wagner were dancing tightly pressed together, and he was dropping kisses in her hair whenever they were out of range of Murdon's eyes. But Murdon was not watching them. He was talking to Ellen Easton, his eyes fixed intently on Teddy.

Teddy felt suddenly sick of it all. She had seen enough. She could already glimpse the ugliness behind, and had no wish to explore further. She began to think of escape. She looked anxiously at Lorea, wondering whether she could rely on him. But he, too, had had too much to drink.

As they passed Murdon, he rose and planted himself before her. He was over six feet tall and solidly built, with a deliberate jaw and keen, deliberate, greenish eyes.

"You're on the stage, Miss Bramleigh?" he inquired and Lorea moved away.

"In pictures," she replied, dropping her eyes.

He grunted. "Come and see me tomorrow afternoon after four."

Keane Wagner turned sharply. "Nothing doing!" he cried unsteadily, thrusting his flushed face almost into the heavy jaw of the publisher. "She's coming to see me tomorrow afternoon. You keep off!"

Teddy drew back, while for a breathless second the two men glowered at each other.

Then: "Attend to your own affairs," said Murdon contemptuously, turning on his heel.

"This is my affair!" Wagner raised his rather effeminate voice and the others, interested, closed in on them. "You keep your hands off, I tell you!"

"And I tell you to go to Hell, you miserable little ————!" and he called him an ugly name which his enemies were in the habit of giving him behind his back.

With a little cry of rage, Wagner sprang for him and would have landed on him, had not Lambriados stopped him. In a second the room was in an uproar. Lambriados put his arms about the infuriated Vice-President of the Associated Producers, while the whole party tried to step between the men—to soothe them as well as keep them apart. Murdon had made no move, but stood there, towering above his adversary, his heavy jaw thrust forward, an ugly light in his eyes.

Teddy looked around helplessly. Lorea was standing before the doors that led to the living room—his arms folded, that mocking light in his eyes. She went straight to him. "I want to go home," she put into her voice and eyes all the appeal of which they were capable.

He laughed.

(Continued next week)

Annette Kellermann's Secret of Glorious Health *Every* Day

As told to the readers of Movie Weekly by herself

I WANT to talk frankly to women. At the same time I hope no one will criticize me for discussing a subject that is of intimate concern to women. With all sincerity I maintain that if there is anything I can do or say to help relieve a condition that impresses me as nothing short of appalling, I am going to do it—and I am not going to let any consideration of false modesty seal my lips.

I hope, therefore, that you will read this in the spirit in which it is written. And if what I say here helps any woman to find the way from a bondage of suffering to a new life of freedom and happiness, then I shall feel amply rewarded.

Is This Suffering Necessary?

Probably I should not feel so keenly about this subject if it were not for the fact that it has come so forcibly to my attention. I have been brought into contact with many thousands of women, both in person and by correspondence. Women in all parts of the world have written to me, asking for my advice and help; asking me if I would not tell them how I had attained my physical development, my abundant health; asking if there was not some way by which they, too, could acquire perfection of figure, vigorous health, and *free themselves from the misery of constant suffering.*

Now the thing that has always surprised me is that most women seem to look upon suffering as a natural part of their lives. Is womankind destined to this eternal suffering? Is it the attribute of her sex? *Is it necessary?* Emphatically, I say, *"No!"* No woman should suffer—no woman *does* suffer unless her body is *unhealthy!* it is Nature's warning—the danger signal of a condition that should be corrected *at once.*

And any woman can correct this condition—can free herself from pain—can enjoy vigorous, glowing health *every* day!

I would not make this revolutionary statement if I were not absolutely sure of my ground. But for proof I can point to hundreds of cases—cases of women to whom I have shown the way from ill health, weakness and constant suffering, to superb, healthy, vigorous womanhood. Pain has become a thing of the past, and in its place has come a great new joy in life, a great new happiness.

Perfect Health and a Perfect Figure

How were these remarkable transformations accomplished? Simply through the same simple methods that I myself used to attain perfect health and perfect physical development, freeing myself entirely from the ill health and the sickliness that I had known in my earlier years. Before I had discovered the methods that later brought such a wonderful change in my condition, I knew those listless, discouraging days—days of weakness, of pain, of nervous exhaustion.

If you had known me then you would not think it possible that it was the same Annette Kellermann of today. You would not think it possible that such a change could have taken place as to earn me the reputation of being "the most perfectly-formed woman in the world." But best of all, ill-health has been replaced by a glorious new vitality. I enjoy abounding good health every day. In my theatrical engagements it has been necessary for me to appear day in and day out, without fail, and perform my strenuous diving and swimming feats. There could be no "off" days. I simply could not have done this if I had not found the secret of superb health for *every* day.

That my methods will do for any woman what they did for me is proved by the results obtained through them by so many others. They could be no more convincing evidence than the grateful letters I have received. These letters show how unnecessary suffering is—how easily any woman can free herself from it. And what a wonderful thing it is to find this glorious new health, new strength and new freedom after years of suffering!

I wish that I might place my methods in the hands of every woman. I wish that all might know how easy it really is to obtain vigorous, beautiful womanhood.

Will You Let Me Show You the Way?

Space here does not permit me to explain my methods. Then, too, you can understand that they are of a confidential nature.

However, I have written down my methods, step by step, just as I followed them in my own case, and just as I have since given them to thousands of other women to follow. I have had a number of copies reproduced in typewritten form, together with charts illustrated by photographs of myself.

I am going to distribute these among women readers of this magazine who care to write me at the address given below. Only a small charge is made to help defray the cost involved. And even this small amount will be refunded if you are not more than pleased with results, after you have followed my directions for ten days.

My purpose is simply to prove that any woman can easily, without the use of drugs or medicines, apparatus or appliances, free herself from the shackles of ill health and suffering, and enjoy vigorous health and sparkling vitality every day. I shall deem it a privilege to help you to this fuller realization of superb womanhood.

Try My Method for Ten Days

You need not send any money in advance. If you will simply mail me your name and address on the coupon below, I will send you my complete system for attaining Vigorous Womanhood, with my illustrated charts.

When it arrives, pay the postman only the small fee of $1.98, plus the few cents postage. Follow my method for ten days. If you do not feel better and look better—if you are not convinced that I have indeed shown you the way to glorious strength and vitality, you have only to return the system and your money will be refunded in full. But mail the coupon NOW, before the limited number of sets is gone. Address Annette Kellermann, 29 West 34th Street, Dept. 410, New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Dept. 410,
29 West 34th St., New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me in plain wrapper your complete set of instructions entitled, "Vigorous Womanhood." When they arrive I will pay the postman only $1.98 (plus the few cents postage) to help cover the cost of publishing, etc. I will follow your method for 10 days, and if I am not delighted with the improvements in my condition, I will return the system and you will refund my money. You guarantee my satisfaction.

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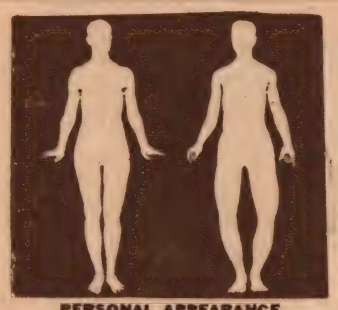

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is now more than ever the key-note of success. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

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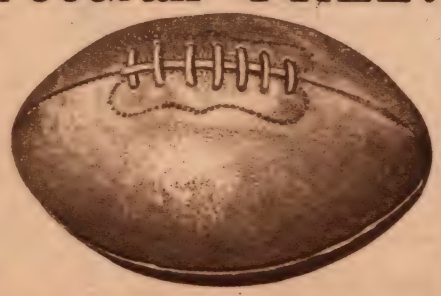

This football is made of good quality leather well stitched and comes complete with raw-hide lace and reinforced gum bladder. It is a Universal favorite for scrimmage games. With fairly good use will last several seasons.

This football is one of the many prizes that are given away for selling MOVIE WEEKLY Magazine. Thousands of boys have cash spending money in their pockets every week, free tickets to the movies and dandy prizes like this football.

If you want the football right away send $4.00 with this coupon and we will send you 5 copies of MOVIE WEEKLY each week for 8 weeks or 10 copies each week for 4 weeks so that you can sell them and get your $4.00 back. You know at least ten people who buy MOVIE WEEKLY—just get them for your customers.

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What's Around the Corner in Your Life?

(*Continued from page 3*)

called the "American Beauty." Katherine was on the stage in New York. Her sister, Mary MacLaren, was on the Coast, making pictures for Universal. Katherine went out to see her and to see her mother. Visiting Mary at the studio one day, a director became interested in her, deeming her beauty quite unsurpassable. He offered Katherine a part and she, after some hesitation, accepted. It was only a few months later that she became a star in her own right. She didn't have any idea that this career was "around the corner" in her life.

Wallie Reid's father was a well-known writer—Hal Reid—so Wallie grew up in a literary atmosphere. Which may explain, or may not, why he first went in for journalism. Then Wallie became interested in automobiles and made a study of their mechanism. So adept was he, that he became one of the editors on "Motor." His life seemed planned for him. But a young man, so handsome, so debonair, so splendidly built, could not avoid the eye of some far-seeing producer. So it was Wallie left the pen and ink world for the makeup one.

There are other countless examples in motion pictures, where stars of today had no idea they would be stars—didn't conceive what was "around the corner in their lives." Why should you be different? Let "Movie Weekly" help you to "break in" pictures. Enter our "Blonde-Brunette Vampire Contest." It is not too late—and think what you will have before you in pictures or on the stage if you win. The chance for you to win is good.

The Jail Flirt

(*Continued from page 5*)

"It's an outrage, in the name of justice," commented the court from the bench, "that Miss Guinan should constantly be brought into these embarrassing situations. People have no right to serve warrants on snap judgment.

"Miss Guinan has always been proven innocent. In the name of justice I apologize to her."

It was a fitting climax to a colorful court career. Miss Guinan, woman-like, cried a little bit—and then remembered that she's *supposed* to be the daredevil cow-lady of the stage and screen.

She had worn riding breeches and a tight-fitting man's coat into the courtroom.

"Here," she said to her attorney, taking out her checque book, "is half of $1,575—my pledge to St. Anthony. Will you take it to the priest for me?

"And *now*," and she sighed contentedly, "I can go home and change into some decent clothes."
she proved conclusively by showing cancelled bank drafts that she *didn't* owe the company a cent.

Sailing With Death On the High Seas

(*Continued from page 9*)

power of at least thirty feet, so I stood up in the bow and whistled lustily, figuring that might help in proportion. You could have cut the mist with a knife. It was impossible to see the edge of the boat. Suddenly, directly in front of us, loomed a light, there was a horrible swishing sound. Some of the crew had been indulging in jazz. There was a catch in their throats for a moment, and then the sublimated syncopation changed to a rendition of "Nearer My God to Thee." The light swept past us and the ship bearing it was almost close enough to touch. We rocked on her swells for hours.

"That was the Aquitania," Mr. King insisted. "She concluded she couldn't go under us without diving too deep, so she just went around us."

Of course, there had to be a mutiny aboard. It wasn't very serious, though, thank goodness. A regular Captain Kidd, plentifully tatooed with skulls and crossbones, standing fully six feet high, headed the crew when we were about two days out of Philadelphia, and descending on the captain, demanded to know if their fare was to be paid back from Boston.

The captain ruled in the negative. A loud murmur arose. There was tightening of belts and a tensing of muscles. Mr. King stepped into the breach and assured the men they would have the money to carry them back home. Thus a tragedy of the high seas was averted.

Well, there were slimy, bloody fights on board (a part of the picture, of course)—there were days of calm when we didn't move a knot—days when canned willy, hard tack and jam palled on us, but it was all there was, and there was plenty more like it—and every available hour was used for shooting scenes for the whole three weeks, and then one morning came the cry: "Land Ho!"

Hammocks were emptied in a jiffy. So must Christopher Columbus, after perilous days, have greeted the cry which announced a new continent had been found. But for us, there was the rocky, sun-kissed, blessed harbor of Gloucester ahead. And our windjamming days were over!

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

In next week's issue of "Movie Weekly," we will run a review of Marion Davies' new special, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," the production that has made such a pronounced hit at the Criterion Theatre, in New York. The review was scheduled for this week's magazine, but due to the lateness of the opening, our reviewer was unable to make this issue. Don't miss the review.

Your Car and Mine

By Wallace Reid
Star in Paramount Pictures

Water Increases Power Development of the Engine

X.

IT is now well recognized that moisture increases the power development of the engine, makes it run more smoothly and largely eliminates the accumulation of carbon in the cylinders. And in order to obtain these benefits, I have made a simple little apparatus which works to perfection. It consists mainly of a gallon oil can and some copper tubing. The can is the usual

type in which cylinder oil is supplied. It is mounted under the hood on the front side of the dashboard. A piece of copper tubing leads from the top of the can to the intake manifold and another copper pipe runs from the top, where it is open to the air, down through the can almost to the bottom. When the can is filled with water and the engine is running, moisture is sucked into the engine in sufficient quantity to produce the results desired. Air is drawn down through the pipe last mentioned, bubbling out at the bottom and then rising to the top of the can where the pipe connected to the intake manifold carries it off. Naturally, in bubbling up through the water, the air collects considerable moisture. One filling of the can is sufficient to supply the engine for two or three days. The mechanism not only makes the engine run with more smoothness and power, but it renders valve grinding and carbon removal almost unnecessary.

Movie Lover's Contest

How Many MOVIE TITLES Can You Find In Picture?

$2,500.00 IN FREE PRIZES

You May Win $1,000

HAVE YOU EVER been to the "Movies?" Sure you have many times. That's why it will be so much fun to solve this Movie Title Puzzle. Look at the picture,—there's "The Raven." "Broken Blossoms," Etc. How many more Movie Titles can you find in the puzzle picture?

The person sending in the largest list of Movies Titles represented in the puzzle picture will win first prize; second largest, second prize and so on down the prize list.

Complete List of Titles FREE!

So as to make it easy for persons not very familiar with Movie Titles we will send upon request a complete list of Movie Titles in which is included all Titles represented in the puzzle picture. Just send a postal card and say, "Send me the free List of authentic Titles and a larger copy of the Puzzle." This won't cost you a cent,—it is absolutely free.

$2,500 in Cash PRIZES

	Class B If no subscription money is sent in	Class A When $5 Subscription is sent in
1st Prize	$30.00	$1,000.00
2nd Prize	20.00	500.00
3rd Prize	15.00	250.00
4th Prize	10.00	100.00
5th Prize	5.00	50.00
6th to 10th Prize	3.00	10.00
11th to 25th Prize	1.00	5.00

EXTRA $500 Prize goes with 1st Prize under Class A.
Prize Money on Deposit at the Republic State Bank, Minneapolis

How to Win $1,000.00

If you send in the largest, nearest correct list of authentic Movie Titles represented in the picture above you will win first prize,—winning $1,000 under "Class A" (if $5 subscription order has been sent in); under "Class B" you would only win $30 first prize (when no subscription order is sent in). You can win without sending in a subscription order.

HOME FOLKS Popular Magazine

Our Magazine is published to interest everyone in the family, Dad, Mother, Sister and Brother. Stories, timely articles, current news, household hints, etc., all of which is entertaining and educational. Your own subscription and one from each of four friends is all you need (total $5) to get your list of titles in Class A,—in line for the $1,000 free prize.

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone living outside of Minneapolis not connected with Home Folks Magazine and The Home Co.
2. The person sending in the largest, nearest correct list of names of authentic titles of Moving Pictures represented by the objects or parts of objects, taken singly or collectively as shown in the picture, will win first prize; second nearest, second prize, etc. An object can be used but once to represent a title, but its parts may be used to represent a title.
3. Wid's (Movie authority) 1921-1922 Year Book, containing a list of 4,000 authentic Moving Picture Titles released between Sept. 1, 1915 and Sept. 1, 1921 will be used as authority. Only titles appearing in this list will be considered by the Judges. This list of 4,000 titles and a large copy of the puzzle may be had free upon request.
4. In case of ties for any prize offered, full amount of prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.
5. Three Independent Judges, Elta Lenart, Book Reviewer Minneapolis Tribune; Thomas Foley, Movie Cartoonist, A. J. Zachman, Cashier Rep. State Bank will decide the prize winners. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive. Winners and list of Titles winning first prize will be published at close of contest.
6. All lists of titles must be mailed not later than Nov. 20, 1922, but contestants will be permitted to "Qualify" under Class A up to Dec. 15, 1922.

These Titles May Help You!

Just to refresh your memory on Movie Titles we herewith publish a few Titles. A Complete list may be had for the asking.

Seven Swans, The
Net, The
Claw, The
Officer 666
Spotted Lily, The
Raven, The
Tale of Two Cities
Tangled Lives
Lamplighter, The
Masked Rider, The
Soul for Sale
Our Navy
Flash Light, The
Broken Blossoms
Lily and the Rose, The
My Lady's Slipper
Outcast
Police
Money Changers
Furnace, The
Night Workers
Almighty Dollar, The
American Maid, The
Ace on the Saddle
Babbling Tongues
Band Box, The
Beast, The
Bluff
Right of Way
Bought and Paid For
Brand, The
Brass Buttons
Bread
Old Swimmin' Hole, The
Plow Girl, The
Stepping Stones, The
Bait, The
Black Beauty
Blindfolded
Paid in Full
Pair of Silk Stockings
Butterfly on the Wheel, The
Bells, The
Little Cafe, The
Little Clown, The
Catspaw, The
Empty Cab, The

Write Today For Complete List of Titles—Absolutely FREE.

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are those which are Bright and Sparkling. Keep Your Eyes Young and Beautiful through the daily use of ***Murine.*** It has stood the test of time. At all Druggists.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

This superb 110-piece Set, with your initial in gold, surrounded by a wreath of gold, in 2 places on every piece; decorated in blue and gold with gold covered handles; consists of:
12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 inches
12 Soup Plates, 7¾ inches
12 Cups
12 Saucers
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
12 Fruit Dishes—5¼ inches
12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ inches
1 Platter, 13½ inches
1 Platter, 11¾ inches
1 Celery Dish, 8¾ inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10½ inches with lid (2 pieces)
1 Deep Bowl, 8¾ inches
1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches
1 Gravy Boat, 7¾ inches
1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

$1 Brings this Complete 110-Piece Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

A superbly decorated Dinner Set so beautiful and of such splendid quality that you must see it to realize what a bargain it is. Send only $1 and Hartman will ship the complete set of 110 fine pieces. Use it as your own for *30 days on Free Trial.* Then if not satisfied for any reason whatever, send it back and Hartman will return your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep it, TAKE NEARLY A YEAR TO PAY—a little every month while you are using it.

Your Initial in Gold, Surrounded by a Wreath of Gold, in 2 Places on Every Piece

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All handles are of solid design and are covered with gold as found only in costliest sets. Every piece decorated with a rich gold band edge, a mazarine blue follow band and 2 pure gold initials in Old English design, surrounded by gold wreaths. Notice the beautiful white lustrous body, made of best domestic and imported kaolins. You will also admire the artistic, symmetrical shapes, so pleasing to the eye and a constant joy to the user. 110 wonderful pieces in all. Go over the list above. See how complete it is—not a piece missing—and it is all yours at a price which makes it one of the world's greatest bargains. An opportunity you must not miss. Order today.

IMPORTANT!
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This great free 368-page catalog gives you the most amazing bargains in Furniture, rugs, linoleum, stoves, watches, silverware, dishes, washing machines, sewing machines, aluminum ware, phonographs, gas engines, cream separators, etc.— all sold on our easy monthly payment terms—30 days' Free Trial on everything.

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Name _____

Street Address _____

R. F. D. _____ Box No. _____

Town _____ State _____

State Your Occupation and Color _____

Give Initial Wanted (Any One Letter) _____

This is the Center Page Star Portrait from This Issue. Scanned and Donated to Archive.Org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth, 2023

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

NITA NALDI *Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe*

Who successfully vamps Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand"
Do you wonder why?

OCTOBER 7, 1922 TEN CENTS

MOVIE WEEKLY

jcristina.com

MARION DAVIES

The Jail Flirt
See Page 4

The Life Story of Tom Mix
See Page 11

OCTOBER 14, 1922 TEN CENTS

MOVIE WEEKLY

POLA NEGRI

"You Americans know nothing of Love," says Pola Negri Page 11

Has Rodolph Valentino a swelled Head Page 4

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The Vampire

MOVIE
№ 36 PRINTED

THE way to reform the movies is to get rid of the reformers!

By reformers I am not speaking of the sincere and broad-visioned builders in the industry who are striving for higher ideals. We wish there were a hundred men such as Will Hays, for example, with whom we could cooperate in getting finer and nobler films. All the support of "Movie Weekly" is behind such constructive forces. But we are opposed—unalterably opposed—to the snooping busy-bodies whose trade is ogling for obscenity.

Unless these parasites are eradicated; unless the producer, the director, the author and the star are relieved from their clownish surveillance, the modern motion picture will presently degenerate to the level of a Punch and Judy performance—with Judy's baby taken out as an immoral suggestion.

There is an unmistakable menace to the well-being of the screen in the operations of these squinting and miopic pseudo-moralists who see evil where only good dwells; to whom youth and joy and exuberance and delight are only annoyances and irritants; whose minds and hearts are warped, dried up and contracted, and who earn their living as moral scavengers by looking for nastiness.

Through the commands and edicts of these soi-disant censors, picture stories are being robbed of so much vitality, so much drama, so much fidelity to life that they are rapidly becoming too insipid, too inane, too trivial for the attention of intelligent human beings.

The whole aim of this censorship movement seems to be to make the movies safe for half-wits, infants in arms and the inmates for the Home for the Aged.

Nothing more sinister has ever menaced a civilized art than the imbecilic autocracy of the political jakes and the frowsy old maids who want to decide what you and I may see in a picture play.

As a result of their interference, pictures today are worse than they were five years ago. But the object of this editorial is to point out to the thinking devotees of the picture theatre in America what they may expect five years from now if the present dangerous trend is not checked by enlightened public demand.

If the tide of censorship is not stemmed, the following situation will inevitably result:

In five years from now Bill Hart will not be allowed to hate the villain who stole his prairie sweetheart.

By a law on all the statute books of all the States, Ruth Roland will be prohibited from showing fear when the gang of counterfeiters trap her in their den.

Gail Kane will be prevented by the police from being jealous of her lover or her husband.

All the film villains will have to take a solemn oath not to plot revenge, no matter what the complications of the story may be, under pain of going to prison.

Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country," will not be permitted to be envious of richer girls with finer clothes—because it will be illegal to be envious.

If any part of a picture requires a character to be afraid of bad luck, that part will have to be changed, because superstition will be against the law.

There will be no more police, no more detectives, no more judges, no more juries, no more lawyers, nor more of anything much shown, because lawlessness in any form is to be rigidly barred. No crime of any kind will be permitted in the pictures.

It will be absolutely against the law for a woman to propose marriage on the screen.

No quarreling will be permitted. To photograph a quarrel scene will be sufficient to send the producer to jail. Jealousy, as a motive, will be absolutely ruled out. No actress will be allowed to be jealous in a moving picture.

It will be a violation punishable by fine or imprisonment to make fun of a social worker, a member of the Board of Censors, a moralist, a reformer, in moving pictures.

Published weekly by the MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Harold A. Wise, Secretary.

# of Censorship

WEEKLY
IN U.S.A. Vol. II.

No man will be allowed to be killed in moving pictures.

No gun play, no show of pistols or revolvers will be allowed.

No fun, caused by the discomfiture of a character, will be permitted.

All the plays of Shakespeare would have to be barred.

The Passion Play could not even be permitted under such a program.

Do you imagine for one moment that this is a fancy of a writer?

It is the plain and sober truth.

It is the acknowledged program of the reformers.

In a leaflet just published by an organization that has taken the leadership in motion picture reform, and which I shall not dignify by naming, you can find printed in readable type, the whole idiotic outline.

The one art that is peculiarly American is the art of the motion picture. And such a proposal is abhorrent to the very nature and traditions of the American people. But unless the public is weaned from the milk and lime-water diet threatened by these reformers, the picture business is in a fair way to die of pernicious anemia.

The whole plan of censorship is an incredible stupidity. At a time when we need robust, virile, outspoken drama we are being fed with infantile charades that would insult the intelligence of a school boy, carefully edited by the smug, parvenu officials, fat with power. Snivelling and snuffling moralists, tabby old maids, and political ward heelers hungry for jobs, are usurping the rights of the people to decide for themselves what is clean and decent and honorable.

They are stifling and smothering and suffocating the very life of the picture play and presently instead of an art and an industry, we are going to have a corpse.

Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents.

What seems never to have been realized in the situation is the absolute unity of interest of the various elements involved. The welfare of the producer, the distributor, the exhibitor and the public is absolutely one. There should be no bickering among them, no dissension, no bad faith. They should organize together in opposition to the worst danger that can threaten. That is a subject to which "Movie Weekly" will come back again and again.

No man in the motion picture industry today is so stupid that he doesn't appreciate the paramount importance of a story. Of all the elements in a production, the story is most vital. A good story can be put over without a star, but no star can long remain popular without good stories. The plot, the gripping human drama, is the very heart of the picture. It is the height of folly, it is an invitation to irreparable disaster to permit that art to be excised, garroted, manhandled, vivisected and kicked around the studio by numbskulls, dotards, morons and moral maniacs.

Yet, what is being done to prevent the spread of this blighting plague? All the advance in photographic and studio technique, all the artistic growth of the players but emphasizes the pallid triviality of the stories when they are wheeled out of the censor's operating chamber.

Will Hays may clean up Hollywood. He may restore financial stability among the producers. But neither Will Hays nor a thousand like him can breathe the breath of life into the picture drama after all its blood, all its vitality has been sucked dry by the vulture of censorship.

We don't need this czardom. The laws against indecency in this country are sufficient to destroy any producer who panders to immorality. We can protect ourselves against obscenity.

These self-styled reformers cry, "To clean up the screen you must get rid of the vampires!"

The most sinister vampire that ever spread its brooding wings across the shining radiance of the screen is the vampire of political censorship.

James Craig Gordon.

Has Rodolf Valentino

Or has he been persecuted by Famous Players in an attempt to "break" him? Sensational revelations mark court hearing.

By JACK SEWELL

WHAT is the truth regarding the sensational break between Rodolph Valentino and Famous Players?

Has Valentino a swelled head, as is charged in some quarters, particularly by the trade press, which declares that he is trying to break his contract so as to make more money?

Or, as he charges, is Famous Players trying to break him? Is the production company guilty of persecuting him, of making him unhappy at work, of exiling his wife, Winifred Hudnut, from him? Has Famous Players made him sign a contract under false pretences, as he alleges?

Famous Players' representatives declare that the entire case, which developed out of a letter from Valentino's attorney, declaring that he considered that Famous Players had broken the contract, should be decided upon purely legal grounds. As soon as Valentino failed to report for work on "The Spanish Cavalier," at Hollywood on September 4th, they applied for an injunction preventing him from working for any other company. The injunction was granted and after a preliminary hearing in Supreme Court, final decision was postponed to September 25th.

In the meantime, Valentino had made serious charges against Famous Players, supplementing those in the letter from Arthur Butler Graham, his attorney. These charges may be summarized by his statement that as soon as his contract began on January 17th, last, Famous Players did everything in their power to break him, to make life unendurable for him at the coast studios.

Meantime, reports have been circulated that Valentino's efforts to break the contract are due to an exaggerated idea of his own importance. It is said that he has a swelled head. It was further hinted that offers for his services at fabulous salaries were also in the background.

John Dorman, manager of Reisenweber's famous cabaret on Broadway, declared that an offer to Valentino for his services as a dancer had been made, but that no agreement had been arrived at. It was rumored that Reisenweber's, the heart of New York's night life under the present "dry" regime, and known locally as "The Golden Paradise," had offered him $10,000 a week to dance, as he had once danced five years ago, at Broadway resorts of the wet regime with Joan Sawyer as his dancing partner.

Another story, that Charles Frohman, Inc., who produced the play "Blood and Sand," with Otis Skinner as the star, were to star Valentino on the road in the Ibanez drama, was denied by representatives of the producer. "Mr. Skinner took 'Blood and Sand' out on the road last year," it was said, "and the play has gone to the storehouse permanently."

Many startling facts about conditions in the west coast studios came to light during the hearing on the injunction. Previous to the hearing, "Movie Weekly" obtained a summary of the case from the point of view of Famous Players.

Valentino has been both ungrateful and tactless, according to an official of that corporation.

"If he had come to us and had said that he had been foolishly extravagant, that he had bought a six or seven thousand dollar car, and was running into debt, we should have been glad to have advanced him all the money he needed. And we have always been generous to those of our stars who have made good for us. We took a chance on Valentino, just as we took a chance on Tommy Meighan. Meighan made good and we not only gave him a contract satisfactory to him, but a bonus on his old contract.

"But Valentino tried to hold us up. He left California for New York ostensibly for a rest between pictures. We went ahead and not only engaged a director, whom we are paying weekly, but prepared everything for his next production. And he never showed up.

"Moreover, we have advanced money to him from time to time. He owes us considerable money at the present time, and despite the fact that he has put us to a great deal of expense, both in California and in the New York courts, we are still paying him his salary according to our contract with him. If Valentino had walked in this office and had stated his case we should have been fair to him, and would have helped him in every way. But his action in serving notice upon us has driven us to defend ourselves.

"Valentino claims that he has not received enough publicity for his work in 'Blood and Sand.' Look at these trade magazines. In every one of them you will find a full page upon which nothing but his name, his picture and the name of the movie appears. On the second page, his name is starred above the picture, and is twice as large as the word 'Paramount.' He objects to our using the names of Lila Lee and Nita Naldi, both of which appear in small type beneath the name of the picture."

This latter fact, according to the official, constitutes the sole basis for Valentino's contention that the contract has been breached by Famous Players.

A formal statement of the facts in the case from the point of view of Famous Players, was made to "Movie Weekly" by Elek John Ludvigh, treasurer and general counsel of the producing company, in whose hands the case has been placed. It shows that Valentino not only wishes to break his contract, but imposes conditions for its continuance that make it practically impossible for Famous Players to re-engage him at his own terms. He wants more money, and complete supervision of his production, all the way from the choice of a story, the writing of the continuity, to the selection of art directors, cast, directors, and even cutting. Mr. Ludvigh's statement is as follows:

"Rodolph Valentino's contract originally contained two options for renewal. We exercised the first, renewed it from February, 1923, to February, 1924. The second optional clause we have not yet exercised. Valentino claims that the publicity and advertising of 'Blood and Sand'

What Movie Stars Really Get!

Here are some salary figures, made public as a result of the Valentino-Famous Players litigation:

Valentino received per week:

$500 for "The Sheik."

$700 for "Moran of the Lady Letty."

$1,000 for "Beyond the Rocks."

$1,250 for the present year, $2,000 for 1923-24; and may receive $3,000 for 1924-25.

Thomas Meighan receives $5,000 a week.

Alice Brady, $4,000.

Nazimova received $10,000 weekly from Metro under the contract for which she made "Camille," in which Valentino appeared at a salary under $1,000.

BELOW: Valentino as "The Young Rajah," the last picture he may make for Famous Players.

A Swelled Head?

were not according to the terms of the contract, because of the use of the names of Lila Lee and Nita Naldi in the trade ads. This he claims was a violation of contract.

"He claims that we had no right to cut the picture after it was made, without his approval, as to how it should be cut, although there is nothing in his contract which states that such approval of cutting must be had.

"He demands the right before doing any further work of approving the scenario writer, the director, of determining the length of the picture, of editing and cutting it. He refuses to work in any more pictures in California, and wants pictures to be made in the East.

"He wants more money. As a matter of fact, we have advanced him money on his salary and he is now paying us back at a rate of $250 a week. He owes us several thousand dollars today.

"We engaged director Allan Dwan at a total salary expense of $15,000, to direct his next picture, 'A Spanish Cavalier.' Mr. Dwan has been under contract since August 21st, and we have been paying him a salary ever since.

"We feel that artists must respect their contracts just the same as producers and distributors, and we obtained, therefore, from Mr. Justice Burr in New York State Supreme Court, an order to show cause why Valentino should not be enjoined from working for anyone else pending trial of the suit in equity. The order of Mr. Justice Burr contains a restraining order, prohibiting him, pending the hearing and the determination of the application, from entering into a contract or performing for anyone else on the screen or the spoken stage."

Valentino's presentation of his side of the case comes through his attorney, Arthur Butler Graham, through affidavits, and from himself. Dressed tastefully in a gray suit, wearing a gray soft hat with a black band, a tan soft collar, black tie, and carrying brown gloves, Valentino attended the hearing on the injunction before Justice Wasserfogel in Supreme Court. He was accompanied by Douglas Gerrard, a personal friend, and by his wife, Winifred Hudnut. He told a representative of "Movie Weekly" that he would be glad to answer any questions regarding the case, but that the entire facts were accurately presented by Mr. Graham and by the various papers in the case.

These charges are as follows:

"Valentino signed a contract to work in 'Beyond the Rocks,'" according to Mr. Graham, "in November, 1921. He was signed to another contract on February 7, 1922. As soon as this contract was signed, the attitude of Famous Players towards him changed. He was given a dressing room in a building which was used only by extra people. A star dressing room was vacant at the time, and Valentino asked for it. He was told that it was reserved for Elsie Ferguson. When Miss Ferguson did not arrive, he again asked for it, but it was given to the wife of the General Manager of Famous Players.

"The studio officials refused to give Valentino a decent dressing room. Whereas other stars had a room with a couch, chairs and a carpet on the floor, he was given a mere cell, and while working from seven in the morning until seven at night, he was forced to lie down, if he so wished, on the hard concrete floor, using an overcoat for a pillow.

"At the Lasky Ranch, during the making of 'Blood and Sand,' Valentino was constantly posed in skin tight costumes. He was given no dressing room at all. A dressing room had been supplied for the women, and it was customary to give male stars a limousine or closed car in such cases. But Valentino was forced to make as many as eight changes a day in the open, and to strip naked in order to make such changes. He hid behind his own open car to dress, and was exposed from one side.

"He protested to the director of the picture, and the following day was called on the carpet and told that he should be satisfied. Later they gave him a three-sided open dressing room, open on one side and the top. He had to dress on the sand, under a hot sun, and if he wanted to sit down, he had to sit on the top of a hot barrel.

"When 'Blood and Sand' was finished, a studio showing was held. He requested several friends to see the showing. Charles Eyton, the studio manager, told him that no outsiders would be permitted to see the picture, but on the evening of the showing, the family and friends of Mr. Lasky, of Mr. Eyton and of Fred Niblo, the director, were present.

"Admission of Valentino's friends to the studio was frequently refused. On one occasion a messenger from Valentino's home was not allowed to bring him a telegram from his wife, and he did not receive it until several hours later. At another time a European representative of several picture players was refused admittance, and Valentino was deprived of the opportunity to make his acquaintance.

"These incidents were part of a deliberate policy on the part of Famous Players to 'break' Valentino. He endured more than any artist was ever forced to accustom himself to."

Mr. Graham recited the events which led to the marriage of Valentino to Winifred Hudnut. He claimed that two days after their marriage, Miss Hudnut was ordered east by Famous Players, and he pictured the mental anguish caused by such a separation. He also declared that Miss Hudnut was only supplied with an open lower berth on her trip to New York, instead of a drawing room such as was usually taken for Famous Players' stars and women players, and in consequence she

(Continued on page 28)

Snapped in a serious pose, at his suite at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York.

Elek John Ludvigh, treasurer of Famous Players, who obtained the injunction against Valentino.

Thomas Meighan, whose "ideal" contract was supposed to be the basis of the paper Valentino signed when he became a star.

Did You Ever Answer An Ad Like This?

By A Girl Who Did.

EVER since I can remember, I have been secretly glimpsing fascinating visions of myself as a motion picture actress—a famous star with my pictures on Broadway. Do you wonder then that my pulses pounded with feverish excitement when I read the following newspaper advertisement in a New York paper?

GIRLS! ! !—Here is your chance to become a movie star. No experience needed if you are young, beautiful and well-educated. We are looking for a talented young lady to star in a big forthcoming production. Come prepared to make a photographic test . . .

I was sitting at the breakfast table as my eyes feasted on the alluring words. It was mighty hard not to show my excitement, for I was simply tingling all over with little electrical needles. Something seemed to be whispering that this was my big chance, and I must grasp it. I finished my breakfast quickly, telling my mother I must hurry over to New York as I had found several stenographic positions open. You see, I was only a stenographer in real life even if in my dreams I was a second Mary Pickford.

My mother believed me, of course. I had always been truthful and reliable. She helped me with my coat and wished me luck. That was my poor old mother all over. Always trying to cheer us girls in everything we tried. I didn't dare tell her I was after a moving picture job. She would have forbidden me to leave the house. Her folks brought her up to think that the stage is a wicked invention of the devil, and that actresses are all bad women.

To me the theatre had always been a sort of romantic place where the footlights were like gleaming stars on a summer's night. And then, along came the movies. They lured me, too, with the promise of their glamour and their thrills.

Going over on the ferry boat from my little Jersey town, I re-read the advertisement several times. After each reading I took out my little vanity case and inspected myself. Lots of people, even my girl chums, had told me I was pretty. Some of them raved about my blonde curls—others said I had the bluest eyes they had ever seen—and some raved about the way I could wear stylish clothes. But, even as I remembered all of these nice things said about my looks, I was nervous and worried as to whether or not I would be accepted.

I reached the address given in the advertisement to find about eighteen other girls waiting to get the job. Some of them were beautiful. I lost my nerve at first. I just stood there, unable to decide what to do until a nice looking young fellow, dressed in a snappy suit of clothes came up to me and told me to take a place in the line.

"You won't have to wait long, Miss. Some of these other girls won't stand around when the boss gives them the once over. But you'll get some of his time. Heard him say they're looking for a blonde like you, if she photographs . . ."

I blushed. New hope came with his words and I took my place in the line.

Fifteen minutes passed. The line moved fairly fast. Just as I was the third girl from the door I began to talk to the one ahead of me. She was tall and slender like myself, but she had dark hair and eyes.

"Ever been in the pictures?" I asked in a low voice.

"No. You?"

I shook my head and answered, "Gee, I wish I could get in! It's great being an actress! Think of all the wonderful clothes and jewels they have . . ."

"And automobiles! Some of them have beautiful houses and they get hundreds of letters a day from admirers. I read that in a magazine," she told me.

After she had talked a little longer, I decided she was a mighty innocent sort of girl. Not that I wasn't innocent, too. I mean she acted as though she believed everything anybody said, and everything she read. God knows I was green enough myself, or else I never would be writing this story of how I was lured away from a little Jersey town to the pitfalls that lurk in the shadows of Broadway.

How she had changed in three days! I shuddered as I looked at her. How fresh and sweet she had been! Now her eyes were full of shadows. She was pale and looked five years older . . .

"Tell me later how you make out," she said, going into the private office. I agreed.

Later she came out smiling.

"I've got a good chance," she whispered.

When I went into the private office, my knees were weak.

"Aha! A curly blonde!" cried a little, rotund man with large, coarse features, rubbing his hands together as he looked me over from head to foot.

"Fine height and eyes," said a tall, handsome man, who was standing by the desk. The minute my eyes rested on him, I was fascinated—charmed. He was the kind of man most girls picture as their hero. When he smiled the whole world seemed to be smiling, and when his dark eyes looked straight at me I had to look down at the floor.

"Never been in pictures before?" inquired the handsome man.

"No. sir," I replied.

"So much the better for our business. We want fresh talent in our productions. No old, played out faces and smiles. Smile it—quick, for me," said the Jewish man. His request took me so by surprise until I only made a poor attempt at smiling.

"She's a little nervous, Mr. ————," said the tall fellow. "but I'm sure she's got a wonderful smile otherwise. Now, it's the picture that counts."

"I've got some photos here," I interrupted softly. "Once I posed for the ———— Hosiery Company. It was the only time I ever did anything like that," I handed the three pictures over to the men.

"Good stuff—for stills. We must know how you register in action."

With those words the men led me out to another room. The tall fellow put me through several poses alone. Then he posed with me just as if we were standing near each other talking.

"Better get a closeup together," said the older man. "They count one hundred per cent."

"You won't mind a tiny love scene for a moment, Miss ————," he said to me, smilingly. If I had minded one with anyone else, I don't believe I could have refused him when his eyes looked into mine with his fine smile. He simply charmed me into saying "yes" to a love scene.

"We will imagine now that you are the daughter of a very wealthy and aristocratic family that has been fighting my courtship for a long time. However, you have always loved me in spite of my lack of riches and social standing. I suddenly return from a two years' absence. I have money. I have acquired all of the mannerisms of polite society. . . ," his voice floated to me like irresistible music. When he held out his arms to me, I went to him, almost believing I was wealthy and aristocratic, and that he was my lover.

"So . . . you did wait for me . . . ," his voice, rich and full, swayed my eyes to seek his own. The touch of his fingers against my shoulders made me tremble. I felt a strange surge of new emotions in my veins as he held me closer. "The years have not mattered, Cynthia, because . . because you loved me . . . tell me I'm right, my dearest . . . tell me . . . with your lips," he whispered, bending his head over mine.

For the moment I was no longer a little stenographer girl trying to get into the movies—I was Cynthia. You see, my romantic nature and my imagination made it easy for me to forget—made it easy for me to lift my lips up to his. I closed my eyes. The most wonderful thrill shot through me I forgot that a cameraman was grinding away a make-believe scene for a test. I was sure it was all real life.

"Wonderful!" shouted the little producer, clapping his hands loudly. "If the camera gets it, the scene—then we got a masterpiece of testing yet."

My head was swimming—my body was shaking, as we left the test room and went back into the office.

"And now Miss ————," the producer was saying, "the handsome gentleman here is to be your

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At Left:
Charlie assumes the garb of a minister. We ask you to take special notice of his shoes!

At Right:
Looks as though he were not so sure of the police, in spite of his ministerial suit—

Charlie Chaplin's latest Picture

"A Knockout" Says one who saw it

ANYONE these days can be mistaken for a minister of the gospel.

We've been amended and blue-lawed into goodness so long, we've become so used to having our morals cleaned and pressed, that almost anyone of us could don a ministerial outfit and get away with it.

But who'd ever believe that Charlie Chaplin could turn the trick? Personally, we'd know him right away. No one could put that stuff over on us.

And yet Charlie has gone and done it.

In a picture, of course. A new one. His latest.

There's a great deal of mystery about the plot of the new Chaplin picture; and a great deal more of a mystery about the title.

I'll bet the reason they don't want the plot known is because they're afraid that some writer of mystery stories will swipe it—or some courageous soul will try, personally, to put into practice the foolery that Charlie employs on the screen—and Heaven knows, we are mixed up enough these days without having a lot of fake clergymen getting in our way!

Yes, Charlie can do it if anyone can.

In "The Kid" he proved that tears and laughter are akin. Chaplin is a real artist—one of the few geniuses in motion pictures. Most of the others are just actors and actresses and producers and what not. But Chaplin has the eternal spark.

Now I am not supposed to have seen this picture, so let's give it a name, just for fun and see how close the producers come to it. Let's call it "Cutting Up in the Cloth." You see the application.

The chances are that Charlie is pursued and that, to get away from his tormentors, he dons a clergyman's frock.

To be sure, this isn't altogether original. Jack Holt did that in "When Satan Sleeps" and you've got to admit, if you saw th picture, that Jack was a fascinating parson.

There's no reason why Chaplin shouldn't be pursued, like Jack was. In fact, that's the only excuse we can see for Charlie coming out in such peculiar (for him) regimentals.

Well, then, he's actually mistaken for a clergyman and set to work at the job much against his will. And he gets in all kinds of funny complications. And he's the only man we know in the whole wide world who could play a comedy clergyman and get away with it.

Doubtless there's a baby in the picture, and where there are babies, Charlie does his finest work. Maybe a dog becomes attached to him; there must be a poor, distrait woman whose soul or whose husband or whose home Charlie saves.

Perhaps none of these things really are in the picture. But let us hope they are—and a lot more things like them. With Charlie, they insure a success. If he has added some new business, well and good. We will welcome it.

Honestly, though, isn't Charlie a delight?

Folks used to say, "Oh, dear me; no. I don't care at all for Chaplin. Rough stuff, don't you know," and all that. Nice folks didn't "get" Charlie.

Then, little by little, we began to see the artist in the man; those fundamentally human touches, here and there, showing through the slap-stick and the paint and the tinsel, the big pants and the tiny mustache. The first tear that came to our eyes during the showing of a Chaplin Classic (as no doubt the press agent calls it), decided us. Chaplin is real. His appeal is to the finer emotions. He is a great actor.

We dare not say right out: "Now, here you folks, go and see this Chaplin picture. You'll get your money's worth."

What we do say is:

We know Chaplin.

We know what we like.

We think we know what you like.

And now you know as much about it as we do.

At Right:
Can it be that Charlie took some absent-minded minister's clothes and didn't expect to be met at the station by the leading members of the Church?

Below:
Preaching to his "flock."

Astounding Program

Compiled by

This is a story of the production plans of the great help to you in knowing what REAL

"FEWER and better pictures," is the slogan of the producers this year.

This should be mighty good news to the fans. It means that producers promise to present your favorite stars in fewer pictures, but those in which they appear will be better than they have been.

Think what you can now expect from Wallie Reid, Rodolph Valentino, Tom Mix, Pola Negri, Betty Compson, Priscilla Dean—oh, all of your favorites.

To produce fewer and better pictures, the producers have, for the most part, cut their production schedule in half, which means, too, that you will see many features with several stars co-starring under the direction of a big director.

Let us start with Famous Players-Lasky, the oldest and the largest producing company in the business. This organization will make eighty-five pictures during the current year, compared with approximately one hundred and eight for last year. All of the eighty-five will be known as specials.

Gloria Swanson

a big buffalo hunt and attacks by Indians, and the final stages of the great gold rush to California. The book will be followed closely.

Before coming to New York from the Coast, Thomas Meighan completed a new picture, entitled "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow," directed by Alfred Green, director of Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Here in New York, Tommy will soon begin work on "Back Home and Broke," a story written for him especially by George Ade and also to be directed by Alfred Green. The story is that of a youth who went away to make his fortune and was so modest when he had made it that he preferred to come back to his home town as a failure until he should be fittingly able to show otherwise.

Rodolph Valentino completed a short time ago, following "Blood and Sand," a feature entitled "The Young Rajah," a story said to be bigger even than "The Sheik." In this picture, Valentino is a young East Indian, brought up in America in ignorance of his real parentage. Following this was to come "A Spanish Cavalier," written by

Agnes Ayres

Betty Compson

Bebe Daniels

Wallie Reid

Pola Negri is preparing to entrain for Los Angeles, there to begin work under George Fitzmaurice's direction in Robert Hichens' well-known novel, "Bella Donna," with Conrad Nagel playing opposite her in the role of her husband—easy-going, unsuspecting and devoted. Upon completion of this, we learn from good authority that the Polish star will star in an original story by Frances Marion, who adapted the scenario for Norma Talmadge's latest, "The Eternal Flame," and who directed Mary Pickford at one time. Penrhyn Stanlaws, according to this authority, will direct Miss Negri in her second picture to be made in Hollywood.

Betty Compson's next picture will be from an original story by Julia Crawford Ivers, entitled "The White Flower," the scene laid in Honolulu. All the location scenes will be in Honolulu and that vicinity.

James Cruze, who is now directing Wallie Reid in "Thirty Days," will handle production for "The Covered Wagon," by Emerson Hough, a story that ran recently in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

A special cast of featured players will be selected for this special. Among its big scenes will be the start of three hundred and fifty wagons westward from Westport Landing, now Kansas City; incidents of travel across the prairies, with

Colleen Moore

# of Fall Pictures Ready

Dorothea B. Herzog

big companies. Save this list and it will be of pictures to expect to see in your home town.

Adolphe D'Enery, author of "Orphans of the Storm," the Griffith spectacle, in collaboration with Dumenier. It has served as a vehicle for some of the greatest actors in history, including Booth, Barrett and Mansfield.

This is said to be really a unique story for Valentino, presenting him as a swashbuckling adventurer, fighting for a lady's honor in a glamorous, romantic love tale. It was just before beginning work on this picture that Valentino came to New York and split with Famous Players.

Alice Brady is now working here in the East on her new picture, "Anna Ascends," an adaptation of her stage success, which she always wanted to make for the screen.

William De Mille has just finished work on his new special, "Clarence," featuring Wallie Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy. This production is an adaptation of Booth Tarkington's stage success of that name, which ran on Broadway several seasons ago. William De Mille is now ready to begin on his next special, "Notoriety," an original story by Clara Beranger, with Bebe Daniels playing the featured lead.

Dorothy Gish

of the spirit of the west, will be made into a big production by Frank Borzage, director of "Humoresque," with Forrest Stanley and Marjorie Daw featured.

Elsie Ferguson returns to the screen after a long absence in "Outcast," to be directed by Victor Fleming. Hubert Henry Davies wrote this story several years ago, and so great a success was it that it was translated into many languages and has been played in a number of countries. It is the story of a man who goes down into the depths and is reclaimed by a woman whom he seeks to cast off when he becomes rehabilitated, only to find a real love which brings understanding with it.

Penrhyn Stanlaws will make "Singed Wings" with Bebe Daniels in the featured lead, supported by Theodore Kosloff. This story deals with a Spanish dancer on San Francisco's waterfront, who fights all men off until a great love comes, and then risks all for his welfare.

Agnes Ayres will appear in "A Daughter of Luxury," to be directed by Paul Powell. George Fitzmaurice will make "Kick In," a screen pre-

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Antonio Moreno

Buster Keaton

Katharine MacDonald

Dick Barthelmess

Gloria Swanson is completing work in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," directed by Sam wood. Conrad Nagel is her leading man. Gloria's role is that of an innocent girl who is caught in the gay swirl of Parisian night life, has her reputation tarnished, and is finally rescued by a great love. The star actually went to Paris for new gowns prior to beginning this picture. It is suggested that you keep your eye peeled for those dazzling bathing suits!

Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens have sailed with Director Alan Crosland to make "Enemies of Women," by Ibanez, in the vicinity of Monte Carlo. This will be one of Cosmopolitan's big productions of the year.

George Melford is going to make Robert Louis Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" for Paramount, with Lila Lee, James Kirkwood, Raymond Hatton and George Fawcett in the cast. This story deals with three men, a drifter, a master mariner, and a shady London clerk, who land on a mysterious island where they find a white man and his daughter. The three form a conspiracy of villainy, but the hero is finally won over from "the ebb tide in man's affairs," by his real love for the beautiful girl, Lila Lee being the heroine; James Kirkwood the hero.

"The Pride of Palomar," Peter B. Kyne's story

Constance Talmadge

Is Motherhood Greater than a Screen Career?

Perhaps there are many picture stars who would hesitate to answer, but here is a decisive reply, given to Lewis F. Levenson

By ALICE JOYCE

"I'M happy," says Alice Joyce, "playing the greatest role I have ever played—Motherhood. When you are married, and you know you are married to the right man, and when he loves you, and you love him, there is no more perfect life.

"I never considered myself a screen star. I was just lucky. The first five or six pictures I played in were such that I only had to be natural and I filled the roles . . .

"Unless I can find the sort of work I like, I intend to stay home, and keep on seeing that things are right in the kitchen, overseeing the help, and taking care of my babies."

This answers the hundreds of questions that have been asked me as to whether Alice Joyce intends to return to the screen. It answers the queries of those who have asked whether it is possible to be both a screen star and a successful mother. Alice Joyce's reply is decisive. She says she will return to the screen only if she can appear in a play better than any she has heretofore appeared in. And she is emphatic in declaring that motherhood is greater, richer, more beautiful than a screen career.

"When I began my career, the sum total of everything I knew about acting consisted of understanding that I must never look at the camera. I have played in some famous pictures," she continues, "but as a rule I have never been satisfied with the quality of my stories or my productions. It has always seemed to me that fans must like me for myself rather than for my ability. Of course, I have learned a great deal in the years I played before the screen, and that is why I should like to have an opportunity to appear in a film that would be remembered.

"I am constantly receiving offers. Agents telephone to me frequently, but either they do not want to pay me a salary that would make it worth while for me to begin work again, or they impose some condition, such as going to California, that makes it impossible for me to accept."

What is that happy life which Alice Joyce is enjoying?

Here are the high spots in the last year of Alice Joyce's life. She believes they cannot be matched in importance by any other movie star.

Ten months ago, baby Peggy was born.

Six months ago, little Alice had mastoiditis, but now she has regained her health.

Last summer was "divine," "perfect." It was spent at Allenhurst, N. J., with Peggy, Alice, Irene Boyle, her best friend and pal of the old Kalem days, and Mr. Regan.

She tried to learn golf, but found it a harder game than it looks.

Now she is back in New York, living in her Park Avenue apartment, and her only worry is the servant problem.

And she won't go back on the screen, unless she gets an engagement in a picture that will be better than any in which she has appeared heretofore, some special production, in which she is not necessarily starred, but which will reflect lasting credit upon her.

Thus, in the short period of a year and a half, Alice Joyce has evolved into a splendid example of what a mother and a housewife should be.

"But don't you ever believe that being a housewife is as easy as it looks," she adds. "Servants are more temperamental than screen stars ever thought of being. I spent this morning visiting employment bureaus, trying to find a new maid. And the demands they make . . ." She looked around, to be sure that no one was listening. "You have to be careful. They will walk out on you at the least provocation."

About Neysa McMein's choice of Alice Joyce as the most beautiful American woman: "I had been going to the beach at Deal with a friend who may not be of the type artists would consider beautiful, but who is of a striking appearance. We usually chose a corner of the beach, and walked past the crowds. Most of them knew me, but neither commented nor looked after the first time they saw me. And I used to bathe in an old bathing suit, with my cap drawn down tight over my hair. So the bathers usualy stared at my friend.

"Then Miss McMein's article was printed. We bought all the newspapers, and of course I was pleased. But when I visited the beach the next day, everyone stared at me as if to say: 'I wonder how on earth anyone could have selected her as the most beautiful woman in America.' I really felt I should have made up my face, bought a new bathing suit and played the part. But I didn't."

Peggy entered at that moment. Peggy has the Alice Joyce eyes, the Alice Joyce mouth, and is becoming more and more beautiful. You can ask Peggy all the questions you can think of. She has only one answer: "Ga-ga!" Which you may translate as you choose.

Little Alice Joyce Moore is more voluble. She says, with all the authority of five experienced years, that Peggy is the greatest baby she ever saw, that Nick, the Boston bull, is the most loveable dog, and that she never saw nor heard of a more wonderful mother than her own dear.

Yet, although Alice Joyce has decided that she will only accept some exceptional offer before acting again, she still has as lively an interest as ever in the screen.

"We read, my husband and I, every magazine, newspaper and trade paper, including all the scandal sheets. Mr. Regan usually sees that the latter are thrown out as soon as they are read, but we read them just the same. I don't go to as many pictures as I once did. I think that the average picture quality has fallen off during the last two years, although the really good pictures have advanced greatly at the same time.

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"You Americans Know Nothing of Love," Says Pola Negri

By Stanton Leeds

This is an interview with and about the Polish star who, strange enough, has not granted a single interview without being guarded by a member of the Paramount organization to prevent her making too-free statements. . . .

IF she succeeds in showing Americans how to kiss, Pola Negri will become an American citizen. She will give up the Continent, her Polish home and title, her artistic future as Europe's pre-eminent screen star, anti-prohibition, Ernst Lubitsch as a director—all these things she will relinquish if she succeeds in teaching Americans the proper manner of osculation.

But what, you will ask, is the matter with kissing as practised by the stars of American pictures, what is wrong with it as demonstrated in many a final closeup by:

(1) Lillian Gish,
(2) Norma Talmadge,
(3) Betty Compson,
(4) Mary Pickford,
(5) Katherine MacDonald,

and a dozen other stars and leading women?

"Everything—and nothing," Pola Negri will tell you, which is only another way of saying that Americans start all right, crank up, but never step on the gas, that their kisses (professionally speaking, of course), are good—as far as they go.

"Americans," she remarked, not so long ago, "seem to know nothing of love."

"Judging by their screen dramas, you mean?"

"Judging by their screen dramas, of course! And don't their screen dramas treat mostly of love? Aren't their successful pictures treatises on the art of love, considered indirectly, by this actor or actress and director? And as a subject for dramatic treatment is there anything can quite equal love? No. And yet though very closely I have studied your screen dramas and your actresses, I have come finally to the conclusion that only one has supremely realized herself. Only one forgets herself completely in the part she is depicting. Only one is completely, altogether genuine. Only one throws all that she has, to the complete exclusion of self, into the part, the character, the life she is portraying. Only one brings, besides beauty and style and action, to the part she is playing, a soul as well. Only one is akin to my countrymen in this ability to transfer to the screen something utterly beyond the obvious.

"To be sure, you have your Lillian Gish and in her moments how unapproachable she is, but surely she limits herself to a very well defined

A particularly good photograph of Pola Negri.

Pola Negri waves a glad hello to New York.

Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players-Lasky Corp. who was the most surprised man in the world when he first saw Pola Negri because—

"And also—I would not deny it—you have in the person of Charlie Chaplin the supreme genius of the screen, but among women, I have always said that Pauline Frederick is the greatest screen star America has produced. She is a great artist, but she is an artist of the sort they appreciate on the Continent."

All this Mme. Pola Negri came to this country prepared to express in the natural course of events should her opinion be sought. Already on the Continent she had said as much a dozen times or so and most of it had been printed—even in American papers—without turning the world upside down. But when it came to allowing Americans to learn as much from her own fair lips—very suddenly Fate intervened.

How come? Let an authority make clear the why's and wherefore's.

"Mme. Pola Negri came here because she had heard that this was the 'land of the free and the home of the brave.' She came because she was brave enough to risk an assured position abroad, certain appreciation, a great future, but most of all she came to make another sort of success than she has had before, to escape from that artistic overlordship that makes drudges of all foreign stars, to dodge the law that rules there, that says no actress has had, until she is fifty, sufficient training to play Juliet. Mme. Negri left Germany for the same reason Mme. Sarah Bernhardt left the Comedie Francaise, to make money, to enjoy life, to be free!

"But she had no more sailed past the Statue of Liberty and landed on our shores than she found herself a slave."

Why?

"Because overnight she became the most valuable asset discovered in motion pictures since Valentino. Nothing so astonishing has ever happened in the American amusement world. Nothing comparable to it, unless it be the success last winter at the Metropolitan of the prima donna, Maria Jeritza, has occurred since the death of Caruso."

But exactly what happened?

"What happened? Do you read the papers? The reporters and sob sisters went shouting crazy over her. Supposedly hard-headed, veteran newspaper men have been telling each other that Pola Negri is the most beautiful human being they have ever seen. Because she wore only a single jewel and the smartest clothes possible to produce on the Rue de la Paix, clothes that all directed attention to the startling pallor of her features, the blazing beauty of her eyes, the almost indescribable vitality of her whole appearance, these incredible newspaper men and women, who probably couldn't estimate, if they had to, what goes to make great acting, have mentioned in no uncertain terms the most obvious thing about her, the thing no European would ever think of, the thing hardly even suggested in her pictures, because it would occur to no European director to emphasize it at the expense of her acting—namely, her stupendous, overwhelming beauty.

"Sacre nom! Why, the sight of her even left Adolph Zukor himself the most astonished man in New York. For some reason he did not meet her when he was abroad Now he is comparing his first sight of her the other day to his first sight of Mary Pickford off the screen. The Biograph pictures had never done Mary Pickford justice

(Continued on page 26)

The Siren Call

A Fascinating Story from the Paramount Photoplay of that Name Featuring Dorothy Dalton

Novelized from J. E. Nash's story by JAMES GABELLE

The Election

THE next day there was hurry and bustle at Gore's. The boat was to leave for Seattle that afternoon and many had booked for departure. Among these was Eleanor Du Bois. She and Brent stood by a window engaged in conversation.

"You know, darling," Brent was saying. "I would go with you gladly if I could."

"Can't you borrow it from your wife?" Eleanor demanded. "She has all kinds of money."

"Not a chance in the world!" Brent retorted bitterly. "She's saving it all for that damn brat!"

"Very well, then," Eleanor declared decidedly. "I'm going to wait over."

"No," Brent objected. "Take the boat with Powell. Do as we planned, then Charlotte won't be suspicious."

"Perhaps that would be best," Eleanor admitted grudgingly.

"Bus now ready foh boat passengers!" cried the negro porter.

They started as though stung.

"You'll sure meet me?" Eleanor queried nervously.

"Of course I'll meet you," Brent responded, gazing at her hungrily. "I'll get money and meet you in Seattle sure—if Judge Green's election plans don't miscarry."

At the head of the stairway a well-dressed, rather elderly man who appeared to have been a prospector in whom fortune had dealt kindly, appeared. He looked around anxiously, but could not see them, hidden as they were by a pillar. The porter sounded a second call. They hugged and kissed each other conclusively, guiltily. Then Eleanor picked up her hand-bag and turned reluctantly to go.

"I'll write you just as soon as the coast is clear," she said.

As she passed out on the arm of Powell, the miner who had struck it rich, men were putting up little booths in the casino for the election that was to be held that afternoon.

"Good-bye, Judge, good luck!" she waved to Judge Green, who responded with his most sweeping bow.

"Thanks, little lady," he responded, "but it is written in the stars that I shall win."

Perhaps the stars had notified him in advance, for when the polls were closed that night he had won by a wide margin.

In a long, narrow shed, a group of stern-faced men had gathered. They were silent, only moving occasionally. One could sense the tension in the air. From just such a meeting might have sprung the Vigilantes of San Francisco in 1849. They were animated by the same purpose. Suddenly the door was pushed open violently and Phillip Morton, laboring under pent-up excitement, entered. All sprang to their feet with one accord.

"They've stuffed the ballot boxes!" he declared with fiery energy. "They've stuffed the ballot boxes! Only nine hundred voters in the town and there were one thousand seven hundred and forty-three votes cast."

A hoarse growl of rage, a growl like the sound of a wounded wild animal, arose from the assembled men.

"They've gone too far," protested a man, jumping on a box and shaking his hand in the direction of the invisible dance hall. "This town is not a fit place for women and children with that sink hole of iniquity in full blast. Let's put an end to it!"

"He's right, too," Morton declared, so angry his breath came in short gasps. "This is the last straw! We'll have to resort to more violent means."

As if by mutual consent, they started making torches of pine and cedar branches with a grim earnestness that boded no good to the Casino and its inmates.

Heedless of the impending doom, the latter structure was having the wildest night in all its history. The "liberal" element was celebrating its victory and whiskey flowed like water. On a huge bulletin board was displayed the result of the election.

The habitues of Gore's dance hall celebrate Judge Green's victory

The place was crowded to its utmost capacity. There were confetti and serpentine in abundance. At a special table near the bar Judge Green sat enthroned.

"Speech," cried a fellow at another table, rising and waving his glass in the air. "'Rah for liberty and booze. Less have a speech from our new mayor!"

Gore, Brent and the assembled multitude took up the cry. "Speech! Speech!" they clamored.

Nothing loath, Judge Green staggered to his feet. Willing hands helped him mount a chair, from which he stepped unsteadily on to the table. He was greeted with vociferous cheers and a perfect fusillade of confetti and serpentine. He tried to speak, but had imbibed too much liquor and could only stammer and hiccough. Charlotte, in sudden disgust, left the mob and darted into the little room where the baby lay sleeping. Gore noticed her absence and with an angry scowl muttered that since that damned kid came she was a dead loss to him.

Cheered on by the half-drunken mob, the Judge suddenly straightened himself out and thrust forth an arm in his favorite stump speech gesture. As he did so, he inadvertently stepped on an empty whiskey flask and came crashing down. He rose angry and sputtering. There was a roar of ribald laughter which was quickly hushed as Gore frowned and shook his head.

"Where's Charlotte?" the Judge demanded as he once more sat in his chair. She was his favorite. He felt lost without her.

"Oh, there are plenty of girls around here," Gore interjected. He was nervous. The judge was not only his best customer, but he had the influence to either make or mar him. Quickly he called over another girl and presented her, but the Judge would have nothing to do with anyone but Charlotte. Hastily Gore explained that he would get her for him.

He hurried toward the stairs, livid with anger. On the way he met Brent. With an oath, he spoke of Charlotte's absence, telling the former to go get her and get her at once.

"Leave it to me," Brent cried angrily. "I'll attend to her."

As he was about to mount the stairs, he met Charlotte coming down.

"You're a peach, you are!" he snapped. "If you don't pay more attention to your work and less to the kid, we'l both be out of a job."

"Oh, Ned," the beautiful creature cried, looking at her husband appealingly. "I'm sick to death of this awful existence. Let's give up this life and open a little store somewhere—so that we can live our own life and keep the baby."

"Then we would be up to our neck in trouble," he said roughly. "Forget it and play the Judge for all he's worth."

Charlotte, with a weary sigh, entered the dance hall, and Brent hurried back to his table. Gore met him with a scowl on his face.

"Well," he snarled, "I see you got her. Now see that she stays at work. It's up to you. Either have her get rid of that kid and attend to business or I'll get others that will."

Brent's face fell; he muttered an oath and turned sullenly on his heels, when he caught sight of a wreck of a man standing near the bar trying to make a touch. He was blear-eyed, evil-faced and his shambling walk and erratic gestures betrayed one whose will power was either dead or dormant. Brent's face lighted up with sudden resolve. Turning to Gore, he exclaimed:

"See that rough-neck there! He'd steal the kid for a dollar and a half in real money."

"By George!" Gore exclaimed. "I believe he would. That would be a corking way to get rid of the brat. Let's talk to him right away."

Greatly pleased at the thought of putting their nefarious design into execution, the two elbowed their way up to the down-and-outer, who panhandled them for money at once. Brent pushed the hand away impatiently.

"What would you do for fifty dollars?" he asked abruptly.

The human derelict looked up in amazement, doubting the evidence of his senses.

"Do?" he echoed. "Do? Why, my God, I'd murder myself for that amount."

Brent smiled triumphantly and winked at Gore, who, greatly pleased in turn, glanced at Charlotte, who was inveigling the Judge into joining the dance, then he winked back.

(*Continued next week*)

CUT HERE

EDWARD BURNS, FORMER POSTUM SALESMAN, NOW CONNIE'S LEADING MAN

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Dorothea B. Herzog

Connie's L. M. in "East Is West"

WHEN "East Is West" is released in your home town, starring Constance Talmadge, don't forget to take especial notice of Connie's new leading man—Edward Burns. This special was given, recently, a pre-showing at the Ritz, to a few of Connie's friends, and Ye Rambler was among those present. We were much impressed with Eddie's splendid work. The picture, by the way, will be reviewed in an early issue of "Movie Weekly."

Following the completion of "East Is West," Eddie came on to New York. It was here, with Connie, Norma, Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge and a few others, that he saw for the first time this picture. Several days later, we dropped in the Astor Hotel to have a chat with this enterprising young man.

His First Big Chance with Connie

"This picture with Connie," beamed Eddie, "gave me my first big chance. I'm so happy over it!" his blue eyes fairly radiated joy, and, leaning forward, he clasped his hands together restlessly. Eddie is about six feet, splendidly built, and blessed with a winning personality.

"I've been in pictures several years," he said, "but 'East Is West' was really my big chance. When I finished my work, Mr. Franklin (Sidney Franklin, the director), thanked me for the fine work I did. It was a big chance," he harped continually on this "When it was learned in Hollywood that Connie wanted a leading man for this production, practically everyone turned out. I didn't know whether there was much chance for me, but I was there, too. And I got the part," he chuckled boyishly.

"And so Director Franklin was pleased with your work," we mused, interested in what his reaction to this might be.

"Yes. And so was Connie.

Burns May Play Opposite Connie in Next Picture

"I'll tell you something," impetuously placing his hand on our arm. "I may play opposite either Norma or Connie in their next picture. I'm going back to the Coast Sunday," he added. "'Fraid I might be missing some opportunities on the Coast. I came on to New York to discuss future salary with my agent. I might sign up with Famous Players if salary can be adjusted," he mentioned, but would not say very much about this.

Tommy Meighan busy in New York.

Started Out As Postum Salesman

"How did you happen to go in pictures, Mr. Burns?" we didn't know overly much about this young man.

"Well, I tell you," laughing. "I was a postum salesman. Had never been on the stage, The idea of being an actor . . . ," he laughed as though his idea at the time had been pretty harsh. "My friends used to say to me: 'Eddie, why don't you go in pictures? You'd make good.'

"I came on to New York to see. Went over to Fox, when that company had its offices on 46th Street. Strolled in to find the casting director's offices overcrowded. Sam Kingston—I didn't know his name then—saw me, leaned over to see me better, and motioned. William Nigh and another man were with him. Mr. Kingston asked me how much money I wanted. 'A hundred and fifty dollars a week,' I said, scared to death. He offered me seventy-five and a guarantee of six weeks' work. I accepted and was given a part in Valeska Suratt's picture called 'The Slave.' I never was an extra."

"And your next break was the big chance as leading man with Connie Talmadge in 'East Is West?'"

Connie Talmadge gave Eddie his first big chance in pictures and he made good.

Keep Your Eye on Eddie Burns

He nodded. "I had played parts, but had never been a lead, until then. Do you wonder I'm so happy at having made good with Connie in such a big special?"

Edward Burns

We agreed. Eddie is a young man in his late twenties and unmarried. As a special favor to him, we purposely refrain from saying how handsome he is.

"If you're handsome," figures Eddie, "the fans don't like to hear about it all the time."

Probably he's right, but—being a woman—we can't help wanting to talk about a forbidden topic and proclaiming how handsome he is. A promise is a promise, however, so we pass on reluctantly with a parting suggestion: if you want to see how an actor becomes popular, keep your eye on Eddie Burns and follow up his career.

Tommy Meighan Busy in N. Y.

Tommy Meighan is ready to begin work on his new picture at Paramount's Long Island Studio, entitled "Back Home and Broke." Tommy remarked to us, the other day, that he may make his next three or four productions here in New York, the idea of which appeals to him. There are real shows to be seen on Broadway, which is more than can be said for Los Angeles, and besides, both he and his wife have relatives here. Perhaps you know that Tommy's wife is a sister of the prominent stage actress, Blanche Ring.

Leatrice Joy Leading Lady

For the first time since she became a member of the Paramount company, Leatrice Joy is making a picture in the East. She is Tommy's leading lady in "Back Home and Broke."

Leatrice won her first big chance when Cecil de Mille cast her for the leading feminine role in "Manslaughter." At first, rumors came from the Coast to the effect that the girl was not making good and Mr. de Mille was looking around for someone else. These rumors, however, were disproved. Not only did Leatrice make good with de Mille, but she has made good, in "Manslaughter," with the critics here in New York.

All of which may explain why—for another reason—Tommy's new picture by George Ade is going to be quite the trick.

"When Knighthood Was In Flower"

"WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"

(Cosmopolitan)

MARION DAVIES has her name in the biggest lights on Broadway. In letters fully nine feet high, the sign gleams out in front of the Criterion Theatre.

Broadway and 43rd St., the heart of New York's theatrical district, was jammed with an eager mob, when I arrived at the theatre to see the opening of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." "The most expensive picture ever made," read the announcements, "costing $1,221,491.20," so they said. That twenty cents, so intimate with a cool million, interested me.

I crowded my way into the Criterion, proud of my precious tickets, through a lane of Broadway sightseers, attracted to the scene of the biggest film opening of the year. Notables of the stage and screen rubbed shoulders with the mob. Eagerly I pushed through the lobby and handed my ticket to the doorman. In keeping with the costumes of the picture, he was dressed in red knickers and wore a powdered wig.

The girl ushers, too, carried out the idea of the film; they wore yellow satin gowns with voluminous skirts and tight-fitting bodices.

It was not quite time for the film to begin; conversation buzzed all about me. Everyone was staring at the boxes and all around, trying to identify celebrities.

"Oh, there's Alice Joyce and her husband, James Regan," I heard someone behind me say in a whisper loud enough to be heard all over the orchestra. I turned, as did everyone else. Miss Joyce looked beautiful. I heard pleased comments on all sides that she is soon to return to the screen.

Everyone, of course, was watching for Marion Davies; she soon appeared and sat in a box with Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. I couldn't get a very good look at her, however, for the box was in the shadow, and was some distance away. Just then the lights went out and the picture came on.

Instantly the buzz subsided and the audience became politely attentive.

"Lyn Harding as King Henry VIII," the screen presented, with a picture of the actor in question. The buzz began again. Broadway was familiar with his name; he has played that role on the stage hundreds of times.

One after another the characters in the photoplay were introduced to the audience; every name on the list was known to that sophisticated gathering. Probably it comprises the most expensive cast ever assembled for one picture.

"How will I ever keep all those characters straight?" I thought wildly. It's always a bit staggering, I think, to meet several dozen people at once. But as the action of the picture began to unfold, I forgot about my difficulty; every player in the cast fitted into his role beautifully.

Those of you who have read Charles Major's book, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," know what a delightful story it is. I have sometimes heard it called the "greatest romance ever written." Mary Pickford once tried to secure the screen rights to the novel, and there were rumors at the time that she and Doug were to play in it together.

For that reason, I was doubly eager to see what sort of picture Marion Davies made of it; if she didn't make it into a wonderful photoplay, I felt I should never forgive her for outbidding Mary for the right to produce it.

But when the picture began, my fears were dissipated. The settings were exquisite. Joseph Urban designed them, and he is probably the greatest scenic artist that there is.

And as for Miss Davies herself—never before have I seen her look so beautiful, nor display such acting ability.

She plays the role of Mary Tudor, the capricious sister of Henry VIII of England. If I remember my history correctly, the real Mary Tudor was far from handsome. But this story doubtless doesn't claim to be accurate historically. Mary, as she is presented here, is a wilful and ever so charming princess. It is delightful to watch her. When the king's tailor comes to have her select material for her wedding dress, she throws bolts of expensive cloth at him, at the queen, at everybody. That's because she is being forced to marry the old King of France, who doesn't look as if he would live through the wedding. She doesn't care a whoop about being a princess; there's a dashing young Captain of the Guards whom she would much rather marry. This role is played by Forrest Stanley, who is Miss Davies' leading man in most of her pictures. He looks handsomer than he usually does.

As stately and picturesque as this picture is, there are plenty of dignified laughs. Lyn Haring, as King Henry VIII, is delightfully amusing. He is fat and he struts about in the most pompous manner. He has funny little eyebrows that constantly wiggle up and down.

Johnny Dooley is funny, too. He is a famous acrobatic tumbler in vaudeville, and he falls down steps, ladders—all over the place—without breaking his nose, or even twisting his ear.

Then there is a comic scene when the silly old King of France is playing blind man's bluff trying to catch his pretty bride. Instead he catches and kisses an old hag, played by our old friend Flora Finch.

Probably the most exciting moment of the play is when the Princess Mary tries to elope with her sweetheart, to escape her impending marriage to the French King. She dresses as a boy, intending to sail away with her lover, by pretending she is his brother. She doesn't look at all like a boy and a lot of ruffians make sport of her when her fiance leaves her for a moment. Whereupon the princess-in-disguise puts up an amazing sword fight with the burliest ruffian of the lot, and holds her own. Rather neat—not to mention improbable! Just then the King's troops arrive, and she knows she is caught.

"Your swords, gentlemen, in aid of your princess!" she cries dramatically to the ruffians; she jumps upon the table, and unloosens her hair. It is the most thrilling moment of the play. Marion Davies has really learned to act.

These are just a few sidelights of the picture. Robert Vignola, with sixteen assistants, directed it. And the work is so carefully, almost flawlessly done, that for once the advertisements of the production do not exaggerate. It really is a screen classic.

Only—surely the picture is gorgeous enough to speak for itself, without our having to be told so blatantly and proudly that production costs were $954.29 an hour. It made me wonder whether when the casting director hired an actor, he said to him, "Well, you're only worth $300 a week, but I'll give you $500, so the picture will cost more." After all, it isn't the amount of money that Cosmopolitan spent on this production that counts. It's how well that money was spent. The picture speaks for itself.

The King of France (William Norris) is jealous of his nephew's (William H. Powell) attentions to the young Queen.

The princess, in disguise, indicates to the ruffian that even if she does "look like a handsome girl," she can fight.

"THE ETERNAL FLAME"
(First National)

IT is not until you emerge from the theatre that you realize the weaknesses of this story. For when you are watching the picture, you are so interested and fascinated that the thinness of the plot does not occur to you. Although, to tell the truth, there are moments when the film seems just a wee bit long.

Norma Talmadge plays the role of the Duchess of Langeais, a character created by Honore de Balzac in his novel of that title. The role could not have been better suited to Miss Talmadge if it had been written especially for her. She is seen as the charming and faithful wife of the Duc, who turns into a bitter coquette when he unjustly accuses her of infidelity. Obviously a thin and not particularly unique situation on which to hang a plot, but Frank Lloyd's expert hand has achieved a beautiful picture.

"The Eternal Flame"—love—lights up the hearts of the famous coquette (Norma Talmadge) and the man who doesn't like women (Conway Tearle).

The story gets under way a trifle slowly, as a costume play of this type is obliged to do. In fact, there is never any particular speed in the unwinding of this tale, as it has to do with emotions rather than action.

Adolphe Menjou makes a good Duc De Langeais for the brief while that he appears on the screen. And therein lies one of the flaws of the picture. For here we have a husband whose unjust jealousy causes his wife to turn into a famous coquette; then, having supplied this motivation, the husband is not heard from again. No explanation is given, the Duc is just conveniently dropped from the story.

Conway Tearle is back in his old role of leading man for Norma. He is seen as General De Montriveau, the woman hater, whom the coquette conquered. But he also won the heart of the lady in question.

The ending seemed just a little ridiculous. The Duchess flees to a convent, heartbroken because the General refuses to forgive her for making a fool of him. Very good, but when she is free to leave the convent and to marry the man she loves, why all the bother about its being her punishment to go back into the world?

If her love is really an eternal flame, as she and the title say it is, then it could scarcely be considered a punishment for her to marry the man she loves. I suspect that in Balzac's story, the lady stayed in the convent. If she was as senseless as she became toward the end of the story, the chances are she wouldn't be safe out in the world, anyway.

Norma, as usual, is delightful to watch and she puts a great deal of feeling into the role of the charming duchess. If you like costume pictures that move slowly, with a great deal of emotion for you to weep over, this is one of the best of them.

There's nothing of the crook in Milton Sills' expression. But when he adds a false nose, you'd never recognize him.

"SKIN DEEP"
(Ince—First National)

PRESUMABLY this picture gets its title from the old saying: "Beauty is only skin deep." It is a most appropriate title for a very interesting picture.

Milton Sills has an opportunity to excel in the role of a man who looks like a crook, and so is unable to reform. You may wonder, perhaps, how Mr. Sills could ever be made to look like a crook, but it is very simple. He is merely given a nose so crooked that he couldn't possibly go straight by following it. The twisted appendage just gives the detectives something to follow. It is barely possible that those detectives might have suspected it was false. It rather looked it.

A rather new idea is utilized in this picture—something in which great progress was made during the war—that is, the wonderful results achieved by surgeons in remaking a man's face. That was what happened to Bud Doyle as played by Milton Sills, and it makes a gripping story as you watch the results on Bud's life.

In "The Yosemite Trail," Dustin Farnum plays one of those heroes who nearly gets hanged for a crime he didn't commit.

Marcia Manon plays the role of Bud's wife, who tried to double-cross him, and she did very well with it. Florence Vidor was an exquisite heroine. She is one of the screen's real beauties.

Thomas Ince is too skilled and well-known as a director for his work to need much comment here. His name in connection with a picture is a trade mark of excellence.

"THE YOSEMITE TRAIL"
(Fox)

IF you like shadow photography, you will enjoy the photographic work in this picture. There are some of the most beautiful views that people go clear out to Yosemite Valley to see, but you are not allowed more than a hazy look at them. If the photographer was doing some "soft focus stuff," he made an excellent job of it.

Herbert Rawlinson has a rollicking role in "Confidence."

Dustin Farnum, the star, will please his fans in his role in this picture; if they don't get disgusted with him, that is, for taking the blame for a crime he didn't commit, in order to shield a man who had already done him a great injury. It may be noble and wonderful to assume another's guilt, but it isn't common sense.

However, the motivation is clearly worked out, and since he is shielding the husband of the girl he loves, there are undoubtedly arguments in his favor. Inasmuch as the girl loved him and was brutally treated by her husband, she probably could not have been very grateful to the hero.

(Continued on page 30)

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

HAROLD LLOYD

The Love Route to Fame

Edna Bramleigh, nicknamed "Teddy" was one of an army of girls who gather from all parts of the States, called by the atmosphere of the studios, and who eke out a precarious existence hoping from day to day that they will be soon cast in a part which will bring their name before the theatre going public in big electric rooms with her three girl letters. Teddy shares two chums, "Steve," "Bobbie" and "Johnnie." They lived together amicably in spite of numerous hardships caused by their sorry lack of money.

As the story opens, Teddy is preparing to go to a party to which she has been invited by a Countess who has become attracted by her beauty while in the next booth to her at a hairdressers shop.

She is much elated at the prospect, especially as she knows that John Murdon, the moving picture magnate will be there. The other girls however warn her against trying to play with a man like him as the price he might exact would make the game hardly worthwhile. Teddy, with the heedlessness of youth, stubbornly determines that she will turn the acquaintance to her advantage.

At the affair, which is rather unconventional, Teddy manouvers till she effects an introduction to the motion picture king who invites her to come and see him at his office the next day.

Keen Wagner, another power in the movie world, and who has also been captivated by Teddy's charm, tries to stop her from accepting Murden's invitation and the two men are only prevented from coming to blows by the rest of the party seperating them. Teddy tries to leave the place but is stopped.

PLEASE, Mr. Lorea, help me—I'm frightened—I want to go home!"

He looked at her for a moment, as though something were struggling with his drunkenness. "Please!" she said again, appealing to that something.

"All right," he whispered, stepping aside, "get your things. I'll take you home."

But once in the Countess' bedroom, she recovered her self-control. She did not want him to take her home. He was drunk. She could hear a confused babel of voices. She could not tell whether they were laughing or quarreling. She did not wait to find out, but slipped into the hall and without summoning the elevator, ran down the stairs. On the street, opposite, stood a red car.

"Good old Jack," she murmured, slipping into the seat beside him, pretending not to notice that he had fallen asleep. "Been waiting long?"

"No," he lied, "just passing and remembered you said you might be going home alone. How was the family party?"

"Terrible bore."

"Poor kid. Want to go for a spin to take your mind off it?"

"Sure thing!" she replied, leaning back against the soft upholstery and closing her eyes contentedly.

As the machine sped up the lighted avenue, Teddy remained lost in thought. It was just as she had always figured. The big ones were just as easy to land as the little ones. Old Man Purdee—the biggest vaudeville man in the country. Yesterday she would have been thrilled at the thought of meeting him. Now she dismissed him with a shrug. He didn't count next to Keane Wagner and John M. Murdon. They didn't come any bigger. And she had them fighting over her—for an afternoon of her time. She sighed happily.

And Lorea! He had a strange effect on her—disturbing. Of him she felt in no wise sure. Had she really made an impression on him? She had interested him—but had that been all?

On the whole, a thrilling experience—a great step forward. In her year and a half in New York she had met many men. But none who could alter her destiny as these could. At last she had broken through the crust into the inner heart of New York. However these men affected her personally, however little she might admire them as individuals, they had Power. And she had a feeling she could use them as she had used other men. It might be difficult—dangerous, even, but that was the run of the game. And it was fair. Girls playing the game took the chance of paying dearly if they lost. It was only fair the men should stand to lose something, too.

Riding through the silent night, another mood began to steal over her. Where might it all lead—her acquaintance with these men? Success? Wealth? The chance to become a part of the real inner life of this New York which she adored? Perhaps—even marriage later. She visualized herself married to Lorea. Then, with a laugh, she shook herself out of it.

"Want to stop here?" Jack asked.

"No, further up." Catching a hint of the recklessness that was animating her, he went tearing along the road. Watching the houses and trees flash by, her mood changed again. That was the way life flashed by . . . The year and a half in New York—how it had slipped through her fingers! And all the years before that. On her next birthday she would be twenty-four. And here she was, wasting precious time motoring with Jack Lefbridge! When she ought to be sleeping so that she could face the morrow with a clear head. Tomorrow she must get to work. And using these new friends to mount by, she would climb—high up the ladder of success. Yes, if one had Success behind one, one would not need to fear the gliding years.

Of course, she couldn't disappoint Jack, after he had been decent enough to call for her. But hereafter she wouldn't make dates so late at night. beginning tomorrow . . .

The next morning Teddy was awakened by Johnnie, who came into the room, coffee cup in hand. Steve had already gone, but she always left coffee in the percolator for the others and brought up the mail and newspaper.

Teddy opened her eyes reluctantly. They were heavy and her mouth felt thick. She was low-spirited and unwilling to wake up.

"There's mail for you, lady," Johnnie announced.

Teddy reached out a lazy hand for the letters on the quilt. She opened them between sips of the black coffee Johnnie had brought her. One was from Joe Deimel, to say he had just arrived and would look for her at the Ritz at one. The second was from Wallie, reminding her that she had a luncheon date with him at 12:30. The third was from a man in St. Paul, whose name she had even forgotten.

Bobbie Hurley looked in, dressed for the street.

"Want some coffee?" Teddy asked.

"Nope. Starting to diet."

"Again? This won't hurt you. Good stuff. Cream isn't in it."

"Matter? You dieting, too?"

"I should say not. Credit's run out at Reggies."

From the hall below Bobbie's voice called up the stairs: "Box of flowers here for Ted and a letter."

Teddy, electrically alive in a minute, slipped into a skirt and coat, blousing her nightgown over the belt to keep it from showing at the bottom. Flowers and a letter! She had the wrappings from the flowers before she reached the second floor. Gardenias! With a beating heart she buried her nose in them and came waltzing into the room.

"I say, no wonder you're cheerful. Aren't they simply excruciating!" cried Johnnie, helping her hunt for the card. Teddy made a dive for the letter. That would explain! But the letter did not explain at all.

"My dear Miss Bramleigh: (it said with commanding brevity) I will expect you at four.

Sincerely,

JOHN M. MURDON."

John Murdon! Yet she was not surprised. No, nor thrilled, either. The gardenias thrilled her much more. Of course they were from Lorea. And Lorea would not put his card into flowers which were so obviously his. She felt delicious sense of the intimacy that comes when people have no need of words.

After her bath, and while she was hunting for the talcum powder, she found another letter from "Regner's." Steve always put bills where she would not find them immediately. Teddy opened it carelessly, certain that nothing now could spoil her day.

Still, it did give her an unpleasant shock. Thirty-two dollars. "I can't owe the old pirate that much." But there was the bill. And a little note from Reggie requesting payment. Gosh. That meant no more food until she raised some money! A little worried frown puckered her brow. But money couldn't worry her for long. She tossed the bill back onto the bureau. "There's always Wallie—and now Joe's in town."

Suddenly she thought of last night's party and how much it must have cost. Money did not tempt her particularly. But the contrast appealed to her. It gave her a sensation of really living to find herself part of such contrasts.

"What did you do last night?" she inquired of Johnnie.

"Bobbie came in and dragged me to a party. But I never could stand the C. and S." (Members of the Cloak and Suit industry). "They're good spenders. But they want to paw you. And they hand you such a line. What's worrying you?" as she noted the frown on Teddy's brow.

"Trying to figure what to do about Wallie. I've got a lunch date with him and now Joe's in town."

"Your cowboy millionaire? I don't suppose you'll starve today," there was a trace of envy in her banter.

"Gee!" cried Teddy suddenly, "I forgot to get the balance of my money from Bobbie!"

"Teddy—I—I took that money."

"Oh, Johnny—you didn't!"

"I just had to . I'm so far back on my rent. He was up here before nine so I couldn't get away. I had to give him something. You were asleep—I saw it on the bureau—I knew you wouldn't refuse me."

"Of course not. But it puts me in a pickle. I did want to pay Wallie."

"I'll manage to get it to you, somehow."

"Forget it. Don't give it another thought. I hate people to owe me money. Makes bade friends. I'll think of something to tell Wallie. And then there's Joe." Looking at her friend, Teddy noticed the strained look about her eyes. "Johnnie," she changed her tone suddenly, "what *is* the matter with you? Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong!" Johnnie sat down abruptly on the couch and buried her face in her hands. "No—nothing's wrong. I'm just licked!"

"Why, Johnnie—snap out of it! You're not licked! Low, perhaps."

"No, I tell you I'm licked. I can't stand any more. Owing money—getting in deeper and deeper—and nothing ahead—it's driving me crazy!"

"What do you mean, nothing ahead? Didn't I tell you I'd get you a job with Kimble? I'll see him this very day."

She shook her head despondently. "Even if he gives me the chance I won't make good. I know it. I'm just not worth a darn."

Teddy wanted to take her in her arms—to console her—but she did not know how to go about it. Displays of affection and sympathy were rare among them. Demonstrations were unheard of. She was spared the necessity by Jo Garvey, who walked in without knocking. She was a serious looking red-headed girl with guileless, deep blue eyes.

"Hello, fellers! Got any props? Oh, baby!" as she spied the gardenias, "come to sister!"

"What's up?" Teddy put a detaining hand on her precious flowers, of whose heavy fragrance the room was full.

"Having my spring birthday. Want to set the stage."

"What time you need them?"

"After lunch."

"Well, come in and attach them after I leave. One of my Johns is going to call for me and it won't hurt for him to see them."

Jo released the flowers and departed. Teddy dressed carefully in a light gray sport suit with a turn down collar which made her look particularly young and artless and was sure to appeal to Joe Deimel.

Wallie Hunter appeared promptly at 12:30. He was a medium-sized, boyish person of twenty-seven with blonde, curly hair, which he hated and keen eyes behind strong glasses. Teddy disliked making Wallie spend money because he, unlike Jack and some of the others, earned his. But the need was urgent today and she could not afford to indulge in scruples.

In spite of his keenness, it never occurred to him to doubt Teddy when she said, "Oh, Wallie! I'm so sorry I won't be able to eat with you today. If I had known in time I would have called you. But an old friend of mine was just here—you don't know her—and she's in awful trouble. Wish I could tell you—being a lawyer, you might help. I have to meet the man now. After I've seen him, I may phone and ask your advice. May I do that?"

"Certainly, Teddy. If I can be of any help—"

"I knew you'd be a dear about it. The poor girl is in an awful fix. I wish I'd had more to give her—" She opened her purse ruefully. There were a few quarters and nickels in it.

He put his hand into his pocket. "Here. You can't go out that way!"

"Oh, don't—please, Wallie—I already owe you money."

"Don't be silly. Here—put this in your purse," and he tried to crowd a rumpled mass of bills into her hand.

But she would not take them. "No, Wallie—I just couldn't—take money!"

"But this is different. You may need it for your friend. Here," again he tried to press it on her.

"No—that's too much. I won't take it. Well, if you insist—just ten—as a loan."

"Gee, you're a peach! Teddy, I want to marry you."

"Oh, Wallie!" she was really upset. Just when she was beginning to congratulate herself that everything was going off so well. "We've been such good friends. Why did you have to go and spoil everything?"

"Because I love you, Teddy. And you do like me, don't you?"

"Of course I like you—but—"

"Don't answer now. Take your time and think it over. I didn't mean to spring it on you that way—it just came over me—I can't bear to have you want anything. I can't offer you luxury, but I can take you out of all this—"

She shook her head. "I love all this. Luxury doesn't mean anything to me. My freedom means—everything. Why, if I had all the money in the world right now I wouldn't know what to do with it. Except—"she added as an afterthought.

"Except what?" he asked, devouring her with his eyes.

"Well, I'd like to help my friends and—" she looked at him impishly "—and leave a standing order at the delicatessen for cream."

"Teddy!"

She bobbed her head up and down. "Honest. That's all luxury means to me. Cream and fruit for breakfast every single day."

He stopped the car at the corner and disappeared inside the store, where she saw him talking to Reggie, who wrote something in the order book. Then, as Wallie reached in his pocket, Reggie gave her a deep and cordial bow through the plate glass window. Well, there might not be cream and fruit every single morning for breakfast, but there would be no further dunning. And Teddy could begin to charge again. Regner understood these little adjustments perfectly.

JOE DEIMEL was a big, raw-boned man of thirty-six, with enormous dimples in his brown cheeks and honest brown eyes. He had suddenly made a great deal of money and had not the least talent for spending it. For all he was so crazy about her and not at all parsimonious, it was the hardest thing in the world to teach him to do the little things other men did so naturally. He didn't know how.

He had to be handled carefully, too. Teddy was always keeping him, by quick thinking, from proposing to her. He wore the most ungodly broad-brimmed hats—and box-toed shoes and bow ties, and he talked in a loud, hearty voice interspersed with loud, hearty laughter, which for the first fifteen minutes kept Teddy in an agony of self-consciousness. Until finally she would think defiantly, "Well, suppose the other people are laughing! I don't give a darn. What would they ever do for me? And he's so good." And she would cast off her self-consciousness and throw herself into the task of giving him a good time. He was never in town for long.

"You look pale," he remarked anxiously, after they were seated.

She smiled up at him wistfully. "I'm all right. I've just been worrying myself sick over my fur. Must have left it somewhere."

"Well, you won't need it this weather," he consoled her and laughed his big, booming laugh, so that people at the near tables turned to look.

That was not exactly what Teddy wanted. "Oh, but you see," she countered hastily, "it belonged to one of the other girls. Serves me right for borrowing. But I did so want to see myself in sables."

"Girlie," he began earnestly, but she started to talk fast and furiously.

"Of course I *will* make good. I'll buy one on the instalment plan."

"Instalment plan!" he interrupted. "Why, girlie, they're robbers!"

She made a rueful face. "But what else can I do? If I wait until I save two hundred dollars—"

"Is that what they cost—$200?"

"At Wackler's on Fifth Avenue. Somebody sent it to her. Just think of anybody being that fond of you! But let's talk about something else. I haven't thought of another thing since it happened. Something is bound to turn up—"

He thought her the gamest little person in the world. "What kind of furs did you say they were?"

"Russian sables." He frowned as though engraving the words on his memory. "Wackler has them scattered all over his window to make girls think of pawning their life insurance. But oh, please don't let's talk about it any more. Maybe Santa Claus will bring me one next Christmas and I'll drop it in Jo's stocking. After I've worn it once, just to see how it feels. How long are you going to be here, Mr. Deimel?"

"Until tomorrow. I wish I could take you somewhere tonight. But I'm all tied up every minute of the time. But if you and a girl friend would like to go to the theatre, I'll be glad to send you the tickets." That was something she had taught him on an earlier visit.

"Thank you, Mr. Deimel. I couldn't think of it. I'll wait until next time you come and I can go with you."

He flushed with pleasure under his tan. He was sure she was the sweetest, sincerest little girl in the world. She was thinking: "What a child he is! He'd let me do anything I wanted. And with all that money—" She began to figure what it would be like to be Mrs. Joe Deimel. She could make him discard the broad-brimmed hats and the shoes and the bow ties—

"Do you stay in town all summer?" he asked her.

"Why, I guess so," she replied, toying with the ice cream which concluded a very satisfying lunch.

"You ought to have more fresh air. I'm afraid you work too hard. An uncle of mine left me a farm out in Jersey, and if you'd care to use it—"

"Oh. Mr. Deimel—I couldn't—"

"Don't say that. You could take any of your

(*Continued on page* 28)

The Fans Own Page

So many interesting letters are received by THE COLONEL that "Movie Weekly" decided to publish some of them for our readers to enjoy. If you have something of interest to tell other fans—your opinion of movies, the visit of a star to your town, or anything else you know pertaining to movies that you think other readers would like to hear about—write and tell THE COLONEL.

In Defense of Stars' Attitude Toward Extras

New York City.
September 8, 1922.

Dear Colonel:

After reading the article in the September 16th issue of the "Movie Weekly," written by "A Reporter," I wish to say that for many years I have been working in studios both here and on the Coast and the criticism of some of the stars made by "A Reporter," prompts me to write this letter.

As for calling dear Elsie Ferguson a *snob* just because she doesn't wish to talk to "extras," that is absurd. Miss Ferguson is of an extremely nervous disposition, and while on the set wants to work—not chat.

Dorothy Dalton is a very hard worker and is all business on the set. She has no time for familiarities with "extras."

If people of wealth go into the "movies" as "extras" just for the novelty of the thing, let them take their treatment with a grain of salt. If they go outside of the pale of their own society, they must expect to be treated accordingly. If a person of ordinary circumstances should attempt to attend one of their social affairs, for the novelty of the thing, they would be accorded the same treatment.

The public at large cannot imagine how annoying the majority of "extras" make themselves by trying to force an acquaintance with the different stars so that they can boast of it afterwards to their friends. If they did they wouldn't blame any of the stars for not wishing to talk to them. Most stars are of a very nervous temperament, due to the strain put upon them, and this constant annoyance is nerve-racking, to say the least. Of course, there are exceptions. Some stars I know of have been in the game so long that their work is no longer an art to them, but a tiresome bore, and they are glad to gather the "extras" around them between scenes to gossip and listen to their exaggerated flattery to while away the time.

And there is nothing snobbish about Rodolph Valentino at all. Merely a heavy exoticism, compelling and very fascinating. But people very often misunderstand his attitude. I have seen Mr. Valentino playing small parts in the old days, before his elevation to stardom, and he was of the same retiring disposition that he is today. He made few friends—but those he made he kept. He was always a hard worker and struggled for years, receiving many hard knocks of experience before he got his real chance in the colorful role of "Julio," and I admire his unbeatable determination. But success has not turned his head one bit. He is the same sensible fellow today that he was five years ago. When people say differently they are misjudging him—they do not understand him.

But a newly elevated star's path is not all roses. There is always that undercurrent of jealousy predominating throughout the studio, and if you are not a good mixer but attend strictly to your own business you become extremely unpopular.

And in closing let me say that if the reporters who work as "extras" just to see how stars conduct themselves while working on the set were the stars themselves, and had to work day in and day out, year after year WITH "extras," they would know WHY such signs as "Do Not Talk to Miss Ferguson" are tacked up in studios.

Wishing your paper continued success, I am,
Sincerely,
EDITH JACKSON.

Some Suggestions for Will Hays

Los Angeles, Cal.
1549 Second Ave.,
September 8, 1922.

"Movie Weekly":

"What Can Will Hays Do in Hollywood?" and "What Will Hays Do for Pictures?" are sure enough meaningless bludgeons to put into the hands of movie fans.

Here is what you have asked them:

What will Will Hays *be able* to do in Hollywood?

What will Will Hays *be competent* to do in Hollywood?

What will Will Hays *be permitted* to do in Hollywood?

What *may* Will Hays do in Hollywood?

"Observer's" article of September 9th issue is not pessimistic, nor cynical, if read aright—it is pertinent and fearless, with "meat" in every paragraph.

If the patrons of the moving picture industry have any rights in the premises, they are entitled to "good pictures" all the time, with an occasional "masterpiece"—for they, after all, pay the bills.

If I were asked:

"What should, or ought Will Hays do in Hollywood, or for Pictures?" I'd offer a few suggestive imperatives, viz.:

1. Substitute actresses with intelligence adept in art, for standardized legs and baby-doll faces.
2. Reduce present cost of production one-half—let it filter to the box office.
3. Refuse to pay junior "prodigies" more than Senators.
4. Pay stars in keeping with ordinary horse-sense, at the market value for brains.
5. Six-year-olds know the "director game"—try a few new ones without bridles and blinders.
6. Stop the clamor for censorship by adhering to a few decent rules of professional ethics.
7. Forbid personal write-ups of stars for advertising purposes—tell the truth, or nothing.
8. Cut out the stunts put over by fake photography—there are enough common liars without hatching more.
9. Bar plots reeking in the slush of sentimental orgy, dressed in the garb of "human interest."
10. Relegate the "ready-to-wear" advertisements, or label them.
11. Put a premium on dramatic form teaching spiritual uplift and "ditch" drama prized for its emotional debauch.
12. Don't be a high-priced fence—"cut bait" or get off the job.

Yours truly,
JAMES H. DODDS.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BEST FAN LETTER

Some weeks ago "Movie Weekly" began the new department, "The Fans' Own Page." Our readers were asked to write their opinions of current movie events. The response has been so gratifying and the fans have shown such interest in this new feature that we have decided to give five dollars to the writer of what we consider the best letter published each week. Perhaps you have something you would like to say about the movies. Here is your chance to say it, and you may, incidentally, win five dollars.

Hays' Name As an Advertisement

739 M Street, West,
Palm Beach, Fla.,
Sept. 11, 1922.

"Movie Weekly."
Gentlemen:

In response to your query as to "What Can Will Hays Do for Pictures?" let me tickle your cranium with the following:

It has been consistently and truthfully stated that Mr. Hays is a business man and efficiency expert. No attempt has been made to "accuse" him of being an artist, or being interested in art, other than that of cinema-drama (sic) that squares itself with a public that is patently afraid "to drink and laugh at priest and Shah."

Mr. Hays is highly respected by the bourgeoisie of America and represents the flower of our national pulchritude. His name at the head of the industry is a matter of advertisement. It means that the movies are going to be "good" in the antiseptic and sanitary sense of the word. Certain ex-patrons will return to the movies for entertainment and the $43,000 deficit at the box office will be reduced. There will be others that will remain away, however, until such a time as ART instead of HOKUM is seriously considered by producers.

As suggested by "Observer" in your weekly, Ernst Lubitsch and Max Rinehart, who have applied real drama to screen action, may be enlisted for service. Something real may yet be done for the cinema. As it is now, the movie is asleep on its bed, dressed in frock coat, du rigeur. I am reminded of the nonsense rhyme, "King Kokem" in "The Peter Patter Book." Substitute Hokum for Kokem and you have it thus:

"King Hokum lies sleeping upon his brass bed—
Oh, play us a tune on your fiddle!
With shoes on his feet and a crown on his head—
Oh, tune up your rusty old fiddle!
He dreamed of a land, where the lions are tame,
Where they fried their lamb chops on a griddle,
Where they called all the parrots and monkeys by name—
Oh, play an old tune on your fiddle!

STANLEY K. BOOTH.

Life Story Of Betty Compson

vaudeville. Instead, I joined a girl act, headed by Margaret Whitney. There were ten girls, all of them pretty, and all but two—who married—are still in the show business. We traveled through Idaho, Wyoming and many parts of Canada, and it was during my experience with this act that I learned the show business from A to Z.

"Even then pictures loomed up on the horizon, and finally I landed in Los Angeles, not knowing what the future would bring. I was playing in vaudeville there when Al Christie saw me from 'the front.' He was then at Universal City and he sent a letter to me saying that he would like to interview me for a possible engagement. He needed a leading woman, and something in my appearance made him believe that I would be successful on the screen.

"I went to Universal City, thrilled with expectation. It was all very wonderful, and, as I had never been in a studio before, all amazing and new to me.

"They made tests of me that day, and during the week that followed, when I did not know whether I would be accepted or not, I was in a constant fever heat of apprehension. Would I be chosen? Or turned down?

"Finally came the fatal letter. I was accepted. 'To play comedies, at from forty to fifty dollars a wek.' My salary, it seemed, was to increase as my value increased. And it did, I am glad to say.

"I worked with that comedy company for three years and had every kind of experience. I played every kind of light comedy—not slapstick, although Mack Sennett wanted me, and Charlie Chaplin was always very kind and encouraging. But no slapstick for me. I preferred to eat custard pies.

"I finally lost my engagement, because I was in deadly fear of making personal appearances alone, and the company insisted that I go on alone when my partner at personal appearances fell ill. So I found myself adrift, and for weeks spent my time looking for a job. I had never done any emotional acting, but I felt I could, and as the next step upward from comedies is the serial or melodrama, I accepted an offer to appear in a Pathe serial, called 'Wolf Face.' Now my life was one of fast action, danger and thrills. But it all helped to round out my experience.

"My next engagement was with Universal, where I played with Monroe Salisbury, and after a comedy with William Desmond and another for Robertson-Cole, I made a picture with the Jesse D. Hampton Productions.

"Finally, like a dispensation, came 'The Miracle Man.' I am sure that neither Mr. Tucker, Mr. Meighan nor myself knew what would result from that picture. We knew it was different, and we went at our task enthusiastically. But when it was released, the deluge came. The picture grew and *grew*. It was a good picture. It had a fine cast, and I think everyone connected with it did the best work they knew how. Possibly it cast a spell over us, for we were all imbued with the beauty of the theme, and really lived our parts.

"Offers came to me like snowflakes in a storm. I did not know which to accept. Finally I arranged to produce my own pictures at the Brunton studio and they were released by Goldwyn. But after a year, I made new arrangements, and finding myself free, I waited. A wire came from Jesse L. Lasky, of Famous Players, asking me to come to New York. I did so, and on the first day after my arrival, a contract was signed. I was a Paramount star.

"My first picture was 'At the End of the World,' made by Penrhyn Stanlaws, the famous artist. Since then I have made nearly a dozen pictures, and am truly happy in my work."

Naturally a woman who has had such varied experiences as Betty Compson has a definite philosophy of life. She herself considers that her career has been unexciting and average, but she *does* realize that since

Mahlon Hamilton begins a love scene with Betty.

MOVIE WEEKLY'S

Life Story of BETTY COMPSON

THE "miracle girl," "the most beautiful model in America," and "the most flashing beauty of the screen"; these are some of the phrases that have designated Betty Compson. And Betty has a personality which attracts people to her in real life as it does on the screen. Hollywood, and especially the staff of the Lasky studio, swear by her. She was born in the depths of the back country, in the farming town of Beaver, in Beaver County, Utah.

"I was raised," she adds, with that brilliant smile which lights up her face so radiantly, "in the vicinity of the Silver King Mine at Park City, which is in southern Utah, and the Horn Silver Mine, to the six-thousand-foot level of which I have descended many times as a child. The slag dumps were the sand piles of my childhood, and my best friends were the miners.

"I was about seven when I first went to the funny little country school at Park City, and it was there that I had my first and most violent love affair. Two cousins, Harold and Charlie Sackett, were rivals for my hand, and they bestowed upon me all the apples and flowers in the near vicinity.

"Meantime I was progressing with my studies, and at the school entertainments usually played the leading role.

"My parents had decided that I should be a violinist. Their reason for this choice of a career I don't know, for I had evinced no particular genius as a musician. But with my family I had attended many concerts at the Tabernacle, and I suppose they thought that music was the ideal career for a girl, so in addition to my school studies, I began to study music under Professor Skelton, who was considered the finest teacher of the violin in Utah.

"I practised conscientiously and was progressing favorably when my father fell ill, and we spent everything in a vain attempt to restore his health. It was then that my knowledge of the violin stood me in good stead, for I obtained a position as a violinist in the small orchestra of the Mission Theatre, and after school would hasten there to play for the picture and the three vaudeville acts which constituted the program.

"This was the real beginning of the stage and picture career. My father passed away and I was anxious to earn money for my mother and myself. So one day, when an act failed to appear and the manager asked me to substitute with a violin number, although I was panic-stricken, I was equally overjoyed, and I went bravely on. I was in high school at the time and was worried for fear my friends would ostracise me if they learned I was in vaudeville. But I was told, by the manager, by the orchestra, and by my friends in the house, that I had played splendidly. I was happy beyond words. I began to foresee a career that would give me world-wide fame. Stage-struck? I was mad about it. And when I was given a chance to appear in small-time vaudeville in the west, I jumped at it.

"My mother went with me on my first 'tour,' but her companionship was too expensive, so my second trip was made alone. At that time, I had an offer to go to Australia, but I declined it, and if I had taken it, I might still be in

she has been the average girl in search of a picture job, she is capable of advising those who have not yet succeeded.

"I know so many girls will be looking for advice about work," she says. "Well, if you have talent and opportunity, the profession of screen acting is a good one. There are many difficult paths to travel, many disappointments. But the compensations, when they do come, make all the disappointments worth while. I only advise that you use your own conscience and your own experience as your guide. And then, work—for you cannot hope to succeed unless you work.

"Don't worry about the foolish stories you hear or read concerning the 'terrible lives of the screen folk.' That is all nonsense. Some are bad, just as there are bad people in every walk of life.

"As for marriage, I have yet to find out whether it is possible to make a success both of marriage and of a screen career. Possibly it can be done. Many worthy screen people have done it. Possibly I may make the experiment for myself. But in marriage it is every man and every woman for him or herself, so in all probability anything I could say on the subject would be worth no more than the counsel of the first person you meet on the street.

"Above all—and this goes for marriage, for work on the screen, or for any kind of work—persevere. Don't get discouraged. Discouragement is the devil's sharpest weapon, and he always has it ready for instant use."

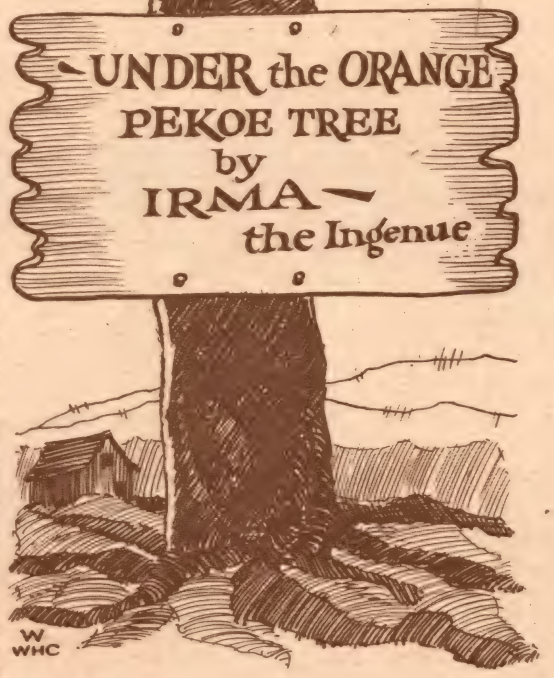
"Now what do you think of that?" cries Betty to those who marvel at her success.

Such is the story of Betty Compson, the girl who fought her own way up, unaided. And although Betty is known the world over for her beauty, she has kept, thus far, her heart free. Privately, it was said, early in the summer, that she was to marry Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer of Los Angeles, but no public announcement of the engagement has yet been made, and so—as far as the world is concerned—Betty Compson is still "footloose and fancy free."

In her case, the only miracle wrought was that of hard work, and happiness in that work, for, as she says herself, she is happiest when the klieg lights are on, and the camera is grinding out its monotonous note.

In a scene from "The Green Temptation."

WILL BETTY COMPSON MARRY WALTER MOROSCO?



SO Bill Hart's baby is born, and it's a boy—and will, despite the trouble between Bill and his wife, I understand, be named William S., Jr.!"

Irma the Ingenue glanced at her bobbed hair in a mirror, and settled herself to her tea, out under the shade of the cherry trees in the tea garden.

"Well, I think Winifred certainly owes him that much, even if they are separated. Bill gives her $400 a week, and I'm sure I'd be willing to name anything 'Bill' to get that much money. My friend Belle says that Bill is just broken-hearted over the whole thing—thinks that Winifred never did really love him. They notified Bill that his baby was born, but he hasn't been to see it. But they do say that even at three days old, it looks exactly like Bill.

"Now everybody is wondering if they won't make up, Bill and Winifred. Won't it be just like a scenario if they do? 'Tiny hands joining broken hearts—' and all that sort of thing. I don't believe that Bill will be able to stay away from his kid. He always was so anxious for a child, you know. And to think the child is a boy!

"But speaking of babies—aren't you just thrilled to think that Mary Hay, Dick Barthelmess' wife, is going to have a visit from the stork soon? And here everybody was saying she and Dick were separated, when she had merely gone home to her mamma to wait for a baby to come along! I think gossip is perfectly dreadful, don't you, dearie?

"But speaking of gossip, they do say that Peggy Joyce and Charlie Chaplin are very likely to get married. Personally I don't believe it. Both are too wise, if you get me! And each would always be wondering what the other was up to.

"Every morning when I'm going over to the Silverwyn Studio, I see Peggy's car out in front of Chaplin's studio. I go late, you know—about eleven—because we are working on some retakes. Then they go to lunch together, and in the evening they go dancing. Charlie has a big picture of Peggy in his office, and goodness knows how many in his home.

"I hear Lila Lee has a new admirer—a man of the business world, but nobody knows him. They say he's a millionaire. Lila used to boss Charlie around a whole lot, but then Charlie is a flirt, anyhow. Anyway, I'm glad if Lila has more or less consoled herself.

"Oh, and whether it's intensive study of vampires, or not, Charlie is writing a story for Edna Purviance, to be her first starring vehicle. It is a sex story, in which Edna will be a bit of a vamp.

"So Dagmar Godowsky is getting her chance at last in pictures! She is married to Frank Mayo, and Frank doesn't want her to work. 'Why should my wife work?' he said to me one day. 'It only means that sooner or later she will have to go back east to make a picture, and then we shall be separated.' But Daggy is artistic, and just hates to sit home and hold her hands, she says.

"Oh, there's Viola Dana! That must be her sister with her, who has just come from England, where she has been playing in pictures for ten years. She brought some lovely sables with her, I'll tell the world, and—listen to the English accent ordering English Breakfast Tea, will you? She's awfully cute-looking, isn't she? Anyway, I'll say this for her—she was the only one in the family who had the courage to use the family name, Flugrath—Edna Flugrath is her name. That is, it was until she got married. It is Shaw now. Her husband came across with her, but stayed in New York on business. She's going to make pictures here now.

"Speaking of marriages, I hear that Betty Compson is going to marry Walter Morosco, son of Oliver Morosco. They have been sweethearts a long time, but Betty says that she doesn't believe in marriage for artists. It's too limiting, she says. But Walter is quite crazy about her, as who wouldn't be?"

Irma paused to order another sherbet, and just then her eye fell on Betty, who, dainty in green and white sport suit, came in clamoring for tea.

"Look outside!" Irma commanded. I did. There on the driver's seat of Betty's limousine were a liveried footman and chauffeur. It was all very grand indeed.

"Betty has a new house in Beverly Hills, you know, with all sorts of servants to match.

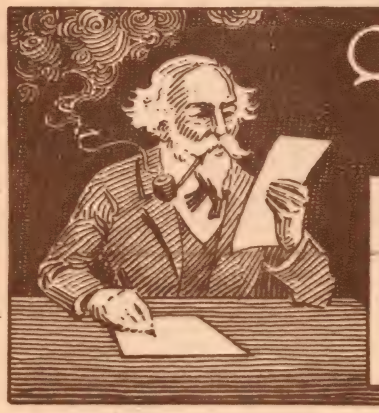
"I just got a letter from Trixie Friganza, who has gone into pictures. Don't you know—the big fat comedienne on the Orpheum circuit? Here's what she says:

"'Dear Irma: It's the cat's pancakes, I'll say, this picture acting. And I know they'll be calling me a camera hog. I don't want to hog the camera, but I just can't help it. How could I help it? Putting me in a picture is like throwing a three-inch rock into a two-inch bowl of soup. The other players haven't a look in. I hide the whole scenery!'

"Ruth Roland has just bought sixty acres of land on Wilshire Boulevard, in Los Angeles. It must have cost a fortune. It's just an investment, of course. Ruth is always investing in something. Remember the time she put her money into a glass coffin company? No, the company never sold a one. Nobody wants to live in a glass house, much less be buried in one, I suppose.

"Oh, but did you hear? Laurette Taylor was dreadfully disappointed in Hollywood! I don't know what she expected to find, but anyway she didn't find it. 'It isn't a bit the way I expected it to be,' she told me. 'I suppose it was silly of me, but I actually visualized a community where the streets would be filled with famous stars. I was awfully disappointed when I drove from the railroad station the first day and never even caught a glimpse of Rodolph Valentino or Wallie Reid or any other of the famous film folks. I felt like criticising the driver for not taking us over the proper streets. Then on the first evening after my arrival I dressed up and after dinner drove from Beverly Hills all through Hollywood expecting to see throngs of people and plenty of excitement. But I was disappointed again, for all I could see was a sleepy looking village street. I agree with Pat Rooney that Hollywood Boulevard looks like a street drop in one!' Now, dearie, isn't that enough to spoil Hollywood's whole afternoon?

"Well, so long, dearie, I've got a date for dinner with Leatrice Joy, and I'm dying to find out whether she will make up with Jack Gilbert or not!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

SOME weeks ago, just for fun, I asked some of you who could draw, to send me sketches of me as you think I look. You have all joined in the game eagerly, and I hope to publish a great many of the sketches from week to week. Hiding in the center of the page is one fan's idea of my looks. He seems unable to make up his mind about me, doesn't he?

LOVER OF HANDSOME BRUTES—And you call me your handsome brute! I don't know whether to be insulted and refuse to answer, or to be flattered that you should call me handsome—which I'm note! Yes, you have the right idea! If a star plays in a Lasky picture, you should be able to obtain his photograph by writing to the Lasky studio. Likewise a player in a Robertson-Cole picture, or a Goldwyn, or productions of any other company. Yes, Vitagraph is still producing.

BILL—If I were a girl of thirteen and a toe dancer and had a chance to go on the stag would I accept it? Well, that is a problem. There's no telling what I should do if I were a girl of thirteen and a toe dancer. But certainly if dancing were my profession, I shouldn't turn down any opportunities to advance my career. However, it may depend on what your family has to say about it. The little girl who played Sally in "Afraid to Fight" is Peggy Cartwright.

JACKIE—The picture of me that you drew I think gave me the big head. I could never get a hat to fit me if my head were as big as that. No, Katherine MacDonald has no son seventeen years old. You probably have her confused with Kathlyn Williams, whose son Victor recently died. Yes, Larry Semon is still cavorting around as comical as ever.

PETE THE PIRATE—Where do you get the bottle of rum that you sing about in the pirate's song—"Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum"? Or possibly, particularly when your boat is out in the bay, you make it, "Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of bay rum." Pell Trenton played opposite May Allison in "Fair and Warmer." Mildred Harris was Tom Meighan's leading lady in "A Prince There Was." No, Elaine Hammerstein is not married; I don't know her religion. Conrad Nagle is an American, born in Iowa. He is a Scientist. Gaston Glass is supposed to be related to Sarah Bernhardt. I don't know whether you will be able to obtain Joseph Schildkraut's picture, but you can write him for it at the Griffith office, 1476 Broadway, New York.

MIDGET—Yes, since you are so thoughtful as to ask, every now and then I get tired answering questions, just as you would get tired of eating spaghetti if you had it every night for dinner. I'm sorry I know very little about Edward Langford. No, he doesn't always play with Pauline Starke; sometimes Miss Starke is leading woman for someone else. Percy Marmont does not have a leading lady as he is not a star. Ann Forrest plays with him in his next picture "If Winter Comes," Mr. Marmont is about thirty five. He has gray-blue eyes; yes, he is married. Constance Talmadge's latest picture is "East is West."

K. T.—In other words, Katie. Yes, it is true that May Allison is married: is there anything startling about that? She is Mrs. Robert Ellis. David Powell plays opposite Alice Brady in her current picture. "Missing Millions." He is Scotch. No, he is not Miss Brady's husband. She was formerly Mrs. James Crane, but she secured a divorce some time ago.

LORD FAUNTLEROY— If I like music, you'll send me a rubber band? Well, and if I like quiet, will you send me a still? Charles Jones is about thirty-two; he doesn't reveal his age. Buster Keaton is twenty-seven. William Russell can be reached at the Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood. Who is Lucy Doraine? You have the advantage of me.

BLUE EYES, VA.—I suppose that's "Va," or is it "Ba"? It's short for Virginia, isn't it? Jack Holt's leading woman in "The Man Unconquerable" is Sylvia Breamer. Alice Terry was featured with Rodolph Valentino in "The Conquering Power."

P. D. Q.—Excuse the oaper, as you have an old widow for an aunt? I will gladly, as I had spinach for dinner. How did I happen to get a beard? Well, I'll tell you, the artist drew it on me. I keep it out of my way when I work by rolling it up on kid curlers. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana and educated in Indianapolis. He is married and lives at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles.

KREKO—Thank you for the nice post card. There was a rumor that Wallie Reid was to go on the stage, but nothing ever came of it.

NOVETTE—If you are so interested in Ruth Roland, perhaps you would like to join the Ruth Roland Club. If so, write to Walter I. Moses, Editor, Fanland, Grand Junction, Colo. Ruth is divorced, and she is twenty-nine years old. Write her at 605 Norton Ave., Los Angeles.

C. W. H. W.—You ask me a deep question when you want to know whether or not Rodolph is leaving Famous Players. The story is too involved for me to give it here, but you can read all about it on page 4 of this issue. Rodolph moved away from the old address that he used to give. If you plan to write him, you will just have to wait, I suppose, until he gets his case settled one way or the other and we have an address for him. He was in New York at the time this magazine went to press. William S. Hart's hobbies are horseback riding and writing. Did you know that he had written books for boys? The Ruth Roland Club is just a correspondence club to which any one can belong. I don't know of any motion picture company that has colored players.

D. K. M.—The lawyer in "The Old Nest" was played by Richard Tucker. I don't happen to know whether he is married. Tom Mix is the husband of Victoria Forde; Mae Murray is Mrs. Robert Leonard.

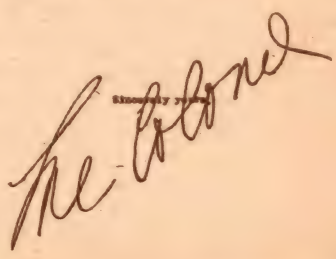
STARTLED FAWN—I don't blame you for being startled. I would be too if I were a fawn. You bet Milton Sills is married; he is one of those persons whom Hollywood can point to with pride, as having been married for fifteen years to the same wife—Gladys Wynne. They have a twelve year old daughter. Mr. Sills is about forty; he is six feet tall, weighs 180, and has light hair and gray eyes.

DONA SOLA AND CARMEN—Here, here why jump on me for saying that Rodolph is not so popular as he used to be? I didn't write the article in question; it was sent in by one of "Movie Weekly" correspondents on the coast.

LOLA—So you're a cashier? It's always a good idea to be on good terms with a cashier, don't you think? David Powell doesn't give his age; yes, I think he is married.

PATIENCE—Whatever shall I do with the shimmie license you sent me? That wouldn't do me any good if they started to put me off the floor in New York. Buck Jones' latest picture is "Bells of San Juan." It hasn't been released yet. Charles (Buck) Jones is married and lives at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles.

MUTT AND JEFF—You don't like Rodolph's taste in perfumes? How do you know he has any taste in perfumes? Nita Naldi will play opposite him in "The Spanish Cavalier." His hobbies are, as I have said so often, dancing, swimming and riding horseback. He is about five feet nine inches tall. Jack Mower plays opposite Dorothy Dalton in "The Crimson Challenge." Betty Compson's hair is light brown.



Did You Ever Answer An Ad Like This?

(*Continued from page 6*)

leading man if the test is O. K. You see his pictures all over the room—in the big star productions I've already made?"

I looked at the walls for the first time, and saw they were covered with scenes from pictures in which the tall, handsome chap was the hero. He must be a great, famous actor, I thought. It did not seem funny to me then that I had never heard his name. It was my ignorance, I told myself. Certainly, his face seemed familiar enough to me.

"Will you return in two days—say, Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock?" asked the man who said he produced the pictures.

I said I would.

"The tests will be in fine shape, then," smiled the leading man. "I hope they will be good, Miss ————, for I am sure that you have the talent, the looks and the appeal to make a star."

His words made everything in the room go round and round, and as I half-blindly went out of the door I remembered the thrill his kiss had given me. It did not seem to matter that we were only acting—only playing a part, then. It was real life to me. I walked out of the building in a dreamy daze.

"Did they take you?"

The question was like a blow in the middle of my dream. I looked around, startled. It was the nice looking young fellow who had put me in line to enter the office.

"I—I—am not sure. But, I—I think so," I managed to answer after a few seconds of silence. "It depends on the test. They liked me and . . ."

"How'd you like the tall fellow—the leading man?" asked the boy.

"Oh, he is simply wonderful!" I breathed.

A strange look came over the boy's face and in his eyes played a wistful, half-envious light. He seemed to find it hard to say anything further. So I bade him good-bye, telling him I would be back in two days to see about the tests.

"I'll be here . . . wish you luck . . . and—if—if I can do anything for you, say so. Course I ain't nothing but a working fellow—not a leading man or nothing like that—but . . . " he stopped suddenly and put out his hand. I took it and smiled good-bye. Then I started for the subway and the tubes, where I would get my Jersey train. I had decided not to go by ferry. I wanted to get home in a hurry and be alone to dream.

I was at the moving picture office promptly at four o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The young fellow met me in the hall with a smile.

"Your pictures turned out like a million dollars," he said, beaming. My heart beat faster. I thought I would shout out, or kiss the boy. But I did neither. I walked right up to the door and knocked.

"Come in—come in!" cried Mr. ————, the producer.

I did.

"Wonderful! Wait—I show it to you! Wonderful! A new star we make! I knew it!" He opened a drawer of his desk excitedly, and drew out several stills of me and of the closeup. They really were very clear and I registered, as he put it, very well. In a second I had visioned pictures like those being exhibited in front of the Rialto, the Capitol, the Strand and all of the big Broadway picture houses. The vision went to my head like a glass of strong wine.

"And now, come. We go to the third floor—to a projection room. You see the action strip we make."

I followed him out of the room and down one flight of stairs to a tiny, dark theatre. He gave me a chair and went into the operator's booth.

"Put on that love scene—yes—the strip—slow—then fast, make it," he commanded.

There was a buzz of wheels as the machine started to unwind. Then, in a flood of light, the screen showed me going into the arms of the leading man. Entranced, I watched myself. I saw the dreamy look in his eyes as he bent over me, saying the words which I remembered only too well—words I had been dreaming over for the past two days.

"Great stuff!" cried Mr. ———— at my elbow.

The lights went on. But I still sat there in a trance. The little producer took me by the arm.

"You like it, too?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered in a soft voice, although I wantd to shout aloud.

"Good! Fine!" rubbing his hands. "Then tonight you are to meet Mr. ———— to talk over the picture we make. He will be waiting for you at the Claridge to take you to dinner at eight."

"Dinner?" I repeated. "Tonight? I . . ."

"What you mean? You cannot make it? Your people?"

Yes that was it. My mother would wonder what kept me in the city. I had said nothing about remaining. She thought I had a new job as a stenographer. But, suddenly I decided to phone her and say I was staying with Sadye, my New York girl friend.

"Better make arrangements to stay late, because we got to go over contracts with lawyers maybe yet—and explain the continuity to you—the story we produce it," said the producer.

I made up my mind then and there to phone mother and tell her the Sadye story. She would never know the difference, and I could sleep at Sadye's anyhow to carry out the bluff.

"All right, then I will meet him at the Claridge at eight for dinner," I answered a little nervously.

"Come, we'll sign a first agreement now. You get one hundred dollars a week to start for the first picture. If it goes big, we make a new contract."

One hundred dollars a week! Why, it sounded like a fortune. I had never made over eighteen dollars a week in my life. I was so flustrated when we went into the office that I signed the paper without even reading what was on it.

"Fine! Now, you will be there at eight sharp, Miss ————?"

"I will be there promptly," I answered.

When I reached the hall, I felt as if I was walking on air. It was all so thrilling—so wonderful! I was to be a movie actress, and I was to meet my hero man for dinner and be with him—see his handsome face—hear his musical voice.

I passed the young fellow on the way to the elevator.

"Is it all set?" he asked.

"Yes—I have signed a contract."

"Gee!" he cried. "So you're going to be a movie star?" his voice dropped a little, "I guess you won't have time to ever say a word to me any more—you——" he didn't finish his sentence.

I waited for a few seconds before speaking, then I told him it was nonsense for him to talk that way. "Of course I'll talk to you. Being a movie star won't make a snob out of me," I said.

The boy seemed glad to hear me speak that way.

"I'm going to have dinner at the Claridge at eight tonight with Mr. ————. We are going over the—the——"

"Continuity?" he asked.

"That's it," I said.

For a moment that wistful, half-envious expression I noted the first day in his eyes at the mention of Mr. ———— came again. In a second it was lost in a shadow that seemed to follow in the wake of some new thought which had entered his mind.

"Goood-bye, Jimmy," I said, giving him my hand as if I was already a movie actress.

"Bye," was all he answered. Then a car stopped and dropped me to the ground floor.

I walked down Broadway as if I had conquered the whole city at the age of eighteen. I saw the passing throngs with different eyes. I was no longer the little stenographer at eighteen dollars a week. I was a movie actress at one hundred per week. Every picture theatre lured me into its lobby. I wanted to see the other famous actresses' names in print and imagine how mine would look when it was on Broadway for the millions to read. After an hour of sauntering and inspecting the pictures in the lobbies, I arrived at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street. I started to cross over to the Times Building and get a chocolate milk shake at Liggett's when the policeman blew his whistle for traffic to move up and down Broadway. So, I stopped on the curb to wait.

As I stood there a cab drew up and waited for the cop to blow his whistle again so it could get into the westbound traffic. It was a cab with the top pushed back. I was almost thunderstruck to see the girl in it. She was the same girl who had been after the moving picture job and who said she had a good chance to get it. She was with a stout man who was mighty flashily dressed, and who kept talking in a loud voice as if he might be intoxicated. But, I was not so much interested in the man.

The girl held my attention.

How she had changed in three days! I shuddered as I looked at her. You remember how fresh and sweet I said she looked the first time I saw her? Well, as she sat there in that cab her eyes were full of shadows—there were circles beneath them. She was pale and looked five years older. The freshness was gone from her face—and, even her clothes.

I was just about to call to her, for she had not seen me, when the policeman blew his whistle. At that moment she turned slightly, and her eyes shrank back in shame and terror as she saw me. Whatever she started to say seemed to freeze on her lips. With a lunge, the cab started off. In a moment it was lost in the swirling traffic of the afternoon rush hour.

For a few moments I stood on the curb almost paralyzed. All I could think was that her eyes were no longer the eyes of a girl—they were the eyes of a woman who had suddenly looked upon Life.

Program of Pictures

(*Continued from page 9*)

sentation of Willard Mack's most notable stage work, starring Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.

Marion Davies is now working on "Adam and Eva," an adaptation of the Broadway play. After this, her next picture, will, in all probability be "Little Old New York," a comedy romance by Rida Johnson Young, which Frank Borzage will direct. This is a story Marion is anticipating making. The story goes back to the days when Cornelius Vanderbilt ran a ferry boat, and Peter Delmonico peddled sandwiches at the boxing bouts in the old No. 3 fire station—those old, romantic days. A slip of an Irish girl was brought over to claim an inheritance designated for her brother, who had died. In order to get it, she had to masquerade as a boy, and many the complication that started! Before she got through, she was in love with a young man of the town and torn between the desire to get the inheritance for her father and her love for her sweetheart. Naturally enough, it all ended happily for everyone.

Jack Holt will start a Peter B. Kyne special, entitled "Making a Man," probably to be directed by Joseph Henaberry. This is a story of a man who makes a fortune, then goes to New York and loses everything that would identify him. He cannot establish the fact that he has money and is forced to work himself out of the situation.

George Melford will make Joseph Hergesheimer's "Java Head" into a special, featuring Leatrice Joy, James Kirkwood and Jacqueline Logan. Gloria Swanson will be starred in "His American Wife," to be directed by Sam Wood, and Mary Miles Minter will make "Sacrifice," details as yet unknown.

Leaving Famous Players-Lasky's lineup for the coming year, we turn to Goldwyn pictures, and see that that company has lined up twenty big pictures. Little can be learned about the actual stories of these specials, but in the majority of cases the cast and the director has been selected.

Rupert Hughes' "Remembrance" starts off the list, a picture devoted to the presentation of father's side of the family story, a direct opposite to Mr. Hughes' "The Old Nest," which created such a stir last winter.

Maurice Tourneur is finishing Sir Hall Cain's "The Christian," with Richard Dix, Mae Busch, Phyllis Haver, former Sennett bathing beauty, Gareth Hughes, Cyril Chadwick, Mahlon Hamilton, Joseph Dowling Claude Gillingwater and many other sterling players in the cast. Director Tourneur only recently returned from England, where he filmed the greater part of this picture in the location called for in Sir Hall Cain's novel.

Marshall Neilan is busy working on his special, "The Strangers' Banquet," from Donn Byrne's novel. Neilan has a powerful all-star cast, including Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Nigel Barrie, Stuart Holmes, Claude Gillingwater, Erinsley Shaw, Margaret Loomis and a score of others. The picture is one of the most heavily cast Neilan has ever directed.

For the first time in many a day, Allan Holubar makes a picture without his wife, Dorothy Phillips, in the star role. He will produce "Broken Chains," the $10,000 prize scenario, with Colleen Moore, Malcolm McGregory, Ernest Torrence, Claire Windsor and others.

Rupert Hughes will make another special, entitled: "The Bitterness of Sweets," with Colleen

Moore, Antonio Moreno, Earl Metcalfe and others.

Peter B. Kyne does not confine his literary activities to Paramount. His story, "Brothers Under the Skin," will be made into a special by E. Mason Hopper, with Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Pat O'Malley and Norman Kerry in the cast.

Later on in the year, Rupert Hughes will make "Gimme"; R. A. Walsh, "Passions of the Sea"; and a director, as yet not assigned, will produce "Six Days," an Elinor Glynn story, for which Mrs. Glynn, who has been visiting Paris, recently took a number of atmosphere scenes. These atmosphere scenes will be usel where needed during the course of actual production of the story on th eWest Coast.

We have saved the big Goldwyn thriller for the last, the screen version of "Ben Hur." Here is a story that has been tossed about in pictures for the past year. It was rumored long ago that D. W. Griffith would make a special of this classic. Then along came Betty Blythe in the Fox special, "Queen of Sheba," containing the thrilling chariot races that seemed, for the time, to take the edge off the project of making a picture of "Ben Hur." Recently, A. L. Erlanger announced he had bought the screen rights of Wallace's novel from the Wallace estate at a sum estimated around one million dollars. He has wasted no time in putting it into production. While no director has as yet been engaged to direct this spectacle, June Mathis, who wrote the scenario for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and other specials, has been engaged to adapt "Ben Hur" for the screen. She will also collaborate on the production and edit the film when completed. This production will be on a large scale. The Players will be sent to Palestine and to Italy for the making of exteriors in the locations described in the novel, with interiors to be made at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City.

"Fewer and better pictures!"

We repeat the slogan of producers, and get set to present First National's lineup of pictures. First National is not a producing organization. It is a distributing company, the largest in the business, releasing high class pictures from independent producers with whom it contracts for a certain number of pictures for the year.

Constance and Norma Talmadge's pictures, produced by Joseph M. Schenck, are released through First National. Foremost among the 1922-23 productions will be Constance Talmadge's big special, "East Is West," the screen version of the stage play made famous by Fay Bainter on Broadway and by its subsequent success in stock throughout the country. Sidney Franklin directed the feature, and Frances Marion adapted the scenario. Included in the cast supporting Connie are Edward Burns, as the hero, E. A. Warren, Warner Oland, Frank Lanning, Nigel Barrie, and others.

The story of "East Is West" has to do with Ming Toy (Connie), youngest of the family of Hop Sing's sixteen daughters. Ming Toy runs away to America to avoid a hateful marriage, aided by the handsome young American, Billie Benson (Edward Burns). He turns the mischievous and beautiful Chinese girl, who looks so strangely American, over to Lo Sang Kee (E. A. Warren), but Lo Sang can't do much with his impetuous little ward, so he decides to marry her off to Charley Yong (Warner Oland), the Chinese Chop Suey magnate. In the end, Ming Toy turns out to be an American child who had been stolen from her parents, American missionaries in China, when she was a baby. The result of the knowledge is the happy reunion of Ming Toy and her stalwart hero, Billie Benson.

Richard Barthelmess comes to the fore again in a new production entitled "The Bond Boy," in which Mary Thurman plays the lead opposite him and Mary Alden the role of his mother. It is a thrilling drama, played as only Dick could play it. Dick is now finishing "Fury," an original story by Edmund Goulding, in which Dorothy Gish co-stars with him. What follows "Fury" is unknown at this writing.

Mabel Normand will be seen in a new Mack Sennett comedy special, "Suzanna," a quaint figure in broad sombrero and tatters, romping through this comedy-drama, with its throb and thrill of a romantic play in picturesque old Mexico. There's a bull fight, too, and what a bull fight (we are told), with Mabel scampering around in a way that will make your sides nigh split laughing.

Many fans have wondered what the deuce happened to Douglas MacLean, who co-starred with Doris May in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave." Douglas has been working as hard as he could on a new Thomas H. Ince feature, entitled "The Hottentot," with Madge Bellamy as the charming heroine. "The Hottentot" ran on Broadway several seasons ago with William Collier in the role that MacLean portrays on the screen. Sam Herrington (Douglas) hates horses. Peggy Fairfax (Madge Bellamy), with whom he is in love, adores them. And what is wore for Sam, she thinks he is Mr. S. Harrington, famous steeplechase rider. To win Peggy, Sam has to make good. Well . . . you can imagine the rest!

Guy Pates Post, whose screen version of his long stage success, "The Masquerader," has placed him foremost among screen artists, will be seen in another special, entitled "Omar, the Tentmaker," with Virginia Browne Faire playing the role of Shireen in this production, which was directed by James Young. In this picture, Mr. Bates is said to have "caught the drama, the romance, the picturesque charm, the subtle sophistry of Omar Khayyam," the eminent poet of old, who never could have existed in this tense age of Bootleggers and Bad Liquor. Omar had to have his wine. Not that this picture is a drinking orgy. We just wanted to place Omar for you.

Buster Keaton will make his usual series of comedies, those scheduled for early release being, "The Frozen North" and "The Electric House." Buster usually starts a picture with only a fragment of an idea, so it is impossible to announce the titles of any to come, inasmuch as they are, for the most part, lodged in Buster's active mind at this time.

We learned with no little surprise that ex-President Woodrow Wilson declares Katherine MacDonald to be his favorite screen star. That being the case, we are pleased to be able to say to Mr. Wilson and our readers, that Katherine's early productions for the year will be "Heroes and Husbands," directed by Chet Withey, with Nigel Barrie playing opposite the star; "The Woman Conquers," directed by Tom Forman, with Bryant Washburn as leading man; and the last listed production we have at hand, "White Shoulders," directed by Tom Forman from the *Saturday Evening Post* story by George Kibbe Turner.

Charlie Chaplin will soon be seen in his latest comedy, the title of which is unknown, but it is known that the picture is four reels in length, an original, in which he stars and which he directed. This is Charlie's last picture for First National.

Not so many months ago, a novel feature was released by First National, entitled "Strongheart," starring the German police dog of that name in a Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Production, directed by Mr. Trimble. Now along comes another Strongheart novelty in "Brawn of the North," an original story by Mr. Trimble and Miss Murfin. This production has the thrill of the northwoods, peopled with figures of hate, love, courage, cowardice, and Strongheart leaping through dramatic scenes to moments that are rife with strain and drama highlights.

Thomas H. Ince presents another big special in "Skin Deep," co-featuring Milton Sills and Florence Vidor. Milton plays the dual role of a crook gangster and convict who reforms. In a nutshell, the story is that of "a crook marked by a repugnant, unforgettable face; a jail-delivery that runs the gamut of thrill; a miracle of modern surgery which transforms his features and gives him a face to belie his soul; a woman who accepts and betrays love; and a girl who takes him at face value—and makes him good" Sounds rather thrilling, doesn't it?

Dorothy Phillips assumes the role of a girl captain of a smuggling schooner, a ruler of wild men, but not of her own wild heart, in Allan Holubar's latest special, entitled "Hurricane's Girl." In the cast besides Dorothy are Robert Ellis, the hero, Wallace Beery, the heavy, Gertrude Astor, and others.

Marshall Neilan is now making pictures for Goldwyn release, but before he completed his First National contract he made "Minnie," scheduled for release early in 1923. The cast is a typical Neilan array of players, including Matt Moore, Leatrice Joy, Helen Lynch, Fritzie Brunette, and others. It has to do with one Minnie who wanted a man, didn't ever expect to get him when—bang! —heaven itself seemed to drop him at her feet. Then the fun begins.

In "Jim," Thomas H. Ince presents a dramatic thriller with John Bowers, Milton Sills, and Marguerite de la Motte in a story of the work a wife should do. Several of the features of the picture is the terrific dam-burst that sends flood waters seething over the country-side in miles-wide sweep of disaster, and the made stampede of a thousand steers, crushing life beneath flying hoofs, thundering down on the man who stands alone to check them. Some story, we are told.

Mack Sennett is going to make a series of Ben Turpin, Billy Bevan, and "girl pictures" during the current season on the usual order of the pictures you have seen in the past. Of course, each will have new Sennett humor, but having seen other comedies, you can get a fair idea of what will be turned out next year from the Sennett comedy factory in Hollywood.

One of the big features First National boasts is John M. Stahl's production, "The Dangerous Age," featuring Lewis Stone. "Every married couple has to go through the dangerous age. When husband and wife reach the late thirties—after they've sat opposite each other at table year after year—when the children reach the high school age, when comfort instead of fashion becomes the prime requisite in clothing—then beware! Either husband or wife may revolt—the call of youth burns into the heart—fidelity is forgotten and the temptress comes. Lewis Stone plays the role of the husband who tires of his mothering wife."

(Next week, for the first time, we will publish another exclusive article containing information that should be valuable to everyone who goes to pictures, giving, as it does, detailed news about what pictures the other companies are going to make.)

Pola Negri Story

(Continued from page 11)

either, but justice will be done to the unexampled glory of Pola Negri's womanhood when such directors as George Fitzmaurice and Penrhyn Stanlaws begin to use American cameras on her and finish up with superior raw stock shot through our laboratory processes, processes even the Germans don't know the secret of. Meanwhile, her ambition is realized. She will clean up millions.

"But she is too precious and valuable an asset to any producing corporation to be allowed to risk her popularity. Think! Unused to our ways, unskilled in presenting her thought in an unfamiliar language, what might she not be made to seem to have said? The truth is more dangerous than the soft fudge of a thousand prepared statements."

Daughter of a Polish merchant, who died when she was six, Apollonia Chabulez (who was later to adopt the name, Pola Negri, in honor of the great Italian poetess, Ada Negri), was educated at the Countess Platen's exclusive girl's school in Warsaw. Deciding at ten to be an actress, at sixteen, after completing a three years' course in one, she made her debut in a Sudermann play at the Kleines Theatre in Warsaw. Later she went to the Imperial as leading woman. When the war, in 1916, interrupted that season, she produced her own motion picture in the back room of a photographer's studio. Paul Davidson saw it, then Max Reinhardt. She played the lead in "Sumurun," then went into pictures for good.

But in Europe art is slavery, its reward is praise. On the other hand, what had happened to pictures like "Passion" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in the backwoods of America, where most of the picture audiences are, Mme. Negri knew. In her own country she was a surety. In America she was a chance. Still, when Jesse L. Lasky urged it, she determined to take that chance.

"At least," her friends report her as saying, "I can teach the dear Americans how to kiss, show them the difference in kisses—the kiss of flirtation, the kiss of youth, the kiss of real love, the swift, mad kiss of passion."

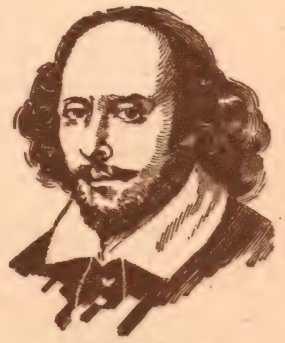
The rest—except for the lessons in osculation—is history, how she came and saw and conquered, how she arrived with only a maid in her entourage, only to depart for Los Angeles with a guard of honor, shielded like a new crowned empress, from the rough, rude contacts of the world. Soon reporters were snatching statements from her on the run, like the one describing Marion Davies as "the most beautiful blonde in America." But while there has been some criticism of this tendency to wall her off, the truth is: it had to be. Contact with life at the speed it is lived

(Continued on page 28)

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Have *You* the Power

that makes some men and women great?



Shakespeare

There is one great secret of success. Some people, naturally endowed with it, are unaware of their advantage. It is like a fine tool, given them at birth. Those who learn to use it most skillfully rise to heights that others do not attain.

Scores of men and women possess this tool—dull, perhaps, through lack of use, but needing only use to make it sharp; then the skill (which may be acquired) to carve out the career of which they are capable and about which they have dreamed, but toward which they have never yet advanced.

The Fundamental Secret of Success

IT is the force that solves most of life's problems; that builds great dams, factories and universities; that produces X-rays and radio; that writes masterpieces of literature.

You no doubt use it to some extent each day. It measures your success in everything you do. Age is no bar to its exercise.

The one requirement is that you be naturally endowed with it. Some are. Others are not. And many, richly endowed but unaware of it, miss their greatest opportunity.

Test Yourself —without cost or obligation

IF you wish to know about yourself, ask for the famous Palmer Test Questionnaire. It submits questions, the answers to which will almost unfailingly reveal whether or not you have this inherent ability.

Your answers are confidential. We tell you sincerely what your test shows and give complete reasons for our opinion.

You'll find this test intensely interesting and you may discover something in you that you little thought you had.

It's worth a two-cent stamp—costs nothing more in money or in obligation. So send the coupon for the Questionnaire.

This fine instrument is *Creative* Imagination. One of the wonders of it is that so few people who are endowed with it have learned how to use it in making their success in life more outstanding and more real.

The Channel through which it is developed

THE most fertile testing ground, where untrained people have fullest opportunity to prove creative imagination, is the moving picture industry.

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Pola Negri Story

(*Continued from page* 26)

in New York left her utterly wearied, worn out.

She had counted on remaining in New York, on seeing the opera. But that she might find peace and time to work, they had to send her to Los Angeles.

"And what," she demanded pathetically, "is the opera like in Los Angeles?"

No one had the heart to tell her. The good news they brought her to the train was that her second picture would be an original by Frances Marion called "The Song in the Dark," to be directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws after George Fitzmaurice finishes with her in "Bella Donna."

"For I do not want to play bad women," she exclaimed ruefully. "I want to be good like the other American screen stars."

Fair enough! And yet it explains why Mme. Negri shakes her head and sighs when she is told her greatest hit here was in "Gypsy Blood," that her characterization is abler even than Calve's, that her personality is associated with such parts as that one and the lead in "Passion." She is told that it is the fine fervor of her ability to make love that has impressed here.

"But love, love," she objects, "is anything but the rioting of Carmen and Du Barry! That is passion, running to mad, dramatic extremes. To confuse it with love is a mistake. Into the depiction of pure love, as into the actual living of it, should go as much art as is possible to women. So they will hold their husbands. So their lives will become sure, settled, running evenly down the pleasant paths of existence.

"The kiss is a symbol. It is the delicacies, the nuances, the little escapes, the half captures that precede a final, but charmingly varied surrender that make the affairs of love and the sequences and final closeups of a picture forever and differently interesting. Love, the kiss—it is a subject for all one's talents of expression."

Man or woman, boy or girl, who would deny it? Perhaps this fascinating foreigner read the promise of her future in the lines of Guy de Maupassant who, when he thought of all the dear, sweet women who had loved and kissed, cried out: "The kiss! It is eternal! It passes from mouth to mouth, from age to age. It is forever young, forever new. On that subject the last word is never said."

Or shown. So for Mme. Pola Negri, if she cleave to her intention, life would seem to hold great promise. Young and tired of vamp parts, she has come here to ring a few more changes on our justly famous Final Closeup.

The Love Route to Fame

(*Continued from page* 19)

girl friends down there for a week or two any time you felt like it. I'll tell Mrs. Whitsey to make you comfortable." He took out a card and wrote on it. "Here's the way you get there. Mrs. Whitsey will be like a mother to you. The rest will do you a world of good."

"Thank you, Mr. Deimel." She took the card from him. She had no thought of using it, but she could not deny him the pleasure of feeling that she might. "If the opportunity ever comes, I'll certainly run down there. It's very, very good of you."

(*Continued next week*)

Has Rodolf Valentino A Swelled Head?

(*Continued from page* 5)

was subjected to annoyance from reporters and from the general public.

"Such happenings made it impossible for Valentino to work," Mr. Graham continued. "He was made so unhappy that work was impossible.

"An episode was cut out of 'Blood and Sand,' after the picture had been shown with the episode in, in Los Angeles, at a preliminary showing. The episode, which contained the best bit of acting done by Valentino in the entire picture, and which only ran six minutes, was remarked upon by critics and others in the west. Mr. Lasky, Mr. De Mille and Mr. Niblo wanted the episode to be cut out. June Mathis and Frank Woods and many others were for its retention. It was finally decided to send the picture east with the episode in. But when the print arrived in New York, Mr. Lasky telegraphed to an employee of the company here, and stated that he and several others were for cutting it out, while Woods, Niblo and others were for it. Naturally the employee replied that he agreed with Mr. Lasky, and the episode was not shown at the New York theatres.

"As a result of the cutting out of this bit, the entire picture was mutilated. Reviewers declared that the picture was good, but that it lacked continuity and proper development. In the book, the hero was shown in an attempt to save his soul. As a result of this cutting, Valentino was made to appear in a picture in which he succumbs to public adulation, and then becomes a drunkard, and the habitue of public cafes, finally dying.

"Valentino's contract gives him the right to discuss his stories, directors, cutting, and so forth. He asked for Fitzmaurice as a director for 'Blood and Sand,' but was told that Fitzmaurice didn't want to make the picture. He then asked for John S. Robertson and was told that Robertson was in Europe. As a matter of fact, Fitzmaurice has since said that he would have gladly made the picture, and Robertson, at the time of Valentino's demand, was in New York and not in Europe.

"When the picture was made, Valentino, not being a bull fighter, needed some instruction in that art. He was told to engage a Mexican toreador. The man wanted $75 a week. Valentino asked Famous Players to share the expense of the toreador, but they refused, and although they used the Mexican in various ways, he had to pay out of his own pocket $75 weekly.

"Valentino suggested that 'Blood and Sand' should be made in Europe as better types might be obtained there. His request was denied, but he was told that 'The Spanish Cavalier,' filmed from a famous play in which Edwin Booth appeared, would be made there. Mr. Lasky said that 'The Spanish Cavalier' could not be made abroad, and it was following this statement that Valentino left for the East.

"As soon as he arrived in New York, detectives were placed on his trail. He made no attempt to conceal his whereabouts, but he was constantly followed. On or about August 30th, he was in a camp in the Adirondacks, and in the lodge was playing bridge with Mrs. Valentino, Douglas Gerrard, and some others. A noise was heard, but no attention was paid to it. Finally Mr. Gerrard and Mr. Valentino went to investigate. A figure was seen prowling about the porch. Mr. Gerrard made a stab at the man and succeeded in grabbing him, but he tore himself loose and escaped. This man was a detective who had been following Valentino, and who had been seen on the train from New York. He had been ordered to follow Valentino to obtain evidence of adultery, and his use was part of the policy of threats used by Famous Players, and of their attempt to force him into servitude.

"When Valentino discussed the question of a contract with Mr. Lasky, he was told that he would be given the best contract they offered, one similar to that of Thomas Meighan, and which offered the greatest privileges. We have discovered that although the contracts resemble each other in certain unimportant passages, there are many wide discrepancies.

"Mr. Meighan is allowed to make one picture a year in New York. This clause is not in Valen-

(*Continued on page* 30)

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It is this direct, natural application that makes the Vaco Reducing Cup such a tremendous success. It is able in this way to reach the very parts of the body you want it to reach. It takes off excess flesh just where you want to lose it and leaves that part of your body firm and beautiful!

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We want you to see for yourself just what a wonderful invention the Vaco Reducing Cup really is. We want you to actually apply it so that you can know first hand how easily it takes off the excess flesh that is now causing you needless embarrassment and annoyance. We want you to appreciate fully the true value of this new scientific invention—*before you make up your mind to keep it!*

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Rodolf Valentino

(*Continued from page* 28)

tino's contract. The failure of Famous Players to insert this clause deprives Valentino of the right which every star should have to visit New York once a year in order to see the new plays, to go to museums, to read books in the libraries, and to work in a picture with a New York cast.

"Meighan is not allowed to use his photograph for the promotion of any motion picture or motion picture company. Valentino is not allowed to use his picture for any purpose. Meighan's contract stands valid under any circumstances. If Valentino's appearance should change, for any reason, his employment is immediately suspended, according to his contract.

"Valentino pays $200 a week for the answering of his mail and the sending of his pictures to fans. Famous Players pay for this in the case of Meighan. Meighan cannot be laid off without salary. Valentino can be laid off at any time. Meighan is not allowed to work in any other picture or to play on the stage during the period of his contract. Valentino cannot work at all, at anything.

"Meighan must be given notice of the failure of Famous Players to exercise their option two and a half months before the termination of the contract. Valentino is only given thirty days to find new work. Meighan is supposed, according to his contract, to be amenable to any reasonable rules of the company. Valentino must obey all rules, including those in force at the time he signed the contract, but such rules amended, and any other rules the company may adopt.

"In Meighan's contract, Famous Players gives Meighan employment. In Valentino's contract, he gives Famous Players his services. Meighan can work only for Famous Players. Valentino can work for Famous Players or any company associated with Famous Players. Such a clause was in the contract of Eugene O'Brien, who was orginally signed by Famous Players. At that time, Famous owned a majority of the stock of Select Pictures. O'Brien was farmed out to Select. Famous then sold their interest in Select to a man who made poor pictures. As a result, O'Brien's value decreased, and today, instead of being a star, he is merely supporting other stars as a leading man.

"Meighan's salary runs continuously. Valentino's salary is only for the period that he is working, or when he is holding himself in readiness for work. In every one of Meighan's pictures he has been exclusively starred, except when he himself gave written permission otherwise. Lila Lee, a star, and Nita Naldi, who is now being groomed for stardom, were mentioned as feature players, in connection with 'Blood and Sand.'"

Such are the alleged facts in the case. From these statements, do you judge that Rodolph Valentino has a swelled head, or do you believe that he has been treated unjustly by his employers and was right in trying to break his contract?

Is Motherhood Greater Than A Screen Career?

Continued from page 10)

"Mr. Regan and I used to get a schedule of all the Broadway houses. We would start out early in the afternoon and catch the feature picture at one theatre. Then we would time ourselves so that we could see every feature before six o'clock. I would want to see the costumes in one picture: sometimes I wanted to study the star—for instance. I always went to see Nazimova's pictures, because I wanted to understand her appeal to the public—and often I went just to enjoy the picture itself.

"But now I only go to pictures that I know are among the best. During the last few weeks, I have seen three films. I went with Irene Boyle to see 'Blood and Sand,' on the hottest afternoon of the summer at Allenhurst. When we returned to New York, I saw 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' and only last night I attended the opening of 'When Knighthood Was in Flower.' All three of these pictures are splendid. And I can't wait until I see Harold Lloyd's new feature, 'Grandma's Boy.'"

But these things are all echoes of the past. Not that Alice Joyce as a screen actress is of the past. She has changed but slightly since the birth of Peggy. Her face is just a trifle fuller, but it is as youthful as ever, and her figure, as slender. The real change is mental. Her interests are totally different. This incident, which occurred at the Allenhurst golf links, illustrates the spirit of the new Alice Joyce:

"I was being taught golf by a young professional, a young Irish boy no more than twenty-two years old. He had a difficult time with me, for I just couldn't learn! But it was good fun.

"Every afternoon, Mr. Regan called for me, and one day, as I saw him come down over the hill, I turned to my young teacher and said—quite spontaneously:

"'Here comes my sweetie!'

"'Mrs. Regan,' he said, 'what do you think of marriage?'

"'It's the finest thing in life. I think every person was intended to mate with another. No one should live single. Marriage gives you new interests. It changes life completely for the better, when you have married the right man. But if you have married the wrong man, it's a horror.'

"'You love your husband a lot, don't you, Mrs. Regan?'

"'I do. I love him immensely. But why do you ask?'

"'Well, you know, watching you and him all the time has made me want to get married. So I asked a girl last night. And I gave her a ring.'

". . . But it didn't last. Two weeks later, he told me that he had broken the engagement. He had decided that he didn't love her in the way Mr. Reigan and I love each other."

That is the Alice Joyce of today. In love! In love with her husband, her Alice, her Peggy! Why shouldn't she prefer motherhood and wifehood to being the greatest actress in the world?

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

Irene Rich played the part of the girl for whom such sacrifices were made. She makes a perfectly satisfactory heroine. Walter McGrail and Frank Campeau were excellent villains.

Ridgwell Cullum wrote the story, which is entertaining enough, and Bernard Durning directed the picture. The scenery, as stated, was beautiful.

"CONFIDENCE" (Universal)

HERBERT RAWLINSON puts a good deal of "vim and vigor" into the part of a young man who lacked confidence in himself. As soon as he secured that quality, he became a success. Just like learning to swim, you know; as soon as you cease to think you're going to drown, you can swim!

There is sound psychology in that, undoubtedly, and an entertaining comedy drama is made of this idea. By getting the wrong hand-bag, our hero, Bob Mortimer, finds himself possessed of large rolls of bills—wads, in fact—and even though he doesn't spend the money that doesn't belong to him its possession starts him on the road to success.

The story is good, wholesome stuff—inspirational and all that sort of thing. It is the sort of movie that a censor board could point to with pride. That is not said by way of condemnation, for no one could accuse it of being preachy. It is just a business success story, like one hundred others that are pleasing and that entertain.

Herbert Rawlinson is his usual self in the picture and his fans will enjoy him in this role. With his wavy hair and dimples, no one would ever mistake him for a business man instead of an actor, but he is good-looking enough for any feminine fan, and he romps his way through a rollicking role in a dashing manner.

Harriet Hammond, who was lately graduated from the Mack Sennett comedy school, looks pretty as the leading lady. She has very little else to do. Hallam Cooley was the villain—the conventional rival, both in love and business.

A rather conventional, likeable, and altogether pleasant photoplay—that is "Confidence."

How The World's Greatest Authors Learned to Write

Irvin Cobb, Booth Tarkington, Rupert Hughes, Ellis Parker Butler, George Ade, Will Irwin; David Graham Phillips, Samuel G. Blythe, Ring Lardner, Fannie Hurst, George Barr McCutcheon, Bruno Lessing, Roy L. McCardle, Herbert Kaufman, John Kendrich Bangs, Edna Ferber, Rudyard Kipling, James Oppenheim, Norman Hapgood, Julian Street, George H. Lorimer, President Harding, and hosts of others.

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And how natural this is. The newspaper writer goes everywhere, sees everything, knows life from its every aspect, and writes about it in a way that must interest tens of thousands of readers every single day. He must write forcefully, clearly, simply, interestingly. He takes the ordinary happenings of the day, weaves a spell around them, and provides romance, mystery, thrills for the readers of his paper.

Successful authors LIVE what they write about

Two things are essential to successful authorship: first, the power of imagination; and second, the ability to write down the product of that imagination in an interesting way. Imagination is born of the experiences we go through—of all that we see, hear and read. Nowhere is this power of imagination trained so keenly as in newspaper writing. The writer of fiction or fact, the writer of plays or photoplays, must have a keenly developed sense of the unusual. Reporting for the newspapers is the finest training for developing this sense. The "nose for news" is worth $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Some newspaper writers are paid as high as $15,000, $20,000 and $25,000 a year; and newspaper writing in itself is

The most fascinating work in the world

There are many departments on every newspaper; the sporting department, editorial department, woman's department, city news, foreign news, etc. The life of the newspaper writer is filled with endless variety and interest. He is always where things are happening. He is acquiring a rounded experience that enables him to do any type of writing he cares to do.

Learn every element of the successful story or play

The reason the greatest authors in the country today got their start on newspapers is very simple. Newspaper writing teaches every element of successful story or play writing. The element of news should be in every good story or play; a breezy, newsy style is necessary, writing with force and conviction is necessary. It is necessary to know how to write humanly interesting stories and plays. It is necessary to know the elements of plot—mystery, surprise—and all these things are acquired in newspaper writing.

Earn money while you learn

Writing stories for the magazines is one of the hardest jobs in the world; writing for the newspapers is one of the easiest. Besides, newspaper writing pays, and pays exceptionally well. There is always a ready market for interesting stories, interesting news items at space rates. You can do this reporting in your spare time at home if you desire. You can become local correspondent for a number of publications in larger cities or near home.

Instead of working on a long chance that something you write may be accepted, you can write with the assurance that what you write *will not be rejected;* and in the meantime secure the training that such men as Irvin Cobb, Rupert Hughes, Booth Tarkington and Ellis Parker Butler have found so valuable.

The newspapers of the country, unlike the magazines, require a vast amount of reading matter every day of the year. New writers must be found to supply this tremendous demand. In fact, the need for new material daily is so pressing that a few years ago a group of veteran newspaper men developed a plan to find men and women everywhere who would like to devote a part or all of their time to writing for the press. In order to provide them with the essential knowledge, they prepared a course of thirty fascinating lessons that cover concisely and thoroughly the whole field of newspaper writing from the inside.

This course shows you just what newspapers want, and how and where to get it. It tells you how to write with force and conviction, how to obtain interviews, how to cover important trials, describe fires, solve mysteries, criticise plays, review books, write financial news, how to acquire a vocabulary, how to report society events, banquets, how to write headlines, editorials, newspaper stories, how to develop originality, how to get paid for everything you write—and every other detail of newspaper reporting. All of this training will be invaluable to you in whatever branch of writing you decide to follow.

An Amazing Offer. Send No Money

Right now men and women are needed everywhere to write for the newspapers. In order to fill this need quickly, the Newspaper Training Association is making for a short time a special offer of its thirty-lesson course in journalism at an unprecented low price. The regular price of the course, including the correction of lessons, has always been $57.50. But now the course has been revised. The lessons have been made so unusually clear and complete that correction of papers is unnecessary. And in view of this we are offering a limited number of courses at the amazingly low price of only $5.75, plus postage.

You need not even send money in advance. Just the coupon or a postcard brings you the complete course. Pay the postman only $5.75 plus postage when he delivers it. Then examine the course for 10 days. See how fascinating the lessons are; how valuable the information they contain; how easy they make it for you to start at once earning money. Then if you do not care to keep the course, return it and your money will be refunded in full without question.

FREE! Newspaper Training Association Reporter's Pass

Together with the course, and absolutely FREE you will receive the Reporter's Pass issued by the Newspaper Training Association to its members, which bespeaks for you the courtesies extended to newspaper reporters by police officers and other officials, including admission within fire lines, accident lines, police courts, and other places where the general public is excluded.

Take advantage of this wonderfully liberal offer now, before it is withdrawn. If you have any desire to write—whether for the magazines, the motion pictures or the stage, start now as so many of our famous authors started—*as a newspaper writer.* And remember that journalism itself offers you a career filled with fascination and with great opportunities and big financial rewards.

Start now—never again may you have such a chance. Mail the coupon or a postcard TODAY. Address Newspaper Training Association, Dept. 1310, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Newspaper Training Association,
Dept. 1310, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen: You may send me your complete 30-lesson course in Newspaper Writing for 10 days examination. I will pay the postman the special low price of only $5.75, plus postage, with the understanding that if I care to return the course in 10 days you will refund my money. You are also to send me FREE the N. T. A. Reporter's Pass.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Why Be Fat
—When Reducing is Such Fun!

"Pat" Wheelan, personal instructor to New York's "400."

THE very newest thing among society woman is reducing to music. No longer do they torture themselves with drugs, diets, tiresome hikes, "rolling" in their boudoir, steaming baths, nor go to a sanitarium. They merely follow a new method evolved by the well-known physicaal director and health expert, "Pat" Wheelan, and they pay him large fees for his individual instruction, because he is able to give these pupils among the "400" that most priceless gift, a perfect form, combined with grace, health and youthful suppleness.

If you look at the pictures of society folk in the well-known society magazines you will know that they are never stout. Remember, these women do not diet—in fact, they eat the richest foods and the most rapid flesh-forming material, yet they kep their wonderful perfection of figure.

Would You Like to Know Their Secret of Keeping Thin

You, too, can quickly and easily obtain the same delicate softness of line and roundness of limb. In fact, you should be able to reduce a pound or more each day by this very same method which these society women have adopted.

For Mr. Wheelan has decided that his new secret of reducing weight shall no longer be known only to New York's exclusive "400." He wants every overweight man and woman in this country who longs to attain an ideal figure, graceful curves and youthful proportions to try this new, sure, fascinating method. He wants you to be sure to try this method—at his risk.

Reduce to Music—It's Society's New Way

See how this delightful method gives new life to every bodily function. Feel the blood flow through your body carrying off the fat and removing all impurities and poisons which cause skin blemishes, as well as many diseases of the heart, liver, stomach and kidneys. Then notice how your skin clears, how your eyes sparkle, and folds and lines disappear. Notice how your youthful vigor returns.

Reducing to music is one of the few enjoyments in which you can indulge to your heart's content. You enjoy every minute while it is performing its miracle for you.

Free Trial of This Delightful "Musical Method."

Mr. Wheelan has disclosed his wonderful discovery in a series of quickly understood lessons, accompanied by charts to make them as easy to understand as if he stood at your elbow directing you. With these instructions are furnished 5 double-disc records, playable on any phonographs. The lessons, charts, and records are sent to you absolutely on trial.

You simply place one of the records on your phonograph, set up the chart in front of you, do as his voice on the record directs, then give yourself up to to the keen enjoyment you will have swaying through graceful movements to "catchy," spirited music.

Send No Money

Just mail the coupon—or write a letter—and we will send you the entire course, including the 5 double-disc records, for five full days FREE Trial. During the five days you may use the course and test it just as though it belonged to you. We want you to thoroughly satisfy yourself without any obligation that everything we claim for the course is absolutely true. If for any reason you are not fully satisfied after using it five days, you may return the course without paying us one cent. But if you want to keep it—as you surely will—simply send us $3.85 and the full course is yours without further payments of any kind.

Mr. Wheelan is allowing only a limited number of the lessons to be sent on this five days' FREE examination offer and this offer may be withdrawn without notice. Remember you do not risk one cent to make a fair personal test of this safe, harmless, rapid, and fascinating way to regain a perfect form, youthful looks, and superb health. Mail the coupon today!

"PAT" WHEELAN
610 Cambridge Bldg., Fifth Avenue, New York City

"See how symmetrical and youthful my figure is? I owe it all to the wonderful method of "Pat" Wheelan. And besides regaining a graceful figure, I get loads of fun—always feel fit and full of life—and, best of all, I eat anything I want to."

"PAT" WHEELAN,
610 Cambridge Bldg., Fifth Ave.,
New York City.

Send to me for my FIVE DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION, in a plain wrapper, the 5 double-disc records, together with necessary instructions which are designed to give me a perfect figure through the most fascinating method ever known. If I am not satisfied after five days' free trial, I may return the full course and will neither owe you one cent nor be obligated in any way. But if I decide to keep the course, I will send you $3.85 within five days, and the course becomes my property without further payments of any kind.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

HAROLD LLOYD

This is the Center Page Star Portrait from This Issue. Scanned and Donated to Archive.Org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth, 2023

OCTOBER 14 1922

TEN CENTS

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POLA NEGRI

"You Americans know nothing of Love," says Pola Negri Page 11

Has Rodolph Valentino a swelled Head Page 4

Why I want to be freed by Rodolf Valentino

MOVIE WEEKLY

OCTOBER 21, 1922

10¢

WILL HAYS tells what he is going to do

Bebe Daniels

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MOVIE WEEKLY
№ 36. PRINTED IN U·S·A· Vol. II.

Big Vampire Contest Announcement On Way

HAVE you wondered if you are going to win one of the two prizes in the big "Movie Weekly" BLONDE - BRUNETTE VAMPIRE CONTEST that recently closed?

You will not have long to wait.

In the course of three or four weeks from now, we will run the pictures of the two lucky girls, one of them will be given a hundred dollar a week job with the Pyramid Pictures Company and the other, a job with Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool."

The Vampire Editor received hundreds of lovely photographs and splendid statements on "The Art of Luring—Why I Know How" from contestants who entered the contest. The most likely of these photographs, with the statements, will be shown to the fire judges: Flo Ziegfeld, producer of the "Follies," glorifying the American Girl; Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool"; Julian Mitchell, stage director for "The Perfect Fool," and other stage plays; Lillian Lauferty, best known as the adviser to the lovelorn, who writes under a name beginning with the initials B. F.; and last, A. N. Smallwood, head of Pyramid Pictures.

These are the judges who will award the coveted prizes on stage and screen to the lucky "Movie Weekly" readers who entered the Contest.

Keep your eye on the forthcoming issues of "Movie Weekly," one of which, in three or four weeks' time, will let you know if you come to New York to play in pictures, or join Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," in the city where his show is playing.

About Success . . .

An ant is known to have lived as long as eleven years.

A fly lives one short season.

A man's span of years is seventy.

Into those years he must pour the good and the bad, and unless he has powerful faith, unless into his old age comes the serenity that success can bring him, he declines.

Can he be blamed for living while life is still sweet and his limbs strong, his mind clear?

This might be the philosophy of any movie star, and it apparently is the philosophy of most movie stars, because success has come easily to them—as a rule. Caught unprepared for it, they grasp it eagerly, and, in most cases, spend their earnings, lest with the hours success drift away from them.

Bud Fisher puts it aptly in one of his Mutt and Jeff cartoons.

"Jeff," says Mutt, as he reads the morning newspaper, "here's an item about another poor fish who has been ruined by prosperity."

"To whom do you refer, Mutt?" asks Jeff.

"One Oscar Geevem! He was a poor man until he invented a cheese knife, and then wealth rolled into his lap!"

"But what ruined him?"

"Joy rides, late dinners and idleness! He got to be a regular sun-dodger!"

"He just spent his coin and quit working, eh?" asks Jeff.

"Righto!" Mutt tells him, "prosperity has ruined many a man."

"Well," laughs Jeff, "if I've got to be ruined at all, I'd like to have prosperity do it!"

And Mutt, looking at his 87 cent bank roll declares he is of a mind to agree with Jeff.

Talent in the movies is of such an indefinable sort that one can hardly blame the suddenly discovered blonde beauty or the inspiringly handsome male star for wishing to see the wheels go round while he may. One must indulge those who in the happiness of their prosperity are not capable of reading between the lines, of understanding that storms follow fair weather, and darkness light.

And while we laugh at and with these gay people of the screen may we add that their failure to resist the inevitable temptation which too much money, too much public adulation and too much self-esteem is not solely characteristic of them as a group.

Bankers, preachers, business men, stenographers, clerks and even college professors have been known at times to forget that though rich wines and delectable foods are served at feasts, there comes a time in many men's lives when even a salt herring is preferable to hunger and a ragged coat better than none at all.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE MOVIES?

Too many Fairy-Tales!

THERE is a great deal of loose talk about the moving pictures as an educational influence and a force for righteousness.

Primarily and fundamentally the moving pictures are nothing of the kind.

While the screen may develop into the most practical medium for education ever devised, and while it may transmit the message of morality with greater speed and power than any other known agency, it is nevertheless, inherently designed for a different purpose altogether.

The movies are not for the education or the amusement of children, nor are they another weapon in the hands of the Evangelists.

Their first purpose is to provide drama, clean, wholesome comedy and tragedy, entertainment, and contact with larger ideas to the grown-up men and women of the world.

This fact is being lost sight of. The meddling interference of professional moralists and busy-bodies has produced a condition in which the rights of the millions of adult sensible human beings are being shoved aside while the screen is scrubbed clean for the purposes of educators and moral fanatics.

Today the screen discloses less and less of life. It is being deluged with fairy tales. Instead of living drama from the page of today, we are being invited to watch the costume legends of yesterday.

This is not to say that the drama of costume has no place in our shadow stage. We always thrill with recollections of the colorful past. But a meal made of the spice of remembrance must jade the palate. We grow weary of cloak and doublet, of white ruff, and sword and plume. After all, our first concern is with today, with its sack suit, its knee-length skirt and its knickerbockers.

An evening with Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" is gorgeous and thrilling entertainment, but when behind that noble example of productive vision comes trooping an entire costumed calvacade of ancient characters, when Mary Pickford is on the way in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and her handsome husband is rollicking forth as "Robin Hood," with Rodolph Valentino toying with the cape of the toreador in "Blood and Sand," with Betty Compson in the Georgian garments of "To Have and to Hold," with Art Acord shaking the ringlets of "Buffalo Bill," Will Rogers dressed up in the Dutch clothes of Ichabod Crane in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," with Ethel Clayton royally robed in "If I Were Queen," with John Gilbert strutting around as Nero amid all the costumed pomp of the Roman court, with Alice Terry suffering through the artificial adventures of the "Prisoner of Zenda," and the Selznicks preparing for completing that comedy of Hussars known as "Rupert of Hentzau," and Priscilla Dean in the cockade of "Under Two Flags," where can we find an oasis of the drama of today?

Is that to be left to lesser stars?

Why should the producers search in the dead past for romance, adventure and mystery, when life itself is teeming round us more romantic, more adventurous, more compellingly mysterious than ever before in the history of the world?

Today is a more thrilling, moving, exciting and beautiful adventure than could be found behind the hundred brazen gates of Babylon. The glories of Athens in the fifth century before Christ, the pride and power of Rome under its Caesars, the staunch chivalry and the lion-hearted bravery of the Crusades, the impulsive charm of the adventurers and explorers under Elizabeth, the fierce ardor of the Napoleonic wars, the conflict of brother against brother under Lincoln, all the storied past of history is a pallid, anaemic tale as contrasted with the surge and swing and swift, mad, beautiful rush of this most amazing of all the centuries.

Everyone of the pictures we have named may in itself be a masterpiece, but we are getting too much of a very good thing. Life needs exploitation on the screen. Life as it is today needs interpretation by the best skilled of our authors and our stars. All down the corridors of time people have loved and hated, been greedy and jealous, cowardly and brave, but never more so than today.

Then why is life presented to us in the symbols of the past? Why must we look upon love and hate and lust and greed dressed in the habiliments of the middle ages?

We believe that the answer to this contains a sinister menace to the industry.

First, there is perhaps the sheep-like nature of man which drives one producer to imitate his competitor after a proved success. But that is not all the story. The truth is that the shadow of censorship is upon them.

It is all right to show Adam and Eve in more or less of a natural state if we are having a Biblical film, but if a modern couple on the screen are cast ashore on the South Sea Islands, we have to put nightgowns on the savages.

The producers are afraid to deal with life as it is today. They would rather sink their thousands of dollars into colorful fairy tales of the past. The screen has come to that period where the motifs of the Grimm Brothers and Hans Christen Andersen supplant the instincts of Shakespeare, Ibsen and Moliere.

It is time to cry "enough" on costume pictures. We want to see Mary Pickford translate the romance of the modern girl. We want to see Douglas Fairbanks facing the problems of today, as well as dressed up in the doublet, hose and feather of a fifteenth century highwayman. If he were to play the same role in coat and trousers, the censors would refuse to pass the picture as immoral, as depicting crime.

Let the producers anticipate the cry that will soon come from the fans. They will tire of overlooking the contents of the attic trunk of the past. Lavender and old lace will lose its charm.

Let us have life as it is on the screen

James Craig Gordon.

Will Hays tells Movie doing and will

A straight from the shoulder talk to you from the big boss of motion pictures, given by Mr. Hays especially for Movie Weekly.

I REALIZE that everyone interested in motion pictures is wondering what I have done and what I intend to do as President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. I am sincerely glad to be able to reach the moving picture fans of the country in this intimate way through the medium of "Movie Weekly." This is an opportunity for me to speak directly to those of you for whom the films are created to entertain and amuse. Given this opportunity, I intend to do so.

"Let me say first of all why I took this job—perhaps that will best explain the objective towards which I am forging. A threefold purpose is bound up in my association with the pictures. I want the films to offer the highest type of dramatic entertainment to the millions who find enjoyment and diversion in the motion picture theatres. I want this entertainment to achieve more than lofty dramatic success. I want it to measure up to the highest artistic and moral standards.

"Because I saw the possibility of achieving these three purposes which I conceive as the ultimate end of the motion picture, I want you to consider other purposes for which I believe the film is especially equipped to materialize.

"I am firmly convinced the pictures will soon offer the greatest of all mediums for the education of mankind at large. When I speak of educational pictures, I do not have in mind merely travel pictures and others of a like nature which are being exhibited in many of our leading theatres today. These pictures, of course, have an educational value in this, that they acquaint us with the customs and conditions in distant lands. However, I have reference to what I choose to call instructional pictures. The day is coming, I am sure, when every classroom will show an instructive moving picture every day of the school term.

"It has not been long since I appeared before the National Educational Association and asked this body what subjects can be best taught through the medium of the films.

"The best educational minds in the country will soon be prepared to render different suggestions as to how our schools can be benefited by the movies.

"In my estimation there is a vast opportunity in the educational field for the films to prove their instructive worth. I do not entertain any dream of a day when the movies shall have entirely supplanted textbooks in the classroom. I merely predict that there will come a day, if present plans carry, when the educational film will prove an indispensable and invaluable adjunct to the elementary history, geography, physiology and other school books.

"The third purpose which I had in mind when I accepted my present position is one which to me is potential of great good for the world. For centuries it has been a strongly founded belief that the printed word was one of the most powerful constructive (or destructive) inventions of man. But, if we will go back through the corridors of time, we will come to a period in world history when the printed word did not exist. Pictures, carved in stone, or crudely drawn upon walls, were the only mediums of communication between one period of history and other, outside of traditions and legendary lore. So one can see that pictures were perhaps the very primal mediums of human expression, excepting speech. Even today man looks at a picture and gets a reaction much more quickly than he does by reading.

"With the motion picture gradually becoming more and more perfect as a medium and a force for human expression, it is not entirely beyond the pale of possibilities that on account of the silent drama, the nations of the world will understand each other, will live in closer harmony and accord, will come to the full realization that after all they are human brothers, who should help and not hurt one another.

"In simple words, I mean that I believe the motion picture screen may some day become a universal language for all races from the ice-choked regions of the Arctic to the sun-blistered waste of the Sahara.

"It was with these three fundamental purposes in mind that I entered the motion picture field some six months ago. If you keep those in mind you must see the objectives I am after and now that you see the objectives, of course, you want to know how near I have advanced towards them since my entry into the film world.

"Before the materialization of this present organization, the motion picture industry was in the confused state natural to its youth. For this reason, the producers and distributors belonging to our association decided to put one man at the head of their common interests. I was chosen. If you hear I have not done anything monumental so far (and I certainly have not), please remember that I came into this business a total stranger to its vast perplexities, problems and amazing ramifications. It has been essential for me first of all to orient myself. I am still orienting.

"Before I could move a finger as a constructive force in the films, it was necessary for me to organize departmental machinery with which to carry out my ideas. Today our organization problems are about over and we are functioning towards our objectives. It is my primary desire to maintain an office which will always be in close and intimate contact with the people who make the pictures and the people who go to see them. I cannot be of any service to the industry or the fans if I do less.

"Some time ago when somebody asked me what would be a sign of our first efforts in the business of bettering the motion picture industry, I replied:

"'I prefer to let the future film productions speak for themselves, and incidentally, for our organization.' Later I wrote a letter to the executives of the companies within our organization and impressed upon them the vital need of letting the forthcoming pictures indicate what initial success or failure attends our efforts.

"I told the producers very clearly there was nothing in which we were engaged that was as important to our success as to make certain that our first pictures show a decided movement toward establishing and maintaining the highest possible moral and artistic standards.

"Many of these pictures are now being exhibited and you can look to them for the proof of our honesty of purpose. I sincerely believe that the great majority of the new crop of pictures indicate that we have put the right foot forward.

"I am not positive as to the light in which most moving picture patrons consider my job. It seems,

"I promise," assuredly cries Mr. Hays, "that the motion picture shall endeavor honestly and sincerely to measure up to its great responsibilities."

Mr. Hays caught in a serious mood during a whirl of activities while on the Coast.

Weekly what he is do for the Movies

however, to be the current opinion that I am to be mostly occupied with censoring pictures from a moral standpoint. Of course, it is a part of my work to keep the pictures morally clean and wholesome. But, that is only one phase of my job. I am also charged with the serious task of putting the industry on a solid financial foundation, besides many other important things.

"No one realizes more than I do the necessity for giving the public pictures that do not smack of immorality. Those who are associated with me also realize this.

"We are just completing arrangements for the establishment of a central projection department, where every film made by our association's members will be viewed by our own staff and by others interested in the betterment of pictures.

"Rome was not built in a day. The reconstruction of the motion picture industry is a problem almost as gigantic as that of building a large city. We have the working material all at hand. But it must be sawed, split, fitted and finally grooved together.

"One thing has been accomplished which I firmly believe will reap a great harvest of good for the films. We recently called together over one hundred representatives of civic betterment societies and asked them to select a committee of twenty, which in turn selected one man to act as a liason officer between the millions represented by these civic societies and the association I represent. Through this liason officer I receive the worthwhile and constructive criticisms accumulated by these societies.

"The producers have received splendid ideas in respect to the kind of films I believe the American public is entitled to. The educational leaders in the country have been advised that we are conscious of the great good that pictures can play in developing the mental side of children and adults. They have been warmly invited to give me their aid in making pictures educational mediums.

"The PUBLIC is YOU," cries Will Hays.

"Support GOOD PICTURES!"

In this first article by him to reach the public, Mr. Hays, further says:

"I am sincerely glad to be able to reach the moving picture fans in this intimate way through the medium of 'Movie Weekly.'

"This is an opportunity for me to speak directly to you for whom the films are created to entertain and amuse."

He does so.

Mr. Hays talks to a little actor in Hollywood.

"I have been occasionally referred to as the Dictator of the Movies, or the Czar of the Films. I would like the fans and the entire American public to understand that I am not a Czar of the Films, or of anything else. I am merely a partner trying to work hand-in-hand with the producer and audience. While at Hollywood on my first official visit, I said something to this effect to a large group of stars, directors, cameramen, actors and others who had asked me to speak. When I singled out a well-known woman screen star and told her I was her partner, I thought I ought to go down the ranks, so I finally came to a bunch of extra boys near the edge of the human circle.

"'And, you extra boys down there! I want you to understand that I am your partner, too,' I said.

"One of the boys shouted back:

"'Betcha, Will, I'll share with you!'

"There is another point I would like to clear up in the minds of the movie fans, and that has to do with censorship. The people of this country, of course, are against censorship fundamentally—against censorship of press, censorship of stage, of pulpit and pictures. But, just as certainly, my friends, is this country against wrong-doing—and the demand for censorship will fail when the reason for the demand is removed. As we move towards the objectives which I have outlined as the purposes ahead of this association, just in like degree will recede all demands and necessity for censorship.

"There is only one way for you to help me in my efforts to accomplish my objectives in the picture industry, and that is very easy. Support GOOD PICTURES! I say again that we cannot achieve all our hopes in a few months. Years of accumulations cannot be wiped out in a day. It never can be done at all, unless we have the aid and support of the public. And in this case the PUBLIC is YOU.

"As to the future that lies ahead of the motion picture industry, I feel a certain security in my beliefs that the motion picture of our ideals will materialize because the industry has accepted the challenge of the American people for a higher quality of art and moral values.

"I would like the moving picture patrons of this country to be set right on one more point concerning my job. The point is simply this: There is a current belief that I am expected to regulate the personal affairs of people in the motion picture business. This belief is the result of a misconception.

"Primarily I was approached to take a constructive part in the actual production of films. I was not charged with the business of regulating personal matters. Motion picture players, of course, should lead a normally clean and wholesome life outside of the studios. It is not so much my job to regulate their morals as it is for you whose applause makes it possible for them to earn their salaries.

"And now in closing, let me promise you that I am going to bend every effort to achieve these objectives which I outlined in the opening of this article. I have written this solely as a heart-to-heart talk. I realize that we have much to do before paving the way to the greater good that the motion pictures should create in human circles. And I promise you that this agency for the distribution of information and thought, this agency for the amusement of millions, and for the inevitable inculcation of high standards in taste in art and conduct—I promise that it shall endeavor honestly and sincerely to measure up to its great responsibilities."

Why I Want to be Freed

By RODOLPH—

SUPREME COURT
NEW YORK COUNTY

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION,
Plaintiff,

against

RODOLPH VALENTINO
Defendant

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

RODOLPH VALENTINO, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

I was born at Castellaneta in Italy, the son of Dr. Giovanni Guglielmi, a retired captain of the Royal Italian Cavalry. After his retirement, he was a bacteriologist, and a writer on scientific subjects. My father was a graduate of the University of Naples.

My father made one scientific discovery of the cause of the great mortality among bovines and equines, and to the reduction thereof. This was a revolutionizing discovery of great value and wide interest. It was a subject of treatises by many scientists and among them Professor Nocard, a member of Pasteur Institute and of the French Academy.

My mother was the daughter of the president of an engineering company which constructed railways throughout Europe and especially in Italy and France.

After my elementary course in the local schools, I attended Dante Alighieri College, a noted college at Taranto, Italy, and later attended the Military Collegio della Sapienza at Perugia, Italy.

Thereafter I went to Venice to take an examination for the entrance to the Government Naval Academy, but was rejected at the physical examination because I was a slight boy, and one inch too small in chest measure, although my health was perfect.

Thereafter, I attended the Royal School of Agriculture at Sant' Ilario Ligure, near Genoa, Italy, and from this school I was graduated with a diploma of scientific agriculturist.

Thereafter I emigrated to the United States, arriving at New York City on December 23, 1913, as a first class passenger on the Steamship Cleveland of the Hamburg-American Line.

I was then unable to speak English, which language I have since learned to speak.

It is my intention to become an American citizen and to spend the remainder of my life in this country.

My first appearance as a motion picture actor was as an extra man and from small parts I have since made my way professionally to my present position.

Commencing about July 18, 1920, I acted in a motion picture, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," my part being that of Julio, which was the principal part in the picture, and brought me prominently before the public. I was starred in that picture. This picture was released in America on or about March 6, 1921.

"I emigrated to the United States, arriving at New York City on December 23, 1913," says Rodolph Valentino, "as a first-class passenger on the steamship *Cleveland*."

"Following "The Sheik," I acted the leading part in "Beyond the Rocks," opposite Gloria Swanson.

Valentino played in "Moran of the Lady Letty," with Dorothy Dalton, following his picture with Gloria Swanson.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was made by Metro Pictures Corporation, a producing company independent of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and its subsidiaries, as far as I know, except that its president at this time, Marcus Loew, is the father-in-law of the son of Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and which distributes its own pictures in this country.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has so far taken in net profits in the United States and Canada of approximately the sum of one and three-quarters millions of dollars, as I am informed by executives of the Metro Pictures Corporation and verily believe. It is what is termed a picture having a long life, and the income therefrom will be largely in excess of this sum. The earnings from the picture in foreign countries will also be very large indeed.

I am citing the foregoing figures to show the wide distribution and great popularity of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which has proven itself to be one of the very few most successful motion pictures in the history of the motion picture industry.

My next picture was "Unchartered Seas" made for Metro Pictures Company, in which I played the leading part.

My next picture was made for the Metro Pictures Corporation and is entitled "Camille" in which I played the lead for Nazimova.

I was not starred by the producing company, but I am informed from numerous sources and verily believe that exhibitors throughout the country in their local advertising in the newspapers

from My Contract
VALENTINO

Here is one of the most amazing revelations ever told about the movies.

"Movie Weekly" presents to its readers Rodolph Valentino's story, as told by himself in the sworn affidavit filed on September 18, 1922, in the Supreme Court of the State of New York in answer to the temporary injunction obtained against him for breach of contract by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Many stories have been told of Valentino's past. The controversy which began when he notified Famous Players that he would not appear in Hollywood on September 4th to begin work on "A Spanish Cavalier" has rocked the motion picture industry. It has been claimed that the case is a test of the validity of all contracts between players and producers.

But Valentino, as his affidavit shows, contends that he has been mistreated, that his salary is not large enough to pay his necessary expenses, and that he has been forced to submit to conditions which made it impossible for him to work. His story gives a remarkable insight into his real character.

More fascinating than any fiction is this sworn story of Valentino. Read it to the end. It is a genuine document of the life of a fabulously popular motion picture star.

"I entered the employ of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation on or about July 30, 1921, and my first picture was "The Sheik" . . . I am informed by representatives of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation that the picture has so far earned an income of one million dollars and . . ."

and at their theatres at least co-starred me with Nazimova, and, in many instances, starred me alone or ahead of any other star in the picture.

My next picture was made with Metro Pictures Corporation, and is entitled "The Conquering Power." This picture was a great artistic success, and was considered as great, or as a greater success than "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." In this picture the exhibitors also starred me throughout the country in local newspapers, advertising, electric light and theatre advertising.

I then entered the employ of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation on or about July 30, 1921, and my first picture was "The Sheik," in which I took the leading part and was co-starred by the company with Agnes Ayres. I commenced work about July 31, 1921, and continued until about September 1, 1921.

I was nevertheless starred and no one else was co-starred in practically all of the local advertising of exhibitors throughout the country.

At Grauman's Theatre at Los Angeles, California, which is the principal theatre of Los Angeles, and is the theatre in which I am informed by my counsel, Arthur Butler Graham, and verily believe that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has a fifty per cent or majority interest and ownership in the capital stock and has an equal or majority representation on the Board of Directors of the Corporation, they starred me only and featured no one else in the electric lights advertising the picture.

"The Sheik" was released throughout the country about the end of September, 1921, and proved an instantaneous success not only as a financial success for itself, but as a tremendous personal success for me, to preserve the commercial value that I had attained in former pictures.

"The Sheik" is the most successful picture commercially ever made by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and among the first two or three most successful pictures ever distributed by that concern, whether made by itself or others.

I am informed by representatives of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation that the picture has so far earned an income of upwards of One Million ($1,000,000) Dollars, and that it is estimated by the company that the total gross earnings of the picture will exceed One Million Five Hundred Thousand ($1,500,000) Dollars. This will result in a net income to Famous Players-Lasky Corporation of at least the sum of Eight Hundred Thousand ($800,000) Dollars upon this one picture.

Following "The Sheik" made by Famous Players Lasky Corporation, I acted the leading part in the two motion pictures "Beyond the Rocks" and "Moran of the Lady Letty," produced and distributed by the company. I was not starred by the company.

The next picture made by me for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation was "Blood and Sand," in which I am starred.

"Blood and Sand" is today the outstanding success of the year, proving even more popular and profitable than "The Sheik." It is the general opinion of experienced motion picture exploiters with whom my representative and myself have talked, that the gross income of the picture will exceed Two Million ($2,000,000) Dollars, that the net profit to Famous Players-Lasky Corporation on that picture alone will exceed One Million ($1,000,000) Dollars.

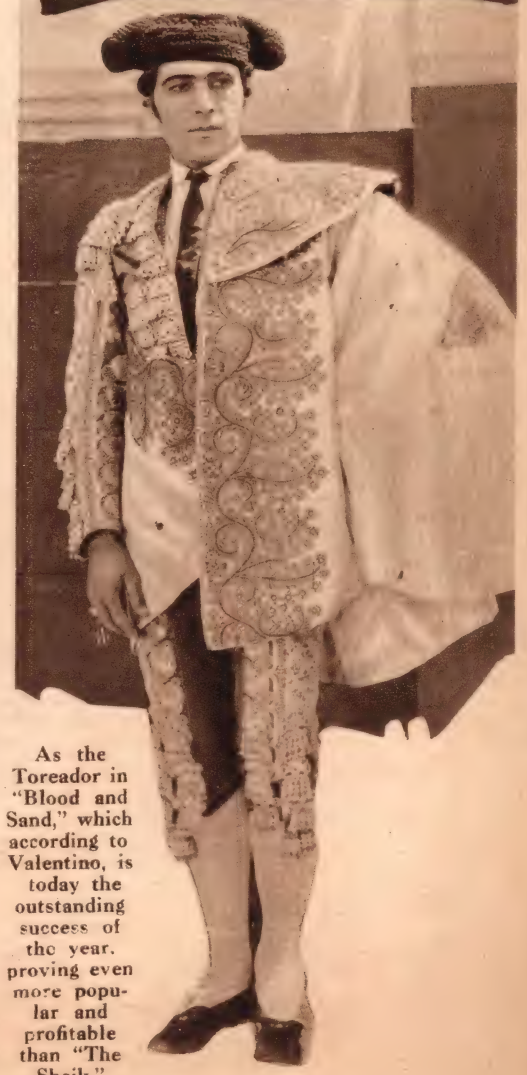
Under the terms of the agreement of January 17, 1922, I agreed to do six pictures per year for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Following the making of "Blood and Sand," I immediately commenced "The Young Rajah," made by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which was commenced on or about June 10, 1922, and completed on August 10, 1922, at 3.00 a. m., having worked all day and all night.

So far I have made two pictures, "Blood and Sand" and "The Young Rajah," under the contract of January 17, 1922. "Blood and Sand" was commenced about March 24, 1922, making a little over four months taken by me to make these two pictures. Under the terms of the agreement of January 17, 1922, I am obligated to make six pictures per year. The making of the first two pictures is up to that schedule, because "Blood and Sand" took longer than the average of the six pictures will take.

After "The Sheik" had been completed and

(*Continued on page* 31)



As the Toreador in "Blood and Sand," which according to Valentino, is today the outstanding success of the year, proving even more popular and profitable than "The Sheik."

JACKIE COOGAN—*earns* $1,000,000

before he is Eight and a peep at his new special that enabled him to do it

by *Billie Blenton*

Oliver meets the "merry old gentleman' Fagin. The Artful Dodger and Charlie Bates look on with knowing thoughts.
Dodger—Edouard Trebael
Bates—Taylor Graves
Fagin—Lon Chaney
Oliver—Jackie Coogan

Jackie Coogan as he appears as "Oliver Twist" in the Brownlow home after having been rescued from Fagin.

The Artful Dodger escorts young Oliver Twist to meet "The Merry Old Gentleman."

Jackie Coogan as "Oliver Twist" in the undertaking establishment of "Sowerberry" in London after he had been sold from the workhouse to the undertaker for five pounds.

Bill Sikes (George Seigmann) hears that someone has told Mr. Brownlow where Oliver Twist is and decides to obtain his revenge. Nancy Sikes (Gladys Brockwell) is seen standing in the rear and the scene is laid at the corner of the Two Brothers' Saloon in London's underworld.

DID you ever hear of a kid making one million dollars before he was eight years old?

Did you ever hear of two parents living in perfect harmony and applying for guardianship of their own child?

We bet you never did—that is, not before Jackie Coogan, the one and only "Kid" of the movies—whose latest picture, "Oliver Twist," has just been completed—set a precedent the like of which may never be duplicated.

Jackie is a real boy who likes the things boys enjoy. None of this "ritzy" star stuff for his. "If Jackie happens to get a little upstage," we were told, "his daddy spanks him."

"Doesn't Jackie know he will have one million dollars in the bank before he's eight years old?" we questioned, wide-eyed.

"He doesn't bother with money matters. Isn't even interested. All he wants is the good time he has working in the Studio and playing around after work."

Whata yuh think of such a thing?

And folks sometimes talk about how much Jackie thinks of money and even how he supports his mother and father with his own earnings. Which, by the way, isn't so. His daddy, Jack Coogan, Sr., is employed as his son's manager and supervising director of the boy's film endeavors. Furthermore, he supports his family with his salary—not Jackie's. Indeed, it was just last July that Mr. and Mrs. Coogan applied to the California courts for guardianship papers for Jackie, this being the first time in the history of the courts in the United States that two parents living in perfect harmony applied for the guardianship of their own child.

Their motive was dual: First, to protect Jackie and his tremendous earnings in the event that anything happened to them. Second, to put an end to malicious gossip and scandal going around about how they used their son's money.

Mrs. Coogan was appointed the official guardian of Jackie by the Court, and Mr. Coogan, his manager. This is the first time in the history of the Courts, too, that any child of Jackie's age and earning power had a guardian appointed for him.

Jack, Sr. has quite a bit of property his own—oil lands that are said to amount to something in California and acreage in Hollywood. In fact, the Coogan family are even now living in Bessie Barrisdales' former home; which Jack, Sr. purchased.

Everybody in the Coogan family earns money. Besides what Jackie earns as salary, he makes way into five figures a year with commercial contracts that bring him a handsome royalty. He gets a certain amount of money from the people who get out the Jackie Coogan clothes, Jackie Coogan caps, Coogan dolls and statues, and the Coogan coasters. Pretty soon, there will be more Coogan articles for sale in Jackie Coogan shoes, and the Coogan toothbrush, for kids.

Mrs. Coogan comes in with her earnings because she, in collaboration with her husband, wrote an

(*Continued on page* 24)

Will Mildred Davis follow in the footsteps of Bebe Daniels

By Scott Jamieson

WHAT is Mildred Davis going to do? Is she going to follow in Bebe Daniels footsteps?

Nobody really knows.

Wonder if Harold Lloyd does. Harold, you see, has had Mildred for his leading lady over two years, ever since he left one-reel comedies to make two-reelers. If he knows, Harold isn't saying.

Mildred isn't either. You can get about as much information out of Mildred about her plans for next year as you could from an oyster, and oysters, if our memory isn't doing flip flops and playing us false, aren't particularly communicative.

You see, this is what it's all about.

Mildred's little contract with Harold is going to expire the end of the year. Mildred is a pretty popular little lady because of her excellent work opposite Harold these twofold and more years.

Ergo, Mildred isn't going to scrawl her name under any contract that makes her a leading lady another two years. That much she admits.

Now, we ask you, is Mildred going to follow in the footsteps of Bebe Daniels, Harold's erstwhile leading lady before she succeeded her?

Bebe, you remember, upped and left Harold to sign up with Lasky. She pranced around and starred on the Realart lot until that company became amalgamated with Paramount. Then she simply transferred her brunette loveliness to this company. If we remember correctly, Bebe's first big role away from home was as the vamp in Cecil de Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?" with Gloria Swanson as the wife and Tommy Meighan as the errant husband. Bebe, in fact, gave an extraordinarily good account of herself.

Now, nobody ever knew Bebe could turn vamp and get away with it. She'd been scampering through comedy reels with Harold as the adorable little girl with whom he always fell in love and with whom he always enjoyed a happy closeup at the end of a picture of hard knocks and much excitement.

Mildred is a blonde, but blonde vampires are just as effective as brunettes, we are told, in spite of the fact that the movie casting directors and directors give them the rummy end of the deal in filling the vamp roles. Will Mildred upset precedent and start off like Bebe did—vampin' in best screen technique?

The big point, however, is whether she, like Bebe, will pack her makeup box and take herself and it over to another studio and another company, there to be starred in regular style.

We have a hunch Mildred is going to be either starred or featured right off the bat. Several companies have been negotiating with the lady in question. Temptin' her with big offers. Big salaries. You know.

But Hal Roach, the producer of the Lloyd comedies, isn't so sure at all that he's going to let Mildred get away from the lot. Bebe got away, and look what she's done. Mildred now . . . well, a real producer can always find room for another producing unit to feature or star a girl who is even now a big success with the fans, and who will keep right on being a success, only more so.

We were given this bit of information: "Mildred Davis will be with Lloyd until the end of her present picture. She has five offers and Harold says he will not stand in her way, so she will probably sign with one of the big companies to star in features."

It is not news to learn that Harold will not stand in Mildred's way. Not after the grand style in which he has helped her along from the very first.

Mildred played in a few pictures on the Coast, one of which, according to our story, was a Bryant Washburn production. Then she left, to return to boarding school, some place way up in the mountains out West.

About this time, Bebe's contract with Harold expired and she left to make "Why Change Your Wife?" with Cecil de Mille. Harold wanted another leading lady, not an experienced girl; not even a girl well-known. Somebody with ability who would develop, just like Bebe had.

So he and his colleagues went to see a number of pictures run off especially for them, in the hope of finding some girl in a minor role who had "star makings." Not until he saw the Bryant Washburn picture did he see THE girl. She was Mildred Davis, he learned, after much difficulty. So small was her role.

The next thing off the bat? To find her. That wasn't easy. But after months of tireless searching, she was discovered at the out of the way school way up in the mountains.

"Want to go to Hollywood as Harold Lloyd's leading lady?" she was asked.

DID SHE? ? ? We hope to tell you she did!

Harold didn't offer a contract with him right away. She played in several comedies with him and he helped her to the best of his ability—which is saying a great deal. But Mildred had "it" in her and she made good. Therefore the prized contract.

Now, after escorting her to the portals of fame, Harold swings open the gates and stands aside. Mildred, seeing before her the beautiful vista of stardom, gets ready to draw a deep breath of ecstasy and take a try in lovelier—though more difficult—fields.

All of which brings us back to our headline question: Is Mildred Davis going to follow in the footsteps of Bebe Daniels?

And our answer, from the information we have gleaned, is:

Yes. But whether with another company or with Hal Roach in her own features remains to be decided by Mildred, whose decision will be made real soon.

And if Mildred goes, who will succeed her in Harold Lloyd's pictures?

Who will be the next fair lady to play opposite the world-famous, glassless, tortoise-rimmed spectacles?

There's a job that a hundred thousand might aspire to, for playing opposite Harold Lloyd is hardly the worst job in the movies.

Who'll be the successor to Mildred Davis and Bebe Daniels? Will it be an unknown from the extras about Los Angeles, or will it be some one of his own company?

Or will Mildred marry Harold, as some rumormongers have said, and thus become the real head of the Lloyd family?

Nobody really knows.

Mildred Davis, who, it is said, may rise into stardom following the lapse of her contract with bespectacled Harold Lloyd.

American Women Love Best
our Stars tell Pola Negri

Our Film Stars Refute Her Assertion That American Girl Knows Nothing of Love and Kisses.

THE American woman may know less about loving, but she knows decidedly more about love."

Such is the gist of replies to the statement of Pola Negri that American women know nothing of love, and that judging from our films, they don't even know how to kiss, made in last week's issue of "Movie Weekly." The replies come from the very actors and actresses Mme. Negri mentioned as the exponents of American methods of screen love-making.

Alice Brady, for instance, who found no key to happiness in marriage, and who, because of her numerous trips abroad is fully capable of replying to Pola Negri's assertion, declares that the apparent lack of warmth of American loving is due more to self-control than to insufficient feeling.

"America is a young nation compared to Continental Europe," says Miss Brady. "Youth, whether individual or national, is less sophisticated —not so sure of itself. Europeans are bolder, because they are more certain of their ground. They have had more experience in expressing their emotions. American women, on the other hand, are not as effusive, neither are they as superficial.

"I would say that American women exhibit more poise and self-control in their love-making, rather than lack of power to feel or express love."

"Well, well, well," wires Helene Chadwick from Culver City. Miss Chadwick has thus far kept her heart free in the game of love. "American women don't know anything about love? What bosh!

Alice Brady admires the poise of the American woman as she goes about her love-making.

"Europeans play innocence and the vamp in the same key," is Betty Blythe's opinion.

And Pearl White—who ought to know —says the home is everything to Miss America.

"The American girl's love is an expression of her finer self," asserts Allen Holubar, successfully married man.

Dick Barthelmess would rather have American mothers reply to Pola, than motion picture players. But he's all for the American girl—especially Mary Hay

"What bosh!" laughs Helene Chadwick, as she tells Pola Negri to quit her kidding.

"American women know more about love than those of any other nation, because they have more freedom in the choice of their mates. They are less bound by the social caste system and by economic dependence than the women of other countries. Our women are rich in emotion, sympathy, loyalty and the maternal instinct, all of which go to make up worth-while love."

Dick Barthelmess, who has found happiness in married life with little Mary Hay, wants to know what Pola Negri meant by love. "If by love, she means slavery, self-abjection and the old-fashioned I-must-make-my-husband-happy kind of love, then the American woman probably doesn't measure up to that interpretation. Besides, the American girls I have met have had other things on their minds.

"American love is helpfulness, companionship, rather than hero worship. An American woman isn't satisfied to sit in a corner and admire her husband. We have passed the time when all a woman has to do to prove her love is to throw her arms around the neck of the 'head of the house' and tell him how wonderful he is.

"The foreign conception of love is almost our conception of passion.

"I'd rather have American mothers tell whether American women can love than foreign motion picture actresses. I think American love justifies no criticism and needs no defense."

Allen Holubar has been married and married happily to Dorothy Phillips. Their collaboration as actress and director has been perfect. Here's what Mr. Holubar thinks of Pola Negri's assertion

(*Continued on page 24*)

More Tremendous Pictures to flash on the Silver Sheet

This is the second of the series giving production plans of the big companies. Save this list and attach it to the article that ran last week. It should be of real service to you in knowing what REAL pictures to see in your home town.

Compiled by
DOROTHEA B. HERZOG

WHAT do you think of the program of big features outlined for next year, as presented in our last week's article?

We hope you cut it out and put it away for future reference. Knowing what pictures are being made and getting an idea what they are like will prove of vast help to you in knowing what to go and see, when new pictures come to your home town.

Last week, we gave you the lineup with Famous Players-Lasky, Goldwyn Pictures and First National. This week we resume with:

Out in Universal City, big plans are under way for that Company. Universal has two brands of pictures: Universal-Jewel and just plain Universal. The first constitute productions that are specials and cost over $20,000 each; the second, just average five reelers costing less than $20,000 and known as program pictures.

Priscilla Dean always makes Jewel productions. She is now busy working in "The Flame of Life," supported by Robert Ellis, Wallace Beery and others. This will be her first release following "Under Two Flags." It is a smashing drama of life and love from Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," directed by Hobart Henley. Following this, Priscilla will make "Trimmed in Scarlet," the screen version of William Hurlbut's play in which Maxine Elliott achieved her great success.

Von Stroheim, producer of the million dollar production, "Foolish Wives," is making another picture which he wrote, and which he will also star in, "Merry Go Round," a picture of life as seen by him.

Reginald Denny, hero of the "Leather Pushers" series and "The Kentucky Derby," will star in Jack London's dramatic story of the prize ring, "The Abysmal Brute."

Harry Myers, star of "Robinson Crusoe," will be seen in "The Prisoner," a version of George Barr McCutcheon's romance, "Castle Craneycrow," directed by Edward Laemmle.

Among the average five reel pictures Universal will offer are included Herbert Rawlinson in "Don't Shoot" and "Confidence"; Gladys Brockwell in "Paid Back"; Gladys Walton in "Top o' the Morning" and "The Girl Who Ran Wild," from the story by Bret Harte; Frank Mayo in "Caught Bluffing"; Hoot Gibson in "The Galloping Kid" and "False Play"; Henry B. Walthall, Marjorie Daw, and Ralph Graves in the Peter B. Kyne story, "The Long Chance."

Above:
Mary Pickford
At Right:
Eugene O'Brien
Above, At Right:
Conway Tearle

Above:
Priscilla Dean

At Left:
Elaine Hammerstein

Above:
Hoot Gibson

At Right:
Harold Lloyd

Below:
Marie Prevost

At Left:

Reginald Denny

Below:

Doug Fairbanks

Of course, the production schedule includes many more pictures starring these players, but Universal has no more advanced schedule than that we print. There will be a series of comedies from the Century lot, starring Lee Moran, Brownie, the "Wonder Dog"; Baby Peggy, and Queenie, the "Trick Horse."

We just learned that Universal has purchased "Drifting," the successful William A. Brady stage production of last year. Alice Brady created the first stage role of "Cassie," heroine of the story, and was followed in the role by Helen Menken. Robert Warwick played the leading male part. It is said that Priscilla Dean may star in the screen version of this play.

Over at Selznick, that organization plans a curtailed production program, comprising at this time only sixteen specials. Foremost of them all is "Rupert of Hentzau," by Anthony Hope, in which Elaine Hammerstein, Owen Moore, Eugene O'Brien, and Conway Tearle will be co-starred. This story is the sequel of "The Prisoner of Zenda," the Rex Ingram production that Metro has released. The role of the princess, which Alice Terry portrays in "The Prisoner," will be interpreted by Miss Hammerstein in Selznick's version of "Rupert of Hentzau." At this writing, we don't know how the three male stars will be cast. Victor Heerman will direct the picture, the scenario of which has been written by Edward J. Montagne.

Selznick will also make a screen version of Robert Chambers' "The Common Law," but as yet neither director nor cast has been selected for it.

Theda Bara returns to the screen in Selznick specials. He initial production is being guarded assiduously, so nothing is known of it at this time.

Owen Moore will make another laugh-special, in "A Dollar Down," an original story by Victor Heerman and to be directed by him also. It is rumored that a celebrated woman star will appear opposite Owen, but because of the existence of contractual obligations, Selznick refrains from mentioning her name.

Elaine Hammerstein and Conway Tearle are co-starred in "One Week of Love," an original story by Edward J. Montagne and George Archainbaud, also directed by Mr. Archainbaud. The story is outlined as that "of a Foolish Butterfly, product of Society's Hothouse, who has flitted here and there, tasting all the sweets of life without sharing any of its pains, sufferings, or emotions. In a single night this pretty creature was stripped of her golden wings. In one she knew the full meaning of Fear, Hate and Love." Sounds on the order of "The Sheik," inasmuch as we are told, too, that it is a "blazing romance of . . . desert sands, of red-blooded men . . ."

Elinor Glynn turns her love-dripping pen to a story entitled "Her Unwelcome Lover," which is from her (*Continued on page* 26)

Is this fair to the Public?

MARY, I'm stung for my quarter!"

The speaker was a young woman sitting directly in front of my balcony seat in the Rivoli. She made this remark aloud to the girl at her right. Several movie fans nearby, indignant at this verbal interruption, turned in their chairs and glowered at the speaker.

"Sshh—Gladys," whispered Mary, squeezing her friend's arm, "you'll get us put out of here for dreaming aloud—"

"Dreaming nothing," came back Gladys, determined to have her say. "I saw this same picture years ago—Charlie Chap——"

I lost the rest of her words in the storm of laughter that greeted Charlie's tom-foolery with his employer, the bewhiskered proprietor of a pawnshop. However, I am sure Gladys' complaint was based on the grounds that the comedy was an old production she had seen years ago, and she resented a second dose of it. Perhaps her resentment did not spring from the fact that this particular Chaplin film was not as funny as the general run of Charlie's farces, and not worth seeing twice. Most likely she felt stung because she had expected to see Charlie in a brand new production—and there he was in a jumpy, blinkety-blink old two-reeler of very early vintage.

However, Mary had no legitimate grounds for complaint. Neither the producer or exhibitor had tried to sting her in this particular case. The Chaplin organization, and the Rivoli manager, were both honest enough to bill the attraction as a "Chaplin Revival." There was no attempt on their part to create the impression that it was a new picture. Mary most likely skipped over the word "revival," which, as I remember, was printed in large type on the posters and programs.

But how many times have you paid the admission price to your favorite theatre, lured by a striking title, famous names and superlative advertising, only to suspect after the first few scenes that you have seen the picture before? If such an unpleasant experience has never occurred to you, let me point out cases where other fans have been grossly misled by the release of an old picture as if it was a new production.

While Doug Fairbanks was still making "The Three Musketeers," his organization created a great deal of advance advertising and publicity concerning the feature. One company, having another version of this story, decided to profit by the publicity attending the production of Doug's new film. Simultaneously with the release of the "Three Musketeers" on Broadway, and elsewhere, this film made its appearance. It was advertised and titled in such a crafty manner as to make many fans believe it to be the real Fairbanks production of the famous story. In one case, a picture called "The Musketeer," confused many fans into believing it was the Fairbanks release. Another picture with Fairbanks was billed as "Douglas Fairbanks and the Three Musketeers." The "and" was printed in such small type on the posters that most fans read it with the Douglas Fairbanks picture in mind and they paid their money to see the wrong show.

John Barrymore's version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which was produced by Famous Players, ran afoul of a picture under the same title starring Sheldon Lewis. As to what legal right the Lewis picture had to use the Barrymore title, or vice versa, I cannot say here, as the entire controversy has not yet been entirely settled by law. But the point is that the Barrymore picture was the one which most fans wanted to see and a great percentage of these fans saw the Lewis picture by mistake.

These are perhaps the two best known examples of the efforts of producers or distributors to put out old films and dress them up for competition with brand new pictures. I, personally, know of dozens of old pictures that have not been put out to compete with other famous films. These were deliberately re-issued to make money on their own deceptive merits as a new picture.

In almost every case, such films are offered to the public as features and program pictures without making any pretense of admitting that they are made over pictures. In fact, the assumption made in their exploitation is that they are brand new productions. The average fan may suspect something when he sees a time-cracked film, retouched and embellished with brand new art titles, jumping before his eyes. Also he may sense the truth when he compares the fashions exhibited by the characters in the picture with the modes of the moment. But, on the whole, a motion picture audience is not expected to recognize a re-issued picture as such. And, unless the majority of the audience remember having seen it, the picture "gets away with it," as the saying goes.

If you ever discover yourself looking at a re-

(Continued on page 26)

MARY MOST LIKELY SKIPPED OVER THE WORD "REVIVAL"

After Eight Years with Griffith LILLIAN GISH Leaves to Star with another Company

A heart to heart talk with the foremost star on the screen

By

DOROTHEA B. HERZOG

I HAD just learned that Lillian Gish was parting from David Wark Griffith.

"I want to see Lillian Gish," I said to an official of the Inspiration Pictures. "She is in town?" this, more a statement than a question.

"Yes," came the hearty response. "Would you like to see her this afternoon over here at two-thirty?"

Fine!" anticipating meeting Lillian again. "I'll be right on the minute." And I was, I add, with pardonable satisfaction!

At two-thirty we opened the door to the Inspiration offices on Fifth Avenue. "Miss Gish in?" to the telephone operator.

"Yes. Miss Herzog calling?"

I nodded.

"Won't you have a seat?" requested the operator. "Miss Gish is in conference with Mr. Duell, but she'll be out in just a minute. She's expecting you."

So I sat down and spent the brief period of waiting in recalling detail by detail Lillian Gish's new contract.

She had just signed with Charles H. Duell, President of Inspiration Pictures, for a series of productions. In doing so, she sundered—for the time, at all events—her connection with the D. W. Griffith company, it being for the first time in the eight years she had been associated with that notable producer. Her initial picture was to be "The White Sister," by Marion Crawford, a great love drama, which had been played successfully on the stage for seven years in this country by Viola Allen and is, even now, being presented in stock. Henry King, director of the last four Dick Barthelmess specials for Inspiration, was to be Lillian's director, and . . .

But at this point, an official ushered me into a private office and said Miss Gish would be in right away.

She was—a stunning study in blue and gray, tall, willowy, with eyes a brilliant azure tint, dreamy and deep.

"How do you do?" smiling the whimsical Gish smile and extending a slender hand in greeting. "It has been some time since I have seen you."

"I should say it has," seating myself opposite her. "The last time I saw you was at your Park Avenue home. You had walked up the Avenue from Forty-second Street, in spite of the fog and the dampness. You look much better than you did then."

"Yes," nodding. "I feel very well."

"Everybody's quite thrilled over your new contract," I plunged immediately into the big event.

Lillian smiled faintly. "I am, too. I just feel happy about it and know everything is going to be splendid."

"Then it will be. Serenity of mind is everything."

"It certainly is. I couldn't work amidst discord," mused Lillian, her hands clasped quietly in her lap. "I'm not a fighter. I don't like fights."

"Don't blame you. But what's especially interesting about this contract," harping back to the big event, "is you and Dick and Dorothy are together again."

"Yes. Isn't that lovely?" Lillian didn't radiate vivaciousness, but there was a certain depth of happiness that provided a better searchlight to her character than mere words could have. Lillian must be a wonderful friend to have.

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Lillian Gish, who leaves the D. W. Griffith company after being with that producer for eight years.

"We three have been together longer than any in the business," she calculated—which is right.

"Will you tell me how you happened to sign the contract?" I asked.

"I certainly will," the faint smile quirking her lips from a rosebud into a bloom that only reflected the merriment in her eyes. And dreamy, blue-bell eyes, when they harbor mirth, can be so delicious!

"When Dick came out to the Mamaroneck Studio one afternoon with the print of 'Tol'able David' tucked under his arm," began Lillian, now serious, "we were thrilled to see his first star picture with a new company. How proud we were of Dick! We just couldn't get over his wonderful work. It was just like welcoming home one who had made even a bigger success than anticipated.

"I think 'Tol'able David' is the finest film ever made," declared Lillian. "Don't you?" I nodded. "Several months ago," she continued, "Mr. Duell spoke to me about signing with Inspiration. We came to a mutual understanding and here I am."

"And happy to be here," I added, to which Lillian replied with an emphatic "Yes."

"You know what my first story will be?" she asked. Again I nodded. "I love 'The White Sister.' It's a beautiful story. Viola Allen starred in the stage play for seven years, and it is even now running in stock."

"This is your third story that has not only proved a successful play for one star, but which is also in stock, isn't it? 'Way Down East' was the first; 'Orphans of the Storm,' the second; and 'The White Sister,' the third."

"That's right," she agreed. "I prefer doing a picture that has been a stage success. Why, do you know, when we were on location for 'Way Down East' in Vermont, we met people who didn't know anything about pictures. They didn't even know who Charlie Chaplin was, and I thought everybody knew Charlie Chaplin. Can you conceive of people who don't?" I couldn't. "But those same people had seen the stage play of 'Way Down East' and were much interested in the idea of its being a picture."

"Do you think," asking that which had been crying for utterance, "that you and Dorothy and Dick will make a picture together for Inspiration?"

She smiled in delightful anticipation. "I hope so. If we find the story we want."

I wonder if you, too, friend reader, smile with Lillian in delightful anticipation of such an event. I know I did. It has been some time since these sterling players have appeared together, but time, in their case, has not eradicated nor blunted the memory.

It is interesting to note, too, that the three are such true artists, they do not stop to consider that appearing in a picture together they may not receive the same amount of individual publicity they receive when starring alone. This fact, needless to say, is rather conspicuous.

Lillian's mother has been ill for several months, so I asked her how the mother dear was these days.

"Fine, I am glad to say. Mother is in the country, resting. That's really all she needs, now."

"And what does she think of your new contract?" knowing how close Lillian and her mother are.

"If I think it is all right," said Lillian, "then mother thinks so, too." Which may explain what real palship between mother and daughter is.

"You begin work on your picture soon?" rising, and reluctantly preparing to leave.

She nodded. "We make most of it in Italy. Isn't it going to be lovely?" clasping her hands to her breast. "And Henry King is my director."

"He's splendid," I remarked, remembering "Tol'able David," and the other Dick Barthelmess specials Mr. King directed.

"He certainly is. So you see, I have everything that is just right."

"By the way, in what part of Italy will you make 'The White Sister?'"

"Southern Italy," Lillian smiled whimsically. "We want green trees, green grass, flowers—not the dismal scenery of winter. We will probably be in Italy when the trees are turning color. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be able to photograph the natural colors?"

Perhaps on this idea there is much to be said on both sides. Many people contend that the gray and black color scheme of pictures proves more stimulating to the imagination. If the star has on a beautiful evening gown, it isn't necessary to know the exact colors. You, yourself, paint the colors.

Lillian Gish's happiness over the new change in her career is happiness hard won. For over eight years this lovely actress has made the D. W. Griffith specials more wonderful because of her emotional portrayals in "The Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," "Orphans of the Storm," and others.

Speaking of Griffith, I asked Lillian if there were any truth in the rumor that he planned a gigantic special to be floated by several countries for the purpose of clarifying the League of Nations and what it wants to do. Such a special, according to the rumor, would take five years to produce.

"I don't know," she said. "Wouldn't that be a terrific undertaking, though? I shouldn't care to be the center character in a picture so tremendous. It would be too much responsibility."

But whether or not such a production will be undertaken is possible but not probable at this time. Lillian Gish, at all events, is signed up to an Inspiration contract that runs on the optional lines for a year or so to come.

Priscilla Dean a tempestuous

A Picturization of the Famous Novel by Ouida—First Showing of Mae Murray in "Broadway Rose"—And Other Reviews.

Priscilla Dean falls in love with James Kirkwood in "Under Two Flags."

"UNDER TWO FLAGS"
(Universal)

ANOTHER sheik has come to town. It is John Davidson, who isn't even featured in Priscilla Dean's new picture, "Under Two Flags." But he has a wicked pair of eyes—and he knows how to use them—and even his funny chin whiskers cannot hide his smile. He's a real heart-breaker.

But Priscilla Dean, in the picture, isn't even touched by his wooing. In fact, she even went so far as to stab him, which is certainly not being done among friends. It was all because she loved Bertie Cecil—if anyone could love a man with a name like that—played by James Kirkwood. Mr. Kirkwood's role is so unemotional that a wooden soldier could have played it.

"Under Two Flags," from the novel of the same name by Ouida, is a colorful costume picture, full of intrigue, love and hate, and plenty of action. Miss Dean as Cigarette, the daughter of the regiment, loves her father's country, France, even though her mother was an Arab. And more specifically, she loves the hero, James Kirkwood, for no reason at all except that he ignores her. Then along comes the Princess Corona, played by Ethel Grey Terry, and the "eternal triangle" is developed. Oh, yes, and there's the sheik, who loves Cigarette, making the triangle a quartette.

The sheik's emissaries convince French headquarters that Victor, the hero, is a traitor, and he is about to be shot when Cigarette saves him, just in time, by receiving the bullet intended for him.

The most effective moment of the picture was the desert sandstorm—each little desert must have its sandstorm, is rule number thirteen in a movie director's book of rules. This scene is exceptionally well done and you will grip the edge of your chair as you watch Priscilla Dean riding through the storm to her sweetheart's rescue. But, of course, you know she will reach him just in time.

Miss Dean is a beautiful and altogether delightful "Cigarette," although she has a tendency to overact a trifle. "Now smile," you can almost hear the director telling her, and she smiles. For a girl whose sole companions were a regiment of soldiers, this heroine is strangely unsophisticated.

Tod Browning directed the picture and did particularly well with the mob scenes and with the spectacular ones, such as the sandstorm. The "moonlight on the desert" scenes were beautiful, and due credit should be given to the photographer—but isn't. "Under Two Flags" is well worth seeing.

Mae Murray is beautiful and vivacious in "Broadway Rose."

"BROADWAY ROSE"
(Tiffany Prod.—Metro)

BROADWAY ROSE" gives Mae Murray an opportunity to dance and to wear several thousand dollars' worth of gorgeous gowns. There is nothing at which Miss Murray excels more.

At the Capitol Theatre, in New York, one of the largest motion picture houses in the world, this picture had its premiere showing. A little dancer, Thalia Zanou, who looks for all the world like Miss Murray herself, introduced the picture. She was dressed in an old rose costume, shaped like the petals of a rose, and she fluttered about the stage behind a transparent screen which announced the credit for Mae Murray's picture. You know—directed by Robert Leonard, written by Edmund Goulding, distributed by Metro, passed by the National Board of Review—all those things that a picture starts by telling you when you're waiting impatiently for the story to begin.

Mae Murray is vivacious and dashing in her role of a Broadway dancer, Rosalie Lawrence. Broadway Rose was a sweet and modest young lady, but just because she was a dancer, everyone talked about her. Hugh Thompson, played by Ray Bloomer, loved her, but his mother and father had other ambitions for him. He and his million dollars were to be bestowed on a society girl, played by Alma Tell. Not very original, is it?—but it is presented in a colorful way and is entertaining nevertheless.

Then, of course, there is the man back home, played by Monte Blue, who has loved her all his life, and who proves to be her ideal man after all. It is very touching and sentimental, when she gives up her career and then when she goes back to the farm. I suspect that a few years later she might not feel so romantic about the cows and chickens, especially since Monte Blue seemed only her second best choice as a husband. But perhaps I'm unduly pessimistic.

"MANSLAUGHTER"
(Paramount)

WHEN Cecil B. De Mille first read Alice Duer Miller's novel, "Manslaughter," he probably thought: "Here is a wonderful story for a picture, but there is no Roman Bacchanal scene." Then an inspiration came to him—this is just my guess, of course—why not compare modern New York with ancient Rome? That was all the excuse Mr. De Mille needed for Roman scenes.

Thomas Meighan is the star of the picture—after Mr. De Mille, of course. He plays a district attorney, who is forced to prosecute the girl he loves. She had killed a traffic cop through reckless driving. It was all very well for the prosecutor to feel it his duty to bring his sweetheart to trial, but he wasn't satisfied with that. With all the eloquence at his command, he deliberately convicted her, because she was so frivolous that a term in prison would do her good.

"Pink Gods" are the diamonds that Bebe Daniels has a craving for in the picture of that title.

heroine in "Under Two Flags"

By Alma M. Talley

Mr. Meighan did his best with his role. But even he could not make the district attorney seem like a really sensible man. For besides his peculiar wish to blacken the character of the girl he loved by making a convict of her, he had a sort of soft spot in his brain that made him go around worrying about those Roman orgies, and every time two or more people were gathered together, he gave them a little lecture.

But Mrs. Miller's story is so distinctly original that it could not help making an enjoyable picture.

Leatrice Joy is an exquisite heroine, the most appealing character in the play. Lois Wilson plays a maid who figures largely in the story.

The picture is lavishly mounted in characteristic De Mille fashion, with settings by Paul Iribe.

The story might be said to end happily, inasmuch as the reformed heroine marries the prosecuting attorney, but the chances are he would be likely to beat her up every now and then after their marriage. "I hate to do this, darling," he would probably say to her sweetly, "but I'm sure it will do you good."

"PINK GODS"
(Paramount)

HERE all these years Bebe Daniels has been playing comedy roles, but now the secret is out. Miss Daniels is really a finished little actress when she is given a chance to "emote." And in "Pink Gods" that's the best thing she does. She plays the role of a "diamond addict," who is cursed with a love for the sparklers that ruins her life. Miss Daniels does surprisingly well with her heavy role, but she is not so attractive to watch without her vivacious manner.

Anna Q. Nilsson carries off the beauty honors as Bebe's friend who tries to save her. And James Kirkwood is charming as the "Diamond King."

Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist-director, is responsible for some very beautiful settings. By careful directing he made Cynthia Stockley's story plausible and interesting, when he might so easily have spoiled it by turning out a melodrama.

The hotel settings are particularly effective, but it's quite remarkable the way all the guests of the hotel dash in and out of their friends' rooms when the friends in question are out. Apparently there isn't a key in the whole establishment. If the hotels in South Africa are as amiable as that it's a good place to send your burglar friends.

Adolphe Menjou played Bebe Daniels' husband.

Tom Mix does his usual share of shooting in "Do and Dare."

"DO AND DARE"
(Fox)

YOU can always depend on Tom Mix to appear in delightful pictures. "Do and Dare" starts off with a bang, and there is action in every minute of it—not to mention laughs.

The happy ending. Viola Dana and Bryant Washburn in "June Madness."

Tom Mix plays Kit Carson Boone, a village no-account, who, after hearing the tale of his grandfather's bravery, gets fired with the spirit of adventure. You can imagine what happens when a harum-scarum young American gets mixed up in one of these perpetual Mexican Revolutions.

"The revolution is on," a Mexican says to him, upon hearing a shot in the street, "get a gun and shoot somebody." The whole situation is treated in a farcical manner; Edward Sedgwick, the director, has made a rollicking comedy out of this story by Marion Brooks.

Dulcie Cooper plays a sugary ingenue role in the prologue. She wears long curls and looks too sweet for words. Claire Adams is the leading woman in the main story, though unfortunately she does not appear until the picture is half over. She is too beautiful not to be kept in sight all the time.

Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy kiss and make up in "Manslaughter."

"MISSING MILLIONS"
(Paramount)

THE first picture of Alice Brady's new series is one of Jack Boyle's Boston Blackie stories, with a new little twist at every angle.

David Powell is Blackie and Alice Brady plays Mary Dawson, also a crook. They first appear at a ball, where they steal the hostess' diamonds. Then Mary returns the gems to free her father from an unjust charge. But she is double-crossed and her father is "sent up," anyway. The rest of the picture is devoted to Mary's efforts to get revenge.

It is most unusual to see Frank Losee as the villain. He is one of our best known movie fathers.

Part of Mary's plan for revenge includes stealing the villain's gold from a ship's strong box. The gold is being shipped to him from abroad and it is the only thing that can save him from ruin in Wall Street. The plan goes off very nicely, and the gold bricks are smuggled ashore by a half dozen young women who wear solid rows of them around their waists. What husky women!

Albert Shelby Le Vino scenarized the picture, and Joseph Henabery directed it.

"JUNE MADNESS"
(Metro)

IN this picture, Viola Dana plays the part of a girl with an amazing fondness for making a fool of herself. She is a young debutante who acts much more like a roughneck than a member of one of our best families. However, the story is frankly farcical, and farces are not supposed to do anything but entertain.

Clytie, it seems, really loves Ken Pauling, the leader of a jazz orchestra, and she drives out to the road house where he is playing. She agrees to dance in the place of a cabaret performer who failed to appear. "Just a moment," says she, "and I'll have a costume." There's nothing blushing about this bride. Right out in the main room of the cabaret, where she is sitting, she slashes the sleeves out of her gown, and cuts off the skirt to her knees. She shimmies in regular cabaret style, so no wonder her mother faints at the sight.

Miss Dana, of course, is quite at her best in a hoyendish sort of role like this. And her fans will undoubtedly enjoy this picture very much.

Harry Beaumont directed the production. The whole production is done in a finished manner.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

GLORIA SWANSON

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

The Love Route to Fame

By VALMA RIVAGE

Edna Bramleigh, nicknamed "Teddy," was one of an army of girls who gather from all parts of the States, called by the atmosphere of the studios, and who eke out a precarious existence, hoping from day to day that they will be soon cast in a part which will bring their name before the theatre-going public in big electric letters. Teddy shares two rooms with her three girl chums, "Steve," "Bobbie" and "Johnnie." They lived together amicably in spite of numerous hardships caused by their sorry lack of money.

As the story opens, Teddy is preparing to go to a party to which she has been invited by a Countess who has become attracted by her beauty while in the next booth to her at a hairdresser's shop.

She is much elated at the prospect, especially as she knows that John Murdon, the moving picture magnate, will be there. The other girls, however, warn her against trying to play with a man like him, as the price he might exact would make the game hardly worthwhile. Teddy, with the heedlessness of youth, stubbornly determines that she will turn the acquaintance to her advantage.

At the affair, Teddy captivates both the great John Murdon and also Keane Wagner, another power in the movie world. She tries to leave the party, but is stopped by Monford Lorea, who insists on seeing her home. She eludes him and drives home with a friend of her's, a chauffeur.

She stood looking up at him, appeal in her eyes, and he stiffened instantly as though to guard against her lure.

IT was two o'clock and John M. was expecting her at four. Teddy killed the time at a picture show—after calling up Wallie to tell him his help would not be needed. She was just twenty minutes late at the offices of the N. Y. National.

John Murdon was pacing up and down his comfortable office. He was annoyed. He was certain she was coming, and he knew, too, why she was keeping him waiting. But in spite of the fact that he saw through it, it had on him precisely the effect she desired.

When she was finally shown in, "You are late, young woman," he snapped.

She looked hurt. "You sent me word you wanted to see me and in spite of another engagement, I managed to be here as near the hour as I could. Do we stand up, Your Majesty, or would you rather I knelt?"

Recalled to himself, he drew a chair for her and seated himself with his back to the light. "I beg your pardon!" he mumbled. "I was so absorbed in looking at you—"

She shook her head. "Don't you mean *through* me? You were trying to see what the inside of my head looked like, weren't you? Like an engagement calendar, I'm afraid, with another appointment at five. So I haven't much time."

"Why did you run away last night?"

"Because the P. G. R." (which means that the Party Grew Rough).

"I see. And you don't care for rough parties?"

"I don't know. I've never attended any. But I don't think I'd care for them—"

"Neither do I." He leaned toward her confidentially. "Let's have a quiet one. How about dinner tonight?"

"Can't. Got an engagement."

"Break it!" he commanded, but she shook her head. He glared at her, but she continued to meet his green eyes with a hint of a laugh in the depths of hers.

"I don't do that sort of thing. When I make engagements I keep them."

"Very well, then," he seemed to realize the futility of arguing against that. "Tea tomorrow. At my home."

Again she shook her head. "I'll be glad to have lunch with you tomorrow. But not at your home."

"I see." He was watching her closely. "At the Gotham?"

Just to confound him, she said, "Yes—or at the Countess'—"

"Afraid to be seen with me?"

"Not at all." She widened her eyes innocently. "Why should *I* be afraid to be seen with *you?* I just thought it might be more cozy at the Countess'."

He was puzzled. But it was not his habit to beat about the bush. "If you will pardon me, Miss Bramleigh, I don't quite understand you. You won't have tea with me in my own apartment, but you will lunch with me at the apartment of the Countess, where we will probably be equally alone."

"Heavens! I thought you knew all about little girls and what they're made of. You don't imagine for a moment that I won't go to your apartment because I'm afraid of you?" And she threw back her head and laughed in the way that she knew attracted him so. "Why, that sort of thing went out with bustles. It's just that it isn't decent to go into a woman's home and have lunch with her husband while she's away—especially if you don't know her. But the Countess—that's perfectly all right—don't you see?"

He looked into her clear, wide eyes. Could it be that she was really so honest-minded? Or was she just especially deep? But he was not in the habit of puzzling over people—

"Miss Bramleigh," he rose and stood towering over her, "are you straight?"

She rose, too, and eyed him coolly. "Why, yes," she replied coldly. "Are you?"

He did not answer. She drew herself to her full height. "Of course you realize that was an impertinence, Mr. Murdon?"

"Hasn't anyone ever asked you that before?" he demanded without altering his district attorney manner.

"Yes—they nearly all do—one way or another. To some I explain myself. Others, like you, wouldn't believe me anyway. So I just let them find out. Only I might as well warn you that one real insult is about the record for anybody. And you've pretty nearly used up yours—"

He looked at her with a quickening of interest in his compelling, greenish eyes. "I don't make you out—quite. But you certainly do interest me. Perhaps we'll find out more about each other at luncheon tomorrow."

She shrugged as though it were not a matter of particular interest to her one way or the other.

"In the meantime, if you're going uptown, I should be glad to drive you up."

She figured he was curious about her next appointment, and took that way of finding out. She gave the address of the Associated Producers' building with real pleasure. She had learned that Jimmy Kimble was to be there after five.

As the car picked its way through the stream of traffic, she said over and over to herself: "I—Teddy Bramleigh—I'm riding uptown with the great John M."

Once he caught her grinning to herself and frowned. What sort of imp was she anyway?

"What do you want with Kimble?" he asked, as she desired he should. "Going into pictures?"

"Lord, no! I want to see Jimmy about a job for a friend of mine."

He did not believe her. "Because if you want to go into pictures—"

She waited. At last, "Well?" she asked without looking at him.

"Well, come and see me about it first. I might be able to do something for you at Excelsior."

It had come—the thing that had seemed almost too difficult—too out of her reach to strive for!

In the reception room of the A. P. Building, Teddy ran into Ambrose Mills, the successful juvenile. "What you doing here?" she asked conventionally.

"Jimmy wants to see me," he replied with affected casualness.

With that Jimmy Kimble appeared in shirt sleeves, as usual. Teddy once told him that if they buried him in a coat, nobody would remark that he looked natural. He was an extraordinarily thin, tall man, with a long, hatchet face and an incurable wad of chewing gum. "Hello, Baby," he said when he saw Teddy.

"Hello, Boss!"

"What do *you* want?" he turned to Mills, frowning.

Mills lost some of his poise. "Why you said—"

"Oh, sure. I remember. Say, Baby, do you mind waiting a minute while I get rid of this bird?"

"No. Go right ahead, Jimmy."

She had just seated herself when somebody entered the reception room and with a start she recognized Monford Lorea. He held out his hand.

"Ah, it's a small world, as they say in the stories. But it isn't really. I saw you from the steps of the Claremont Hotel and chased you up here. I have an appointment to call for Miss Leroux and she's busy with Keane Wagner." He shook an admonitory finger at her. "Whose car was that you stepped out of?"

"John M.'s," she tried to conceal the satisfaction it gave her.

"You're playing with fire, you wicked little girl."

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Preacher. He's not a bit more dangerous than the rest. He just has his regular act on which you're supposed to indignantly exit, or give symptoms of complaisance. If you don't do either, he's as lost as a freshman."

"You're an extraordinary person. I'd like to watch you work."

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Life Story of Conrad Nagel

CUT HERE

job as understudy to the actor who played Youth. That didn't seem particularly encouraging to Nagel, as the actor he was understudying was as husky as a football player.

"They told me to be within call the opening night of the show," said Conrad, "so I bought a seat in the orchestra. I didn't know much about the part of Youth, as I had just read the play for the first time two days before. But I had no idea that I would be called upon to take part. Imagine the shock, then, when the manager came rushing over to me just as the orchestra began the overture. 'He's sick,' the manager whispered hoarsely. 'You'll have to come on and play Youth.' There wasn't even time for me to change my clothes or put on any makeup. But I got by all right; in fact, the manager signed me up for the part for the rest of the season."

After that, it was merely a question of getting bigger and bigger roles to play, and Conrad's rise to fame has been meteoric. His next part on the stage was in "The Man Who Came Back," and then he played opposite Alice Brady in "Forever After," which threatened to run as long as its title indicated. By that time Conrad had established himself as a leading juvenile of the stage.

It was in William A. Brady's screen production of "Little Women," that Conrad Nagel did his first work for the movies. He played the part of Larry and played it with all the charm that Louisa May Alcott had given the Larry of the book. Then he was given a part in Alice Joyce's Vitagraph picture, "The Lion and the Mouse." It was then that Famous Players sent for him to come to California to play in "The Fighting Chance." He and Anna Q. Nilsson were co-featured in this picture. Then he played opposite Alice Brady, with Elsie Ferguson in "Sacred and Profane Love," and in various Cecil B. De Mille pictures. He has appeared on the screen in "The Lost Romance," "What Every Woman Knows," "Midsummer Madness," "Unseen Forces," and of course his later pictures, including "Fool's Paradise," "Nice People," and "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew."

It was during the making of "The Fighting Chance," in which they were both playing, that Conrad and Ruth Helms became convinced that they loved each other.

Conrad had met Miss Helms six months before at a suburb in Chicago where both were visiting friends. So far as the young actor was concerned, it was love at first sight, but he was playing in a road company at the time, and he left without "popping the question." But when he saw her again at the Lasky studio, he discovered that he was more in love with her than ever, and he also discovered that she felt the same way about him. And so they were married, as the fairy stories always say. The ceremony was performed by the president of Highland Park College, who also happened to be a minister.

Now there is another member of the Nagel family, Ruth Margaret, Jr., who is two years old and the pride of the Nagel household. For Conrad is just like the humblest father in the country; he thinks his child is the cutest youngster extant, as parents have a habit of doing, the world over.

It's a happy household, this Nagel home in Hollywood. Mrs. Nagel has no doubts about her home and her screen career. She is quite satisfied to let her husband win fame enough for both of them. And Conrad says that whatever his fame is, or will be—he owes it all to her.

There is, of course, no question of Conrad's fame. One peek at the pile of fan letters which he receives in every mail would convince anyone of his popularity. The delightful thing about Conrad is that in spite of the admiration of his fans—especially girls, of course, he is not a matinee idol type. The actor, as a type, is passing, thinks Conrad, and he is

Conrad and Bebe Daniels smoke like chimneys in "Nice People."

Life Story of CONRAD NAGEL

CONRAD NAGEL, it has been prophesied, is one of the six big stars of tomorrow. When one sees and talks with him, it is not difficult to believe that he will be. His steel blue eyes, his firm nose and determined chin—his is a personality to be reckoned with. And his sincerity and enthusiasm for his work are tremendous.

Unlike most actors, Conrad did not have to begin his stage career in the face of a great deal of parental opposition. When he was only fourteen, he played the part of Old Scrooge in a school presentation of Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

"That was the only part I ever played," smiled Mr. Nagel, "when I was perfectly satisfied with my work. Every role I have played since has always made me feel that I could do better if I had a second chance at it." That, of course, is the way an actor grows and improves constantly in his work.

But to go back to Conrad as Old Scrooge. After seeing his work in the college play, his mother was so convinced of his talent for acting that she determined to prepare him for the theatre. Conrad owes his mother a great deal for her wonderful understanding of his inclinations and ambitions. Instead of protesting against his wish to become an actor, as parents are inclined to do, she encouraged him; she helped him to arrange his course of study in high school and college so that it would be of the greatest value to him as an actor. Elocution, public speaking, rhetoric—his whole college course was pointed as much as possible toward a theatrical career.

It was at Highland Park College in Des Moines, Iowa, that Conrad obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree. He was born in the nearby city of Keokuk (in 1896), but he grew up in Des Moines, and it was natural that he should attend the college where his father was Dean of Music. Conrad was a brilliant student and was the youngest man ever to be graduated from Highland Park. He walked out with his diploma under his arm at the age of seventeen, when most students are just about to enter college.

"During my college vacations," said Conrad, "I used to have a lot of fun working for the Redpath Lyceum Bureau. I went around from town to town reciting Dickens' 'Christmas Carol' and 'Spartacus to the Gladiators' to women's clubs, opera house gatherings and other small town audiences. I didn't make much money, but I enjoyed the work, and it fostered my desire for a stage career."

The Princess Stock Company in Des Moines didn't rush out to greet him with a contract when Conrad applied for a job. It wasn't so easy as that, in spite of Conrad's conviction that he was now an experienced actor. But the young man pestered the manager of the stock company so persistently that at last he was given a small part, more or less to get rid of him. But by the end of that season, Nagel was playing leads. He felt that he had now progressed far enough in his career to go and conquer Broadway.

About that time the Hobart morality play, "Experience," was being produced in New York, and Conrad obtained a

glad of it. No longer do actors feel that they must wear flashy suits and spats and striking hair cuts as they used to do, in order to attract public notice. Nowadays the tendency, among the young actors especially, is to look like any other young business or professional man.

"You can still tell an actor by his car," said Conrad, "but even that is passing. Some day actors will not only dress quietly, but will have less flashy looking automobiles."

That is Conrad's ideal for the acting profession. He wants it dignified, and not blatantly ostentatious, as of old. Conrad himself is quiet, a lover of books. There is certainly no vestige of conceit about him.

"An actor, a successful one, that is, is having a constant battle with his conceit," Conrad explained. "Imagine any man who suddenly finds himself pointed out in public places, everyone frankly staring at him, flattering him. In the mail he receives hundreds of admiring letters, many of them love letters; in the papers he reads laudatory comments on himself and his work; he is the center of his little world. It requires constant watching, under such circumstances, for an actor to keep his equilibrium. It is only too easy to let so much attention go to one's head.

"I have a little method of my own. Every time I feel the symptoms of a swollen head, I dress up in the oldest and dirtiest clothes I can find in the attic. Then I grab the lawn mower—if someone hasn't borrowed it—and push it up and down the lawn. Then when the girls pass by, and when the girls who live next door see me, their disgusted expression is quite enough to take the conceit out of me or anyone else. No conceit could survive."

Conrad looks stern in spite of Agnes Ayres' pleading.

What a wonderfully common sense point of view for anyone to have. Though perhaps he is mistaken about the disgusted expressions on the faces of those girls. With Conrad's blond good looks, his slim six feet—in height, that is—he can hardly be pictured as a disgusting sight. For even dirty clothes could not destroy his charm. He was just born with it, back there in Keokuk.

A touching moment. Conrad and Mildred Harris in "Fool's Paradise."

The Siren Call

A Fascinating Story from the Paramount Photoplay of that Name Featuring Dorothy Dalton

NOVELIZED FROM J. E. NASH'S STORY

By James Gabelle

"SURE I have," answered the latter individual readily.

Charlotte entrusted the bundle into his arms, patting it lovingly as though it were the child itself.

"Tell the mother I've taken good care of her baby," was the parting injunction she gave, wiping the tears from her eyes.

Pat stood watching her; saw the hunger in her eyes and tears came into his own. Suddenly he came over and spoke, his voice trembling at his temerity.

"There's always a way to make up a loss, madam. Me proposition shtill stands if ye want to call the praste."

Charlotte smiled wanly and patted his hand, much as one might pat a favorite dog. His gratitude for this act was pathetic. She passed with faltering step down to the casino. The crowd caught sight of her woe-begone face and, moved by that ready sympathy so characteristic of Alaska, rushed up, raised her on their shoulders and carried her around the dance hall. Judge Green sprang forward and offered her a drink, which she refused. One of the young men, who secretly cherished hopes, offered her a cigarette. She took it, slowly crumpling it in her hand, smiling wistfully at her "would-be" friend as she dropped the remnants on the floor.

Pat stood looking at her, sympathy written all over his rugged face, then turned and solaced himself with one of the older girls of the establishment, buying drinks and paying for them with a promptness that surprised and delighted her. He coaxed her to sit on his knee and she feigned bashfulness until he caught her and kissed her a number of times on her ancient lips. He drew her over to him and she was just about to throw her arms around him when she suddenly caught sight of thick, black smoke coming up through the cracks in the floor.

"Fire!" she screamed at the top of her by no means gentle voice. "Oh, Heaven help me! Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Fire breaks out in Gore's Casino just as the election merriment is at its height

Jumping on a chair, she sprang from there on a table, apparently striving to get as far away from the evil-looking flames as possible. The attention of the revelers was drawn to the menace and laughter turned to tears and smiles to sobs or oaths as the smoke began to come in thicker masses. Drunks fell over one another as they fought for the door, and the polished glasses back of the bar fell with a resounding crash as the bartenders, driven wild by the threatened danger, leaped and fought on the bar for a chance for safety. Around the exits were frantic mobs of fighting men and women. The smoke increased in volume and fiery serpents rose from the floor and coiled in sinister fashion around the pillars and furniture.

Gore, like a demented creature, rushed backward and forward, vainly striving to suppress the panic; with one breath assuring them that there was no fire, no danger; with the next begging them to be calm and help him extinguish the flames. They paid no heed. The aim of every man and woman present being to insure their own safety. Gore kept up his expostulations until, choking with smoke; eyes smarting and lungs failing, he was compelled to desist and seek escape.

Brent had been sleeping when Charlotte rushed up and awakened him. He did not understand the danger at first and was angry at being disturbed. Sniffing the smoke, however, he sprang up with the bellow of a frightened beast and rushed out, leaving Charlotte to follow, if she could. She hastened after him, in no wise disturbed at his callousness or selfishness. She had learned from bitter experience to expect nothing better. On the stairway they passed Pat and his ancient sweetheart. She had fainted and he was dragging her along, her feet thumping from step to step. Pat looked at Charlotte whimsically.

"She's heavy as the divil," he said. "But I couldn't lave the auld girl to die. She's not a bad sort if she is Methusaler's sister."

At the bottom of the stairs, Charlotte stood stock still.

"My marriage certificate!" she cried with sudden energy. "I must get that."

"Never mind the marriage certificate," Brent replied with an oath. "Let that go! Save your own life!"

Unheeding, Charlotte was about to rush back, when a bevy of frightened girls swept down the stairs, carrying her and Brent along with them, and, almost before they knew it, they were out of the building. As they left the door, Charlotte turned for a final despairing look and beheld the stairs fall in with a sudden crash, sending flames as high as the roof and a shower of golden sparks that ignited parts still untouched by flames. She shuddered at what her fate would have been had she persisted in her plan of securing the certificates.

As the refugees left the flaming building, they found themselves confronted by a stern-faced, well-armed band of vigilantes. Their looks were distinctly menacing, and the way they handled their weapons most business-like. Phillip Morton, their ring-leader, advanced, speaking sternly:

"You are our prisoners; we intend to run every one of you out of town—and keep you out!"

A chill fell on the former roysterers. One look at the grim faces and war-like cordon convinced them that it was no idle threat.

"Why—curse you, you—you can't do this!" sputtered Gore. "This is against the law!"

"You forget," Morton retorted, "that *we* are the law. You have carried things with a high hand too long. Now it is our turn."

Down on the river bank a fleet of rafts and boats could be seen. In one of them was the actor with the baby, near him was "Pious." Bringing his hands to his mouth, the latter cried:

"Come on in, the water's fine!"

"We're sending you down the river," Morton declared. "We hope you'll lead a better life in your next town than you have in this. We have prepared ample food and clothing and will pilot you to safety. Get ready; march to the river!"

Shivering, teeth chattering with both cold and fright, the men and women started to walk to the boats. All but Gore; he came up behind Morton and unostentatiously slipped a roll of bills in his hands. Morton looked at him sternly for a moment, insulted at the thought that anyone would think him capable of taking a bribe. Then, with a grim smile, he pocketed the money, after showing it to a couple of the men nearby.

"Thanks for the donation," he said dryly. "It will be a big help toward rebuilding our church."

Gore, thinking it was merely a subterfuge, started to smile. He could not dream of anyone refusing such a vast sum of money. The smile died on his lips a moment later, though, when Morton shoved him roughly forward and in harsh tones told him to join his dupes.

At the back end of the big raft, "Pious" was cavorting around like some demented creature. He was wild with excitement. The rest were glum and filled with bitterness. The actor, especially, was filled with woe. He had the child and he had the money given him for his villainy, but what would he do with a baby in this wilderness? He ground his teeth with rage as he realized how he had been duped; used as a catspaw to rake the chestnuts of others out of the fire. The baby was hungry and started to cry. He tried to hush it; it cried all the more. With a quick, furtive glance, he took in the rapidly swirling water. One toss and the brat would be quieted forever. With another furtive glance he saw that the crowd was too busy to pay any attention to him. With a motion swift as the wind he raised the child on high. Without a moment's compunction or a pang of remorse, he planned to silence its cries forever.

Beauregard Re-enters

A MOMENT more and he would have been a murderer, but looked up and saw Charlotte getting on the raft, closely followed by Brent. Smiling at the grim jest he was playing, he thrust the child into her arms. She was so astonished, she could only give a gasp and stare from him to the baby.

"Here, Lady," cried the tramp. "Take your kid!"

"What's the matter, isn't the baby yours?"

(*Continued next week*)

Did You Ever Answer an Ad. Like This?

By One Who Did.

PART II.

WHAT could have happened to her?" I kept asking myself over and over again as I stood on the sidewalk trying to get over the shock of her looks. At last I felt able to cross the street. But when I started I had not answered my question. I guess I didn't know enough then to answer it.

I soon forgot that poor girl in my dreams of a movie star's career. All that seemed to count was the passing of time so that eight o'clock would come and I could be with my hero. I wonder if all girls like me fall easy for fellows like that leading man?

Eight o'clock came at last, and I met him in the lobby of the Claridge. Oh! I was so thrilled when he came towering up to me and greeted me with a smile!

"You are looking so wonderful tonight," he said.

I blushed, and smiled as he took my arm and led me through a crowd of staring people into the dining room. He asked for a table for two as if he owned the Claridge—and he got it in a hurry, too. There was something about his looks and his figure that made servants, waiters and everybody listen when he spoke.

Under the spell of the fascinating music, and in the soft glamor of the shaded lights and the beautiful women with their wonderful dresses, I listened to him talk about the work he hoped we would be able to do together.

"You know," he said easily, "it is remarkably easy to make good pictures and a wonderful reputation if you only have the proper support and incentive. Now, with you as co-star, I'm certain my next picture will be a whiz!"

That went to my head like a cocktail I once drank at a dinner dance in Jersey City. In the intoxication of the moment, I told him what an inspiration it would be for me to play with him.

He ordered a good dinner, but I was so excited I couldn't fully enjoy it.

It was about ten o'clock when he suggested going to his studio to look over the continuity. He had not brought the script with him.

"Really, one can't go into such a thing in a place like this," he said.

I readily agreed. We left. In the taxi he told me the producer expected to come over for a consultation with us. It wouldn't have mattered whether anyone else came or not. I was so excited and so wrapped up in my dreams.

I shall never forget the feelings that crept over me as I stepped into that man's studio. The warm colors, and the opulence of the Orient, made it fascinatingly exotic—just such a place as a dreamer or an artist would have. Orange and blue lamps hung from odd places, casting soft lights and shadows all over the great room. The rugs were rich and the furniture luxuriously upholstered. It looked like a room in a movie scene.

For a moment I was absolutely spell-bound by my new surroundings.

"It's wonderful!" I said under my breath. Suddenly I breathed the scent of burning incense. Over in the corner of the room a thin blue streak of smoke curled upwards from a miniature temple on a table. The scent made the air heavy, but sweet.

He took my coat and hat and put them in a closet. When he came back he had two bottles and several tiny glasses. We went over on the divan and sat down. I was simply entranced. It seemed as if I was already acting in a picture with him. For a few seconds I wondered what was in the two bottles. I suspected, of course, it might be something to drink. But he did not offer to open them, so I forgot about the bottles and turned to the papers he handed me.

"This," he said softly, "is a synopsis of the story we are going to make. See what you think of it."

It was the most romantic kind of a story. All about a wealthy man on his father's yacht which was blown ashore near an island off the coast of Florida. The young man was saved and taken care of by an old fisherman and his beautiful daughter. A fortune was found on the island and the beautiful fisher girl went to a big city to school and finally married the handsome young man. It was so easy for me to picture myself in that role.

"It's a strange thing," he was saying as I finished, "how we often live real life even in this make-believe business of moving pictures. Here we are going to make a wonderful picture together—as lovers—sweethearts. And most of the people who see the picture will say when they go home that you and I were just paid to act as lovers during the making of the picture. They might never dream the truth—if such was the truth . . ."

His words left me wondering. It was such a strange, mysterious sort of speech. He might have meant several things. I was afraid to tell him I did not understand his meaning.

"Do you believe me when I say that the moment you came into the office your appeal went direct

(Continued on page 28)

"It's all a big game to get hold of girls. They kid 'em along about being stars, take 'em to that studio and if they get away with their scheme . . ."

The Fans Own Page

So many interesting letters are received by THE COLONEL that "Movie Weekly" decided to publish some of them for our readers to enjoy. If you have something of interest to tell other fans—your opinion of movies, the visit of a star to your town, or anything else you know pertaining to movies that you think other readers would like to hear about—write and tell THE COLONEL.

In Regard to Rodolph's Old Pictures

New York City.

My dear Colonel:

In answer to Mrs. Harry M. Walter's letter, let me say that I don't think that the old re-issues of pictures Rodolph Valentino appeared in, before his meteoric rise to fame, will hurt his popularity any, because he is playing a different type in them than he portrays today. It might in the smaller towns, providing his good pictures hadn't been shown before, but show me a town that boasts of a picture theatre that hasn't run at least one of the good pictures Mr. Valentino has appeared in.

"The Delicious Little Devil" ran here on Broadway for three weeks and everybody knew it was an old re-issue, but still the house was packed at every performance.

This re-issue business happens to every newly risen star. If I remember rightly, William S. Hart spent a lot of money trying to stop old re-issues of his pictures from being put on the market after he became a star, but the exhibitors kept right on showing them.

Exhibitors figure that the name of the star alone will draw the crowd. But it is an injustice to the people and a greater injustice to the star, especially if it is not mentioned in the billing that it is a re-issue, and people are seeing the star for the first time.

This is just one of the many annoyances that a newly risen star has to put up with. I have seen all of Mr. Valentino's old re-issues but "A Rogue's Romance." This picture is an old Vitagraph re-issue. In all of the re-issues, with the exception of ""The Delicious Little Devil," Mr. Valentino plays the part of a villain. Although he plays these heavy roles very nicely, still in almost every re-issue his makeup is entirely changed, to conform with the part that he is playing, so that sometimes he hardly looks like the "adorable" Mr. Valentino of today.

But his first starring vehicle, "Blood and Sand," is a thriller. Our severe New York critics were unanimous in proclaiming it Mr. Valentino's greatest picture. Those who admired his work in previous pictures will rave over this one, as he displays real bravery and gives a wonderful performance. "Blood and Sand" is full of thrills, good acting and has a fine story. It is a picture that father and mother, big brother and sister will enjoy alike. It's what I call a 100 per cent picture. I have been to see it three times and am going again.

Here's advising everybody to see "Blood and Sand." Really, fans, it is Mr. Valentino's greatest picture.

Hoping that you will print this rather lengthy letter and wishing "Movie Weekly" success always, I am,

Sincerely,
ALYCE M. HOWE.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Can Will Hays Do Anything?

September 6, 1922.

The "Observer," "Movie Weekly."

Dear Sir:

You wish some answers to the question: "What Will Hays Do for Pictures?" Here is my answer.

What will Hays do for pictures? Well, Will will continue to draw $150,000 a year (his reported salary) from pictures. Don't you think it is enough? In my opinion, the fact that a man has been a postmaster general, even though he was a good one, does not mean that he will be any good in the movies, does it?

"Movie Weekly" and everyone else says and will continue to say, like Mr. Hays, that pictures are still bad. But what happens? As bad as the pictures continue to be, they continue to make money. What do you want to change for? Is not MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, the only motive that interests the people?

As Will Hays cannot compel the movie czars to do the right thing (admitting that he knows something about it), I don't think he will ever be of any use to the movies, except for what I have mentioned.

Now if you want my humble opinion about the right thing to do in order to make more money, how to have good pictures, how to please the public, just tell me so and—it will not cost you $150,000 a year.

To produce shoes, a shoe manufacturer hires shoemakers, doesn't he? He never thinks of hiring butchers or carpenters.

Will Hays will keep smiling—and the public paying.

Very truly yours,
AN "OBSERVER'S" READER.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Truth About Valentino

Dear Colonel:

Please tell me why "not talking to anyone," as your magazine states on page 7 in the September 16th issue of "Movie Weekly" should make Rudy undemocratic? You can't make me believe it if you should try, though, because it is easy to tell from the splendid performance in Valentino's pictures that his mind is not on idle philandering, but on his work and the success of the picture. And honest effort is the soul of democracy.

You allow your reporter to say "grand and lofty attitude" in a somewhat sarcastic manner, concerning Valentino; but I have had the pleasure of watching Mr. Valentino at work here in this city and he showed marked courtesy and friendliness toward his company. Of course, if Rudy should so desire he could justly assume such a manner (which he does not) because he, at all times, exhibits extraordinary mental gifts and that rare genius of a born actor.

He is, actually, a very quiet, though forceful, young man, and behaves himself as if he had not received millions of letters, but in a refined, simple manner, like the true gentleman he is.

It isn't a matter of mere popularity with him, evidently; it is a matter of perfect work in his profession of acting.

KATE and JOHN W. FOSTER.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Another Valentino Admirer Speaks

Omaha, Nebraska.

Dear Colonel:

I have just finished reading the latest copy of "Movie Weekly" and as always, I enjoyed the letters on "The Fans' Own Page" so much.

One letter in particular interested me greatly, regarding Rodolph's old pictures, from a Mrs. Harry M. Walters. And as I am a most ardent Valentino admirer, I'd like to express my opinion on this subject also.

I, too, saw "The Delicious Little Devil" at one of our leading theatres this summer, where it ran for four days and stood them up at every show, and I must say it failed to cure me of my admiration of Valentino. It only increased it, if anything.

Of course, his old pictures are in no way to be compared with his present day work. But wasn't it a rich treat for us? It showed us a dear, boyish, immature Rodolph, but rich with promise of the idol of today.

Though at times it was a little hard to believe the youth that played "Jimmy" and the polished, worldly-wise creator of "Julio" was one and the same person.

But all the same Rodolph has nothing to be ashamed of in this character. I am only surprised that the directors at that time failed to see the vein of pure gold that was only waiting to be developed.

Rodolph is gaining right along in popularity, in this city. He made hosts of new admirers in "Blood and Sand."

I see where "The Four Horsemen" is booked for another return, after an absence of six months. Needless to say, we are ready to see Rodolph again in what I still consider his best role. I know a number of people who failed to see his "Julio," but who are only too glad for this chance, so guess this proves that Rodolph's popularity has not been hurt by the release of his old pictures.

(MRS.) HAZEL TALLMAN.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Give Mr. Hays Time

Dear Colonel:

Why is everyone jumping on Will Hays because he has not yet accomplished much for movies? Considering the gigantic task that Mr. Hays has before him, one cannot expect him to change the industry overnight, or in a few months. Give him time.

A WILL HAYS ADMIRER.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BEST FAN LETTER

Some weeks ago "Movie Weekly" began the new department, "The Fans' Own Page." Our readers were asked to write their opinions of current movie events. The response has been so gratifying and the fans have shown such interest in this new feature that we have decided to give five dollars to the writer of what we consider the best letter published each week. Perhaps you have something you would like to say about the movies. Here is your chance to say it, and you may, incidentally, win five dollars.

Love Route to Fame

(*Continued from page* 18)

"Come ahead. Some of my best scenes are really wasted because I haven't any audience. Would you really be strong enough to face the truth without colored lenses?"

"Try me!"

"All right. I will." She waited then, for him to follow up with an invitation of some sort. But he did nothing. He grew suddenly exceptionally desirable and she was afraid Jimmy Kimble would put an end to their tete-a-tete.

"I'll tell you what," she cried, "I'll come back and see Jimmy some other time and we can begin right away."

"I'm sorry. But Miss Leroux is expecting me—"

She was piqued. "Very well. Any time will do," she spoke indifferently.

"Not at all. I'll go down and speak to Miss Leroux and come back for you."

An excitement raced through her. He was going to put off Lillian Leroux for her. She had made up her mind immediately to get him away from the dancer. And she was victor in the first skirmish. The rest should be easy. He was an entirely new type to her—a man who could really understand her. He had been a writer, too. And he was so distinguished-looking. Really a thrilling person!

Left alone, she looked around the reception room, dramatizing herself as she would look to the hundreds of people who came there to whom Jimmy Kimble was a great man—little short of a god. But to her he was only Jimmy Kimble. What a feverish game it was—full of false values. It didn't appeal to her. There were other games that were more fun and where you held better cards.

She followed Jimmy into his office. "Well, Baby," he held out both his hands, "what brought you?"

"John M. Murdon's car, if you must know, old hoss."

Teddy had the knack of translating herself to people in their own language.

He seized her elbow roughly. "Is he playing around with you?"

"No. I'm playing with him."

His eyes narrowed and his thin face twisted jealously. "Say, Baby, you're not—"

She did not permit him to conclude. "You ought to know me better, Jimmy."

Not quite convinced, "I told Brody I wanted to see you," he grumbled. "Listen, Baby. I got a bit for you in this new—"

"A bit!" She sat herself on the arm of a chair, swinging one foot disdainfully. "Why don't you offer me something worth while? Something big?"

"What—right off! Be reasonable, baby. You'll get something big, but you got to work for it. You got to start at the bottom. You see that, don't you, Baby?"

As to that, she had her own opinions, but she did not confide them to him.

"God! You got a chance in a million here with me. Your talent—and with me to push you—"

"If I've really got talent, Jimmy, why do I need you to push me?"

He added another stick of gum to the wad in his already overworked jaw and wrinkled up his thin nose calculatingly. "Well, don't run away with the idea that you're going to set the world on fire right off. Maybe you're a Mary Pickford. And then again, maybe you ain't. I'm willing to give you the chance to prove how good you are. For personal reasons. Get me, Baby?"

"You're not hard to get, Jimmy. I'm thankful to you for taking such an interest in me. Only I'm not ready to begin—yet. The reason I came here today is—there's a girl friend of mine I want you to see—"

"Can that," he commanded abruptly. "You can work me to the limit yourself, but you can't milk me and pass it on."

"Say, keep your shirt on, will you, and don't talk like a nasturtium. John M. met this girl at a party last night and fell for her, and he told me he was going to start her over at Excelsior. And I came here to tip you off because you've always been a friend of mine. Besides, she's a friend of mine, too, and I'd like to see her get a start under a real director like you, than a stiff like Foley. You know what he'll do to any talent she's got. Try her in that bit you had for me. She's a beauty. If you think I'm trying to work you, call it off. But if you want to look her over I'll see you get first chance at her. And remember, she doesn't know about Murdon, so don't spill it."

"You don't want to try yourself?"

"No. When I'm ready you'll have something better for me."

Still, the atmosphere was beginning to catch her a little. She began to figure—supposing she should decide to go in for a career—would it be better to build solidly, from the bottom up, with Jimmy? She really liked Jimmy. How difficult would he be? Could she handle him? And, more important, could she stand him?

As these thoughts were skimming through her brain, he cleared his throat and spat into a high, polished cuspidor beside his desk.

Teddy was still shuddering when she stepped outside to find Lorea waiting for her. With him was Lillian Leroux.

THE dinner was not a success, although they ate in a charming little restaurant on Park Avenue, which was enjoying a tremendous vogue. Lillian Leroux, who had just opened in "The Gaieties," a new review, was in fine spirits and laughed and talked incessantly and sparklingly. Tedy found herself eclipsed—frustrated. As the dinner went on she felt herself dwindling—becoming more insignificant.

After dinner Miss Leroux called the box office personally and requested two seats for them. And at the stage entrance she invited them to join a party at her home after the performance.

"I couldn't sit through it again," snapped Teddy irritably, when they were alone. "Let's go somewhere where we can talk. I cut a dinner date to have a talk with you—" Then realizing she had said too much: "Do you mind going to the show without me? I'm a bit out of sorts. I'd rather go home."

"By all means, if you're not feeling well—"

"You can make my excuses to Miss Leroux. I daresay she won't exactly miss me," she added acridly.

At her door she paused: "Do you want to come up—just for a moment?"

He dismissed the taxi and followed her.

"You won't mind if you miss the first scene?" she asked at the door of her room.

"The whole fourteen!" he replied and settled himself in an easy chair.

In a second Teddy's mood had soared. Remarkable what a word from him could do. She took off her hat and tossed it up into the closet, where it landed on a jumble of hats, shoes and boxes on the shelf. Then running a comb through her short, dark curls she tried to see, in the mirror, whether he were following her gestures—the grace of the movement with which she ran the short comb through her locks, the abandon with which she tossed her head and shook them out. Her tricks he might be proof against—seeing through them as he did. But no man is proof against the light that flashes into an eye—the twist of a shoulder, the movement of a hip.

"I'd made up my mind to have you alone this evening," she said daringly.

"I was convinced of it," he replied, tapping a cigarette against his case. "I told Miss Leroux we might not be there."

She seated herself on the couch, extending her slim body with apparent unconsciousness of the curves her posture revealed. He did not seem to notice, either, but sent his glance around the room. "Live here alone?"

"No. That's my bed over there. This belongs to my buddy, Steve Brody," and her gesture sought to bring his eyes to rest upon herself, where she wanted them. Instead he rose and began examining the photographs on the walls and tucked into the frame of the mirror. She felt restless. The excitements of the day—Wallie, Joe, Murdon, Kimble, had bred in her a craving for more excitement. She was tremendously conscious of Lorea. If only he would not disappoint her!

"Well, you wanted to know all about me. Now's your chance," she challenged, relaxing into the cushions, her head thrown back.

"I'm learning," he replied quietly, one elbow on the mantle. "Do you always entertain your men friends here?"

(*Continued next week*)

Pola Negri Refuted

(*Continued from page* 11)

"Love is universal. It is not a question of nationality or national boundaries, but of the individual. Collectively, American women are less concerned with love that is not an expression of their sincerest emotions than any other nation's womankind. They are not as emotionally demonstrative as the women of some of the European countries; nor are they perhaps as well versed as their European sisters in the artifices of love.

"But that the average American woman feels deeply, loves devotedly and knows love as something akin to an expression of her finer self there can be no doubt."

Betty Blythe stands for American beauty, but she also stands for the American beauty as a wife. And she applies the same rule to a comparison of American and European love that Pola Negri did: she compares it by means of American and European motion pictures. She says:

"My opinion of the relative merits of the American and the Continental screen actress as a heroine is based on my observations of a great many American films and a moderate number of imported film offerings.

"It would seem to me that the European actress, whether playing the vamp or the heroine, who is in the flush of her first love, brings pretty much the same suggestion to each characterization. The American actress, to my mind, brings more spontaneity to a love scene than her European sister, who, even while playing an innocent girl's role, is almost too sophisticated."

Pearl White, whose European tours, vaudeville engagement in Paris, and her generally continental flair, make her an authority on the difference

"The European woman is a temperamental lovemaker. She loves in fits and starts. It is difficult for her to settle down and decide just which man is her proper mate. But when she does decide, her love and affection is something that any man would wish to possess. Whether she gets our American conventional happy ending to her romance is another thing.

"The American woman, on the other hand, is more of a thinker. When her mate, or her suitor, asks for her hand, she does not, as a rule, rush madly into his arms. She thinks of her home.

"That sort of love is the truest, the most sincere. It ranks high above the European. And for that reason I believe that the American woman should be called by far the better sweetheart, the better wife."

Jackie Coogan Earns $1,000,000

(*Continued from page* 8)

original story for Jackie, which is the last picture he makes under his present contract. The story has to do with a boy who is a violinist, with Jackie, needless to say, as the boy.

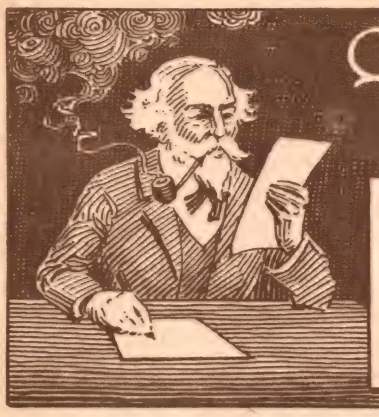
But just think of earning ONE MILLION DOLLARS BEFORE YOU ARE EIGHT YEARS OLD! Jackie has been in pictures for only approximately three and a half years. He started at the age of four with Charlie Chaplin to make "The Kid." Charlie worked a year and one month on this feature.

It so happened that Sol Lesser, a friend of Charlie's, saw part of "The Kid" in Chaplin's projection room. Clever man that he was, Mr. Lesser realized Jackie would make a big hit in this picture. So he signed the boy up, even before Charlie had completed his production, to star in "Peck's Bad Boy." After this feature, Mr. Lesser entered into a new contract with the "Kid," signing him up to star in five pictures.

A few representative stills of "Oliver Twist" are published with this story. At one time, it was thought the picture would be shown to the fans as a "road show," but it has been deceided to release it through First National as the other features have been. The picture may be shown at the Astor Theatre in New York some time in November, if present plans materialize.

Jackie Coogan certainly has a great deal to remember when he grows up. Making one million dollars before he is eight years old and setting another precedent in having his parents who live in perfect harmony, apply for guardianship for their own child, his mother becoming his official guardian; his father, his manager.

Whata yuh think of such things?



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

TEXAS BLUE BONNET—Of course I don't throw your letters in the waste basket just because you live way off in Texas. After traveling so far, your letters are sure to be very tired and deserve a great deal of consideration. Gordon Griffith played the part of Wesley Barry's chum in "Penrod." He is not regularly in movies, so unfortunately, I can't tell you much about him. He is probably about fifteen, and you may be able to reach him in care of Marshall Neilan, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Nita Naldi can be reached at Paramount, 485 Fifth Ave., New York. She is Italian and is twenty-two. No, she is not married. She is soon going to work in Alice Brady's new picture, "Anna Ascends." You might write her and see if she will send you a photograph.

VISTA Y. QUEEN—So you think I'd make a good comedian? Some of the fans who sent in drawings of me seem to think so, too. Marie Prevost is twenty-four. Betty Blythe is twenty-nine; in private life she is Mrs. Paul Scardon. Write her at the Pyramid Pictures Corp., 150 W. 34th St., New York. Anita Stewart is twenty-six and a blonde with brown eyes. She is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron; write her at 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Mabel Ballin is five feet three and is a brown-eyed blonde. I suppose the chief reason her picture has not been published in the center of "Movie Weekly" is that there has been very little demand for it. I don't know any name for Ruth Roland, except the one she uses. De Sacia Mooers was selected to advise the blondes in the vampire contest because it was her idea more or less. That is, she wrote the story for her picture, "The Blonde Vampire," because she thought there was no reason why only brunettes should be selected as vampires in movies.

MR. M. T. DOME—No wonder you wish to get a few words off your chest, as you say. Judging from your signature, that must be where you have to keep your thoughts. So you want me to excuse the dirty envelope as it was perfectly clean when it left your hands. And I suppose if I didn't receive your letter, you wish me to write and let you know. Yes, Doug's next picture after "Robinhood" will probably be Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire." Pearl White's picture was published in "Movie Weekly's" Art Series, February 12, 1921. Hope Hampton's was in the April 23, 1921 number, Ruth Roland, July 23rd and October 22nd; Colleen Moore, August 13th; Agnes Ayres, August 27th; May Allison, November 26th, all 1921; Mary Pickford's picture has been in many times, the latest are May 13, 1922 and July 1st, with her mother. Antonio Moreno's picture was in the issue for July 23, 1921; Thomas Meighan, March 25, 1922; Tom Mix, August 26, 1922. All these copies can be obtained from "Movie Weekly" for ten cents apiece.

'AM 'AN EGGS DE LUXE—There's nothing de luxe about ham and eggs; they're very plebian. You hoped to catch me in a good humor; you'll have to have something stronger than that to catch me in; I'm not a fish. Pearl White is thirty-three; her new serial is called "Plunder." Yes, Theda Bara is going to vamp on the screen once again. Her first new picture will be called, I think, "Just Sixteen," or something like that. No, Mr. Palmer has not quit answering questions in "Movie Weekly," but his department is not published every week.

SUSIE THE FIERCE—I suppose that's why you swing such a wicked pen, as the saying goes, as you do in the above drawing. You are most flattering. If I were as handsome as you make me, I could almost go out and tell Rodolph where to get off. Norma Talmadge is twenty-six and so is Conrad Nagel. Be sure to read his life story in this issue, arranged so that you can make a booklet of it.

E P.—Eileen Sedgwick supported Eddie Polo in "Lure of the Circus." I don't know the name of Mrs. Polo; I don't believe she is a professional.

CLEO THE NUT—Why admit your defects? I don't think Rodolph wore a wig in "Blood and Sand"; I think he had to let his hair grow for that part. He is about five feet nine inches tall. He is very charming. Lila Lee is twenty; she is five feet three. Nita Naldi is about five feet six or seven; her name is pronounced Nee-ta, short a, Nawl-dee, accent on first syllables of both words. Milton Sills is about forty. William T. Carleton played opposite Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman."

EVERYBODY'S FAN—I should say you are. You ask questions about enough stars for me to write this whole issue of "Movie Weekly" answering them. Elsie Ferguson was born with that name. She used to be Mrs. Fred Hoey before her present marriage to Thomas Clarke. Her hobbies are reading and walking. No, Claire Windsor is not Katherine MacDonald's sister; Mary MacLaren is. Claire's hobbies are golf, painting, and collecting perfumes. Wallace Reid's latest picture is "The Ghost Breaker." He lives at 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. His hobbies are golf, swimming, motoring, and playing musical instruments. No, Lila Lee is not married. Her real name is Gussie Apfel. She doesn't give her home address.

FLORENCE CARROLL—You make me look just like Napoleon, I see. I suppose that's because they call me Colonel. Antrim Short was born in Cincinnati, but he forgot to say when. He is five feet seven and a half—I mustn't forget that half, must I, because he needs it. He weighs 125 pounds and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. He was educated by private tutor and was on the stage for seven years before joining the movies. He lives at 1771 Cahuenga Ave., Los Angeles.

A PUNCHER'S ADMIRER—Since you only mean cow-punchers and not a man that goes around punching people, your nickname is not so violent as it sounds. Yes, Art Acord was really a cowpuncher before entering the movies. In 1912 he rode second in the Pendleton Roundup and won the championship in broncho riding at Klamath Falls, in 1912. Tom Mix is another actor who was a real cowpuncher at the beginning of his career. I suppose you read of his adventurous life in "Movie Weekly" for October 7th, when we published a booklet about him. Buck Jones was also a cowpuncher, at Red Lodge, Montana, early in his career, and he toured the country with the "101" Wild West Show, as the champion trick rider of the world. William S. Hart grew up on the plains of Idaho, where he learned to shoot and ride as he does. Wallace Reid worked on a ranch in Wyoming, some years ago. Jack Hoxie is also an ex-cowboy, as are Jack Holt and Hoot Gibson. Joe Ryan grew up on a Wyoming ranch. There are undoubtedly other actors who used to be cowpunchers, but it is rather hard to think of them all offhand.

TEMPUS FUGIT—You can't scare me with that signature; I used to lie awake nights translating Caesar, Cicero, Virgil. Yes, the leading man—except for Eric Von Stroheim—in "Foolish Wives," died during the filming of the picture. He was Rudolph Christians; his place in the cast was taken by Robert Edison. When the Count jumped off the balcony before saving Mrs. Hughes, in the fire scene in "Foolish Wives," it was, of course, an act of cowardice. I'm surprised that you should need to ask that question. "Daddy Long Legs" is too old a picture for me to have the cast, but I understand that Mahlon Hamilton played the title role. Gertrude Selby hasn't been playing on the screen lately, so far as I know.

THE SILENT PARTNER—It's thoughtful of you to send me a box car full of love, but I would have more use for a box car full of coal. Constance Binney is about twenty-three; she is five feet two inches tall and weighs 110. She has brown hair and eyes. She lives at 212 E. 62nd St., New York. I'm sorry I can't tell you about the play you ask about, because, to be brutally frank, I can't read your handwriting.

KREKO—The idea of thinking for a half hour of something to call me. It isn't worth a half hour's thought, and besides, I've already been called everything. Hayakawa is pronounced Hy-a-ka-wa, with the accent on the ka, and all the a's short. I would be glad to tell you what church Wallace Reid attends, only in his case, I don't happen to know. Mrs. Reid is in her late twenties. Yes, everybody is pleased that the Reids have adopted a little girl.

Sincerely yours,

The Colonel

Is This Fair to the Public?

(*Continued from page* 12)

issued picture which you have seen before, and there has been no attempt on the part of the theatre owner to explain that it is an old picture which was formerly shown under a certain title, then you can consider yourself CHEATED.

This may sound like a scathing indictment of the exhibitor. Well, that is just what I mean it to be. The theatre owner in your town who will lure you into his house to see an old picture that is directly, or indirectly, alleged to be new, must be classed with the same shyster kind of merchant who sells you a second-hand article for new.

Under no circumstances is it fair for a theatre owner to place a re-issued picture on his program unless he advertises the attraction as a re-issue, or a revival. Perhaps, you are not quite certain of what a "re-issue" means in movieland's vernacular. Briefly, it is a picture that has already been shown all over the country under one title and is "dolled up" by a process of editing and titling to appear like new. In its re-created state it is distributed for exhibition.

The unfairness to the movie fan and the public at large in this matter is twofold. First and foremost it deceives the fan. Secondly, it makes him pay the same price for a re-issued, inferior movie amusement as he does for the new productions which have the benefit of improved producing methods. Another point of unfairness enters the matter of putting re-issues before the fans without advertising the old product for what it really is. The motion picture industry is dealing itself a blow from within when anyone connected with the business tries to deceive the movie-goers by such methods. As Abraham Lincoln said, all the people can't be fooled all the time. When the fan loses faith in the honesty of pictures, he is going to desert the picture theatre and when this happens the industry will find itself on the rocks.

Not so long ago, I knew the president of a company that made a business of re-issuing old pictures. One day I approached him and asked why he did not release the films as re-issues. I knew what his answer was going to be before he made it, but I wanted to hear him on the subject.

"My God! Are you crazy? We would go bankrupt in ten seconds!" he shot back at me.

"Why?" I insisted.

"Why? Because—if they were put out as re-issues to the public it would kill the box office—"

"You mean the fans wouldn't fall for them?" I interrupted.

"Exactly! You've got to make them think they are getting something new for their money," he said.

So there you are in a nutshell! This man's attitude is the attitude of all picture men who send out re-issues as a new attraction. Obviously, it is unjust to the fan to do this. The exhibitor pays a lower price for the right to screen a re-issued picture, but he never cuts down his box office price to give the fans the benefit of his bargain. To cut down the price would be to admit that the picture was not up to standard. Therefore such procedure is out of the question!

You must make a clear distinction between the "revival" picture and the "re-issue," which has been camouflaged by a catchy title, new sub-titles, trick editing, crafty cutting and other artifices employed to re-create shelved films for presentation today. For instance, D. W. Griffith's famous "Birth of a Nation" has been exhibited all over the country on several occasions after its first run. Mr. Griffith put it on as a "revival." In other words, "The Birth of a Nation" was simply offered as an attraction in its original form for those who desired to see it for the first, second or third time.

But, suppose Mr. Griffith had changed the orginal title to "The Blue and the Gray," or some other title. Suppose he had changed the picture to some extent by cutting parts of it, switching scenes, investing it with new titles? Suppose then he had put the picture out again without telling the public it was "The Birth of a Nation" under a new title?

Well, Mr. Griffith would have been flagrantly guilty of having tried to hoax the public into seeing what was really an old picture. He would have been found out, of course, and classed with the frauds who are hurting the pictures today by presenting re-issues as new productions.

BUT—of course, Mr. Griffith would never have done such a thing. He is not of that ilk, I only used him as an illustration of imagery because he is so well-known and his "The Birth of a Nation" still remains as one of our greatest pictures.

Perhaps you remember the Triangle Films of long ago. They were accounted good pictures even in the pioneering days of the industry. Charles Ray, Lillian Gish, Fairbanks, and other great stars of today were in the old Triangle lineup. Mack Sennett got the germ of his bathing girl comedies in those adventurous days in filmland. He was producing pie-throwing contests even then.

All of these pictures made their appearance shortly after their early release. They swung around the motion picture circuits and afterwards were stored away in vaults. Sveral years passed. A company conceived the idea of re-issuing those Triangle pictures. A deal was made with the Triangle Company whereby this company, for a certain sum of money was allowed to re-create one five-reel and one two-reel comedy every week. The re-created productions were offered to the fans as program pictures and in some instances as features. The public was allowed to take it for granted that the re-issued product was a new attraction.

Lillian Gish in "The Female of the Species," was billed as Lillian Gish in "The Tiger Lily." A Charles Ray picture showing the star in a country college boy role who became mascot of his baseball team, and finally a diamond hero, went out under the title of "The Pinch Hitter." I cannot remember its original title now.

Undoubtedly lots of fans were lured to see these very same pictures which they had seen before under different names. I know this to be a fact, because letters were received by the company which made the re-issues complaining about the deception. Of course, it was not brazen. But it was sufficient to serve the purpose of the exhibitor and distributor.

From my experience as a title writer and film editor I can easily show you how it is impossible for any company to put out a re-issued film or to re-create an old picture to such an extent that would make it an entirely new picture. The facts in the case are these.

A company finds itself in possession of the negative of an old five-reel picture which starred a person who is famous today. The company decides to profit by the fame of this person by re-issuing the ancient film. The picture is run off and after constant screenings the company decides on the changes to be effected in the picture before releasing it.

Now there are only a few changes that can be made. The old titles can be cut out of the picture. New language can be written into the film. These new titles can be enhanced by art decorations which the old ones lacked. They can even give the old story a new twist. Scenes that were draggy can be eliminated. Or, in order to give the film a false "newness" some of the middle or last scenes can be cut out of their original place and inserted in new places. It is sometimes possible to get hold of a few hundred feet of another picture that could be used as a prologue. For instance, in presenting a re-issued picture, one company bought several hundred feet of an old Italian costume picture and made a prologue of it for a Wall Street story of high finance, love and mystery.

These are the stock tricks used to rehabilitate an old picture and put it on as a new one. Sometimes these trickeries succeed. But, if you study such pictures closely and are at all familiar with them in their original form, you will most likely detect the fact that your exhibitor is offering you camouflaged goods.

In order to prevent another "Three Musketeers" situation when his "Robin Hood" picture is released, Douglas Fairbanks has taken special legal steps to protect his name and title in this picture by copyrighting the title, "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood."

The unfairness to the movie fan in the matter of re-issues which are not plainly advertised as such involves a principle—the great principle of honest dealing with the public. No industry, or no phase of an industry, can thrive upon the uncertain ground of deception. The re-issue evil must be eliminated from the film world. It is up to the fans themselves to complain to their own home town exhibitors if it is discovered that re-issued pictures are being offered without admitting the true status of the picture.

With the combined aid of the fans, and the big, upstanding leaders in the industry, we can hope to make progress in getting justice for those who leave their price of admission at the picture theatre's box office. "Movie Weekly" will be glad to receive statements from any of its readers who have been hood-winked by re-issue trickeries.

Future Picture Program

(*Continued from page* 11)

Cosmopolitan serial, "The Reason Why." Eugene Walter's celebrated "The Easiest Way," in which Frances Starr achieved her earliest stage success, will also be made into a big production by Selznick, as will William MacHarg's "Wine," the story which created a furore when it appeared in Hearst's International.

Over at United Artists, they have no idea what Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks are going to do. Doug's "Robin Hood" is booked for a premier in New York the middle of October, and he and Mary are coming on. Mary has already finished "Tess," and may give it, too, a Broadway showing. Both of the stars are so weary from their five months' steady production work that it is likely they may take a needed vacation and not even think production until the first of the year.

Warner Brothers, one of the younger companies that has forged ahead rapidly by reason of the sterling quality of their productions, boast a splendid array of forthcoming specials. This current year will be a "classic" year for them.

An all-star cast appears in "Rags to Riches," an adaptation from Charles D. Taylor's novel, a Harry Rapf production, directed by Wallace Worsley. Wesley Barry is THE star and supporting him are Niles Welch, Ruth Renick, Russell Simpson, Richard Tucker, and others.

Marie Prevost, whose contract with Universal only recently expired, is co-featured with Kenneth Harlan in William Seiter's production of F. Scott Fitzgerald's popular novel, "The Beautiful and the Damned," a story of the modern flapper. Others in the cast include Louise Fazenda, Jimmy Morrison, Tully Marshall, Eileen Percy and Clarence Burton.

"Brass," by Charles G. Norris, is another novel that has created a stir. Sidney Franklin, whose last picture was Norma Talmadge in "The Eternal Flame," will direct, and the cast will be headed by Marie Prevost.

A wild animal novelty, with thousands of gleaming savages and hordes of wild beasts furnishing a veritable feast of electric action interwoven in a thrilling story of strange adventure in the African jungles, will be presented in the screen adaptation of Frances Guihan's novel, "A Dangerous Adventure." Grace Darmond heads a cast including Philo McCullough, Jack Richardson, Robert Agnew and Derelys Perdue.

The freckle-faced Wesley Barry will also be seen in "Heroes of the Street," by Lem Parker, adapted from the book and stage play that has enjoyed years of popularity, the setting laid in the colorful and romantic slum section of New York. Marie Prevost will support the little star and also Jack Mulhall, Wilfred Lucas and others.

Many have read Marion Russell's homely human document, "The Little Church Around the Corner," and perhaps have also seen it on the stage during its long run. The cast for this production has not as yet been selected.

Last, but far from least on the Warner program, is the screen version of Sinclair Lewis' novel, "Main Street," adapted by Julien Josephson. No plans have been made for actual production so early in the season.

It will be of interest to Harold Lloyd's many friends to know that he will make six big comedy specials next year on the order of "Grandma's Boy." "Snub" Pollard is going to make a two-reel comedy every four weeks. "Our Gang" comedies will have a new release every four weeks. The J. M. McDonald Productions, Inc., will release through Pathe a series of six two-reel Johnny Jones comedies.

Ruth Roland is going to have her hands full making her serial schedule for the current production year. She stars in a Western thriller, entitled "The Timber Queen," and another entitled "The Riddle of the Range."

Pearl White returns to her first love, serials, in an exciting screen story, entitled "Plunder," with George B. Seitz as producer and director. Mr. Seitz directed Pearl in her earlier serial ventures.

Charlie Hutchinson, whose name is known wherever thrills are enjoyed, will be seen in

(*Continued on page* 28)

60,000 People Have Learned to Dance This New Way

Let those who have actually learned to become good dancers at home—without music or partner—through Arthur Murray's new method, tell you how quickly they mastered all of the newest steps and dances—how they surprised their friends and increased their popularity.

MANY people who never knew the joy of having more than one invitation a week to an affair, are now sought after—in fact, coaxed to attend every party or social affair in sight. The secret of their sudden popularity is simply because they have become good dancers and everyone wants them for partners. Best of all, they learned at home—without music or partner—in a surprisingly short time and at a price that is within the easy reach of everyone.

But let some of them tell of their own experiences:

Peter Saunders, of Amawalk, N. Y., was always considered an outsider whenever his friends were going to hold a dance. They never thought of asking him because they knew he would only be in the way and no one wanted to sit out a dance to entertain him. After he had learned at home in a few evenings, through the Arthur Murray method, he wrote: "Then I came across your advertisement and I sent for your course, and I must say it was wonderful. The lessons were so clear and simple that a child could learn—why, it was altogether too easy!

"The rest has been one pleasure after another, thanks to you! I have even learned to dance better than some of my friends who used to pass me by."

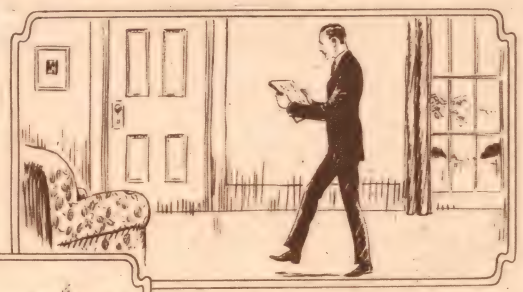
Good dancers always acquire self-assurance, poise, ease of manner and perfect mental and physical control. They are always at home in any crowd and think nothing of teaching others how to dance.

P. Voytek, of Derby, Conn., recently wrote: "I have had some wonderful times at dances. I have taught a great many people how to dance. My friends have advised me to open a dancing class. I teach eager pupils every evening, but will not accept pay as I do it for the pleasure which I give others and also enjoy myself.

"I would rather learn your way than go to a dancing teacher. Anyone can quickly learn from such an easy course as yours and it is not embarrassing."

Even if you don't know one step from another you can quickly learn to dance in a single evening through Arthur Murray's new method. In fact, you don't need to leave your own home to learn—you can master any dance in your own room after a few practice steps.

J. M. Mealy, Flatwood, W. Va., says: "Your lessons in dancing are very simple and easy to learn. I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night. Tonight I danced a number of times with a good dancer to the music of a phonograph. I had no trouble in leading or balance."



"I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night."— J. N. MEALY, W. VA.

"I started Saturday with 40 children present." Gladys Franz, Oregon. By teaching 40 children two hours a week, Miss Franz earns $200 a month.

Besides being a source of great pleasure, a thorough knowledge of dancing will enable you to earn money teaching others to dance. For most folks are "just crazy" to learn and will pay a very liberal fee to a first-class teacher.

Gladys Franz, Astoria, Oregon, by teaching 40 children two hours a week, earns $200 a month. She recently wrote: "I cannot be loud enough in my praise of your wonderful system. I started on Saturday with 40 children present. I taught my class with an assurance that I never had before. I am following the instructions you sent to me and am beginning with the One Step. I am giving two lessons a week for $5 a month (from each pupil)."

Learn Without Partner or Music

Through his new, improved method of teaching dancing by mail, Mr. Murray is now able to give you the same high class instruction in your own home that you would receive if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of $10 per lesson.

Through this remarkable system you easily learn the Correct Dancing Position—How to Gain Confidence—How to Follow Successfully—How to Avoid Embarrasing Mistakes—The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive—The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot—The Basic Principles in Waltzing—How to Waltz Backward—The Secret of Leading—The Chasse in the Fox Trot—The Forward Waltz Step—How to Leave One Partner to Dance With Another—Etiquette of the Ballroom—How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance—What the Advanced Dancer Should Know—How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm.

"Arthur Murray, Dancing Instructor to the Vanderbilts and many other fashionable people.

"I have some very wonderful times at dances. I very seldom sit out a dance." — PETER VOYTEK, Conn.

"Now whenever there is a dance no more am I 'a stay at home,' now I am 'one of the crowd.'"— P. SAUNDERS, New York.

Arthur Murray is recognized as America's foremost authority on social dancing. Such people as the Vanderbilts, ex-Governor Locke Craig, and scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact, dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him. And more than 60,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers by mail.

Special Free Proof Offer

If you want to see for yourself how quickly this new course by Arthur Murray can teach you to dance right in your own home without music or partner, all you need to do is to just fill in and mail the coupon—or a letter or postcard will do—and the special proof course will be promptly sent to you. When the postman hands you the sixteen lessons, deposit only $1.00 with him, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. Keep the course for five days. Practice all the steps, learn everything these lessons teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you desire to do so, you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly refunded. But if you keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

Remember, you send no money in advance and Arthur Murray guarantees your complete satisfaction or he will refund every cent you deposit. All you need to do now is to simply sign and mail the coupon and the course, as advertised on this page, will be promptly mailed to you. Send the coupon today—NOW.

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To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the sixteen-lesson course and when the postman hands it to me I will deposit with him $1.00 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. If, within five days, I decide to return the course, I may do so and you will refund my money without question.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may send the dollar and we will pay postage. Price outside U. S., $1.10 cash with order.

Does the Other Sex Avoid You?

Is your face disfigured by angry looking pimples, unsightly blackheads or coarsened by enlarged pores? Are your shoulders and arms pitted with acne? Is your skin greasy and oily?

Do women and men seem instinctively to avoid you? Do they seem to be wondering what is the matter with you?

Pimples

Easy Now to Get Rid of Unsightly Blemishes

No matter how long you have neglected your skin you can still get rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions and other disfiguring blemishes. No matter how stubborn these pustules are you can have the clear youthful complexion which you've always admired but never hoped to have.

A new scientific prescription has been discovered for getting rid of these terrible, unsightly blemishes.

Used Like Water

This remarkable remedy is the prescription of a famous scientist carefully compounded of soothing lotions. It is as easy to use as water. And the results are truly miraculous.

No Grease No Needles Just Wash

That is all you do—just wash. No bother or fuss. Apply the lotion for only a short time and you can almost see the pimples disappear. Decide now that you will get rid of these facial blemishes that embarrass you and keep you down in business and social life.

Money Back Guarantee

So confident am I that my preparation will do all I claim, and more, that I guarantee satisfaction or money back. You are the sole and only judge. You can't possibly lose, because The Million Dollar State Bank of Philadelphia backs up my guarantee.

Send No Money

If you will give me a full description of your skin trouble, your letter will have personal and confidential attention. I will send you, in plain wrapper, my special $4.00 Pimple Remedy with the understanding that you are to pay the postman only $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) when the package is delivered. Don't delay. Write me your symptoms today. Banish every pimple and blackhead. Send no money—just the coupon below. You will be amazed and delighted with results. M. Sullivan, Dept. T, 269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

M. Sullivan, Dept. T, 269 So. 9th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send to me at once your Pimple Remedy, regular price $4.00. It is understood that I am to pay the postman ONLY $1.95 (plus a few cents postage) when he delivers the remedy to me. Although I am benefiting by your special reduced price offer, you agree to refund my money if I am not entirely satisfied with the results.

Name .....

Address .....

How long have you had Pimples? .....

On what Part of the Body? .....

You may send cash if you prefer

Future Picture Program

(Continued from page 26)

"Speed," a serial which presents the dauntless star in many daring situations.

To give the public a good western two-reel drama every other week, Pathe has engaged Leo Maloney in the Range Rider Series. These stories include the usual hero, heroine, and heavy trio, the racing across prairies, and the disposal of the heavy. You know. But everyone enjoys good clean western pictures.

Metro offers an interesting selection of productions. Rex Ingram, Metro's star director, whose latest special, "Prisoner of Zenda," is now playing to capacity houses at the Astor Theatre, New York, is now in Florida, making exteriors for his new feature, "The Passion Vine," a story of the South Seas. Alice Terry plays the lead. The cast includes besides Alice, Ramon Navarro, the exotic youth who plays Rupert of Hentzau in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Harry Morey, Edward Connelly and others. Mr. Ingram's next production upon the completion of "The Passion Vine," will be "Toilers of the Sea," the Victor Hugo classic, which will have the coast of Maine for its background.

After this, it is likely that Mr. Ingram will make a picture in Europe, a long-desired ambition. The recent purchase by Metro of "Scaramouche," by Farael Sabatinin, leads us to wonder if Ingram will make this rapidly-moving, richly-colored, romantic tale in France, where the author has laid his scenes. A stage version of "Scaramouche" has already been completed by its author, and it is scheduled for production on the New York stage in the fall. Charles L. Wagner will produce the play, with Sidney Blackmer in the title role. It is expected that the stage presentation will take place at the same time as the photoplay is released. We wonder if Ramon Navarro will play the title role in the screen version of "Scaramouche." What an ideal part for this actor, one that will show to even greater advantage than "The Prisoner of Zenda," his fencing ability, his grace of carriage, and his debonair manner.

Under the direction of Harry Beaumont, Viola Dana is working on "Page Tim O'Brien," her first picture following the completion of "The Five Dollar Baby." Stories to trail this will include "June Madness," by Crosby George; "A Noise in Newboro," by Edgar Franklin, and others to be announced later. Bryant Washburn, it is announced, will be Viola's leading man in "June Madness."

One of Clara Kimball Young's first fall releases for Metro was "The Hands of Nara," an adaptation of Richard Washburn Child's novel of that name, with Elliott Dexter playing opposite the star. Mr. Child, by the way, is our present ambassador to Italy. Miss Young's second picture for Metro will be "Enter Madame," the story about a beautiful Italian prima donna, by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne, directed by Wallace Worsley. "Enter Madame" ran several seasons ago for forty-five weeks on Broadway, with Gilda Varesi starring. The role portrayed on the stage by Norman Trevor will be interpreted on the screen by Elliott Dexter.

Another of the Metro stars is Billie Dove, a newcomer. Billie stars in "Country Love," first of the special stories of pictures to be made by this company, heading a distinguished cast directed by Emile Chautard. Following this will be "A Temporary Marriage," a story for the screen by Cardell Hale, which has to do with a marriage of convenience arranged, not as usual, by the parents, but by the daughter herself, in order that her mother, accustomed to luxury, may continue to have the comforts of a limousine, et cetera. No cast as yet has been announced.

An old home-folks story will be made in the production of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," a story of New England home life, by Charles Felton Pidgin. No plans have been made for actual production, as yet.

Laurette Taylor, even now, is finishing work in the screen version of "Peg o' My Heart," the play, it is estimated that has been seen by 14,925 audiences during Miss Taylor's portrayal of the lovable role of Peg. This will in all likelihood be one of the big specials of the year.

Fox has lined up a tentative series of specials and five reel productions to be made next year, but there is no authoritative record compiled as yet For this reason, we have only a few Fox features to mention in this list.

Harry Millarde, director of "Over the Hill," has just returned from Europe, where he conferred with A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes," about this story, which he is making into a special for Fox. Percy Marmont, who plays the role of Mark Sabre, the hero of this novel, and Ann Forrest, playing the role of Lady Nona, went to England a short time after Director Millarde, to take exteriors in the locales called for in the book. This production, because of the tremendous popularity of the book, will be one of the big features for 1923.

Before beginning work on "If Winter Comes," Millarde completed the special, "The Town That God Forgot," being a story of small town life, the high light of which is the bursting of the dam and the flooding of the city. Jane Thomas plays the part of Betty Gibbs, the school teacher, and Harry Benham, of Harry Adams, the surveyor.

J. Gordon Edwards has just about finished work on his third big special, "The Shepherd King," which was made in Italy, as was his "Nero," Violet Mersereau, as in "Nero," is the only American player in the cast, the rest being Italian actors. Mr. Edwards' initial intrroduction into the world of specials was "The Queen of Sheba." Little is known of "The Shepherd King," inasmuch as the picture has not been sent over from Italy as yet.

The current production year for the Film Booking Offices of America, formerly the Robertson-Cole Company, boasts four Ethel Clayton pictures, including "The Black Marriage," a story of Russian aristocracy and peasant life, to be directed by Wesley Ruggles. The second will be "The Remittance Woman," by Achmud Abdullah, a story of China, also to be directed by Mr. Ruggles. The remaining two on Ethel's program have not as yet been selected.

Harry Carey, who left Universal to go with F. B. O., will make four pictures, too, for this company, including "The One Man," "When a Woman Wills," to be directed by Val Paul, and "Canyon of the Fools." Further details are not obtainable at this time.

Jane Novak will also make four pictures, including "Thelma," from Marie Corelli's famous novel, directed by Chester Bennett, "The Rock of Ages," from the well-known hymn of the same name, in which Jane's sister Eva will support her, and Chester Bennett direct.

Emory Johnson steps forth from the ranks of leading men and "just" directors to make four Emory Johnson Productions for F. B. O., the first of which will be "The Third Alarm," a thrilling fire picture.

But the biggest forthcoming picture of 1923 for this company will be "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with an all-star cast. Neither the cast nor the director has been selected yet, but there is no doubt of the fact that F. B. O. will play this American classic up big.

Carter de Haven will make a series of comedies for F. B. O., as will also Dan Mason in the Plum Center Comedies. There will be "The Fighting Blood" Series, written by H. C. Witwer, now running in Collier's Magazine; a series of special productions; the Hy Mayer Travelaughs: Starland Reviews: and the Helen Jerome Eddy pictures, produced by Ray Carroll.

This completes the list of pictures to be made and released during the current production year of 1922-23. Of course, we have not been able to list absolutely every picture. We have, however, mentioned those to be produced by the foremost companies as planned by them at this time.

Did You Ever Answer An Ad Like This?

(Continued from page 23)

to me? I told myself: 'There is the girl I want to star with.' Do you understand, dear?"

I murmured something. His words bewildered me.

He moved closer. I felt his hand resting lightly on my shoulder.

"I can see the white island beach . . . the tall, waving palms . . . and you, coming from the crude hut in all of your youth and beauty . . . a girl of

(Continued from page 22)

Win $1000.00

Big FREE Picture Puzzle Game is Open to ALL! Costs Nothing to Try

To introduce the New "CLASSY" Brand of Knit Underwear, The Classy Products Company offers a great big opportunity to win $1000 and 24 other cash prizes. Read list of Prizes. Then ACT to WIN $1000.

—The Prizes—

	If NO Classy Vests are Ordered	If 2 Classy Vests are Ordered for $1.00	If 4 Classy Vests are Ordered for $2.00	If 12 Classy Vests are Ordered for $5.00
1st Prize	$25	$150	$300	$1000
2nd Prize	20	75	150	500
3rd Prize	15	40	80	250
4th Prize	12	25	50	125
5th Prize	10	20	40	100
6th Prize	8	15	30	60
7th to 15th Prize	4	8	15	25
16th to 25th Prize	2	4	8	15

Extra! Your list of words must be mailed on or before Nov. 25, 1922. But if you mail your qualifying order on or before October 31, 1922, 10% will be added to any prize you may win as a reward for promptness.

How many Objects in this Picture begin with "B"? Can you see five, or more? Find all you can! A larger picture will be sent FREE on request.

How to Win $1000

Look over the picture above and see how many objects you can name that begin with the letter "B," like Ball, Bat, Bag, etc. Can you name ten objects, or twenty, or more? Try your skill and name all you can! Nothing is hidden. There is no catch. Everything is in plain sight. This is a game of skill and there's a lot of fun in it for all. A little effort will help you win $1000.

It Costs Nothing to take part in this fascinating game and WIN! Start writing down the objects that begin with "B" right now. Anyone can do this.

Here is the Plan in a Few Words:

We want every woman to get acquainted with "Classy" knit underwear. You are not required to buy anything. But if you want to help us to let everyone know and see "Classy" knit underwear, you can qualify for the great big prizes—$1000.00, $500, $300, etc.—by sending a small order with your solution of this "B" puzzle. If your list should be awarded first prize and you had ordered a dozen "Classy" Knit Vests at the special price of ONLY $5 (see illustration and description below) you would win the grand prize of $1000. If you had ordered only four "Classy" Knit Vests for $2, your prize would be $300; if you had ordered two "Classy" Knit Vests for $1, your prize would be $150; if you had ordered nothing, your prize would be $25. Think of it! How would YOU feel to receive $1000 in cold cash just for answering a puzzle. If $1000 isn't worth a little effort, what's the use of working for anything!

These Knit Vests are Wonderful Values

Any woman will be delighted with these dainty, attractive, snow white, cotton ribbed vests. They are elastic and conform to every movement of the body. Possess fine wearing qualities. Cut so as to stay on the shoulder. Band finished. Sizes 34 to 44 inches, bust measure. **Be sure to state your size.**

Even if you don't want to take part in this contest, even if you don't want to win $1000.00, order a dozen of these Knit Vests NOW. Send in your list of words later, if you prefer. We offer one dozen at the exceptional low price of ONLY $5.00; the price of four Knit Vests is $2.00; the price of two Knit Vests is $1.00—all sent by parcel post, prepaid. These are introductory offers. Once you wear a "Classy" garment, you'll ALWAYS wear the "Classy" brand.

For Men!

Your wife, sister or sweetheart will be delighted to receive a dozen "Classy" Vests. We want this puzzle game to be a family affair. YOU make up your list, and go after the $1000. Give the vests to someone in your family.

Send Now

Start making up your list of words now. We'll send you a bigger picture FREE if you wish it. Make up your mind to WIN that $1000.00. Why shouldn't you be the one to win? Order two, four, or a dozen "Classy" Knit Vests. You will be delighted with the splendid VALUE you receive. The Big Cash prizes are EXTRA, FREE. Read the list of prizes again. Then act at once. Don't be penny wise and pound foolish. Send in your list of words and QUALIFY it for the $1000.00 prize. A word to the wise is sufficient!

Send your list and qualify for the extra prize for promptness

Classy Products Co., Dept. O. 22nd and Vine Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

Observe These Rules

1. Anyone may compete except our employees or their relatives. It costs nothing to enter.

2. The answer having the largest number of words that correctly name objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize and so on down the 25 prizes listed above. A 10% additional prize will be awarded for promptness, as specified in prize list. For each wrong word, a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by contestants and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges or promoters as being the "correct" or "master" list.

3. Your list of words must be received through the mail by the Classy Products Company, Philadelphia, Pa., and must be mailed on or before November 25, 1922.

4. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, the full amount of each prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

5. Only one prize will be awarded to any household or to any group of persons who have co-operated in preparing a list of objects.

6. Only English words will be counted as correct. Compound, obsolete or hyphenated words cannot be used. Words made up of two or more English words, such as lighthouse, teaspoon, etc., cannot be used. Where the plural is used, the singular cannot be used, and vice versa. Each object can be named only once. Words of the same spelling can be used only once even though used to designate different objects or parts of objects. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to a single object, credit will be given for any one, but for only one of such synonyms submitted. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority.

7. You must use only one side of the paper. You must number each page and each word submitted consecutively, 1, 2, 3, etc. Your full name and address must appear in the upper right-hand corner of each page.

8. Contestants who have mailed their answers on or before November 25, 1922, may qualify for the higher prizes provided orders for "Classy" Vests are mailed on or before December 9, 1922.

9. No goods bought during this contest are subject to exchange, refund or approval.

10. The decision will be made after the close of the contest by three independent judges having no connection with the Classy Products Company. Everyone entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final. All answers will receive the same consideration whether "Classy" Vests are purchased or not. The announcement of the prize winners and the winning list of words, and the correct list of words determined by the judges from all the words submitted, will be mailed on request to any contestant who sends us a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Larger copies of picture will be sent on request

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When Your Eyes feel Dull and Heavy, use *Murine*. It Instantly Relieves that Tired Feeling—Makes them Clear, Bright and Sparkling. Harmless, Sold and Recommended by All Druggists.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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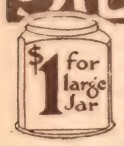

New discovery draws out all the impurities and leaves the skin smooth, clear and velvety. Puts life into the tissues. Easily applied, works quickly. New methods of manufacture make low price possible. Order fresh, big jar; 10 applications one dollar, postpaid. Send today.

SILCLA Company, 2763 Kirby Ave., Detroit

$2.50 Fountain Pen FREE

This fountain pen retails regularly for $2.50—or more—in the best stores everywhere. Handsomely chased barrel with screw cap and gold pocket clip. This pen has a famous gold Crescent filler with a safety lock so that once the pen is filled the ink cannot be accidentally discharged. Warranted 14-kt. gold pen, iridium tipped.

This pen is but one of many wonderful premiums given to boys and girls for selling MOVIE WEEKLY.

This pen is yours for selling 10 copies of MOVIE WEEKLY each week for three weeks, sending us ten cents for each copy. OR, yours for selling 5 copies each week for 6 weeks, sending us ten cents for each copy.

If you prefer, you may send us $3.00 and we will send you the pen right away and either 30 copies of MOVIE WEEKLY right away or any number of copies each week until you have received the total amount of 30 copies.

Send in this coupon TODAY

Dept. A-6, BOYS' DIVISION,
Macfadden Publications, Inc.,
119 W. 40th St., New York City.

Send me ..... copies of MOVIE WEEKLY each week for the next ..... weeks, then send me the $2.50 Fountain Pen free.

I enclose $..... to pay for ..... copies.

Name .....

St. and No. .....

Town ..... State .....

Did You Ever Answer An Ad Like This?

(*Continued from page* 28)

the sea and moonlight . . . Can't you see these things, too?" he asked in a low voice. He paused, then sighed dreamily. "It will be wonderful working on location down there," straightening up and reaching for one of the bottles.

"This is something the boss brought over on his last trip from France . . . I want you to see what you think of it."

I was still dreaming of the island and the waves. His words drifted to me like vague sounds from the distant sea. I had never drank much in all my life. I would not have done so then, if I had not been nearly hypnotized.

"To our picture and . . . ," lifting his glass. I raised mine. We drank. In a moment I was conscious of a warm glow that excited me and made everything seem much more glamorous than before.

"You are sure you will enjoy working with me?" he asked, putting his arm around my waist. I did not try to make him take it away. It thrilled me.

"Of course," I answered turning to him. His eyes met mine. Everything seemed to melt away. The soft lights in the room became like vague points of orange and blue. Our lips touched and clung. I shut my eyes.

When I opened them again the room was much darker than before—or so it seemed. Over in the corner near the tiny temple of burning incense, one lone orange lamp was lit. The others had mysteriously gone out. His arms drew me close against him.

Just as I felt myself yielding to whatever impulse was dominating me, the telephone rang. The sound of that bell did something to me. It . . .

"Damn!" he grated under his breath. But I heard him. That word and his tone sent a shiver of fright through me.

"Hello! Hello!" he cried impatiently. "Yes. This is he! Mr. ———— wants me? Where is he? At the office? All right. I will be there at once." He snapped the receiver into place and turned to me:

"Dear, something very important has happened about a story. Mr. ———— must see me at once. I'm sorry," he took my hand in a vise-like grip, "you must wait until I come back. I will bring him with me." With those words, he was up getting his coat and hat. I wanted to tell him that I thought I had better leave and see him in the morning. But, somehow, I could not get the courage to do so. My fright had left me. My movie madness was once more in possession of me, and his fascination was still hanging over me.

"I will be back as soon as possible," he said leaving me at the door of his studio.

When I heard the front door close behind him I went over to the divan and sat down to try and think clearly for a moment. Something prompted me to feel that perhaps I had better not remain. Foolishly, I did not seem to be half as afraid of him as I was of myself. I could not help but remember how only a few moments ago I had simply surrendered to him. I could not help but shudder at what might have happened if the telephone bell had not rung.

I decided suddenly to act. I tried several lamps and snapped them on, flooding the place with colored lights. I began to look around. The big studio room was handsomely furnished. But there was nothing in it to arouse any suspicions. A desk in one corner seemed to be filled with all kinds of moving picture papers and scenarios. I went into the room adjoining the studio. It was a bedroom. A pair of women's silk stockings were coiled up on the floor near the bed as if someone had taken them off and left them there. Those silk stockings brought a chill to my heart.

I ran to the closet and opened the door. A grey dress was hanging there. Something about that dress seemed familiar. Where had I ever seen it before?

Just as I pulled open a dresser drawer that was filled with lingerie, a tapping at one of the studio windows nearly frightened me to death. I snapped off the bedroom lights and crouched tremblingly in the dark.

The tapping came again.

"Who is there?" I cried.

"Jimmy!" came the answer. I recognized his voice. "Quick! Let me in!"

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A simple, safe home treatment—15 years success in my practice. *Moles* (also BIG growths) *Dry Up.*

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I ran to the door leading to the hall and tried to open it.

But—the door was locked!

"I'm locked in!" I screamed.

"Then open the window! Turn off some of them lamps before you do!" Jimmy ordered sharply.

I turned out all but one light, unlocked the window and raised it.

"You've got to get out of here right now!" he said, reaching in to take my arm.

"But, my hat and coat . . ."

"To hell with the hat and coat! Hurry!"

Half blindly I climbed over the sill and jumped into his arms. The studio was on the first floor and only a few feet above the sidewalk. Still holding my arm, Jimmy pulled me along at a trot. In a few moments we had turned into Madison Avenue.

"You wait here. I'll go get that hat and coat now." Before I could say a word he was on the run, to return a few minutes later with the troublesome hat and coat.

"What made you know, Jimmy?" I began as we settled into the cab he had called to take me to Sadye's.

"Say, I'm no dumbbell! My eyes were opened when five of those girls told me they'd been picked for the job. I thought it was mighty funny business. But, it was only late this afternoon that I got real wise. The old man asked me to hang around after five-thirty. I did, and I got an earfull. They ain't any moving picture producers at all—it's one big bluff to get hold of girls!"

"To get hold of girls! My God!" Cold perspiration stood out on my forehead as my mind went back to the scene half an hour ago.

"Those fellows," Jimmy continued, "get girls and kid 'em along about being stars—take 'em to that studio place. If they get away with their scheme, the girls are too much afraid to peach on them—they keep 'em guessing about the picture business a week or two. Then they tell 'em the thing has busted up on account of finances and they get 'em a job in some cheap cabaret on Broadway or somewhere. The girls get the most prosperous-looking birds at the cabaret, date 'em up, gold dig 'em, or take 'em up to a place like ————'s studio and frame 'em in a gambling game."

"Jimmy!" I cried, clutching his arm. "Do you mean that is what they were going to do to me—to fool me—and then . . .?" It was too much for me to comprehend, except that I had escaped the most terrible thing that can happen to a girl.

"How did you find this out?" I asked finally.

"I heard the old guy going over the proposition with another fellow, a 'silent partner.' He said they were working on you tonight. So—I up and sent that telephone call, hoping it would be in time."

"It was, Jimmy—just in time! Oh, my God!" I burst into tears. He put his arm around me clumsily.

"Never mind, now. It's all right. That poor brunette kid you talked to—they got her."

"Her dress!" I cried, remembering the gray dress in the closet.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"It was her dress, I'm sure, that I saw hanging in his closet. I couldn't remember where I had seen it before."

"Yes, she had a gray one on the first day, I remember," said Jimmy.

The cab drew up to the curb.

"Here we are," Jimmy said.

"Yes," I answered in a daze. "Jimmy, I'm so glad—I hardly know how to thank you." I hesi-

tated over what to say and stood there at the side of the cab looking at him.

"Forget it. I'm glad I . . ."

"I'll kiss you, Jimmy—if you don't mind."

His brown eyes looked deep into mine. They were the same brown eyes I had liked so much the moment I saw him. Hurriedly I brushed my lips against his and pressed his hand.

"Meet me at nine in the morning, downstairs in the office building. I am going to have those birds fixed," he said. I promised and hurried to Sadye's apartment.

The next morning I met Jimmy. He went up to our office. It was locked. At eleven it was still locked. The police went to the studio address. They found it unoccupied. The producer and the leading man had disappeared.

Jimmy learned later that the brothers and fathers of several girls who had been lured by these men were on their trail. But, as far as we know, neither of them have ever been found.

Of course, Jimmy and I are married. We have a little boy, and his name is Jimmy, too. I am glad my baby is a boy. If I had a little girl I would always live in fear of the day when she would grow up and be subjected to such dangerous temptations as her mother was when a madness for the movies nearly sent her down the long, red road of agony.

Why I Want to Be Free from My Contract

(*Continued from page 7*)

released and "Moran of the Lady Letty" was in process, Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and in supreme charge of all of the production activities of the company and resident at the west coast studio, approached me with a view to retaining my services for the motion picture "Beyond the Rocks."

To cite a particular instance of the power of the company to lay me off under the said contract by reason of abnormal conditions of the studio, I might mention that a very important and necessary article in the distributing of motion pictures or in their shipping from the studio to the New York office are cans or containers, and under my contract I am advised that if the company were unable to procure these cans it could lay me off without salary, whereas they could not lay off the artist in the Meighan contract.

In the Meighan contract, the company at least promises and agrees that it will make one picture a year. In the said contract of January 17, 1922, there is no obligation on the part of the company to make any pictures.

I am not familiar with business affairs, and particularly was I at the time unfamiliar with motion picture matters, except as I had acted in motion pictures.

I knew nothing whatsover about the financial returns from motion pictures, marketing conditions, the salaries paid to stars, the tremendous success that I had made in pictures released, notably "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The Sheik."

In the negotiations leading up to my employment by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation under the agreement of November 28, 1922, in which I had conferences with Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, the question of salary naturally arose.

Mr. Lasky stated to me that while a salary of Twelve Hundred and Fifty ($1,250) Dollars per week in the first option and the other salary mentioned in the subsequent options of the contract dated November 28, 1921, would be inserted, they would be considered a minimum arrangement for the reason as stated by him that the policy of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation had always been to voluntarily pay their stars increases of salary from time to time as the value of their services warranted it. Mr. Lasky cited as instances Mary Pickford, Thomas Meighan and others.

Mr. Lasky also told me that the company would treat me like a son and would use its best efforts to get the directors that I wanted and the stories that I wanted, provided that there was not some substantial reason why this could not be done in certain instances, but that they would use every effort to cooperate with me to the end that the best possible stories would be secured for my type, produced under the best possible conditions, and for the best possible effect, that the productions might all be productions of great merit. In fact, Mr. Lasky stated that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation would consider that we were partners with a joint interest in each picture, and that if ever anything developed that I considered needed correction, I need only speak to him or to Mr. Charles Eyton and that they would both do all that they could for my success and the success of the pictures.

Mr. Lasky also said that Thomas Meighan under his contract and as a matter of company policy had the say as to directors, casting, editing and other matters connected with his pictures.

Mr. Lasky also stated to me that my salary would be increased from time to time as the value of my services justified it, that I would not even be compelled to ask for such increase, but that they would make such increases voluntarily; that the nature of the motion picture business is such that while they wished to be assured of my services for as long a term as possible provided that they exercised their options, there was no way of determining the value of a motion picture star's services over any extended period of time, and that if I was willing to trust to their promise, they would see that my salary was at all times commensurate with the value of my services.

Thereupon, and on November 28, 1921, I signed an agreement, a copy of which is hereto annexed and marked Exhibit A.

By the terms of this agreement I was to play in the next picture "Beyond the Rocks, and the company exacted that I give three (3) successive options for one year each, at Twelve Hundred and Fifty ($1,250) Dollars per week, Two Thousand ($2,000) Dollars per week, and Three Thousand ($3,000) Dollars per week respectively.

This agreement was entered into after the release of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and of "The Sheik," as well as of other pictures in which I had appeared. At that time, the value of my services was not less than Five Thousand ($5,000) Dollars per week, as I now have sufficient knowledge of motion picture conditions to know, and have been advised by those who have held executive positions with producing and distributing companies. At that time I had no knowledge of the value of my services.

Stars' salaries as follows:

At the time that I entered into the agreement of November 28, 1921, I am informed and believe from statements made by the stars themselves or by friends or by the companies employing them they were as follows:

	PER WEEK
Alla Nazimova	$10,000
(And an interest in the profits.)	
Thomas Meighan	5,000
Alice Brady	4,000
Dorothy Dalton	5,000
Norma Talmadge	10,000
Constance Talmadge	4,000
Mary Pickford (when with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation long prior to November 28, 1921)	10,000
(And an interest in the profits.)	
Mary Miles Minter (about)	8,000
Gloria Swanson	4,500
William Farnum	10,000
Robert Warwick	3,000

(The foregoing are all weekly salaries.)

(*To be continued*)

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In enclose $..... to pay for .. .. copies.

Name .....

St. and No. .....

Town ..... State .....

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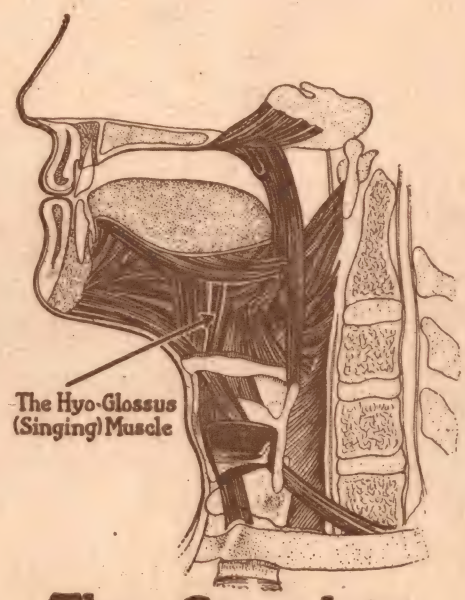

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Abroad, the name of Feuchtinger is one to conjure with. The grandfather of the professor was Court Director for the Duke of Waldeck; his father was a great musical leader during the reign of Charles, King of Wurtemberg. Professor Feuchtinger, A. M., is well-known in the musical world for the work he has done in discovering and perfecting a series of exercises that will develop the Hyo-Glossus Muscle in any throat—the same training that is being offered you through the Perfect Voice Institute. He has lectured before many universities and colleges here and abroad. His personal pupils run into the hundreds.

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Center page portrait from this Issue. Scanned and Donated from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2024.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

GLORIA SWANSON

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Why I want to be freed by Rodolf Valentino

MOVIE WEEKLY

OCTOBER 21, 1922

NOVEMBER 11 1922 TEN CENTS

MOVIE WEEKLY

NORMA TALMADGE
PHOTO BY MANUEL FRERES – PARIS

Funny things the censors have done. PAGE 3

She married the man of her dreams PAGE 18

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MOVIE WEEKLY
№ 40. PRINTED IN U·S·A· Vol. II.

From the Ends of the World

FROM the ends of the world come two exclusive features in the next issue of "Movie Weekly."

Sessue Hayakawa returned quietly to the United States three weeks ago after a thrilling experience with the yellow hand of the Japanese Ku Klux Klan. His own story in which he says: "My Life Is in Danger," will be given to our readers next week. Hayakawa's greatest picture offended members of his race and the popular Oriental star relates how he eluded his enemies in a narrative replete with drama.

From another far-off land, Baroness Von Raven, formerly Dorothy Kingdon, the popular motion picture actress of a few years ago, has emerged. "My Four Years of Thrills in Magical India," is her contribution to the next issue. It tells of revolution, lavish Levantine fetes, picture-making in the jungles and in the palaces of the maharajahs. No more colorful story has ever appeared in these pages.

George Larkin, stunt actor supreme of the films, is coming back to the screen. Larkin was once one of the famous old Kalem company, but in recent years he has played in serials, and, during the last season, he has been in vaudeville. No one, not even Doug himself, has taken greater chances with his flesh and bones than Larkin. He relates stories of thrilling escapades and of accidents which sent him to a hospital cot in a story forecasting his plans for the future.

Then into the future "Movie Weekly" takes you with the first story about the picture everyone has wanted to see since movies were invented. "Ben Hur" is coming to the screen at last. Who will give life to that famous role? Will it be Rodolph Valentino?

And Charles Ray is about to create his screen masterpiece. "Movie Weekly" offers its readers a foretaste of what Ray will do with the character of Miles Standish in his forthcoming production, "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Florence Vidor has taken a place as the representative American girl of the type everyone admires. Miss Vidor is not only a capable actress, but a thinker and an entertaining writer. She has posed the question, "Is the American girl a hypocrite?" and answers it intelligently because of her present work in the famous flapper role in Booth Tarkington's story, "Alice Adams," in which she plays the part of a hypocritical, self-seeking, poor man's daughter.

"Does Marriage Bring Greater Dramatic Power?" is another live question to those who have followed the course of famous stars both before and after marriage. It is answered fully by several actors and actresses who have taken the fatal step from which there is no withdrawal.

Such are the major features of the coming "Movie Weekly."

Every page is a teeming cup brimful of interesting reading.

The Test

The brothers De Mille are giving the motion picture fans of the country an interesting test in their current releases.

"Manslaughter," done by Cecil De Mille, is one of that director's usual entertaining, lavish, and totally unreal productions. It is costly, stupendous, but has only a remote connection with life as it is really lived.

"Clarence," done by William De Mille, has a small cast, but a fine one. It has no big scenes, no spectacular effects, but it is both true to life and genuinely dramatic.

"Manslaughter ran four weeks on Broadway.

"Clarence" is now in its second week.

When the returns are all in on these two pictures, when the producer has counted up the final cent taken in from their exhibition in all parts of the country, we'd like to see the figures.

If the fans still like fantastic, showy and artificial pictures, "Manslaughter" will win, and pictures will lose.

If the fans have learned to appreciate the simple, honest, but finely done picture, "Clarence" will lead, and our faith in the future of motion pictures will be renewed.

Go to see both pictures. Then tell us which one you liked best—and why.

Which is the better picture? Which gives the greater pleasure? And which will make the most money?

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Absurd things the censors have done

Pity the Poor Film Producer Who Can Never Find Out What Is and What Isn't Immoral—Cigarettes Under the Ban in Kansas—Lovers Who Can't Make Love—and Ten Foot Kisses

SUPPOSE:

THE Girl had just told you she was willing to marry you; and you wanted to kiss her. And you did. And ten seconds after you began your kiss you were forced to stop, by an edict of the law.

You'd be rather hot under the collar, wouldn't you?

Suppose:

After you left her you were happy as lark. The world was spinning about your head. And you wanted to steady yourself, to come back to reality. You dip your hand in your pocket and take forth a package of cigarettes. You are about to place one in your mouth when a blue-garbed officer of the law confronts you and forcibly removes the cigarette from your fingers.

You'd be mad as the dickens, wouldn't you?

Continue supposing:

You have married THE Girl. You have established a home. Time passes. Your wife whispers to you that an Event is approaching. The Event is near at hand. You—like all prospective fathers before you—pace the floor, nervously biting your finger nails. At last the nurse emerges from a doorway. She tells you something. A smile radiates from your face. You are joyous. You rush out of doors, eager to spread the news. On the street you see a friend. You dash toward him, embrace him and cry:

"It's a boy!"

At this most glorious moment of your life, a policeman overhears you. He collars you, drags you, protesting, to the nearest police station. You have violated the law by giving credence to the rumor that children are born and are not transported over housetops by a stupid bird known as a stork.

Well . . . you'd be inclined to tell the world to mind it's own business, wouldn't you?

YET—in certain states, the motion picture producer who wants to depict these utterly harmless episodes on the screen is forbidden to do so, by an authority even more potent than that of the policeman on the beat.

If the Censor says it's wrong, it's wrong. And that is all there is to it. It doesn't matter how absurd, how ridiculous, how impossible the dictum of the Censor may be. His judgment is enough. Moreover, it isn't the motion picture Censor of 1922 who is responsible for the blind judgments of what is immoral and what is not. It is the spirit of Censorship wherever shown, a spirit based on the ability of any person or group of persons to define what will harm others.

Don't look at this Cullen Landis-Doris May kiss longer than ten seconds. It's against the law in Pennsylvania to look longer.

In 1826, for instance, the School Board of Lancaster, Ohio, decided that steam engines were "agencies of the devil," and they said so in a formal letter to the mayor of that town, protesting against "traveling at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour." Medical men once declared bath tubs a menace to health. In 1843, Philadelphia tried to prohibit bathing between November 1st and March 15th by ordinance. In 1845, Boston made bathing unlawful except by the prescription of a physician—shades of Prohibition!—and Virginia once taxed bathtubs $30 a year.

So when you read that the censors of this or that state have expurgated, deleted, cut, and emasculated this or that film, do not rage and grind your teeth. Be patient. In time, perhaps, our ideas of morality, of good and bad, of decency and indecency, may be modified so that we may look back upon our movie censors as poor, misguided creatures, carried away by the narrow spirit of their times.

But they *do* do absurd, often idiotic, things. Kansas is the only state in the Union where the sale of cigarettes is prohibited. To be consistent, the Kansas censors must prohibit the showing of cigarettes on the screen. And they do so prohibit.

But Kansas is mild, compared to Pennsylvania. The Keystone state has been the foundation rock of political censorship these ten years. For six years of the decade of censorship, the films shown in Pennsylvania were censored by a worthy against whose dictates every producer, exhibitor and fan fumed and fought. Some of his decisions go far beyond the extremes of the ridiculous.

In the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," appeared the "offensive" subtitle, "It's a boy!" "Out!" cried the censor and it went out, leaving the audience to guess where the child had come from. In the "Four Horsemen," the elision was not so serious, but in "Way Down East," Anna Moore's child, about whom the entire picture revolves, since it is because of her child that Anna is cast out upon an unfriendly world, was politely cut out. Nobody in Pennsylvania who saw the picture knew where the baby came from or to whom it belonged. The adults of that splendid state were left to infer that the stork had really transported it to Anna's poor room, and that Anna was persecuted only because people took a disliking to her.

As for kissing, Pennsylvania, through its Censor, has determined that ten seconds suffice to impart to a romance-loving audience the knowledge that a lover is kissing his sweetheart. It matters not that a ten-second kiss is as difficult as a ten-second dash of one hundred yards, or that most ten-second kisses are of the paternal, fraternal, or maternal sort. Lover and sweetheart, husband and wife, when represented on the screen, are limited to the legal ten feet.

And as a matter of fact, it would not make any difference whether the limit was twenty, thirty or fifty seconds. The producer who is building toward a climax, who is creating dramatic suspense, or who is planning a surprising denouement—he is given no consideration. He is confined to

(*Continued on page 29*)

New picture invention

Teleview Makes Actors Appear as if in Flesh Your Hand Instead

FLAPPING GETS A FRESH START!
In the picture, "Mars Calling," the girls of that far-off planet turn flappers and take to short skirts like a colored man takes to watermelon.

A SHOE-SHINE DE LUXE!
According to this scene in "Mars Calling," they have lady boot-blacks. Hot coffee!

GRANT MITCHELL PROVES A POTENT MIXER
At least Mr. Mitchell in this picture mixes a beverage strong enough to send him on a dream tour far beyond the outposts of the stars.

NO matter how much you have loved the movies, you have been forced to admit that the figures you see upon the screen are shadows . . . and nothing more.

And nothing is less substantial than a shadow.

Two young inventors were sitting in a moving picture theatre in Ithaca a few years ago. Ithaca is the seat of Cornell University, and the two young men were, at that time, Cornellians.

They liked the movies, but they didn't like the shadowy, unreal effects on the screen. They decided that there must be some way of giving greater realism to the films.

Only a few years have passed since the determination to improve the movies was born in the brains of these two young men, but those few years have sufficed for the development of an invention which promises to take pictures out of the realm of shadows and into that of almost perfect realism.

The invention is the "teleview," as it has been tentatively named by its creators. The young men are Lawrence Hammond, a recently graduated engineer, and William F. Cassidy, his assistant.

I was incredulous when I was first told of the possibilities of their invention. Experimentors have been trying to improve the films since the first time the "bioscope" was shown under the direction of Alexander Black, its inventor.

So, when I was hurried to a strange little studio down in the heart of New York and was presented to Mr. Hammond, I was like the Scotsman: I haed my doots.

Mr. Hammond is the most modest (and one of the youngest) inventors that ever invented. Before demonstrating his remarkable moving picture achievement, he frankly stated that he does not expect to revolutionize the entire moving picture industry by the magic of his "brain-child."

"The invention is destined to provide a more novel, and also a more dramatic moving picture entertainment than does the flat movie. However, it is an invention which may never come into everyday use for a long time. We have made a six-reel picture starring Grant Mitchell and Margaret Irving under the conditions which allow it to be exhibited as a 'solid' picture. By 'solid' I mean a picture in which the actors and scenes have depth, background, and all of the qualities which your eyes perceive when you look out upon a scene in natural life."

With these words, the twenty-seven year old wizard conducted me to a seat. I was surprised to see a strange little apparatus, which resembled an extension telephone attached to the arm of my seat. Hammond noted my surprise and with a smile began to explain the affair.

"That is the 'Teleview,'" he said. "It is my invention, based upon the principle of the old-fashioned stereoscope." He paused to adjust the extension device so I could peer through its tiny opening. "Now, you look through this as the picture is screened, and you will see the effects of our device."

"Isn't it necessary for me to do anything except look?" I asked incredulously.

"No. The entire thing is operated by electricity. You simply sit in your chair as usual and look through the 'Teleview' at the film."

Suddenly the picture came on the screen. I was amazed to see Grant Mitchell appear to walk right down towards me with a bottle in his hand. I almost got up to give him the right of way.

The story itself in this specially made picture concerns the attempt of an earth scientist to get in communcation with the people on Mars. Although I was only allowed to see one reel of the picture, it aroused my greatest interest and curiosity. However, what I have to say here has little, or nothing, to do with the film itself. I am not reviewing a picture in this article. I am trying to tell you that a very new and amazing invention has been brought into the film industry. It has to been seen in order to be clearly understood and fully appreciated. A few days after this article appears you will be reading what the newspapers have to say about Mr. Hammond's invention and the picture, "Mars Calling," which was produced to demonstrate the successful application of stereoscopic principles to the modern movie. In order that the readers of "Movie Weekly" may be posted on this great forward stride in the film world, I had Mr. Hammond give me an accurate account and description of the device which he has perfected. He was kind enough to prepare the following explanation exclusively for "Movie Weekly":

"For nearly twenty-five years inventors have been struggling to perfect a stereoscopic motion picture. Recently we made a successful attempt, and in a few weeks the public in New York will be invited to see the first film made by the Teleview process, which gives the effect of watching real people in a real scene. In other words, the figures in the drama take on a solidity, and the long-heralded three-dimension movie is here!

"Pictures made by the Teleview process are photographed with a camera having two lenses separated by 2⅝ inches, which is the normal distance between the average person's eyes. This camera

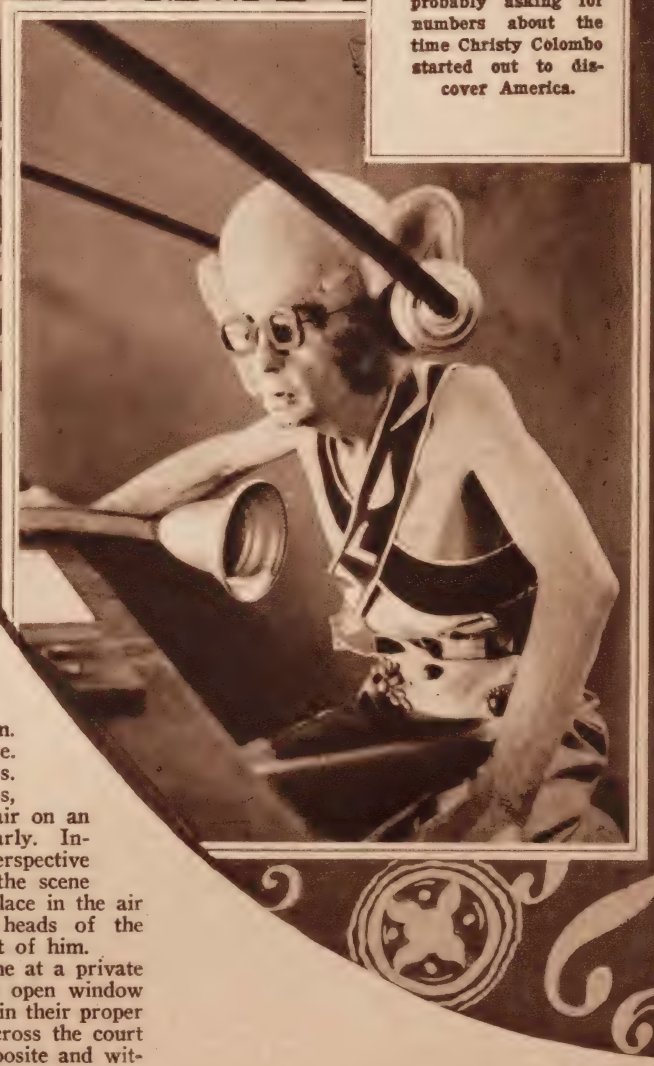
gives uncanny realism

and Blood---Screen Projection at of on Stage.

By T. Howard Kelly

THEIR BRAINS GREW AND GREW!

And naturally their skulls expanded to hold the growing knowledge. That's why the folks upstairs on Mars have big heads and ears. It's their brains!



A MARTIAN SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR

This old fellow was probably asking for numbers about the time Christy Colombo started out to discover America.

makes use of two films and operates in the same fashion as would two standard motion picture cameras driven together in perfect unison. The two films, after development and printing, are each one of them standard films. If either of them were to be run in a standard projector it would give the regular flat motion picture.

"Where the stereoscopic effect is desired, the two films are run simultaneously through double projectors, which are placed in such a way as to throw the two pictures on the screen, first one and then the other in such rapid succession as to make practically one picture. As the two pictures have been taken from slightly different points of view they are not exactly the same, and, therefore, the combined pictures, to the naked eye, present the impression of a double exposed photograph. In other words, there is a blurred effect.

"But you do not watch them with the naked eye. The magic of making the picture appear to live and have depth as well as length and breadth lies in a simple instrument called the Teleview, which is fastened on a flexible bracket to the arm of each chair in the theatre and can be shifted to any comfortable position. For the convenience of patrons, and also to save expense in equipping, two instruments are attached to the same arm, and by means of the flexible bracket, can be adjusted to suit the position of the spectator. Once placed, the Teleview remains stationary and is only movable by a slight pressure at the will of the spectator.

"The Teleview consists of a casing, painted black to avoid reflection of lights, in which is a small electric motor which silently revolves a plate about the thickness of a sheet of paper. This plate has the general shape of the shutter on a projection machine, and, owing to the peculiar properties of the motor which drives it, it turns in exact step with the shutter on the projection machines which are throwing pictures on the screen. This shutter revolves at the rate of fifty revolutions per second, and shuts off the vision of first one eye and then the other, of the spectator. However, it revolves so rapidly that the spectator is unconscious of this.

"In the case of the Teleview is a large hole, covered with plate glass. This is to protect the spectator from injuring himself with the revolving shutter. Looking through this miniature window, he sees the picture first with one eye and then with the other in such rapid succession that he is unconscious of the process, for the prolongation of his vision carries two steady impressions of pictures in his two eyes, these pictures being slightly different and being one in respect to the other stereoscopic. Had the spectator looked at the original scene, he would have had a different picture in each eye in just the same manner. Consequently, he sees, through the Teleview, one clear picture which, unlike an ordinary motion picture, has the aspect of solidity. Striking effects can thus be obtained because the flatness of the ordinary motion picture is eliminated.

"Further, the 'close-ups' of the ordinary movie are done away with. Instead of a huge face, ten or twelve feet long, appearing on the screen many feet away from the audience, one gets the effect of the actor coming so close that he could put out his hand and touch him. There is no exaggeration of size. There is only the feeling of nearness. Less makeup is needed by the actors, and in a near view the separate hair on an actress' head seem to stand out clearly. Indeed, one gets as true a sense of perspective as he would if he were watching the scene itself, and the action were taking place in the air of the theatre directly over the heads of the audience two or three rows in front of him.

"One enthusiastic spectator told me at a private exhibition: 'The screen becomes an open window through which I look at real people in their proper perspective. It is as if I looked across the court of my apartment into a window opposite and witnessed a drama of intense interest.

"The Teleview has no lenses or prisms in it. Consequently, when looking around the theatre, for instance, no change in the house or people is created. One is looking through an ordinary piece of plate glass and therefore, no adjustment is needed. In fact, when looking through the Teleview a real man in the audience may walk through a picture room behind objects in the foreground of the picture and yet ahead of the background. The whole action of the drama seems to take place before the spectator in exactly the same distance from him as the original objects were from the camera."

Now that you have the young inventor's say on his own handiwork, let me try to give you an idea of the Teleview, purely from a layman's angle. To do so, I will ask you to wander back in memory to the good old-fashioned days, when we spent Sunday afternoons at Grandma's. Surely you still remember those family gatherings in the parlor!

The musician and the vocalist of the gatherings always supplied a proper program of songs that could be sung on Sunday. (Jazz didn't count then.) After these numbers, somebody got out the old family album. There was much that savored of reminiscences and bygone days. And then came the treat of the afternoon

(*Continued on page* 31)

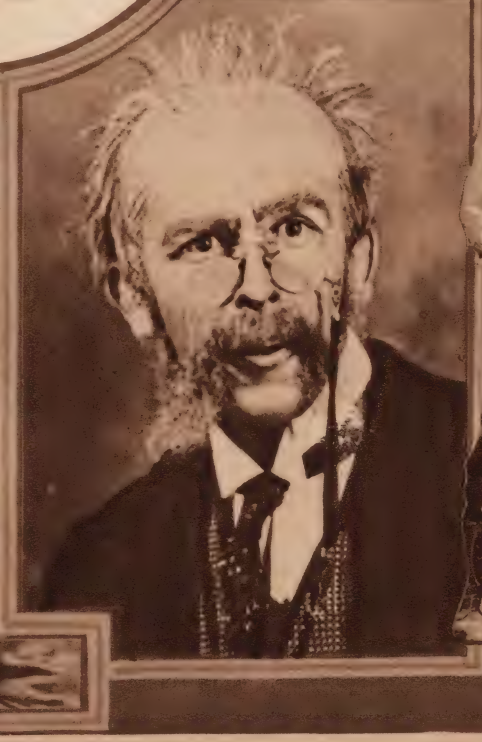
Would you ever know this was HAROLD LLOYD?

"Aw, this here Harold Lloyd ain't an actor. He's just one of those lucky comedian guys."

You're wrong, my boy. You're wrong.

Lloyd not only can act, but is equally as great an artist at makeup as anyone on the screen. You would hardly believe that these pictures are of dapper, ordinary-looking Harold, but they are. And they show what Harold might have done if he hadn't happened to be successful in comedy.

Harold Lloyd is something like Ring Lardner, the famous creator of "You know me, Al." Lardner would rather write plays, tragedies or detective stories, but he has to stick to illiterate Al because the public knows Al and likes him. Harold may have a burning ambition to play dramatic roles, but he has to stick to comedy, because the public knows him best in that and likes it.



What will the Movies of the Future be like?

A startling prophecy embodying a vision of super-realistic motion pictures given to James Craig Gordon in an interview with

THOMAS A. EDISON

SUPPOSE that you have gone to the play. The curtain has gone up, disclosing a splendid library, lighted beguilingly with orange lamps; its walls concealed by towering mahogany shelves, weighted with costly editions in old bindings of green and red and gold.

In the center, facing each other, stand the lover and the father of the girl. The father is pointing a revolver at the other's heart.

You can hear their hoarse breathing. You can smell the elusive sweetness of the flowers on the desk.

Is the old man about to commit murder?

His forefinger tightens around the trigger of his weapon. A blue gleam of hate is in the old man's eyes. He——

Pouf!

You rub your eyes in bewilderment—for young man and old, lamps and books, shelves and desk and flowers have melted silently into invisibility. One moment you saw them. The next moment they vanished. Instead, here is the heroine playing with a terrier in the garden!

Suddenly you understand. It was not a real library; not a real stage; not even real human beings that you were watching.

What you saw were the motion pictures that we shall all some day see; the motion pictures of the future!

Eventually it will be impossible to know whether you are seeing pictures or reality—so vast will be the improvement over our screenings of today.

The authority for this statement is no idle dreamer, smoking the drugged pipe of a prophet. It is no less than the father of the motion picture—Thomas A. Edison.

"The movies?" cried Mr. Edison, when I talked with him one morning. "The movies? They are in their infancy. They are to be subject to vast improvements—with the whole fields of perspective and color yet to be mastered. Like the phonograph, the motion picture of the future will be a much greater marvel."

I was thrilled to hear Edison speak of screens, and films and action cameras, because I knew that the quiet, gray-haired man who had received me in his office, at the Orange laboratories in New Jersey, had made possible not alone the phonograph and the electric light, but had also invented the modern motion picture art.

To hear him forecasting the future of that art was to me of signal and permanent interest.

"You mean," I prompted, "that as invention proceeds in the pictures, the flat appearance will be done away with; that the figures will stand out from the background, as if they were bodily realities, instead of photographs; that the third dimension will be visible?"

"Precisely. You remember that beloved toy of the last generation, the stereoscope? You held it by a little folding handle pressing its lenses against your eyes, like opera glasses. Through these lenses you would look at a double picture in a sliding rack in front of you. The illusion was exceedingly convincing. The foregoing was differentiated from the background; objects seemed to assume solidity. Such an effect does not now exist on the screen. The imagination of the beholder fills out the needed perspective. But the coming the motion pictures will be freed of such an obvious defect."

"And then," I prompted again, "when color photography is perfected, the illusion will be complete?"

"There will never be perfection," he replied. "There is no such thing on the earth. As we conquer one difficulty, we find another. There is always room for improvement. There always *will* be room for improvement. But we have only begun to improve the motion pictures; the possibilities are boundless."

What Mr. Edison predicted, no man active in the motion picture business today, or familiar with the work that is going on behind the closed doors of laboratories will attempt to discredit. Perhaps the fulfillment of his prophecy will come with a suddenness that will startle the old inventor himself.

Indeed, already a young inventor, Lawrence Hammond, has announced the arrival of the motion picture with depth. At a recent New York demonstration of a device based upon the stereoscopic idea as told on another page, Mr. Hammond gave proof of his invention's ability to remove the sense of flatness that the ordinary motion picture produces. The Teleview Corporation has been organized to bring the young Cornell inventor's device into general use in picture theatres. In order to secure the "third dimension," Mr. Hammond states that the use of a special camera with two lenses is responsible for making the original picture from which this new and remarkable effect is produced. By viewing the film through an attachment to the seat, movie fans get the impression that the actors are coming "right out of the picture."

I am not prepared to say whether Mr. Edison is working on any of the fascinating problems which he has indicated are waiting to be solved. But I do know that such experiments are being conducted by inventors all over the United States. Yearly the Patent Office in Washington is deluged with applications from men who believe they have found a solution. Already the idea of talking pictures is being revived, with the bringing across the Atlantic of the De Forest Talking Pictures. A big corporation in New York has been formed to exploit a type of colored picture said to be new in principle. It would be hard to say that these developments are those which the greatest inventor of modern times had forecast.

But who will fail to agree with him in his estimate of the years that lie beyond?

Who, remembering how the candle gave place to the oil lamp, and the lamp to the gas bracket, and that to the electric light, would scoff at such a prospect? The inventor Morse strung a wire, over which he could send cipher speech. Then Bell made the wires carry speech itself. And when Marconi cried that he needed no wires, the world laughed! But Marconi, and those who came after him, sent sound across wide spaces, controlled by a new and mysterious agency in which the wires played no part at all.

The submarine and the aeroplane have come to mock the mockers! The wonders of science continue to unwind themselves through history. There need be no doubt that Edison's prophecy will be fulfilled.

With the dawn of each day comes new promises of what the photoplay of the future will be like. The Teleview is around the corner. It will be shown in a Broadway theatre before this year is over. Other inventors are hastening to follow in the wake of young Hammond.

Maude Adams, for instance, only recently announced that she had developed a new means of projection machine lighting, by means of which motion pictures might be shown in broad daylight. If her invention is successful, it means that the films, instead of being confined to the shadows, will invade the out-of-doors, that like the radio they may accompany the camper on his trips, and instead of being shown only in the theatre, they may employ the settings of Nature for the background on which they are projected.

The Eastman Kodak Company has come to the fore with a new color process during recent months. At an exhibition given in the luxurious Eastman Theatre in Rochester, a few examples of color photography from which were absent all traces of overlapping, vagueness, and unreality of tone, were shown.

A few years may change the motion picture so completely that we shall be unable to recognize our poor black and white, two-dimensional dramas and comedies of today.

We may go to the motion picture theatre, peer into a tube and see—not shadows, not figures in black and white, but human beings, going through extraordinary trials, drama comedy, spectacle, against natural settings, so real that Nature herself will seem artificial beside them.

Science treads across continents in boots no longer of seven league strides, but of seven thousand leagues. We barely foresee the scope of the future screen play.

May we, all of us, live to see such pictures.

New Marvels of

Jungle Lair of Head Hunters Explored by OSA JOHNSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Johnson is the wife of Martin Johnson, the American adventurer, who had his first experiences in the South Seas when he accompanied Jack London on the cruise of "The Snark." Mrs. Johnson has been her husband's companion in all of his later expeditions, including his trip to the Island of Malekula, where he went to photograph the motion picture "Head Hunters of the South Seas" for Associated Exhibitors. The manuscript has been mailed in from the Rain Forest of the African Congo.*

IT was dawn! Out from the mist that hung low across the sea loomed a headland of the large Island of Malekula—majestic, sinister, as foreboding as the dark practices of the men who made the island their home—brown men, as uncivilized today as they were centuries ago—men to whom the world beyond the waters meant nothing, men who had never seen a white woman, and few white men—men who went along their war trails to gather human heads as trophies, who feasted on pigs and chickens roasted alive—men who ate "long pig," which is the cannibal name for human flesh!

A little shudder passed over me as we drew nearer—but I was not afraid, there never came a moment when I wished I had not come, when I wanted to sneak back. Years before, Martin, my husband, had sat on the front porch of our home in Independence, Kansas, and had told me of the strange places at the far end of the earth. The man I loved was a born adventurer—and as I listened to his tales of adventure, something within me woke, and I, too, longed to cast off the shackles of conventional living—and drift with the trade winds down among the Solomons, the New Hebrides—or penetrate the jungles in search of wild life, both animal and human, in its native haunt.

I suppose that it is just as well that the strain of adventure came to me shortly after my marriage—for I am quite sure that Martin would have been compelled to go wandering across the earth, and if I had turned out to be a thoroughly domesticated woman, I would have stayed at home for months and worried like a true wife, if he were safe and sound. But the same spirit that sent my great grandmother across the Middle West in a prairie schooner, commanded me, and here I was, watching the men drop anchor off the Island of Malekula—peering through the lifting mists, and hoping that I would not have to wait very long before I would catch my first glimpse of the head hunters of the South Seas.

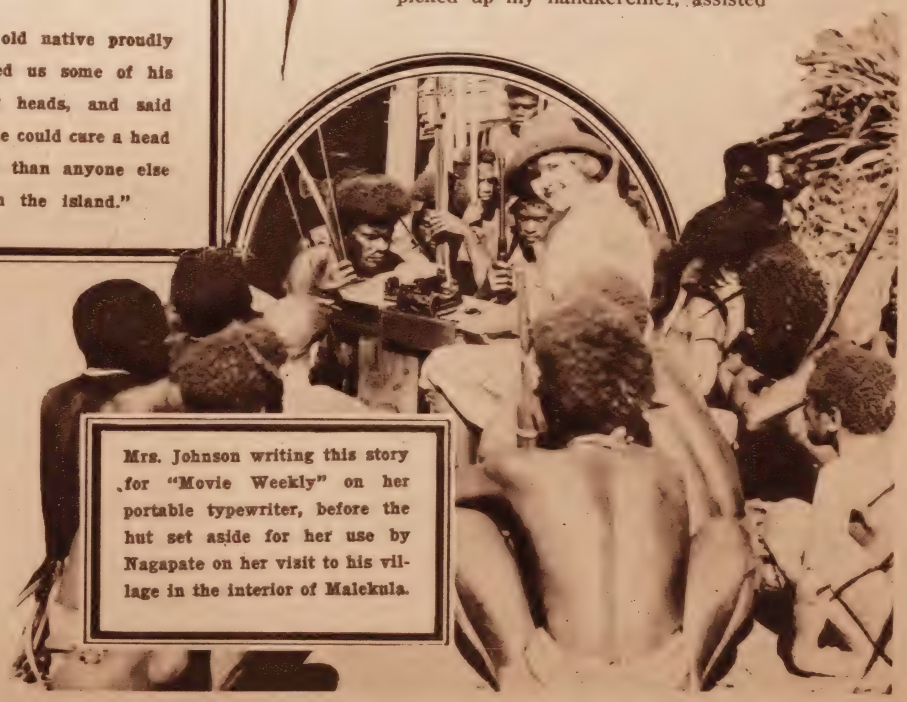
And sure enough, there they were on the beach—sullen ugly men, unashamed of their nakedness, not overly curious, but apparently content to stand and wait. "What are they waiting for?" I asked myself—and the thought that came swiftly was not so nice.

"An old native proudly showed us some of his better heads, and said that he could care a head better than anyone else on the island."

"Well, they may be waiting to eat a nice plump white woman." However, I laughed that idea away, and I watched my husband and some of his armed police boys get ready to meet the natives.

We had been at anchor in the bay but a few hours when we saw a delegation of natives coming out to our boat—and Martin was much surprised to discover that one of the canoes contained Nagapate, the fiercest and most savage chief of Malekula. I think he was the ugliest man I have ever seen, and yet he was fascinatingly interesting. His features are huge, his hair kinky—and also dirty, for water is very little used by the natives—and he had the deepest furrows on his forehead that I have ever seen on anyone. They gave him a perpetual scowl. He was naked save for a belt of bark, and loin covering of grass, and like all the rest of his men wore a nose ornament of bone. That he would come aboard our boat was considered remarkable, for most of the natives of the South Seas will not visit a white man's boat, for the practice of "blackbirding" or kidnapping the natives and making them work on plantations of the more civilized islands, has been very extensive. However, Nagapate came on board, and we received him with much ceremony. He was much interested in me. He took the hand I offered, but as he had never shaken hands, he did not know what to do. So he just held it, and looked me over, touching my dress, my arm and my hair—as if to make sure that I was real. Then he grunted and sat down.

The visit of Nagapate and his men to our boat had a far-reaching effect, and in a measure assured us we would not make a native feast, for the next morning the natives arrived on the beach, and asked for the "boss," a word that seems to be universally understood. Martin went ashore, but they would not give him the presents of fruits, fish and flowers. They kept asking for the "boss," and finally Martin came out to the yacht for me. I went ashore and they not only showered me with gifts, but invited us to visit the chief village of Nagapate's people. Martin was amazed that I should be honored by the natives, but we later discovered that Nagapate was so greatly impressed by the fact that the white men had offered me the little courtesies of civilization: fetched me a glass of water, picked up my handkerchief, assisted



Mrs. Johnson writing this story for "Movie Weekly" on her portable typewriter, before the hut set aside for her use by Nagapate on her visit to his village in the interior of Malekula.

Cannibal Land

In New Picture of South Sea Savagery.

me over the side of the boat—that they thought I must be the "boss."

Of course, Martin accepted the invitation to visit Nagapate's village, and naturally I accompanied him. We had brought a guard of twenty-six police boys—all sharpshooters, and both Martin and I carried a couple of revolvers.

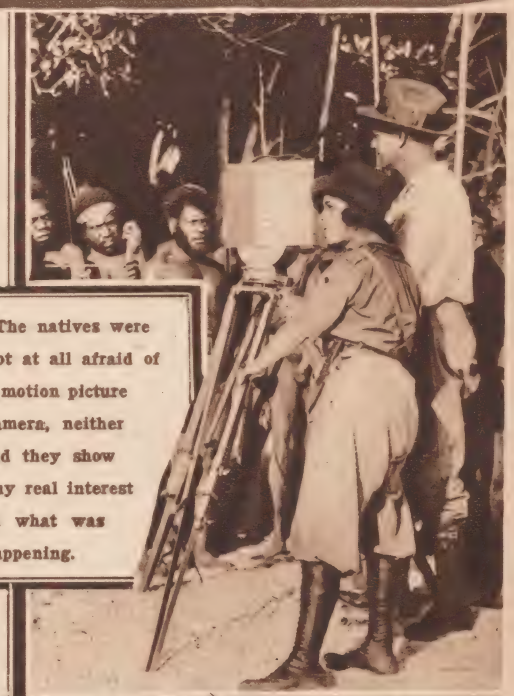
The way to Nagapate's village led up a steep trail through the heart of the dense jungle. On the islands of the South Seas the jungles are not like those of Africa or South America. The frequent hurricanes do not allow for tall trees, but they make up their lack of height by having such dense foliage that they are almost impassable. After a twelve-hour uphill climb, we got to the village. The last part of our journey we were escorted by a group of Nagapate's warriors, fierce-appearing men, and all armed. However, Martin soon discovered that the majority of these guns were useless because they were covered with rust, and later, when we arrived at the village, and the natives were dancing, we both examined the guns more carefully and found that only four of them were loaded. Also, we learned something that made us more content, and that was that the natives do not shoot from the bushes, for they are poor marksmen, and do not waste a bullet. Their method of killing off an enemy with a gun is to creep up behind the victim, push the muzzle of the gun against his back, and fire.

As soon as we arrived at the village we were greeted by Nagapate, who came forward with grave dignity. We were assigned to a large hut of grass, and after we had distributed presents we were left alone, for it was dinner time. To our surprise each man, even the chiefs, prepared his own meal. There were women and children in evidence, but they did not touch the food eaten by the men.

The women naturally interested me, but I had difficulty in getting near to them. They were poor frightened creatures who just worked and did nothing else. By the men they were considered of less value than a pig. They were incredibly ugly, but just the same they all wore a hideous garment made of grass which is thoroughly dried and then stained purple by the use of a berry juice. This garment, so I was informed, was necessary so that only the husband of the woman could see her charms. All the men have several wives, the chiefs boasting ten or twelve. They were terribly dirty, and I discovered that they never washed, water being a "taboo" or devil for the women of Nagapate's land.

The second day we were in the village, Nagapate gave a dance for our benefit. It was a terrible sight, with the naked men dancing round and round one of their devil-devils, or idols. The dance continued for hours, but the men did not seem to tire. Dancing and eating are the two chief enjoymerts of the men.

We stayed at the village several days, and while there were several times when I was frightened by a look or gesture on the part of the natives, we were not harmed. There was one horrible morning when we went out to discover the men walking around laughing among themselves, and holding in their hands great chunks of meat that never came from a pig or chicken. We guessed at once that they were eating human flesh. It made me feel rather faint, but it did prove to us that they were really cannibals. Then, too, there was another startling day when Martin and I wandered away from the village and came across the huge hut we had never seen before. It was a ceremonial house of some kind, for the walls were lined with human heads that had been smoked, and there were also mummies which had been cured with salt water and then smoked.



The natives were not at all afraid of a motion picture camera, neither did they show any real interest in what was happening.

Nagapate, the greatest chief of the natives of the Island of Malekula, visiting on board the Johnson's yacht. Mrs. Johnson describes him as being one of the ugliest men she ever saw.

The natives did not seem to mind our knowing that they were head hunters, for one old fellow proudly showed us some of his best heads, and said that he could cure them bettetr than anyone else on Malekula.

All during our visit to Nagapate Martin was busy getting motion pictures. He was afraid at first that they might think the camera was a devil, but they did not mind us at all and allowed Martin to take all the motion pictures he wished.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson (Osa Johnson) with a group of Head Hunters of the South Seas. These men are of a very primitive state of civilization, and have a breast development almost equal to that of a woman.

We were Nagapate's guests for more than a week, and then as the food supplies we had brought from the boat began to get low, we decided to leave. Martin was afraid that Nagapate would object, but once again our fears were groundless, for he accompanied us down the trail to the shore with all the courtesy of a true host. When we said good-bye he invited us to come again—and some day I hope to do so—for it is a weird sensation to step back thousands of years—back to the days before the birth of Christ. It was a strange visit we had paid—a visit that some people have doubted, but which with the aid of Martin's motion pictures of "The Head Hunters of the South Seas" will prove beyond all doubt that cannibalism and head hunting still exist in the New Hebrides.

Do picture beauties make good wives?

Their Husbands Husbands Direct Say They Do---Many Their Wives' Pictures

By LAWRENCE LANGDON

EVERY man has his own definition of what a good wife ought to be.

Which is preface to the remark that husbands of motion picture stars are equally justified in contending that their wives are *good* wives, as well as motion picture stars.

Many movie stars work side by side with their husbands in the creation of their productions. If the public is prone to believe that a woman cannot be an actress and a good wife, at the same time, it is because the public, through the newspapers, has seen only the reverse of the medal of the star marriage.

Take Mae Murray, for instance. I have never yet seen Mae Murray in public without her director-husband, Robert Z. Leonard. Not long ago I went to the Tiffany Studios on 44th Street, New York, where Miss Murray was making "Fascination." I had called to see Mr. Leonard personally. He was busy on a set. I waited. An attendant notified Mr. Leonard of my presence.

At the conclusion of the scene, he came toward me and I told him my business. He had no sooner opened his mouth, than Miss Murray came walking across the studio to me.

"Is it something about me, Bob?" she asked.

"Not this time, dear," Leonard replied.

At the theatre, at dinner, at home, in the studio, no matter where Mae Murray is, there is Bob Leonard. It was he who made Miss Murray's first successful pictures and it is he with whom she has worked to retain her great popularity. Of course, you may say that Bob Leonard is in the motion picture business as well as his wife, and, therefore, their marriage is an unusual union of efforts which is sure to tend toward success; but its very success gives the lie, in one instance, to the contention that picture actresses cannot make good wives.

Another perfect instance of marital happiness in the movies, is that of Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck. They are "beautifully married," as a fond, doting parent might put it. Norma was one of the half dozen leading picture stars of America before she married the wealthy promoter and producer. That Mr. Schenck is now her backer has nothing to do with their marriage contract. Schenck is known by his associates as a man who knows how to get the best out of life, one who appreciates good things. The total absence of even any comment on his marriage to Norma Talmadge is evidence of its perfection. Norma is one of the finest wives, not only in pictures, but in the world.

Harry Millarde and June Caprice planned their individual careers together until June's baby came and she turned whole-souled to motherhood.

I suppose many of her fan admirers think of Betty Blythe as one of those serene, unapproachable beauties who are always conscious of superior physical attraction; but when you sit in the same room with Betty Blythe and her husband, Paul Scardon, the director, you realize you are visiting "just folks."

There was a time when Paul and Betty were co-workers, but the success of Miss Blythe has taken her into projects with which her husband is not associated; yet theirs is a certain happiness, principally because Betty Blythe is the kind of a woman who succeeds quite as much at the business of wifehood as she does at putting her chance visitors at ease. She is totally unaffected. She is quite unaffected as a wife. Never conscious of herself as Betty Blythe. Always willing to admit that she is also Mrs. Paul Scardon.

Do you want a certain picture of her?

"Paul, do you think this would make a nice page?"

"I don't know, dear. It isn't quite in the character the fans are accustomed to seeing you."

A conference. Compromise is the prime essential of a successful marriage. That is why the Scardon-Blythe marriage is a success.

When I first met June Caprice, she was not known to the world as Mrs. Harry Millarde. Miss Caprice never made any pretensions to other qualities than that of beauty. She is sheer, golden loveliness. On the other hand, Harry Millarde is stolid, thorough-going manhood. An ideal combination in marriage.

My purpose in meeting Mr. Millarde was to convince him that he and Mrs. Millarde ought to make public their marriage. I talked for at least half an hour without making any perceptible progress toward convincing him that it would not be better from the point of view of policy to keep it secret.

I learned many things in that half hour. I learned that Mr. Millarde and Miss Caprice, in their relations as director and actress, and in their relations as husband and wife, met on the plane of absolute equality.

They discuss each other's careers freely, openly. They believe that two minds are better than one. And so when at last Mr. Millarde admitted that it might not be a bad idea to publish the facts of their marriage, he said, "But first I'll have to tell the whole story to Miss Caprice." He excused himself—this was in the Lambs' Club—and I waited while over the telephone he told the whole story. Fifteen minutes later, Miss Caprice arrived outside in the family limousine. Again I found complete harmony and a thorough conviction that

(*Continued on page* 30)

(Mandeville)

Betty Blythe's husband, Paul Scardon, was her original booster when Betty was striving upward toward stardom.

Corinne Griffith's husband, Webster Campbell, has been her director in nearly all her Vitagraph pictures.

Starring in the kitchen

What those who REALLY practice both cooking and acting think about the housewife's role.

By GRACE KINGSLEY

"I DON'T!" answered Alice Terry, with cheerful frankness. Which statement if baffling was also amusing.

Miss Terry in private life is Mrs. Rex Ingram, wife of the noted director, and star of "The Four Horsemen" and other films; and when she said, "I don't," with that cheerful grin, it was in answer to my question:

"How on earth, Mrs. Ingram, do you manage to be both a good star and a good housewife?"

"That is," Miss Terry amplified, in her own droll little way, with the twinkle in her blue eyes that you would never guess at if you've only seen her play those sad parts in the films, "I don't pretend to be any sort of housekeeper; and as for being a star, well you know Mr. Ingram never directs stars!"

"But you do live comfortably in your pretty little bungalow?" I persisted.

"I'll tell you," Miss Terry confided, with the humorous light in her blue eyes deepening, "we don't cook so very much at home—we have our dinners at a cafe, and our lunches at the studio restaurant or at a Hollywood restaurant, that is, when we have lunch, which we often don't when we're busy. As for breakfast, we have that at home, but—sh! —Rex usually cooks it. He is a very good cook, too, and you may believe I encourage him in it. I usually just stand around and hand him things. He likes to have me do that.

"Our house is so little that for the rest there isn't much housekeeping. I have a maid come in every day to tidy things up and wash the dishes, and if there is anything required from the shops, I send her. So you see it's all very simple.

"But I'll tell you something. I'm taking a sort of desultory course in domestic science; for Rex and I expect to have our own home, and then I want to know all about home-keeping. I'm taking lessons three times a week at the high school, in domestic science and domestic economy."

The next person I inquired of was Dorothy Phillips. I found Miss Phillips at home, upstairs in her bedroom, which is also a cozy sort of workroom when Miss Phillips has a chance to devote herself to mending her wardrobe and seeing to it that her husband's buttons are all sewed on. Miss Phillips, you remember, is the wife of Allen Holubar, well-known director, and they own a big, handsome home in Hollywood. Of this place both are pardonably proud. The house is always beautifully kept, and meals are as punctual as though the lady who presides over it were not a star. But most of all, there is a charming air of homelikeness about the place, which makes you long to linger in its atmosphere.

"I usually have a housekeeper who is also something of a maid of all work," explained Miss Phillips. "Then I have another maid who is my personal maid when I'm working in pictures and the housemaid when I'm not working. I let my housekeeper feel that she is responsible for everything. I lost a perfect treasure, a Hungarian woman, a few weeks ago, but I have another good one now.

"However, I really take charge of things myself in between pictures, only I try very hard not to let my housekeeper find it out. Goodness, I do hope she won't read what I've just said. Maybe you'd better not put it in!

"Yes, I'm very busy in between pictures, what with having photographs taken, assembling wardrobe for my next picture, reading and studying my new role, *and* being housekeeper. In between my last two pictures, while I was without a housekeeper or maid, I took charge of my house also. I held the manuscript of my role in one hand and read it, while I stirred puddings and basted roasts with the other.

"Allen was good enough to say my cooking was the best he had eaten in a long time. Oh, yes, I'm a pretty good cook. No, I didn't learn at home. My mother, her two sisters and a maid-of-all-work did the work at home, and I was always going off somewhere to boarding school or studying dancing and dramatics when I was at home. I learned to cook when Allen and I were first married, when we lived in a tiny New York apartment, and salaries weren't what they are now.

"My husband didn't say anything about my general housekeeping during the period of our maidlessness, which I mentioned as occurring between pictures, except once when he couldn't find his laundry. What he said then, though, was plenty!

(*Continued on page* 28)

Dorothy Phillips practising the gentle art of persuading flowers to grow in the spring, tra-la!

Do you think you would care to sample a bit of Claire Windsor's cake?

In Dorothy Phillips' kitchen the potatoes just never burn. So *there!*

Is Your Daughter Safe in the Movies?

Hollywood has its evil geniuses.

Hollywood has its sterling, upright men.

And so has every other city, town and hamlet in the United States.

Such was the experience of Nina Lamarte, small town girl, who went to Hollywood to find fame in its studios.

Her story is graphically, forcefully told in this intimate narrative of Hollywood life

By LA RUE BOYD

HOW many millions of girls are there in the world, I wonder, who at some time or other during their young life, have nursed the ambition, hidden or expressed, of becoming picture stars? Some have tried and succeeded. Some have tried and fallen by the wayside. And some have never had the courage to try.

This article is not intended to be either a condemnation or a commendation of the film industry, nor of those connected with it in any of its branches. It is merely a frank statement of facts by a young woman who broke into the game, held fast to herself and her ideals, and is still in it and on the uphill grade.

In short, this is an account of my own experiences as they have occurred to me within the last two years.

As far back as two years ago even, motion pictures were more or less in disrepute. My family, a very prosperous and proper one, were incensed over the idea of my considering screen work for a career. But I was not frightened by the lurid press stories, much of which I believed to be hearsay, nor did I heed the family lawyer, doctor, preacher, friends and what not, that my fond relatives dragged in to argue with me.

One fine day I just "beat it," leaving the address of "General Delivery, Los Angeles."

Five days later I stepped off a Pullman onto the sandy platform of a shabby depot. I was in Los Angeles at last. Los Angeles! How sweet the words sounded! Los Angeles! The place of my dreams—the place where I was going to be born again, or rather, be just as though I had never been born; where I was going to carve my own way; use my own judgment. In short, I was going to be "I," not just a pattern according to family notions and specifications. All these ideas flooded my mind as I thrilled under the consciousness of where I was.

Suddenly a husky voice sounded close to my ear:

"Taxi, lady?" And a few minutes later I found myself in a yellow taxi which bore me at breakneck speed over the waterless Los Angeles River, across the old Plaza, and out Sunset Boulevard. Of course my destination was Hollywood, Hollywood, the hub of the picture world. I knew nothing about the place except that it was the most talked of spot on earth—the most maligned—the most envied.

For those who are uninformed, let me say that there is much more to Hollywood beside moving pictures, but since the largest studios excepting one, are located there, and since the life and business of the place is to a great extent dependent on the activities of the picture people, one quite naturally thinks of films and Hollywood in one breath.

And so one may justly say that Hollywood, being the expression of picturedom, is like a siren, possessing an indefinable fascination which enslaves one. One quickly feels toward the spot as one would toward a person. She makes you serve her, propitiate her weaknesses, pardon her indulgences, and last, but not least, partake of her very life-blood. Just how much the movies have contributed toward the throbbing, pulsating, almost hectic atmosphere of the place, I leave my readers to judge for themselves, and each will judge according to the breadth of his own vision, and the fullness of his own life.

The day of my arrival I just got located, but the morning after I was on my way to the largest studio in California. I had come armed with certain letters of introduction from persons who were more or less identified with that particular company. One letter was from a banker in New York, another from a prominent attorney whose acquaintanceship and business connections had brought him very close to this studio. I therefore entered the office of the casting director (he who employs the persons who are to act in a picture), with a certain sense of assurance.

Only those who have actually been there, know what it means to attempt to convince this relatively unimportant, but oftimes officious personage that one is something better than the dirt under his feet.

In this instance I was treated with every courtesy, which was dispensed by a gentleman, but also with the most complete lack of interest, that it has ever been my fortune to experience. The gentleman I will call Guteburg, because it suggests a wall of sound passive stone, feelingless and Teutonic, all of which applies very nicely to him. Having wasted ten minutes of his time and mine, I left with the noncommital assurance that he would remember me, and try to use me at the first opportunity. His business-like coldness made me feel I might get a chance on the strength of merit, but I learned later that a letter of introduction put one on his blacklist, which finally made me admire the creature I at first despised. In my utter greenness at the time, I let hope live on. Since then, I often have a hearty laugh over it all.

I did not know then that there was a gentlemen's agreement between casting directors at the different studios, that a turndown from one might mean one's undoing elsewhere. So I waited. Actually I thought Mr. Guteberg would remember me and call me. While I was waiting I met a fellow patient. I say patient, because there truly is such a thing as "the moving picture bug," and once infected, there is no hope for peace, and no relief from mad aspiration, other than total defeat or flaring success. The patient I speak of was a young woman like myself, still in her early twenties, but there the resemblance ceased.

Geraldine Craig—"Jerry," we called her—was trying to break in, too. Jerry was quite short and plump with bushy white gold hair and a baby blue stare. In addition to a moderate quota of good looks, she possessed a bubbling personality reinforced by an incredible amount of nerve. Upon first acquaintance we found a common ground. Jerry had had assurances from Mr. Guteberg that she would be called and like myself was still waiting. We became, temporarily, at least, fast friends, after deciding that the gentleman in question had either fallen in his track, was dead and buried, the funeral announcement having escaped us, or that he was an infernal liar. Jerry inclined toward the latter. She knew more about men than I did, and insisted he was a liar. To settle the controversy, we got up enough nerve to call him up. The evidence was convincing. Guteberg was a splendid liar. Thenceforth I felt inclined to heed Jerry.

A few days after this incident, she called up very early one morning:

"I'm headed for Culver City," she said, "to pull a bluff. Come along."

I went. As we approached the terraced ground in front of a stately colonial building, Jerry turned to me suddenly and said:

"See that black man over there on the steps? I'll blow his head off if I don't get a job here."

"I've been telling them the truth about myself. It don't pay," she rattled on. "I've had no experience on the stage, nor in pictures, but the others didn't have any either, when they started. They just lied about it. I'm going to lie, too. It's the only way. Being honest gets a girl nowhere in this game. Nor honesty in anything. They just think you are a fool for being that way. I've held out as long as I can afford to. I'm through. It don't pay. I'll lie like a Turk, rush them like a Spanish lover, and use them like a doormat."

We had reached the side entrance of the casting director's office, and with a grandiose swish, Jerry swept past me and into his presence. I waited outside trying to digest the substance of the girl's expressions.

It seemed to me she stayed an interminable time. Finally she emerged looking glum and sulky. It was my turn next. I went in somewhat timidly. Mr. Guteburg's manner had left an indelible impression on me. Directly in front of the door, and behind a flat top mahogany desk, sat a small, round-faced, blond-haired man with a genial enough sort of smile.

"I am Nina Lamarte," I began. "I wonder if you can use me in one of your productions at this studio."

As I remained standing, he asked me to be seated. He seemed very calm, and like Guteburg was apparently inattentive to what I was saying. Suddenly he got up from his seat, stretched his arms; then turning suddenly on me, he fairly shouted:

"What do you know about pictures?"

"Nothing," I replied, unafraid.

"Well, at least you tell the truth, that's something. Stand up."

I stood up.

"About five-foot-three?"

"Yes, sir."

"American?"

"French."

"Thought so. Ever been on the stage?"

"No, sir."

"Come to work tomorrow. Eight-thirty on the set. Seven-fifty check good for two weeks. French maid bit. You're a fine type. Ought to make good. See what you're good for. Good-bye."

Then he brushed by me rudely and marched out leaving me to follow. This man's salary was about fifty a week. He dressed like a prince and acted like a czar, and if his little strut hadn't been so comical, he might have inspired awe. But he couldn't get away with dignity, because he was a very small man in his soul.

That was how I got into the movies. I just happened along at the psychological moment when they needed my type. And that is the way many of the big stars have gotten their start, which accounts for the "watchful waiting" which so many ambitious girls indulge in in Hollywood, ever living in hopes that their day will sometime come.

The movies have made a fatalist of me, but not of Jerry. She didn't get a job as she expected, even after her grand bluff, and she didn't shoot off the head of the liveried negro servant as she threatened to, either.

After I had been at work about two weeks, the same dapper little casting director happened onto the set one morning and accosted me. It was between "shots." The director had left the set. The star had withdrawn to one side, and the electricians, cameramen and assistants were all loafing about waiting. I was standing to one side and had quite unconsciously assumed a dancing pose of graceful lines. My small body closely draped in a tight-fitting black crepe dress, outlined itself against the light grey surface of the flat piece against which I was leaning. The casting director came up from behind and slipping his arm around my waist, drew me to him. It was unexpected, and it stunned me for a moment, so that I remained without struggling while I collected my wits.

"You could entice a saint," he whispered, crushing me to him amid the applause and laughter of the onlookers.

"There's a part coming up on Stage 3, end of the week," he confided. "Want it girlie?" and he bore down on me.

I struggled. My eyes flashed and my cheeks flushed. My efforts amused him and the audience. The director was heard approaching. That meant business. The man released me and turned quickly away as though nothing had happened. An hour later the actors were dismissed and I started home. On my way across the lot, several of the onlookers approached me. One of them, who was a young fellow just out of Yale, advised me to kid the fool along, saying all the girls did it—had to do it to get anywhere. To make a long story short, I didn't take his advice. Nor did I ever get another chance on that lot as long as the dapper little fellow remained in charge of the casting. I want to add that since then I have become well acquainted with this person. He has apologized, and proven himself to be discreet if not decorous, for you see he is out of the game now.

While I was at work for the two weeks, Jerry had managed to get quite a respectable job in a "Western," which was under production by an independent company. The shooting took place on location, which means away from the studio. In this instance, it was near Victorville, Cal. Jerry had succeeded in putting over her bluff that time.

"I gave him a mouthful," was her way of describing how she landed her first part.

"I told him I came from Australia. Was in stock there. Gave the name of a company I had once seen advertised in a Melbourne newspaper. Ripped off a lot of other salve, and gave him plenty of rope till I gaffed him, poor fish."

"Jerry, Jerry!" I remonstrated. "How could you!"

And then she continued giving me a mass of shameless details of her sojourn on location. After working hours it was one grand combination of poker, liquor and parties.

"All is fair in love and war, and this movie game is war, with love chucked in like the chocolate sauce on an ice-cream sundae. Anyway, I'm in," she laughed. "Can you say as much? And I've made fifteen a day for two solid weeks; I'll get screen credit and have a bunch of stills to start me up the line with."

(Stills are photos used for advertising.)

"I won't have to lie so much from now on, see?" This with a faint air of consolation.

I admitted there was something in all that, but tears welled up in my eyes. For a minute I wished I were as hard-boiled as Jerry. Then I related my own little experience, and the only consolation I got from her was:

"Well, you'd never pass on location. If you are going into the game, you've got to mix. Jump in, don't paddle round the edge of the pond. Strip and dive, or you'll still be paddling at ninety," she expostulated with a certain disgust for my scruples.

"I'd have hugged the idiot in front of a houseful of gazebas. 'Spose you had to do it on a set? You'd do it, wouldn't you?"

I blinked.

"Well, what's the difference?" she continued. "And next day you can give him the cold shoulder, silly."

"A girl's stock in trade in this game is her charm, her looks, her brains. That's what you are going to succeed on, isn't it? It's nature for men to tell you you've got all three. The oftener they tell you, the more you are worth. If you don't let them tell you, you soon won't be worth anything. God gave you a lot of things—heaps more than he gave me, but he didn't give you an overdose of wits, Nina Lamarte."

After this harangue, Jerry settled down for a moment with a sort of satisfaction as though she had done her duty.

DON'T MISS A LINE OF THIS REMARKABLE STORY OF THE REAL HOLLYWOOD

"Is Your Daughter Safe in the Movies?" is the fairest narrative of life in the film metropolis of California ever written.

It doesn't spare the evil geniuses of the films.

But it does give credit where credit is due.

Read it to the end. It is as good as a round trip ticket to Los Angeles.

Jerry represents a type, a type found in great numbers hovering about the various studios. Refined girls are compelled to meet her sort, but not obliged to emulate her.

What Jerry had said disgusted me, yet I could not help but admit there was sound logic in her words, since all about me there was daily evidence of success attained by this method on the part of girls far less attractive, less desirable, less capable, than myself. Girls who virtually had stepped from the gutter of obscurity into flaring recognition overnight. Girls who got their first chance in just that way. Some of them from good Christian homes, well educated, with ample funds, who when face to face with opportunity had seized the chance to get a start. What becomes of them? We shall see later.

It was shortly after this that I met Jack Carter. Jack was an all-round actor of some years standing and considerable reputation. Jack had a good little wife, a non-professional, who worshipped him and let him do as he pleased. Jack knew everybody about the studios; seemed on intimate terms with the head officials; was always lavish in his expenditures, circumspect in his remarks, and never seemed to worry about work.

I was standing on the corner of Sunset and Western Avenues one morning waiting for the cross-town car, when Jack Carter drew up at the curb in a new blue Roamer.

"Going South?" he asked and brought his car to a halt, then opened the door and invited me in. I was headed in that direction, so I gladly accepted the drive.

"Why so blue?" he queried, looking at me blandly. "Things going wrong?"

"I'm disgusted!" I replied. "It's all such a rotten game!"

"There's another way," he was quick to observe. "Don't have to take a thing from any of them if you don't want to. It's the way lots of men get there, honey."

To my inquiring look he answered:

"Greasing."

Jack knew I was in good circumstances—that I had come to Hollywood to succeed for the sheer love of success—that the money part was a secondary consideration.

"It's a good steer, girl," he added in an unconcerned way. "You know that old gatekeeper at the studio? Well, he's your boy. They are about to cast for a big picture. Rawley is director. He's a good friend of mine, but I can't very well speak to him for you. Best to see him yourself. You've got a lot of personality—he may be able to use you. The big thing is to see him in time, and the gatekeeper is your man. Handle him with gloves and be generous when the time comes—get me?"

Well, I didn't get him at all, though I thought I had.

What I was supposed to know enough to do was this: See the gatekeeper, have him speak to the director and arrange an appointment for me to meet him. If I could even approximately fill the bill there was great likelihood I would land a part. The matter of salary was to be arranged for me by the director—that is to say, he was to act as a go-between for myself and the proper person—in this instance, the casting director—who was to sign me up for the part. I was to be exacting, and the director would feign bargaining with me, while trusting I would have sense enough to stand pat. Then after I had actually landed the job I was to split the weekly wage with the gatekeeper, who acted as treasurer for the trio of himself, Rawley and Jack Carter.

I know of one production which was entirely cast in this manner, and the officials of the studio never knew anything about it.

Male actors are more likely to avail themselves of this method of securing work, though from time to time a girl of means is snared into the net.

In my case, ignorance was bliss. I did hunt up the gatekeeper at the X Studio and told him Jack Carter had mentioned a new production coming up. The use of Jack's name had an instant effect. I learned all about the proposed picture, but I also learned it was being held up temporarily because a certain banker from New York had unexpectedly put in an appearance and there was to be a grand check-up before any new work was undertaken. I learned the gentleman's name. I'll call him Jeager. I had heard the name many many times. It was a well-known name and I knew it spelled upheaval with a big "U." I turned suddenly from the gatekeeper and marched around the outside of the lot to the main office door, asked to see Mr. Jeager; sent in my card, and to my amazement was received by him.

"Yes, you are the man!" I burst out suddenly as I stood before a tall, well-groomed, typical New York gentleman. "Don't you remember me at all?" and I came a little closer and held out my hand.

Jeager stared at me disconcertedly. Finally, with the poise of distinction, he shook hands and said:

"You here?"

"I'm in the movies," I dared, "I mean I'm trying to get in."

Then I began spilling my griefs, alternately arousing his interest and commanding his respect.

"And I'm here to untangle the mess," he confided, after we had reminisced and then discussed "movie things."

"You've got the clearest insight into this situation I've heard of yet," he suddenly commented. "How would you like to work for me right on this lot?"

For a minute everything turned pink before my eyes. Then he added:

"Be a spy. I mean, get the evidence. We've got to have it. Bribery and graft are destroying our investment. I can trust you. Will you do it? I'll find a position for you which will permit you to move freely about the place, and I can trust you. What's the answer?"

I am proud to say I never hesitated a minute.

"No," I replied firmly but calmly. "I have cast my lot with the people you would have me spy upon. While I disapprove of graft and immorality, I believe the evidence you wish to gather will not solve the problem. The trouble is higher up. In many instances these poor fools are only emulating

(*Continued on page 29*)

Another old favorite

"The Old Homestead" the Latest Melodrama to be in the "Bondboy" --- At

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD" (Paramount)

"WAY DOWN EAST" having begun the fad for reviving old melodramas, we are now having a screen epidemic of all the old favorites of a generation ago. "The Old Homestead" is is the latest of these to be picturized. Everyone who has seen the play knows what real human interest it has, how sympathetic the characters of the story are. The story is so real that you almost feel it is your own old homestead that you are looking at.

Theodore Roberts plays the part of the kindly old Uncle Josh—if you can imagine anyone better for this role than our old friend Theodore, you have a good imagination. And George Fawcett, another delightful character actor, plays Eph Holbrook, the conventional old man who holds the mortgage; whoever heard of a melodrama without a mortgage on the old homestead?

Harrison Ford is Reuben, the son who is wrongly suspected of stealing, and Fritzi Ridgway looks charming and does well as Reuben's sweetheart. T. Roy Barnes is delightful as Happy Jack the tramp, and James Mason is made up to look so insignificant that you are glad to think of him as the villain.

Probably most of you have seen "The Old Homestead" and know what it is all about; Eph Holbrook, the storekeeper, has a large sum of money stolen and circumstances point to Reuben as the thief. Reuben is jailed in the cell with Happy Jack, the tramp, who induces him to run away.

His flight convinces even Reuben's family of his guilt, and Uncle Josh begins the hopeless task of repaying the stolen money so Reuben won't be prosecuted. Then we see the stock being sold to raise the money, then the house furnishings, and finally the old homestead itself is to be auctioned off. But a terrific hurricane prevents the sale; old Eph Holbrook's son, Lem, confesses to his guilt to free his conscience, so Eph makes restitution to Uncle Josh. Reuben comes home at last and there is the good old melodramatic happy ending.

Theodore Roberts makes a kindly old "Uncle Josh" in "The Old Homestead," and Fritzi Ridgway plays Ann.

The chief thrill, of course, comes in the hurricane scene, which is a real masterpiece. And of course no storm scene would be complete without the hero saving the heroine.

Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods deserve mention for their adaptation of the old Denman Thompson play. The direction by James Cruze was a masterly piece of work. As a rule, we have grown away from the old style of thriller, but every now and then there is something refreshing about a good old-fashioned melodrama. "The Old Homestead" has not lived all these years without a reason.

Marjorie Daw lets loose the flood gates in "The Lone Hand."

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"THE FACE IN THE FOG" (Cosmopolitan-Paramount)

The Barrymores have turned to detective stories. First, John comes along in "Sherlock Holmes" and then his brother Lionel stars in "The Face in the Fog," one of Jack Boyle's Boston Blackie stories. Of course you can always rely on a Boston Blackie story to have a certain amount of suspense, even if sometimes the plot does get slightly out of hand.

Lionel Barrymore, in this story, plays Boston Blackie Dawson, a reformed crook who accidentally gets involved in an intrigue concerning the Russian crown jewels, a Russian princess, Bolshevists, and all sorts of adventures. So many adventures, in fact, that there is scarcely enough time left for characterization and none of the actors seems very real. The plot is similar to one hundred other plots, with a few little variations, such as the hiding of the crown jewels in a beggar's crutch as a means of smuggling them into the United States.

Mr. Barrymore has an expert company of actors in his support; in fact, the program is quite justified in calling it an "all-star cast." Seena Owen as the Russian princess looks regal, and Mary MacLaren as Blackie's wife has very little to do except stand around. Louis Wolheim's face is the one mentioned in the title—and considering that he played the title role of "The Hairy Ape" on Broadway, you can surmise that he wouldn't cause Apollo any jealous uneasiness.

And Lowell Sherman—at last, girls, Lowell is given a chance to make love honestly, so the heroine doesn't have to say, "You brute!" It's a real treat to see him un-villained.

Incidentally, if I ever have a chance to reform the movies, I know just what I shall do first. I am going to see to it that when a heroine receives a note telling her that her beloved is in danger at a certain address, she does not dash out immediately without even making inquiries by phone or taking someone along for protection—unless, of course, the audience is supposed to believe that she is a little weak in the mentality.

Outside of that, the direction by Alan Crosland is well done, and the fog scenes are photographic masterpieces.

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"THE BOND BOY" (Inspiration-First National)

Ever since Richard Barthelmess made "Tol'able David," his fans have been waiting to see him in another picture equally good, but apparently it can't be done. But just the same this is a gripping picture.

"The Bond Boy" is the story of Joe, a young man bound out as a bond boy, who accepts the blame for a murder he didn't commit in order to save a woman's good name. So you can see for yourself that there is nothing startlingly orginal about the main features of the plot. It was very commendable of him, of course, but it's hard to have much sympathy for anyone who acts so utterly

appears upon the screen

Filmed---Richard Barthelmess With Other Broadway Picture Houses

ALMA M. TALLEY

They're not real pearls, of course, but they furnish some reel action in "The Face in the Fog." Mary MacLaren plays opposite Lionel Barrymore.

foolish. The lady in question was not at all appreciative of his sacrifice and she even helped to convict him.

The picture has its most tragic moment when Joe lies in his cell listening to the carpenters erecting a gallows for his execution and watching the shadow of the gibbet as it swings back and forth. Surely no condemned prisoner would be subjected to such cruelty.

There is a thrilling moment when Joe escapes from prison and runs miles and miles with the bloodhounds at his heels. Fortunately, there is a happy ending when the woman he is shielding reveals the real situation. Mary Thurman played this role, and Virginia Magee had a very small part as Joe's sweetheart. Mary Alden consented to do one more mother role for the sake of playing mother to Richard Barthelmess.

The story of "The Bond Boy" was written by George Washington Ogden and Henry King did his usual excellent job of directing.

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"THE LONE HAND"
(Universal)

From now on, "Hoot" Gibson is not to be hooted at any more; he's to be called Ed, his regular name. Ed Gibson, then, is the star of "The Lone Hand," and the kissable Marjorie Daw plays opposite him.

The picture gets off to rather a slow start, introducing Ed among his cowboy friends, who by way of an amiable joke, pull several of his teeth out. You may not enjoy the dental by-play, but you can shut your eyes until it's over; after that the picture gets more and more interesting.

Ed finds a maiden in distress—Marjorie Daw—because a bunch of men are trying to learn the location of her father's mine. They are attempting to terrorize the girl and her father into telling them. Ed arrives just in time to be of service.

There are many amusing moments, especially when Hoot—Ed, I mean—dons a suit of armor and gives the villains a terrible scare. And the real thrill comes later in one of the most spectacular water scenes imaginable. That is when Ed rescues the heroine's father from a bursting dam that rushes in and inundates the mine. And there is further excitement when the would-be thieves are trapped in a cabin and the cowboy rolls a big boulder down the hillside to destroy the cabin.

William Welsh plays the part of the girl's father; he does not have a great deal to do. Our old friend, Helen Holmes, has the role of the adventuress who is in on the plot to steal the mine. Reaves Eason directed the picture from a story written by Ralph Cummins.

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"THE FORGOTTEN LAW"
(Graf-Metro)

This isn't a revival of one of those old melodramas that are so in vogue for the screen just now, but it might well be, because it is just about as "meller" as they make 'em.

The story is an adaptation by Joseph Franklin Poland of Caroline Abbott Stanley's novel, "A Modern Madonna," so I'll give you three guesses as to what it's all about. Right! It's a motherhood story! The forgotten law of the title refers to an obsolete law until recently on the statute books of an Eastern state. This law permitted a man to will his child to someone else like a piece of property and the child's mother had no redress.

This, then, was the last indignity inflicted upon Margaret Jarnette by her husband, after years of unfaithfulness to her. The child was willed to the husband's brother, who insisted on carrying out the father's wishes because he believed in the father's integrity and decided he must have had good reason for his action.

Of course it all comes right in the end when the mother marries her brother-in-law and they bring up the child together. Milton Sills plays the brother-in-law, so you are perfectly sure all the time what the ending will be, because Milt is never the villain in a picture. Jack Mulhall had the lead in the first half of the film as the renegade husband, and Cleo Ridgely played the neglected mother; she was so good and so very very sweet that you are inclined to be slightly suspicious that she was a very dull wife. Muriel Frances Dana is a most adorable child; no wonder there was so much excitement as to who should care for her.

The picture was directed by James Horne, under the personal supervision of Max Graf. It cannot fail to hold your interest. It is even stronger as a propaganda picture, though the propaganda has no purpose, as the law in question has already been repealed. But it is good old melodrama, especially if you like this weepy motherhood stuff.

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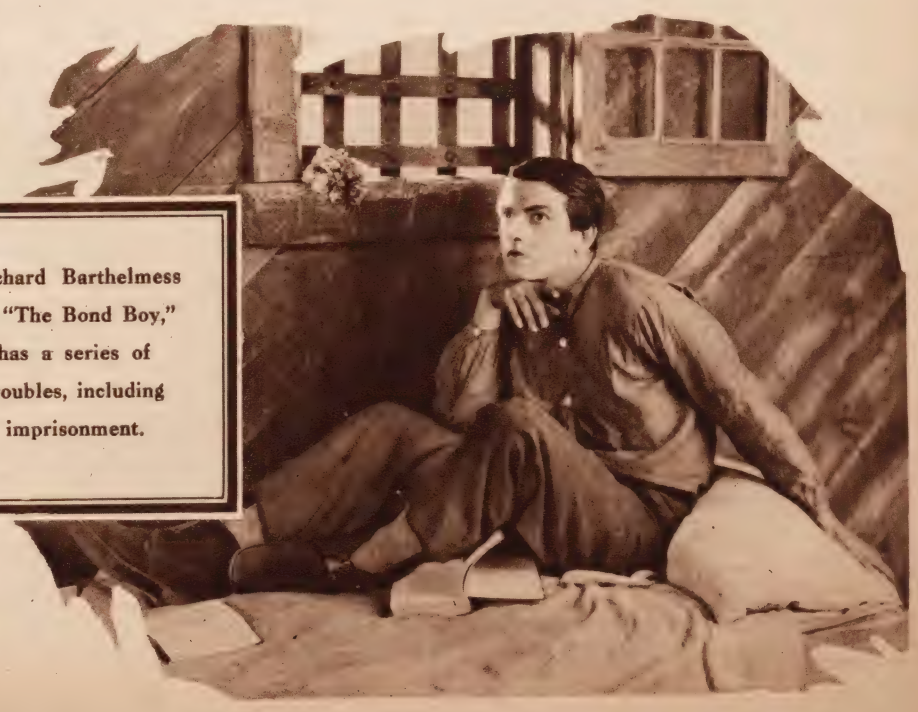
"WITHOUT COMPROMISE"
(Fox)

William Farnum's new picture is a mixture of politics and love, with some two-gun action thrown in. Lilian Bennet-Thompson, who wrote the story, had the bright idea of having the hero aligned politically against the heroine's father. Somewhere, it seems to me, I've heard of that situation before! But possibly it's one of those stories that never grow old.

William Farnum plays Sheriff Leighton, who is induced to run for senator by the clean government forces, in order to defeat the crooked Senator Ainsworth, played by that favorite of screen villains, Robert McKim. Lois Wilson is his beautiful daughter, and at first you think Alma Bennett is to be "the other woman" but she is killed off in the second reel, and her murder forms part of

(*Continued on page 30*)



Richard Barthelmess as "The Bond Boy," has a series of troubles, including imprisonment.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

ALICE TERRY

Photo by Hoover Studios

She married the man of her dreams

When Barbara Bedford Wedded Albert Roscoe She Realized the Ambition of Every Hero-Worshipping Girl.

By **LEWIS F. LEVENSON**

WHO said that romance is dead?

Barbara Bedford denies it. Albert Roscoe denies it. And they ought to know. For they just went off and eloped and got married and settled down in the most approved romantic fashion, after a regular story book romance—right in the heart of Hollywood.

Here's the how and the why:

Once upon a time in the big city of Chicago lived a little girl by the name of Violet May Rose. Once upon a time is not so long ago, for the little girl was then twelve years old, and she is now only nineteen. In the intervening seven years she has twice changed her name. Once, when she entered the movies, she made it over into Barbara Bedford. More recently when she married, she revised it to Mrs. Albert Roscoe. But as Violet May Rose, she lived in Chicago, and as she was a precocious little girl, she attended Lakeview High School.

Little Violet used to go to the movies, as most little girls of her age went, and still go. And like most little girls who go to the movies, she had a particular movie favorite. He was not Wallie Reid, for she doesn't like tall blondes. And he was not Rodolph Valentino, for Rodolph had not yet been discovered—and anyhow, she doesn't like medium-sized brunettes. Little Violet preferred medium-sized, medium-brown-haired, average, good-looking actors, and from that group she selected for the object of her admiration, Albert Roscoe.

Little Violet did everything in the regular way. She saw Roscoe in every picture in which it was possible to see Roscoe, and then one day she decided that she could stand it no longer, so she sat down and wrote a note to him, asking him would he *please* send her his picture, and be sure to sign his own true name to it.

Roscoe received her letter, and he not only mailed his photograph to her, but he sat down, too, and he penned her a charming little letter which she pasted up in her album, and which she still treasures.

Time then passed. She felt that the goal of her childish romance had been reached in the exchange of letters. But occasionally fate is tricky. It sticks events off somewhere in the pigeon-hole of the past, only to flip them out in your face, most unexpectedly years later, and long after you have forgotten all about them.

Barbara Bedford saw her future husband for the first time on the screen, when she was a high school girl.

Albert Roscoe, whose reply to a fan letter started a courtship that resulted in a Hollywood romance.

Thus when Violet May Rose graduated from high school and wanted to do something in this wide world, she decided that she would find out whether the movies were as nice to make as they were to look at. So she tried her hand at playing small parts in Chicago. And she found she liked it, liked it immensely. The result was that the magnet which is Hollywood, attracted her to itself, and soon she was quitting a train at Los Angeles, and taking a street car out to the place where the movies come from.

She went to work. She succeeded. She met this famous star and that famous director, and eventually she met Albert Roscoe. She knew him at once. Her heart thumped. He noticed her. He spoke to her—for Barbara Bedford is an attractive miss. And then, when they were slightly better acquainted, she asked him if he recalled the note she had written to him when she was a high school "freshie."

He did. She was delighted. He, too, was pleased. The remembrance seemed to cement their friendship. From that moment, they were pals.

As if to make the story complete, fate went ahead and made it impossible for anything other than a happy ending to come to Baraba Bedford's story. No vamp tried to win Albert Roscoe away from her. No handsome dark stranger attracted her. Albert and Barbara passed happily down the stream of courtship, to engagement.

At last came the time when they wanted each other and wanted each other desperately. Success had made married life entirely possible when viewed from the financial viewpoint. So they decided to get married.

But romance had sought them out and had found them, and they decided that they would go romance one better, that they would finish the story in the approved fashion, by eloping. So they eloped. But they took mamma and papa Rose along with them.

Thus, one late summer afternoon, they motored from Los Angeles down to the flower-garlanded town of Ventura. They went to the license clerk. They went to a minister. On the license appear the names of papa and mamma Rose—Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rose, to be exact—as witnesses. Papa and mamma then went back to Los Angeles, cherishing the secret of their fond children, while Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roscoe motored forth on a honeymoon that took them to Big Bear and Lake Arrowhead.

Then, with their romantic secret intact, they set forth for Los Angeles and Hollywood. It was there that they were met with the problem of having just a few more days of romance, before their marriage became public. They had no California bungalow into which they might snuggle, so they did the least obvious thing. They boldly went to the Christie Hotel, the most noted of the inns of Hollywood, and there they registered.

And for forty-eight hours, no one discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Albert Roscoe were living at the Christie.

Sooner or later the news was bound to break. When it did, Barbara Bedford told the whole story.

"I really have been in love with Mr. Roscoe ever since I first saw him on the screen," she admitted. "And I believe that the films will help the right people to find each other, and to promote happiness.

(Continued on page 28)

Elsie Ferguson An "Outcast" Once More

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Lewis F. Levenson

In Her Old Role

ELSIE FERGUSON is unique in these days of the ready-made stage and screen favorites. By virtue of her dignity alone, she is the legitimate descendant of all the great actresses of the past. I had seen her work on sets both at the old 59th Street Studio of Famous Players, and two years ago at Astoria; but I never met her until the other day, when I journeyed to Long Island for the first time since the reopening of the vast Paramount Studios there. It was not surprising to find Miss Ferguson serenely receiving her visitors, much like some court favorite of the *ancien regime.*

Perhaps it was her costume which helped the impression. Back of her was an enormous set representing a mannequin display in the ballroom of a hotel, models modelling everything from one-piece bathing suits to elegant opera robes, paraded before the fashionable fans to the tune of "Three O'clock in the Morning."

The Voice of a Star

Miss Ferguson had just emerged from a set. She had played the role of the supreme model. Her costume: an almost crinoline silver brocaded skirt, a tight-fitting, extremely decollete cloth-of-gold bodice, a black mantilla shawl that would make any woman gasp, and a daring tri-corne hat.

She sat in her star's chair—I mean her throne—and spoke. Hers is a voice which won stardom for her. It matters little whether she has a perfectly tilted nose, a darling dimpled cheek, or blue eyes with black irises which photograph with unique beauty . . . that voice! I knew at once why she had become *the* Elsie Ferguson of our stage.

Life's Little Pricks

What she said is inconsequential. It seems that everyone at the studio has been suffering from early fall colds.

"I had an awfully irritating cold last week. I lost three and a half pounds in one night."

"A good many women would be willing to pay dearly for a formula telling them how to lose three and a half pounds a night," I remarked.

"All they have to do is catch cold," said Miss Ferguson.

Then!

"You know I used to play the leading role in 'Outcast' on the stage. I know just how the character thinks, feels and acts, so I love her. But nothing is ever perfect. I was supposed to begin rehearsals on my play this morning. We weren't able to finish the picture in time, so I've got to rush through the final scenes or else lose time in the preparation of my play.

The Amiable Director

Chet Withey was directing "Outcast." Mr. Withey is also suffering from a cold, one severe enough to require his going to bed. But Mr. Withey had to finish the picture and so despite pains and aches and a hoarse voice, he was masterfully putting 150 extras and the various leading players through their paces.

Mr. Withey is one of the directors whose activities have been mainly confined to Hollywood in the past; but he is fast winning in the East the reputation he has in the West for being an amiable, well-beloved and entirely efficient director.

Mary MacLaren is onee more among those present in the studios of the East.

Mary MacLaren Again

It is eighteen months since I saw Mary MacLaren. I must acknowledge that I was pleasantly surprised to find her at Astoria. Her graceful figure poured into a lavender evening gown; her blonde hair and lucent blue eye, still give her that entirely MacLaren-ish flavor.

Few fans appreciate Mary MacLaren, because through some quirk of fate she never seems to get her real personality across on the screen. I suppose that most people think of her as the misguided, bad actress of her early starring pictures. As a matter of fact, Mary is first to admit that these old pictures, done when she was a child of 17, were serious mistakes.

Instead of being a stiff, uninteresting personality, Mary is an absolutely regular girl. No affectation about *her.* No swelled head. Just one of us.

Starting All Over Again

Two years ago ,Mary didn't know what to do. She had been a star, and because of the ill success of her starring pictures, she had been unable to get an engagement, so she was busy forgetting all about being Mary MacLaren and was studying art.

Then came the light. She worked in a picture at International. She worked in another picture. She went West to play an important part in Douglas Fairbanks' "Three Musketeers." She returned East to work again at International. And now at Astoria.

"I've been having a tough time getting settled in my new apartment. It wasn't so much the trouble of finding an apartment," she said, "but rather the difficulty of getting the furniture in. My mother and I didn't have a bed to sleep on one night. Although it is ten days since we moved in, we haven't got all the furniture in."

Two years have brought a change in Mary MacLaren. She has found herself definitely in the motion picture sense.

At the Round Table

The Algonquin, where, as Heywood Broun puts it, the "You-Know-Me-Algonquin Round Table" knights eat lunch, is becoming more and more the Sunset Inn of New York. Heading the list of those seen there during one lunch hour this week was Douglas Fairbanks, who is able to walk into the Algonquin without having to suffer a thousand and one stares. Doug got a table at once, and incidentally one right in the window, where the shop girls could see him. I am sure, though, that Doug took the table only because no others were vacant and not because he wanted the shop girls to see him.

Among others: Vincent Coleman, radiant because he is to be married in three weeks. Charlie Gerard, arch-villain of the screen, who is the oldest living permanent resident of the Algonquin. Johnny Dooley, who plays in vaudeville frequently, and numerous pushers of the well-known pen, led by George S. Kaufman, co-author of the stage version of "Merton of the Movies," and Harriette Underhill, than whom there is no more perfect interviewer of screen celebrities.

Incidentally, there were no less than three fan magazine editors present, proving that the Algonquin serves excellent brain food, as well as entertaining gossip.

The Siren Call

A Fascinating Story from the Paramount Photoplay of that Name Featuring Dorothy Dalton

NOVELIZED FROM J. E. NASH'S STORY

By James Gabelle

WHEN it dawned upon Charlotte what Ralph had done, she rushed to the door and called to him, but he had gone too far, he could not hear a word she said. She stood for a moment in silent despair. Just then there was a wail from the baby. Hurrying back, she pacified him the best she could, giving him food, all the while her mind busy trying to evolve plans to prevent the threatened tragedy. Suddenly she thought of the canoe and rushed out, shoved it into the stream and paddled with the current as though her life depended on it.

She had been so busy in the store since they had come to Ketchikanda that she had not been on the river before. She knew nothing of its currents, whirlpools or the treacherous eddies that had sent so many of the pioneers to an early grave. Taking her seat and dipping the paddle with broad, wide sweeps, the canoe darted forward like a living thing. She breathed easier as she saw the progress she was making. Surely, traveling at such a rate she would arrive in time to save more bloodshed. She shuddered as she thought of the man lying dead in the cabin and the dull red stain that was gradually growing wider and wider.

Absorbed in these thoughts, she did not notice until too late, that she had been caught in an eddy and was being whirled around and around with increasing velocity and violence. Every moment the frail canoe threatened to capsize in the raging torrent—and she could not swim. Death was staring her in the face and, unconsciously, she closed her eyes so that she could not see his presence.

The Fight for Life

A wild thrill shot through Charlotte's veins. She felt cool leaves brush her face. Opening her eyes in an ecstasy of joy, her hands flew up, almost involuntarily, and clasped the branches of an overhanging spruce. The swirling waters had hurled her at a tangent close to the tree before plunging her irretrievably into the maddening vortex from which the only escape would be death.

Then ensued a struggle almost overwhelming in its intensity. The maddened river was loath to give up its prey and sucked with unceasing fury at the canoe with its precious freight. Charlotte held on to the thick, protecting branches with the courage and determination of despair. Slowly, bit by bit, inch by inch, she dragged the canoe out of the jaws of death, pulling on the branches until, once more, she found herself floating on comparatively calm water.

She was weak as a child and sat back, drawing little sobbing breaths, while the canoe drifted safely down stream, but, realizing that murder might be done while she loitered, she picked up the paddles and bent once more to her task. A moment later and the distant sounds of frenzied strife came to her ears. Once more she bent to her task with feverish haste. Would she be too late? With tense lips and beating heart she prayed not.

While Charlotte was hurrying to prevent a life and death struggle between Ralph Stephens and her husband, the latter individual was leisurely making his way down the river, chuckling at his clever exploit and ecstatically picturing his return to civilization—and Eleanor.

Many times over he saw himself in a handsomely appointed drawing room, wearing the habiliments of civilization, as he mentally termed evening clothes, with Eleanor bending over him while he related his hair-breadth escapes and the deeds of daring he had done for her sweet sake. Each time the picture occurred to him he smiled in anticipation of the joys to come.

Ever Eleanor was in his thoughts. She smiled down upon him from the snowy clouds, laughed up at him from the limpid water and allured him from the giant pines, cedars and spruce that lined the banks of the mighty Yukon. His arms ached at the lure of her, his lips trembled at the anticipation of her kisses.

There was a tiny speck moving toward him. He gave no heed. A deer, perhaps, or a wolf. It was rather small for a deer. He took the pole and worked the raft a little farther away from the bank and once more fell into a reverie. When he looked up again the speck had disappeared. He idly speculated as to what it could have been. When he looked up the third time, he was in doubt no longer. The speck had grown enormously; was much nearer and resolved itself into a horseman riding with the speed of the wind. Another moment and he recognized Ralph Stephens.

Brent pushes the unconscious Ralph back into the stream.

Wild fear fell upon his craven heart. He knew instinctively that Ralph had found out his dastardly act and was seeking to avenge the act. Seizing the pole, he worked convulsively, trying to get the raft in midstream and hasten it onward toward safety.

Without hesitating a moment, Ralph forced his horse into the swift-flowing river. In a few moments the faithful animal was alongside the raft. Brent raised the pole and brought it down with a crash that would have split Ralph's head open had he not dodged, the blow struck the river and raised a cascade of crystal drops. With one leap Ralph sprang from the back of his horse onto the raft and the struggle was on.

Brent had not used his revolver, as he did not want to kill Stephens, fearing Alaskan law that was swift and merciless. Now he cursed himself for his chicken-heartedness, and strove to make good the omission. Ralph saw the act and knocked Brent's hand on the side of the raft. Maddened, Brent rained terrific blows on Ralph's head, shoulders, face and neck with his left hand. Ignoring this, the latter used both fists in an effort to take the gun from Brent. With a quick movement, he succeeded, just as the horse, wild with fright, gained the bank of the river and clambered out.

When Brent was disarmed, Ralph, who had forced him to the bottom of the raft, allowed him to rise, backing slowly away from him; watching him with hawk-like eyes.

"I know what you've done, Brent, you cur!" Ralph announced in tones that would wither an ordinary man. "Now you're going to pay—to me."

"Why pick on me?" Brent panted. "I've never done anything to you."

"I refuse to bandy words with you," Ralph retorted. "You are below the level of a beast."

With a lightning-like motion, Brent seized a demijohn of whiskey and raised it above his head, but, quick as he was, Ralph was quicker. He seized his revolver and, firing from his hip, broke the jug into a dozen pieces with one shot. Brent was deluged with the contents that scattered and splashed Ralph as well.

The latter was furious at this foul play from his adversary. With one quick motion he rammed the gun back into its holster, unbuckled the belt and tossed it far over the river. Then, slowly and menacingly, he spoke:

"Now fight! Damn you! Fight with your fists!"

Suiting the action to the word, Ralph struck out a strong right at Brent, who, realizing that he must fight, determined, like a cornered rat, to put up as stiff a battle as possible. He felt that he was fighting not only for himself but for Eleanor, the woman whose beauty had stirred him night and day, ever since the burning of Gore's Casino. He had listened so long to that siren's call that he had no thought for Charlotte. For that siren and the life of elegance and sloth he always longed for, he was willing to sell his soul. Never once did his mind travel back to the faithful woman who bore his name and who was braving death even now that he might not perish. He dodged the threatened blow and struck back, a blow that was parried by Ralph with contempt.

The two men were quite evenly matched. Both had been college athletes of prominence. It is true that Brent was a little older and the dissipated life he led had told on him, but he had the advantage over Ralph in cunning and unscruplousness.

The two men stood facing each other, feinting for an opening. The gyrations of the raft caused them to reel at times like drunken men. Past them raced mountains, hills, giant trees and deep, somber valleys. Along the bank, too, ran Ralph's horse, his beloved Dan, keeping up, to the best of his ability, with his master, stopping occasionally to give vent to an inquiring neigh when the raft disappeared momentarily from view, was obscured by trees or a bend in the stream.

Silently and slowly the men circled around, Brent's eyes gleaming with hate at the man who

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The Love Route to Fame

By VALMA RIVAGE

MONFORD LOREA as a boy had been the darling of his mother and the despair of his family. He had grown into a spoiled, stubborn, highly romantic youth who wrote poetry and knew everything there was to know by the time he entered college. He refused to be governed by his teachers, his family, his doctor. He went from one wild escapade to another, until neither the Monfords nor the Loreas would permit him in their homes.

Then suddenly he fell in love with Frieda Derbarg, the placid, beautiful daughter of a very common, very rich merchant. Papa Derbarg threatened immediate disinheritance. Even Mrs. Lorea, who had stood by her son through all his disgraceful escapades, refused to consent to a union between her poet boy and the daughter of the respectable, but very middle class Derbargs.

Of course opposition was not the best method of handling the spirited young Lorea. His romantic soul was, moreover, entranced by the aspects of such a love as existed between him and the pure Frieda. Of course he resolved to marry his angel in spite of them all and to care for her by his own efforts—just to show them——

And he did so. He went to work on a newspaper and so diligent was he, so well did he behave, so careful was he of his delicate little blonde woman, that her parents relented completely and on the death of her father, Frieda Lorea came into a very considerable fortune.

Of course after that there was no more Romance—no more Poetry in the newspaper office for Monford Lorea. No longer was he caring for his two babies and his blonde, slender wife by the fruit of his toil. Besides, she was no longer slender. Monford discovered that he was sick of newspaper work. He wanted to write a book.

He never stopped loving Frieda. She was a good, gentle woman and his devoted slave. Selfish, romantic men are apt to cling to good, gentle women who devote their lives to them. And she had borne him in all, four of the most beautiful children. However, gradually she had settled into just such a stout, amiable, middle class wife as her mother had been before her.

Monford Lorea's book had a tolerable success. He had proved to himself that he could write a book. Now he looked around for something else to interest him. He decided that Life was the most interesting thing—if one didn't partake so heavily as to become drugged. He began to sample Life. Never flagrantly, greedily, nor indiscreetly. For all his romancer's soul, he liked his comfortable home and his four comfortable children who adored him. He wrote some short stories—a play which was popular, but not much good. He resented his own mediocrity and decided finally that as he did not have it in him to accomplish great things, and as he had no need of money, he was a fool to torment himself about accomplishment of any sort. He began to travel.

Travel inflamed and soothed his imagination. It relieved the tedium of home life without breaking the threads. It satisfied his need of excitement, of romance, of change. At forty-four there were few places he had not seen and he was in no hurry about seeing them. He had no longer the need for the stimulus of change. He was thinking of going into the diplomatic service. Through the influence of Lambriados, whom he had met in Greece, he was to get a consulate in Greece to begin with. He felt that diplomacy was the best field for all his talents—strategic and social, his gift of languages, his tact and personality. In the diplomatic service he ought to go far.

When he had first encountered Teddy he had speculated about her. She seemed such a delightful little conundrum. He had thought himself sufficiently master of himself to explore. Then suddenly he had found himself swept along on currents he had thought forever under control.

He had struggled against the things that had come to life in him when he held her in his arms. At first he had been unwilling to believe that such a thing could have happened to him, Monford Lorea, in his forty-fifth year. Only afterwards, when he could not get her out of his mind, did he realize how great a danger he had averted by running away. He had kept away from her because there was nothing in it for either of them. He didn't want to be dragged into anything just when he had acquired peace in his own mind and soul.

"By what right? I won't stand for it!" Teddy cried, stamping her foot. "I'll look after myself. Have I ever butted into your affairs? Why, I don't know the first thing about you!"

He complimented himself on his good judgment. Then, looking across the Bilton roof, he saw her. And a clamor awoke in him. He wanted to speak to her—to bring again that look into her eyes—to feel her in his arms——

His reason warned him. It would be folly to undo all the weeks of struggle. No, he would be firm. And then he saw her turn her head. She was looking straight at him. But no light of recognition came into her eyes! She was punishing him. The hunger for conquest surged through him. His eyes narrowed.

As for Teddy, she had done it—looked at him—through him—past him. But she was not happy. She was miserable. It was all she could do to keep from looking again. At last she looked again, furtively, during an act. Had his wife been young, vivid, beautiful, Teddy's defiance would have lasted. But seeing him there with that placid, elderly lady, she felt suddenly terribly sorry for him. And all her anger was gone.

He sat out the first dance with his wife. Teddy was hardly conscious of the member of her own party with whom she danced. Except that she was glad he was young and a good dancer. She could feel Monford Lorea's eyes on her. At the end of the second dance Lorea was standing near a door. Teddy passed so close to him that her filmy yellow dress brushed his hand. He seized her arm.

"Dance with me!" he commanded in a tense undertone close to her ear.

She lacked the ability to say no. And her eyes, when she looked up at him, were like stars.

The moment she felt his arms about her, her surrender was complete. And he, too, went suddenly giddy with the feel of her lithe young body relaxed in his arms, and ceased to battle with himself. The music—the rhythm—seemed to weld them together. Neither spoke, yet each knew what was going on inside the other. Teddy forgot everything in the happiness of being with him. As for Lorea, he had done the best he could. Now Fate had brought them once more together. He was only human.

When the dance was over, he looked into her humid, upturned eyes and the blood beat madly against his temples. "We've got to have a talk."

"Yes," she assented, her eyes clinging to his.

"Can you run away from the people you're with?"

She nodded. "*I* can——"

"I can, too—a little later. Mrs. Lorea always goes home early. I'll come back for you."

She danced the next three dances on winged feet. It seemed to her she had never been so happy in her life. Never wanted anything so much as the opportunity to be with this man. And he was coming back for her——

When she saw him once more standing in the doorway, the beating of her own heart almost suffocated her.

"Where shall we go?" he asked as he helped her into the car.

"Oh, let's just drive—up the Drive—anywhere."

He gave the man an order and stepped in beside her. With a sigh of complete content, she slipped her hand into his and they rode that way.

At last he broke the silence. "What have you been doing with yourself since the last time I saw you?" he asked casually. "Exploring?"

She drew her hand away angrily. He had destroyed the ecstatic mood they had both captured during the dance.

"What's the matter?" he persisted, bent on keeping the talk in safe channels. "Are you afraid to tell me the extent of your philanderings? Or have you been hit at last? Who is it—Wagner? Or Murdon?"

"Oh—what's the use of pretending? You know who it is."

"No," he replied, lighting a cigarette, "I don't think it's anybody at all. Miss Teddy Bramleigh couldn't really love anybody. Except Miss Teddy Bramleigh."

"That's not true!" she snapped. "I love you! And you know it!"

It was with difficulty he controlled his voice.

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The Fans Own Page

So many interesting letters are received by THE COLONEL that "Movie Weekly" decided to publish some of them for our readers to enjoy. If you have something of interest to tell other fans—your opinion of movies, the visit of a star to your town, or anything else you know pertaining to movies that you think other readers would like to hear about—write and tell THE COLONEL.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

October 12, 1922.

Dear Colonel:

I was extremely interested in Edith Jackson's letter on the Fan Page in your issue of October 11th, because I also felt tempted to write you a few facts about the much criticized stars in the reporter's article referred to by Miss Jackson.

I have never worked in studios anywhere, as she has, but I do know many people in both the moving picture and dramatic professions, of which latter I was once a member, therefore my information comes first hand, and I feel that some of it might be of interest to your readers, who undoubtedly enjoy your bright little paper as much as I do, for lo! I have become an ardent picture fan and take as much interest in "fewer and better motion pictures" as though I were directly concerned. As a matter of fact, I suppose I am, as I pay to see them.

But, to "get back to our muttons," as the French say. First of all, I, too, felt indignant at what I considered an unjust criticism of Elsie Ferguson, whom I happen to know slightly. I had not seen her to speak to for years, until last fall. I saw her then, in her manager's office, watching her stage producer and author interview actresses for a vacant part in her play. She was natural, unaffected and cordial, and when I tell you that she is the only actress to whom I have sent a telegram of good wishes on an opening night, who acknowledged it and from whom I received a most gracious and grateful little note of appreciation, you will understand why I felt indignant at what seemed such an unjust criticism.

While I have never seen her at work in a studio, a director, who produced one or two of her pictures several years ago, told me he preferred to work with her than with any other woman star he had ever directed; that she was all business, always on the job, on time to the dot and a hard worker.

His remarks about one or two other equally well-known women stars and their capricious rudeness, not only to him, but to their entire company, might be of exceeding interest, but not very tactful . . . so I shall refrain!

About Rodolph Valentino . . . I have watched him with the greatest interest since his unforgetable "Julio." His "Charles" in "The Conquering Power" was a gem—in fact, the entire picture was—for, having been brought up in a convent in Paris myself, all the little details of French life so accurately and faithfully reproduced by Mr. Ingram, delighted my soul, for such atmosphere and accuracy are, alas! only too rare.

Then came "The Sheik," "Moran of the Lady Letty," and "Beyond the Rocks"—and I wanted to sit down and weep, for I thought an artist had been lost for lack of direction.

Mr. Valentino's own criticism of "The Sheik" in a recent newspaper interview, in which he said he hated it, as that was his idea of a bad performance, made me feel that he must in verity, be the level-headed artist he proved himself to be in "Blood and Sand."

One of the well-known directors of the screen, recently in New York, told me, when I asked his opinion of that picture, that after "The Sheik" and "Beyond the Rocks," he had thought young Valentino a very bad actor (R. V. please forgive!), but that after seeing "Blood and Sand" he had to take his hat off to a GREAT ARTIST. (I quote verbatim what was said to me. Of course I cannot mention names.)

As to his trying to break his contract and the cause of his efforts to do so, about which you have such an interesting article this week, I can tell you what one of the best-known dramatists in this country told me a month ago. This dramatist and his chief producer were in Los Angeles at the time "Blood and Sand" was being filmed. He said that R. V. told them both at that time, that he was extremely unhappy at the way he was being treated. They would not let him do anything the way he wanted to, except when it came to the finish of the picture, which in the original scenario had a happy ending! Valentino absolutely put his foot down and refused to do it that way. I was told that he, himself, wrote and directed the scene (as it was eventually shown), where he dies, and one must admit, it was the only logically artistic ending possible.

I asked this dramatist whether R. V. had a swollen head, knowing I would get an unbiased opinion from the dramatist, who is a MAN, and therefore, not susceptible to the extraordinary fascination R. V. has for women. He replied that Valentino had not the faintest symptom of a swelled head, that on the contrary, he was unassuming and almost diffident in manner, and that he was the only *gentleman* connected with the movies the dramatist had met in California!

Of course, this latter assertion is rather hard on the many delightful men there undoubtedly are in Hollywood, but I imagine the dramatist was probably over enthusiastic because he was so agreeably surprised!

It seems to me, after the instantaneous and incredible success of "Blood and Sand," that had the Famous Players been tactful (to put it mildly), they would have realized themselves, without coercion, what an unfair contract R. V. had signed, and would have, on their own initiative, offered to increase his salary, or give him a percentage of the net profits, for surely no one can deny that solely as a box office proposition Rodolph Valentino is worth twenty Thomas Meighans and Wallace Reids (alas! our fickle public!)

When "Blood and Sand" was shown in Baltimore, they had to have the police reserves out to handle the crowds, hundreds of which were turned away from the theatre at each performance. I mention Baltimore because I saw this myself.

When you think that without a doubt, Famous Players will make at least two or three million dollars gross, with "Blood and Sand," no unbiased person can but think that $1,250 a week, while the picture was being made, was mighty poor pay for the person who is making those millions for the Famous Players.

So one cannot but be forced to believe that Rodolph Valentino has certainly been treated unjustly by his employers, quite apart from all the little annoyances he mentions, about dressing rooms, etc., which mean so much, nevertheless, when one is working hard, nor can one blame him for wishing to break his contract under the circumstances.

With every good wish for the continued prosperity of your paper. I am,

Sincerely,
E. BAYNES.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BEST FAN LETTER

Some weeks ago "Movie Weekly" began the new department, "The Fans' Own Page." Our readers were asked to write their opinions of current movie events. The response has been so gratifying and the fans have shown such interest in this new feature that we have decided to give five dollars to the writer of what we consider the best letter published each week. Perhaps you have something you would like to say about the movies. Here is your chance to say it, and you may, incidentally, win five dollars.

Don't Expect Stars To Be Perfect

Dear Colonel:

I hope you will let me express my opinion on a few things on your delightful Fan Page.

I must begin with Rodolph Valentino, and how can I help but speak of him? The countless questions about him made me curious to see what kind of a star he is, so I went to see him in "Blood and Sand," and needless to say, I am also a Valentino fan now, and I think I could see the picture a dozen times and still want to see it again. Even though the ending of the picture was sad, it was a relief to see a change from the usual happy-ever-after ending. Here's hoping we have many more stories from Ibanez.

If we could have more pictures produced from old writers I think we would enjoy them more than the light and frothy stories that we mostly see from writers today. These stories we usually forget as soon as we have left the theatre. I read Miss O' V. D.'s letter on your Fan Page and I must say it is a mighty poor spirit in which she expresses herself about the stars. If we would only realize that stars are not gods to be placed on a pedestal and worshipped for their perfections, we would be more tolerant about the scandalous gossip we read about them continually. They are only human beings like you and I and they have the same troubles that we have, only nobody ever knows about ours while the star's troubles always manage to get into print and I'll bet usually very much distorted from the truth.

Movie stars are always in the public eye; they aren't expected to have human feelings like the rest of us mortals.

I went to see Rodolph Valentino just at the time when he was in the print and I liked him in spite of what I had read about him and I am anxiously waiting for his next picture, for he is an excellent

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GLORIA SWANSON ADOPTS A BABY SON

WELL, if Doris May isn't a trump, I don't know one! Talk about your heroines! Well, there may be those who will go through fire and water for people they adore, but it isn't everybody who would go through typhoid fever!

"You know Wally MacDonald, Doris' husband, has been ill for three months with typhoid. Nobody thought he would live. And Doris gave up two starring contracts just to nurse him. She told me, 'Why, I couldn't keep my mind on my work if I had tried, so I just gave up everything to take care of Wally.'"

Irma the Ingenue ordered tea and cinnamon toast, removed her platinum fox fur, and settled luxuriously into the wicker chairs that are the only discordant note in an otherwise perfectly appointed Japanese tea-garden.

"And Wally told me," she went on enthusiastically, "that Doris went for days without food or sleep, when he was at his worst. 'I wouldn't be alive today to tell the tale,' was what he said, looking awfully solemn, 'if it hadn't been for my wife.' You see, the quarantine is off, now, so I dropped in the other day. Wally was sitting up in a big chair, looking as pale as a ghost, with eyes as big as saucers, and poor Doris doesn't have to worry about keeping thin for pictures, now. She is quite ideally slim.

"Well, here's the crocheted piano for Doris! She's the really devoted wife of filmdom, isn't she?

"And speaking of MacDonalds, husbands and wives, etc., there's another interesting divorce on—the Francis MacDonalds. Mae Busch, who played the lead in 'The Christian,' and who is becoming quite famous in pictures, has just got a divorce from Francis MacDonald. She was married to him five years ago, so I don't know why she has waited so long for a divorce. Especially considering that she told me about three months after she married him, that she 'had a wedding ring for sale.' Maybe she has sold it! But I really haven't heard of anybody else about to marry Francis. However, there is a writer who is much devoted to Mae, and who knows but that she may marry him after she is divorced?

"One almost forgets what it was they separated over, but the divorce proceedings say failure to provide, which is as good an excuse as any, I suppose. They had known each other only a couple of weeks when they were married, and the marriage only lasted a couple of weeks; so it was certainly a hectic romance. It isn't usually the hectic kind that turns into an 'eternal flame,' is it?

"So now Mr. Sherwood, that sharp critic on Life, is going to marry an actress! I wonder if she won't burn his toast a couple of times just to get even for the awful things he has said about

UNDER the ORANGE PEKOE TREE by IRMA— the Ingenue

people in her profession! But maybe he is so devoted, he will temper his pen. Maybe he will temper his pen if she will pen her temper! Good joke, eh?"

"But say, my dear," I asked, after I had grinned at Irma's little joke, "what do you know about Gloria Swanson adopting a baby? Or at least, he's a very small boy. You see, she has a girl, and she thought it would be nice for her little daughter to have an older brother, and as of course she could do nothing about it herself now, she decided to adopt a son. He's a dear little fellow. She took him from an orphanage, but she knows all about his parents, so she feels fairly safe that he will grow up to be a credit to her."

"So Fatty Arbuckle is really coming back to the screen! There's lots of money behind him, so it doesn't seem as if he could fail. Apparently no one is going to object to his making pictures again. Well, I suppose he's had his lesson."

"But going back to babies," I said, "have you heard what Zasu Pitts does when she goes on location, about her baby, I mean? Well, my dear, she won't leave it home with its nurse, but takes the wee one along with her! She says she isn't going to have some nurse dropping the child and denting its head so that it will steal things or turn bootlegger or have other criminal instincts when it grows up! She worships that baby, and Tom Gallery, her husband, is worse than she is. You should hear him talk baby talk! Another happy home in movieland!"

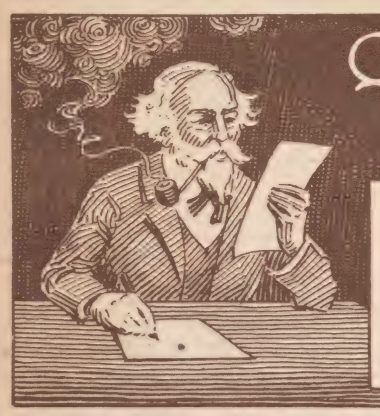
"Well, as long as we can't get away from the subject of babies," Irma rejoined, "I met Pola Negri the other day, and she exclaimed, 'I much, much laugh at what I read in papers about my having a little daughter. Why,' she went on, 'I never have baby, though I much love. I found a home for little children near Posen, for the Bolshevik refugee children. These are the only children I have!'

"Mlle. Negri hasn't seen Charlie Chaplin since she came west, she says, but I'm sure he's only waiting until she can get settled to give her a dinner party or something. Surely the romance has not died down completely. You know, he was quite crazy about her over in Berlin . . . Or maybe Peggy Joyce won't let him see too much of the fascinating Pola! Don't blame her. Pola is quite a rival for any woman to have to compete with.

"And speaking of Peggy—I hear a certain young director, whose mother doesn't approve Peggy, had something put over on her—his mother, that is. The director was out driving one day with Peggy, and invited her to come upstairs to his special suite, which has a little breakfast room, for some tea. Mamma was down in the sun parlor and never knew a thing about it until Peggy's little dog ran downstairs, and Peggy had to whistle for him, and the director's mamma came and found out all about the little tea-party! It was awfully exciting. But Peggy was awfully sweet to mamma, and so mamma had to be sweet back again; and when Peggy took her leave, mamma never said a word to son to scold him!

"Bill Hart has been awfully sick, but is improving, and Mamie is nursing him. His wife has given out a statement that she wanted to talk to somebody about him over the phone, but nobody would tell her anything about him. Well, I guess she didn't break any telephone wires or anything.

"Well, dearie, I must be saying adieu. Must have a new bob! Since Pola Negri came among us, there's not a matinee girl from sixteen to sixty, who isn't bobbing!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL WITH THE SWEETEST PAIR OF DIMPLES—Then why should you be anxious—are the dimples fading away? I couldn't put your answers in the October 4th issue, because your letter just reached me October 2nd. You forget that it takes about three weeks to print the magazine. Stephen Carr is fifteen; he lives at 550 Riverside Drive, New York City. Joseph Schildkraut is 27; too bad you fell in love with him; he was married last April to Elise Bartlett. I don't know where you can reach him, as he doesn't play in movies regularly. You might try him at the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York City. Pola Negri was in New York for several days, when she landed in this country, but she went to Los Angeles, where she is working on "Bella Donna." Write her at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Eddie Polo is about forty. He lives at 6629 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.

SWEET SIXTEEN—Do I wash my beard with Lux, you ask? That's a good idea, and then I can hang it out on the fire-escape to dry, let it wave in the breezes to put a wave in it. The heroine in William Farnum's "Shackles of Gold" was Myrta Bonillas. I don't know whether Vernon Steele is married, but he probably is. His latest picture is Gladys Walton's "The Girl Who Ran Wild." Bert Lytell's wife was formerly Evelyn Vaughn. Mack V. Wright played Scully in "Perils of the Yukon." Write him at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, and so were Clara Kimball Young, Blanche Sweet, Agnes Ayres and Dorothy Dalton.

PENNY LOVE—You certainly do hold your love cheaply, don't you? Yes, it's all right to send stars poems about themselves; they probably get a dozen such poems a week. House Peters is married and has several children. Ann Forrest's real name is Anna Kroman, and Allan Forrest is Allan Forrest Fisher, so you can see they are not related.

MERRY MARIE—Also Merry Christmas. All right, I'll settle your argument. Lon Chaney played the Frog in "The Miracle Man" and Joseph Dowling played the title role. So you lose your bet. Eric Von Stroheim directed "Blind Husbands" and played the villain in it as well. Ramon Novarro is about twenty-six. He doesn't wear a beard in real life; you should see him in "Trifling Women"; he's a regular Apollo. I don't suppose he has a secretary yet, as he is a new discovery among the fans; write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Yes, my right age has been guessed. You're pretty hot on its trail yourself.

POOTCH—What do you mean, are you too old to join the movies—at seventeen? You must think they take movie actresses out of the kindergarten; they don't usually. Movie jobs are not a question of age, but of opportunity. Try and get one! Mae Murray is Mrs. Robert Leonard. Her husband is also her director.

BABE—An old maid at twenty-five? Whoever heard of such a thing? Gloria Swanson may send you her picture if you write her at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. That is the address also of Theodore Kosloff, and Lila Lee and Harrison Ford. Richard Barthelmess will send his picture free if you write him at the Inspiration Pictures Corp., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Claire Windsor lives at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd.

MARY WRIGHT—Yes, if you saw Bebe Daniels off the screen you would recognize her at once. No, she is not married; she is twenty-one, is five feet five inches tall and has blue eyes. Rodolph Valentino is twenty-seven; yes, he comes of an aristocratic Italian family. I suppose you have been reading all about him in the past few issues of "Movie Weekly."

HOT LIPS—How do you know you would make a good vampire? Have you tried it on your piano? Yes, it was Ralph Graves who played the hero in "Kindred of the Dust." His latest picture is "The Long Chance," a Universal production. His address is the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

EILEEN BLOSSOM—No, I don't think you're nosey; at least, I hope not. Yes, Rex Ingram was married before he married Alice Terry. His former wife is Doris Pawn. I don't know the name of Frank Mayo's first wife. I suppose Dorothy Kelly is just like dozens of other former screen players; she got married and retired or something, probably. I haven't heard of her lately.

LORD FAUNTLEROY—So you think a girl doesn't cross the street to get on the other side, but to show her silk stockings? Well, you must admit she doesn't have to cross the street to do that. Elmo Lincoln's real name is Otto Elmo Linkenhelt; he was born in Rochester, Indiana in 1889. He is not quite six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. He lives at 2719 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. William Faversham is English and is in his fifties. Write him at the Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York. Hope Hampton was born in Texas in 1899; write her at 1145 Park Ave., New York.

NON DE PLUS—Now why, I wonder, should I know the measurements of a "perfect thirty-six" or a "perfect thirty-eight?" Did you think I was an expert along those lines? No, Bebe Daniels is not married; her name is pronounced like a pair of bees—in other words, Bee-Bee. Wallace Reid weighs 170 lbs.

ALASKA PIE—That, I suppose, is the kind of pie the Eskimos eat. Too bad you were disappointed in "The Primitive Lover," when Constance married Harrison Ford in the end rather than Kenneth Harlan, but I think you will find that Harrison is the more popular of the two actors. Kenneth Harlan is twenty-seven; he lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles. Yes, he uses his real name. He is divorced from Florence Hart. He doesn't play for any one company, but is engaged for one or two pictures at a time by various companies. His latest is "I Am the Law," and he is now working on a Preferred Picture, "Thorns and Orange Blossoms."

ABE Y.—Hello, Abe, how are all the folks? It's too bad there aren't so many screen contests for boys as there are for girls, but the reason is rather clear. Almost every girl is stage struck, but boys usually have other ambitions—to be lawyers, doctors, policemen, etc. Anyway, when a magazine runs a contest, it usually publishes the pictures of many of the contestants, and no one denies that girls' pictures are prettier to look at.

JIMMIE and BILLIE—It isn't hard to guess that you like cowboys. The reason "Movie Weekly" doesn't say much about William Fairbanks is that he works for one of the small companies and they never send out any information about him. For that reason, I can't tell you much about him; his newest picture is "Peaceful Peters." Pete Morrison's latest picture is "Iron Heart"; he lives at 4500 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. Eddie Polo is married and has a fourteen-year-old daughter, Malveen; maybe you saw her in "Foolish Wives." He lives at 6629 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles. His hobbies are ice skating and golf.

SAINTLYFUN FAN—Of course your writing doesn't hurt my eyes; it's in green ink, and who ever heard of an Irishman not liking green? That doesn't necessarily mean that I'm Irish. Your favorite, John Bowers, was born in Indiana and has been acting for many years. I haven't space here to tell you all about him. His two latest pictures are "The Bonded Woman" and "Lorna Doone." Then he will be seen in "Quincy Adams Sawyer." Gaston Glass is about twenty-six. He is not married. He was born in France. Write him at the Formosa Apartments, Los Angeles. His latest pictures are "Rich Men's Wives" and "Monte Cristo." He is now working on "Gimme."

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL—Certainly I look like Santa Claus with those whiskers; that makes me have Christmas every day in the year. No, Mary Miles Minter is not married. Lowell Sherman's latest picture is "The Face in the Fog." He has been playing on the stage most of the time lately; his only other recent pictures, I think, are "Molly O," and "Grand Larceny." Madge Evans does not play on the screen at present.

M. A. P.—What kind of map have you? I don't know anything about an old picture, "Lavendar and Old Lace"; it was "Sweet Lavendar" that you are thinking of, in which Mary Miles Minter starred.

EAB BLEWITT—Of course I'm a real cake eater; you wouldn't catch me eating any cake that wasn't real. Thanks for the drawing.

CECILLE LLOYD—"Here comes another bunch of"—I read in your letter. "Grapes," I guessed gleefully, but I got fooled. It was only a bunch of questions. Herbert Rawlinson is 37; he is divorced from Roberta Arnold. Lillian Walker was ill and out of movies for a long time, and then she found it hard to get back. Constance Talmadge is abroad for a long trip.

BOBBY—You bet that Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters; both their names are in the family Bible as Flugrath. Viola is the older by three years; she is twenty-four. No, I don't think Nazimova looks like Shirley Mason; I never saw two people who looked less alike. Anita Stewart is twenty-six, and Betty Blythe twenty-nine. No, Mary Miles Minter is not married.

SKEESIX—No, Richard Dix is not married. Write him at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE AND PEARL BUTTONS—Thanks for the Merry Christmas and Happy New Year greetings, but aren't you a little ahead of time? I can give you a list of pictures Gloria Swanson has played in—but not on the answer page. Tell me where the postman can find you.

Sincerely yours,

The Colonel

The Siren Call

(Continued from page 20)

threatened to turn his triumph into defeat. Ralph's eyes were alight with righteous anger, just indignation and implacable resolve at the inhuman monster who would deliberately sell into something worse than slavery the beautiful creature whom he had sworn to love and cherish.

He saw an opening. Swift as thought, Ralph's right arm shot out and landed a powerful blow on Brent's jaw. The latter staggered back and would have fallen, but caught himself in time. Ralph aimed another blow which, had it landed, would have carried Brent down, but the latter dodged and tried to rush Ralph. They clinched, swaying backward and forward, every moment in great danger of falling into the black and rushing waters below.

Brent's quick temper had gained the upper hand. He ground his teeth in futile rage and hoarse curses came from his thick lips. Ralph, on the contrary, was as cool and collected as though playing checkers. This gave him a decided advantage. With a sudden twist, Ralph got Brent's head locked under his left arm. It was some moments before the renegade could break away. When he did so, his right eye had commenced to swell and turn purple, his mouth and nose bled profusely and he was unsteady on his feet.

"Damn you!" he bellowed. "Damn you, you swine! I could kill you for that!"

Ralph made no response. His ears had caught a thundering sound that chilled every nerve in his being. Seeing his momentary distraction, Brent rushed in, planting a stirring blow on the solar plexus, a blow that sent Ralph sprawling against the side of the raft. This gave Brent a much-needed chance to pause. He stood leaning against the pole prop of the craft, his breath coming in quick, short gasps.

With the sudden cessation of the furious fighting came the loud clamor of the rapidly nearing waterfall. Both men realized what it meant. Brent's face, despite its bruises, turned ashen and craven fear filled his eyes.

"My God! The falls!" burst from him in agonized tones. "We'll both be killed! We'll both be killed!"

Ralph sprang to his feet with the agility of a panther. He was suffering in every limb, but determined that this human fiend should not go unpunished.

"What does it matter whether you die by God's hand or mine?" he panted. "Die you must!"

"Never!" yelled Brent with a savage oath. "I'll live to kick your gravestone."

For the moment Brent appeared to be more frightened at the thought of the falls than the fight. He shivered as the thunder of the water smote his ears, turning his head first one way and then the other, like a trapped animal seeking a way to escape. Glancing down at the raft, his eye struck a small wooden soap box which had a lid with leather hinges. His face lit up for a moment, and he turned furtively aside as though fearing Ralph could read his design. Then with the swiftness of a snake he hurled himself against his opponent, only to be repulsed by ferocious blows that told upon his frame. As soon as he could release himself, with deliberate intent, he fell toward the soap box. The moment he got within reach, it was but the work of a moment for him to throw open the lid; pull out a dagger-like cooking knife, then, glaring madly, he made one wild leap at his opponent and buried the knife deep in Ralph's shoulder. Again and again the knife rose and fell, until Ralph lay still, his life-blood mingling with the dark waters of the sullen river.

Retribution

For a moment Brent stood looking down at his victim, a smile of triumph and content wreathing his features. Ralph stirred a little. Moved by a sudden rage, Brent kicked the prostrate man with his foot. A low moan escaped from the injured man's lips.

"Curse you! Too bad you're not dead!" Brent snarled. "But for you I would have had an easy trip to Seattle and—and Eleanor!"

Brent kicked the wounded man again and again. All at once he stopped, and a hideous expression passed over his face. "Why not," he thought, "do away with the unconscious man and follow out his original plan of floating down to the coast?" For a moment he played with the idea. It would be very easy to toss Ralph into the river, the rapid water would do the rest. And yet, no doubt many knew, by this time, of his act at the store, in selling his wife to the half-breed, and of Ralph's pursuit of him. Did not the latter return there would be inquiries, a vigilance committee—he shuddered at the thought of the ghastly finale. No, that would never do. Better abandon the wounded man, take to the woods and trust to some chance passerby for a lift.

A horse whinnied, then neighed its loneliness. It was Dan, who had followed Ralph all this distance. Brent's eyes lit up with sudden resolution and a glow of gladness suffused his face.

What has happened briefly retold:

Charlotte Woods, a dance hall girl at Gore's Casino, is secretly married to Ned Brent, professional gambler, who is in love with Eleanor du Bois, another of Gore's girls.

Beauregard, a half-breed, finds a baby in the snow and brings it to Charlotte.

Brent and Gore plot with a tramp actor to claim the child as his and Charlotte, heartbroken, gives him the child.

The Vigilantes, incensed at the Casino crowd, burn the Casino and run them out of town on rafts, heading them down river. Charlotte meets the tramp on the raft and he discloses the plot, giving her back the child.

Brent and Charlotte start a store and later are discovered by Ralph Stevens, who brings Brent a letter from Eleanor begging him to come to her.

Beauregard, the half-breed, also comes to the store and menaces Charlotte.

Brent takes Beauregard to one side and bargains with him for the possession of the store and Charlotte against the half-breed's winter catch of furs.

Beauregard accepts and Brent leaves the place on a raft, Beauregard re-entering the store, tries to kiss Charlotte, and in the struggle, she kills him.

Ralph Stevens, coming to the store, decides to follow Brent and kill him.

"The very thing!" he cried aloud. "They can never trace me on horseback!"

His resolution taken, he jumped into the water, guided the raft to the bank, secured it to an overhanging hemlock and, holding out some lump sugar, had no difficulty in securing the unsuspicious Dan. Tying the horse by the birdle, he went down to the raft and looked curiously at his antagonist. Ralph was lying on his back, blood still gushing from his wounds, his face ashen, his lips bloodless. He was still unconscious. It was plain to Brent that unless the flow of blood was stopped, it would only be a question of a comparatively short time before he would be dead.

"The sooner, the better, curse him!" Brent thought savagely.

It was plain that he could not take all the pelts on the horse so, with a practised hand, he selected the rarest and most valuable, stopping a moment to gloat over the wonderful silver fox skin, the dream and hope of every trapper, which was good for a thousand dollars at least. These he threw over the back of the horse, and was about to mount, when he cast a malignant look at his still unconscious foe.

Now that he had a horse, he reasoned, it would be almost impossible for his enemies to reach him, therefore he would not need to exercise the caution he had first planned. With a smile in which cruelty and hate were curiously blended, he listened for a moment to the sullen roar of the waterfall, loosened the rope holding the raft and gave it a push that sent it headlong into the middle of the stream, then vaulting on the back of Dan, he set out for the coast, first seeking shelter from any chance passerby in the friendly woods. He took one last look back. The raft was racing down the swirling stream with the speed of a locomotive. From where he was he could see the spray of the waterfall. A smile of satisfied hate curled his lips. He hoped there would not be enough left of the body to reveal anything to prying eyes. With a sense of elation, he plunged into the forest.

The sun was still high in the heavens when Brent set out so confidently. He had no fears, now! He had a good horse, enough food for a week and, moreover, he was going home—home to deferential waiters, civilized cooks and Eleanor. Again the pleased smile wreathed his sensual lips.

After a couple of hours' ride he emerged into a little clearing. He had come upon a small landing, where the river had made a giant curve. Annoyed, as he did not want to be seen, he was about to make a detour to avoid the clearing when, greatly to his chagrin, he met "Pious," the hanger-on of Gore's Casino. The latter greeted him effusively. A greeting that was not reciprocated.

"Well, well, well!" Pious ejculated. "My old college chump, as I live! I thought Harvard had reclaimed its president by this time. Put 'er there, old pal!"

"Sorry, I'm in a hurry," Brent declared curtly, ignoring the proffered hand and urging his horse forward.

"So?" queried Pious with a significant laugh. "Is the sheriff that close? However, I know you have time to exchange a few words with an old friend—especially if that friend knows enough to keep his mouth shut." Again that sardonic, significant laugh.

"What do you mean?" Brent demanded harshly, yet trembling in spite of himself. Could it be possible that everything was known already?

"Not a thing!" the other retorted. "Not a single thing! But when a man is in a hurry in Alaska, and keeps looking back over his shoulder—why, two and two make four. Especially when that man has the reputation of Ned Brent."

Brent cursed himself for his folly in giving the slightest clue to this lynx-eyed scoundrel.

"You are a fool!" he said coldly, but the voice did not ring true. Pious instantly detected the fact.

"Of course I am a fool," he answered readily. "The proof that I am a fool is shown by the fact that I am only going to ask you for that silver fox pelt to keep my mouth shut."

Brent gasped at the audacity of the man. At the same time a wild alarm convulsed him. However, he was too good a gambler not to attempt to bluff it out.

"You are barking up the wrong tree," he declared boldly. "I have done nothing, nothing at all, absolutely nothing. You can't blackmail me!"

"Don't use such an ugly word," jeered the other, his small black eyes twinkling. He was enjoying himself immensely. "Hard words hurt my feelings. For that insult to my sensitive soul, I'll have to ask you for the rest of the pelts."

"What do you mean? Get out of the way, you cursed fool!"

Wild with rage, Brent tried to ride the man down. With a deft movement, the fellow stepped aside, caught the horse's bridle and forced it back on its haunches. It was with difficulty Brent retained his seat.

"Now," Pious said sternly, "we'll quit this horse play. Either you hand over those pelts—everyone of them, or I go to the deputy sheriff here and tell him what I think—your reputation will do the rest. What say?"

Craven at heart, Brent looked into the stern, implacable face of Pious and his heart sank within him. The scoundrel would do as he said, and then—— He shuddered and his heart sank within him as he thought of what would follow. With a muttered curse, he loosened the pelts, the fortune which he had hoped would carry him to Eleanor, cast them at the feet of Pious, then darted once more into the woods, followed by the mocking, triumphant laugh of the latter.

(Continued next week)

The Love Route to Fame

(*Continued from page* 21)

"Now, Teddy," he chided, "you're dramatizing. You know very well you don't love me at all. Love between us is quite out of the question. I'm a married man and I love my wife."

"That's not so. You're the one that's dramatizing. Because you feel you ought to love her. But you don't."

"Teddy! You must understand! There are some things you may not——"

"—Talk about. I know."

He went on gravely. "I'm fond of you. I'd like to see you often. There's no reason why two sensible people like us shouldn't be the best of friends."

"Oh, stop reasoning! Call it anything you like, but don't waste precious time reasoning about it! Let's live!" She laughed. "Whatever you call it now, it'll get us in the end because it's stronger than we are."

"Well, then, we must fight it!"

"Why?"

"Child, can't you see? Because it can't lead to anything!"

She shrugged, putting her little slippered feet on the upholstered seat opposite. "I don't believe in fighting one's destiny. There's no use trying to stifle the things we're really meant to be. They're the real us and if we kill them, we might as well be in our graves, because we stop living. I'm honest. You're not. That's the difference between us."

"No. The difference between us is that I feel a sense of responsibility towards others—towards you—towards myself. You don't——"

"Oh, don't let's talk." She dropped her head back against the cushions and closing her eyes, once more slipped her hand into his. "Just let's be. You needn't try to convince me I don't matter in your life. I know better. I do matter. I love you."

"Teddy!" almost roughly he cried. "For God's sake, be sensible! I'm going to take you home!" He spoke through the tube. "Some other time when this mood has passed——"

She shook her head. "It isn't a mood. I've gone through too much these past weeks for it to be just a mood. You've been trying to keep from facing the truth by staying away. I know. As soon as I saw your wife I knew. You love me, but you're trying to hold me off. Well, you won't be able to. Because I'm part of you. Just as you're part of me."

She was content to let it go at that and sit in silence the rest of the way. It was enough to feel him beside her—to know that from now on the empty space in her life would be filled. He helped her out at the door and followed her into the hall. Steve came in and it seemed to him she regarded him antagonistically when they were introduced. After Steve had gone upstairs, Teddy turned to him, but he made no move to take her in his arms as she expected.

"Good night, Teddy." He held out his hand.

"Good night." She gave him hers. "And remember, I meant every word I said. It's the biggest thing that's ever come into my life and I won't give it up."

Outside he mopped his brow. "Keep your head, Monford," he admonished himself. She gets in your blood. And she has power. If you ever let go, you're done for. Youth—— Oh, God!"

As he sank back in his car, "Keep your head, Monford," he admonished himself. She gets in head.

THEY saw each other constantly after that. In fact, every minute he could get away he spent with her. His family were out of town, which made it somewhat easier. Teddy made no engagements except for the nights when he could not be with her. But things did not go smoothly between them. He never lost control of himself—of the situation.

She wanted to rush ahead with the current. He would not. He saw what danger there would be if he ever let the desire for her overcome his reason. He did not believe in her love. Why didn't he break with her altogether? It was too sweet—too pleasurable. And he had faith in his self-control. He played on her occasionally, just to watch the sudden changes in her face—to test his power. But for the most part he was content to let her lead him along—up to a certain point.

He was always thinking about tomorrow. She was madly in love with today. His voice over the telephone, his flowers, the knowledge that she would see him at four o'clock, or five, or six—they made up her life.

One evening they were having dinner in a little backyard garden on the fringe of Greenwich Village. He felt himself losing his way in the depths of her vivid eyes.

The action so far:

Teddy Bramleigh, a beautiful little girl, who is trying to break into the movies, meets a countess at her hairdresser's and is invited to her party.

At the party she meets John Murdon, the great moving picture magnate and editor of a large daily. She also meets Keane Wagner, who is vice-president of one of the big producing companies. Both men are greatly interested in her.

The party grows rough and she attempts to leave, but is stopped by Monford Lorea, a big silent man, who has seemed to sneer at the ribald gaiety of the guests. Teddy eludes him and goes home alone.

Teddy keeps an appointment with Murdon, who offers to set her up in a fine apartment as his mistress, but she refuses the offer and leaves, agreeing to take dinner with him the following day at the countess'.

At the dinner, Wagner drops in unexpectedly, and he and Murdon nearly come to blows over Teddy.

Next day, at the office of a director friend of hers, she meets Monford Lorea again and takes him home with her. She deliberately excites him until he takes her in his arms and kisses her. She pretends to be angry and after he apologizes he goes away.

Teddy has not heard from Lorea for some time until one day, at Wagner's home, where she has gone for lunch, she sees a family picture in which he appears. Upon questioning Wagner she learns that Lorea is married and has a family.

"By the way," he demanded. "How are the explorations going on? I haven't heard anything about Murdon in a long while."

"Monford," she pleaded, "don't begin that. It's been such a heavenly evening. Don't spoil it."

"What's the matter? Been flirting and you don't want me to find out?"

That infuriated her as always. "You know I don't flirt. You know I've stopped even thinking about other men."

He shook his head. "Not you, Teddy. When you're ninety you'll still be experimenting with men. You'll still be wondering."

Her lids shut ominously. "Oh, I don't know. I don't think I'll be wondering much after Thanksgiving. I'm going to settle everything then." She wanted to punish him. "I'm going to pick what I want in life—marriage—a career—love—money."

His face whitened. "Teddy, don't even say such things! You! Money!"

"Well, I don't know. Money's not such a bad solution. And there'd be something spectacular about being the mistress of a man like Murdon."

"Teddy!" And at the pain in his eyes all her malice vanished and she moved toward him so that their knees touched.

"I'm only teasing!" she pleaded, her heart in her eyes.

He caught himself on the verge of doing something foolish. "A career," he remarked, pulling himself together. "That seems sensible. Why don't you go in for a career, Teddy?"

"Do you want to get rid of me?" she flared.

"Don't be absurd, Teddy," he sighed. He was tired—worn out with the eternal fencing—the backing and pulling—the going round in circles. A little worried, too, about the outcome of it all. "We'll have to start. I must go home. Mrs. Lorea is expecting guests."

She rose coldly and preceded him to the door. But outside, her mood changed again and she slipped her hand through his arm. There was the beginning of a summer moon in the sky and the beauty of the night stirred romantic longings in Teddy's soul. She drew a deep breath:

"If we could only go away—the two of us—far away—together——"

"It wouldn't last a month," he replied brusquely, leading her to a cab.

"I hate you!" she cried. "You want a quarrel! You've been trying to pick one all evening."

"No, my dear," he replied wearily "I just want you to face things squarely. Where is this going to end?"

"I don't know. I don't care. You're not really happy with your wife and yet you——"

"Teddy!" he warned.

"Why shouldn't I speak of her? You're always telling me to look facts in the eye. Well, she's a fact. You don't love her. Why don't you tell her so? She'll let you go——"

"Teddy! I forbid you——"

"You can't forbid me! Why should I take it for granted that I must be sacrificed to her? Why——?" The cab stopped before her door.

"You're sure you want to go home?" she asked, stepping out.

"Certain."

"All right." She tossed her head. "Don't let me keep you. I'm going out and I want to dress."

She paid no attention to his voice, but flew upstairs. Angrily he followed her. "You said you had nothing to do. And now you say you are going out. With whom?"

"What's it to you? I'm nothing in your life."

"Very well." He was furious. And at the same time curiously relieved. That let him out. Things couldn't go on that way any longer. But at the door he turned. It seemed a pity for them to part in anger.

"I'm going, Teddy. But I'm sorry if I've seemed difficult. I've had a trying day."

She paused before him, on her way to the closet, her eyes still hostile. Then suddenly, for no apparent reason, something in them both broke down. And in one second he had done what he had been holding out against doing for so long. She was in his arms, her arms clinging round his neck, the room swimming before her eyes.

"Monford," she cried, "I love you! I love you!"

A long moment he held her while their very souls met and mingled in their kiss. It seemed to him as though all the real Lorea were there in that room—on his lips. All his love of romance—his stifled desires—the past—the present—the future—his youth that had passed and the little youth that was left him. He drew her still closer to him, murmuring while he drained the life from her lips, "Oh, my darling—my darling!"

He drew back at last, holding her face in his hand, studying the closed eyes, the pale lips through which the breath came pantingly. "God! I've done the best I could. I can't fight any more."

She opened her eyes. "You love me, Monford! Say it! Say you love me!"

His eyes clouded. "Teddy, if you're acting——"

She drew his head down again to hers. "No, I'm not. Only if you really love me, there's something I'm going to do. Something wonderful. Only I must be sure of you. And then——!" She made a large gesture and once more she appeared to him the actress. He seized her again and holding her arms tightly to her sides, he kissed her roughly on the eyes—the throat—the lips. Then without a word he rushed out and down the stairs.

Teddy roused herself. "Ah, he loves me!" she cried. "He loves me!" She hugged the words to her exultantly. "Now everything's all right. Now I know what it all means—what I mean. It's all led up to this. Oh, God, thank you for letting me know—this——!"

She washed her face, glowing with excitement and went to the telephone. This was the night of nights of her life. She was crazy with happiness. She had need of more excitement, to keep the edge

from dulling. With a gesture of supreme abandon, she put on her hat and fared forth to keep her date.

ONE day Teddy, going to Johnnie's closet in search of a clothes brush, found three new dresses, a new wrap, some hats, new shoes. She wondered whence these signs of prosperity. And suddenly she remembered something Bobbie had said—about Joe Deimel. She had forgotten that, together with everything else, in the swirling current of her affair with Monford. Of course, there might be no connection, but she had had no word from Joe in all this time. That looked strange. She determined to find out.

Teddy's real birthday was drawing near and she began to revive old flames, to jack up old friendships, which, in her infatuation, she had let slide. But she got no pleasure out of it. Only she had a feeling if she did nothing, when the day came and went unnoticed she would regret it. Besides, it was a long time since she had had any money with which to buy herself anything. Everything had run rather low. She went through a feverish run of engagements—luncheons — teas — dinners—theatres, taking in all the early Fall openings—everywhere discreetly dropping a hint of the approaching birthday. She did it well, too. But it sickened her.

After that one wild embrace in her room, she and Lorea, by tacit consent, avoided any sort of intimacy. They were both afraid. But the conflict between them continued—she trying always to break down the thing in him that stood between them. He would not admit that their infatuation was love. At times he seemed on the point of yielding. This withdrawal in him roused in her the passion and determination for conquest.

Their path was anything but smooth. He wouldn't discuss his wife with her. And he was crazy about his children. He stopped her whenever she tried to talk of his family. Whereupon she would retaliate by arousing his jealousy about other men. And she refused utterly to tell him anything of her past life. He sensed there were things he ought to know——

Steve began to get on Teddy's nerves. She seemed to be always under foot—especially when Lorea called for Teddy or brought her home. Teddy knew Steve did not like Monford, and she almost believed she was spying on them. She and Monford sought out quiet little restaurants in out of the way places. Less and less he took her where they were likely to be seen. Things were moving along rapidly in the matter of his consulate and he expected the appointment any day. His family were not to go with him until he had tried out the new life, and prepared a place for them. He had set his heart on this career and he would not do anything to endanger its success. Nor would he do anything which, coming to the ears of his children, might lessen their respect for him. Teddy resented terribly this being kept under cover. She would have fierce imaginary scenes with him at night, after he had gone.

One evening when he had come in to wait while she changed her clothes, she said, "I think you're afraid I have designs on you and want to marry you. Make your mind easy. I swear to you here and now I'll never marry you. There's only one thing I want of you—and that's for you to give our love a chance."

He rose and went to the window.

"Let's, Monford. Let's run away somewhere—and live out our love like honest people."

"For how long, Teddy?"

She shrugged. "For as long as it lasted. Or no. For less time than that. Let's be great lovers—brave lovers—ready to relinquish the dream before it's quite over—for the sake of the dream."

"And then what?"

"Well, and then you could go on with your career and I'd go on with mine and we would always have our memories—unspoiled. Oh, for such a dream, who wouldn't give up years and years of humdrum existing?"

"Other people have had the same idea. It doesn't work out."

"Oh—I hate you. You're so cold and calculating. Why don't you let go of yourself—you coward!"

He caught her elbows. "Ah, little one, it's not for myself alone I'm afraid."

All her anger melted as always and she turned, about to go into his arms. They had barely time to step apart and pretend they were looking at a picture, when Steve entered. She regarded them suspiciously and now Teddy was sure she was doing it on purpose. She was furious.

"Wait a minute, Monford, till I change," she said, ignoring Steve and hopped into the closet. Steve took out her mending and Monford picked up the paper. He was used to this intimacy—the changing of clothes in back of the closet door, but it never ceased to thrill him. He didn't mind Steve. He understood her antagonism—the way he would look to the world.

That night when he had brought her home, she said fiercely, her arms about his neck in the unlighted hall, "Give in to me. You know I matter more than the rest of the world. And sooner or later you must——"

And quite suddenly he realized that she was right. It was folly to blind himself any longer. She was more than anything in his life. It would be terribly hard, but he would have to talk the matter over with his wife. Frieda would be big and fine, of course. She would release him.

The next morning Teddy had it out with Steve.

"Lately, Steve, it's seemed to me you've been—well—watching me."

"Don't want you to get in trouble," replied Steve, without meeting her eyes. "You're different with him—than with the others."

"By what right? I won't stand for it!" Teddy cried, stamping her foot. "I'll look after myself. Have I ever butted into your affairs? Why, I don't know the first thing about you."

"Teddy—I'll tell you about myself."

"No. I don't want to hear. I don't care. Only I don't want you telling me what to do."

"Teddy, listen, honey. Don't be furious. I know you're clever and all— But there are things you can't know—that no girl can know—till she's lived with men—like I have——"

"Steve!" cried Teddy. "Don't. Steve—I—I don't care what you've done. Don't tell me. I don't want to hear——"

"Yes, let me, hon. I've always felt I owed it to you. After all, you've got the right to decide if you want to live with a girl like me——"

"Steve—please don't. Whatever you've done or been doesn't matter. You're the squarest, best girl in the world and you're my friend and that's enough——"

Tears came to the eyes of the older girl. "Thanks, Teddy. It's wonderful of you to feel that way. I always knew you would. But one thing you ought to know—for your own good. You don't believe girls ever have to pay. Some do, Teddy. I did. I had to pay to get where I am today."

"Steve!"

"Yes. And Teddy—God! It's gone through me like a knife—when I've heard you talking about him."

"Somebody—I know?"

"Yes. And I've been glad when I saw you making a fool out of him. God!" she cried fiercely. "Sometimes I wish you could wring his heart."

"But who, Steve? Who is it? Tell me——"

There was a little electric pause as though Steve could not bring herself to pronounce the name. Then she said, in a low voice, "Kimble."

"Jimmy—Kimble!" breathed Teddy.

"Yes. And oh, honey, be careful of him. And of all of them. It's a dangerous game. You don't realize how dangerous. You're so sweet and innocent. You don't know men——"

"Steve—Steve—don't. I'm not what you think. I do know about men——"

"Teddy!" cried the older girl in horror, "you're not——"

"Steve, I'm a married woman! I've been married—over three years——"

(Continued next week)

ATTENTION OF READERS AND WRITERS!

To Readers: Kindly drop us a line stating what *interests* you and what *serves* you most in this issue of "Movie Weekly."

Brickbats and bouquets are both welcome.

To Writers: We scour the field for writers who can put their messages across on the printed page. You need not be well-known to secure a hearing here. Our latch string is always out. We cannot afford to ignore the unknown writer. He may turn out to be the genius whom every editor seeks to discover.

Your Car and Mine

By WALLACE REID

Star in Paramount Pictures

How to Care for Your Spark Plugs

XIII.

When an engine begins to miss the first place to look for the trouble is at the spark plugs. Since it is now possible to purchase a satisfactory spark plug tester for a dollar, no motorist should have any difficulty in locating the plug which is at fault, but even if he is without a tester it is not difficult to literally place your hand on the defective plug, provided the engine has been missing for several minutes. Obviously the plug in the missing

cylinder will not have as warm a shell as the others and by feeling the different plugs the ailing one is quickly and, usually, unerringly found. This method is simpler than trying the plugs one by one according to any of the various methods usually recommended. When the missing plug is located and removed, it should first be examined for a cracked porcelain; even the tiniest crack will cause missing, and so the porcelain should be scrutinized most carefully; if it is a mica plug, the plug should be discarded if there is any suspicion that the mica is leaking electrically. If the porcelain is O. K., cleaning will probably render the plug as good as new. All carbon should be removed from the porcelain surface and then the spark plug points should be adjusted to a gap of about 1-32 inch. Then when the plug is put back the missing will usually disappear.

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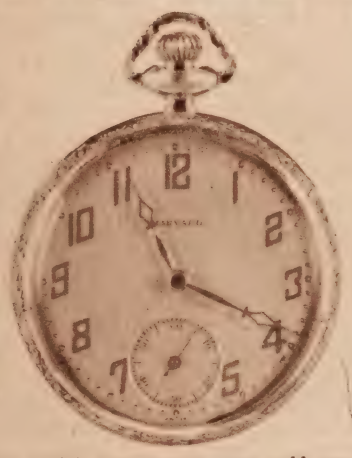

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Starring in the Kitchen

(*Continued from page* 11)

"That was the day," she went on thoughtfully, "when I had spent three hours at the photographers, had entertained a committee from the church regarding some charities, had been at the library to look up some data concerning a character I hope to play, and had done all my house work besides. Yes, I'm not surprised that Allen couldn't find his laundry, and that when he did, he found that one of his big toes was sticking through a hole in his sock. But I mended it before I went to bed! Indeed I did!

"One thing that I really like to do, and that is marketing," the star went on. "I thoroughly enjoy slinging a big basket into my car and going down where the housewives foregather. I always make it a point to do my own marketing when I'm not working."

Miss Phillips' mother and her little daughter visit her every year from Baltimore. Her mother took the child when a baby, during a time when salaries of picture players did not warrant expensive nurses, and now the two are so devoted to each other that the star feels it would be cruel to separate them.

"But you can hardly imagine how I long to have my baby with me!" exclaimed Miss Phillips. "I shall some day, too, but things have to just work themselves out."

Florence Vidor is a very careful and methodical housekeeper. She has a little baby girl, who, of course, has to be left to a nurse when Mrs. Vidor is working.

"Sometimes I wonder if I am an artist at all," laughed Mrs. Vidor. "I don't seem to have a bit of temperament, and I always know all about every item of cost of my housekeeping expenses. I have a system of my own, but it is effective, even if it isn't conventional, and my husband laughs at me, saying he can't make head or tail of it.

"I always carefully plan my meals for any given day on the evening before. Then I take stock of my larder, and make out lists of things that must be purchased. These I give to my maid, and she sees that the things are bought. King isn't fussy about his food, but I feel that I owe it to him to make him as comfortable always as I can. Even when I am working, sometimes at night, I manage to go through with this regime. Thus I know perfectly well whether things are being wasted or not. But, being a southern woman, I reckon I expect a certain amount of waste from servants, and just charge that up to the debit side of my accounts. But I watch that this wastefulness does not go beyond a certain point. I usually have a colored maid, who cooks and does the housework, in addition to my baby's nurse. I like colored servants.

"Servants respect a woman who understands how to run a house, and I have had little trouble. It is hard for a husband whose wife is working outside the home, and I always keep this fact in mind, and try to make my husband, who is King Vidor, you know, just as comfortable as I would if I were at home all the time. I always instill this precept into the minds of my servants. Even if personally I am neglected a little, I see that he is not.

"My baby has had the same nurse almost ever since she was born. She is three now. When I am working, I always come home as early as I can, and King does the same. We will have our hour with our baby before she goes to bed. That is a sort of sacred and unwritten, even unspoken, law between us. Even when I have to work at night, I always come home to kiss my baby goodnight."

Jane Novak is a regularly cheerful, natural little home-maker. She is one of those women who has a genius for making any place in which they settle down seem like home. It is her own warmth and expansion of spirit to her friends and those nearest to her which are responsible, no doubt.

However, Miss Novak has been living until recently with her mother and her little daughter in a Hollywood bungalow. Mrs. Novak has been the housekeeper; but when she went away on visits to her friends, which she did frequently, sometimes being gone as long as three or four weeks at a time, Jane always slipped as naturally as possible into the role of homekeeper. She is a very fine cook, and despite her big salary, it was Jane who did the cooking when mother wasn't at home.

"We have a little house, and I don't want any servants bothering around under my feet," explained Miss Novak.

Now Miss Novak has moved to an apartment with her little one, and a maid cares for her home, but I'll be willing to bet anything that, were you invited there to dinner, you would find Jane with a dear little smudge of flour on her nose.

Claire Windsor is another family lady. She has a mother and a little boy, and dwells in an apartment, but, though her mother takes charge of household matters generally, Miss Windsor has a good eye for business and home-making both, and keeps track of the cost of things. If she has company, she herself invariably, whether she happens to be employing a maid or not, assists in the preparation of the food, and she is quite famous as a cook.

So never say again that a famous beauty never takes the trouble to become also a famous cook!

"Oh, sometimes I'm a wonderful housekeeper, and again for weeks at a time I'll forget that I'm mistress of a house at all. Wheeler always says he knows when I'm doing extra fine work in a picture by the fact that he can't find his clean collars, and that my closet looks like the dickens."

It was Priscilla Dean speaking. Miss Dean in private life is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman.

"But," she went on, "you know we are building a house at present, my husband and I. It is great fun doing it, and I am making all sorts of resolutions that when I get into it I am going to learn how to keep accounts, and become altogether a model housewife."

Which all summed up means that Miss Dean loves her home very much, but that she prefers to depend on a good housekeeper in emergencies to worrying over housekeeping herself.

But the Oakmans are very hospitable people. They love to have friends drop in to dinner. Therefore they always keep a fine cook.

"I always have such good servants that I don't have to worry very much about my housekeeping," said Miss Dean with her bright smile—a smile that always brightens her whole face—she isn't one of those people who just smiles with her mouth—her eyes dance all the time she's talking. "At least you know I *don't* worry about it."

Mary Pickford is a quite famous housekeeper. She has a wonderfully clear and brilliant mind, and she can tell you equally as well what eggs are bringing as what her pictures are bringing. She has a butler and a secretary and a cook and a housemaid, but all the same she knows perfectly well what is going on all over her house at any given time.

Servants have a way of saying to each other, I hear, when they are to enter the employ of Miss Pickford, "Well, there'll be no such easy pickings there!"

Nevertheless, a part of Mary's genius—I beg pardon, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' genius—is letting nothing of this over-carefulness appear on the surface. The house is just a comfortable, home-like place—a place you love to linger in, a place full of pleasant, cheerful vibrations.

▣ ▣ ▣ ▣ ▣

She Married the Man of her Dreams

(*Continued from page* 18)

"I am going to keep the name I have chosen for the movies. It is my mother's maiden name, and she does not believe in a woman's changing her name with marriage. And I suppose it may seem a little ultra-modern, but Mr. Roscoe and I have signed a marriage contract, in which he agrees that I am to continue my professional career."

Incidentally, Miss Bedford is also to continue wearing bobbed hair, and she may go to a movie every night, but she has promised not to try to read H. G. Wells, embroider a table cover, and drive her big car down Hollywood Boulevard all at the same time.

And Roscoe has had to give up two lumps of sugar in his coffee, but his bride is not to object if he starts duck hunting at 3 a. m.

The Roscoe honeymoon at the Christie was cut short when Roscoe was signed to play the lead in the production of "Java Head," the Joseph Hergesheimer story, which George Melford is to make at the Famous Players' studio in Astoria, near New York. Miss Bedford finished her work on a Universal picture, and set forth with her husband, for her first trip to New York.

Is Your Daughter Safe in the Movies?

(*Continued from page* 13)

their superiors. I shall not betray them. I am one of them."

Jeager spent many weeks in and around Hollywood. Personally, I have worked more at the studio which he came to rehabilitate than anywhere else. I suppose had I seized the opportunity I would have been way up the ladder of fame by now, but I have no regrets.

The reason I had mentioned men in high places to Jeager was because I knew that some at least were responsible and could ill afford to throw stones. I had taken up dancing and loved it. Dancing gave me a very symmetrical and graceful form. One day I was standing in a dark hallway which led from the general offices out onto the lot which was flooded with sunshine. The light was at my back at the time and I was in a filmy stage costume of a transparent sort, my figure must have been distinctly outlined against the light flooding in from the further doorway. I was there waiting for orders. As I stood patiently expectant, a door at the further dark end of the hall opened and a robust, handsome man came out into the hallway. He noticed me, since he was coming my way. As he drew close, he slowed up.

"What are you waiting for?" he queried with utmost courtesy.

"Orders," I replied.

"Well, do come in and be seated. This will never do," and he threw open a door nearby, which led into an elaborately furnished suite, consisting of reception room in mahogany and blue, and an adjoining office equally elegant. A gum-chewing stenographer was punching the typewriter there. He sent her off on a silly errand, and leading me to a big sofa, sat down beside me.

"Working for Scott?" he asked, slowly placing an arm around the back of the sofa.

"No, I'm called for the dancing act for Rawley. I'm afraid they won't find me here, sir, and I'd hate to be bawled out."

With that I got up quickly and he as quickly beside me.

"I'm planning a private party Saturday night; I want you to dance for me."

"I never dance in private," I was quick to reply. "Only on the stage or in front of large audiences."

"But for me!" he insisted. "Do you know what it would mean?"

I tried to be quite docile, and stood waiting.

"It will mean anything you wish, my dear. Made overnight," he added, pressing me further.

"Not maid—matron, you mean," and I said it so quickly and cunningly, and it hit him with such force he laughed uproariously, then grabbed me in his harsh grip and lifted me up over his head, twisting me around in the air a couple of times, a la Fokine, then lowering me.

The door in the adjoining office room squeaked. He put me down quickly just as the stenographer entered.

"Now run along to your work," he added, "I'll come on the set to see you later, and if the director bawls you out, don't pay any attention to him."

I flew out of the room. I was trembling all over. Trembling with rage and fear. Fear is a greater motive force than love. It was with me that day. I danced with a fury and fire that stunned the director and the onlookers. I danced like a madman. I danced to win and amid wild applause, I danced into recognition.

That man could never give me what I had gained for myself, and I wanted to tell him so right there in front of everybody, and I did.

As I threw a light shawl about my shoulders to cross the lot, the man drew up beside me:

"Splendid!" he whispered. "Don't forget Saturday."

I could not afford to slap him, though I wanted to, God knows. Instead, I rolled my eyes, curled up my lips into a half-smirk, half-sneer—but he was too coarse to get it.

"Saturday," I mumbled to myself. Then I began moving away humming nervously. As I stepped from the stage into the night, I relieved the tension by letting my voice out:

"There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding . . ." cut into the still night air, and I marched on resolutely. I was now near my dressing room. Suddenly I turned back to see what had become of him. He was standing in the doorway of the stage, watching me, and from the distance, in a subdued male voice came the answer:

"Into the Land of My Dreams."

I bolted into my dressing room—removed my costume and grease paint.

"Today is Tuesday," I noted, glancing at the morning paper which I had left on the dresser. "I have plenty of time to get sick between Tuesday and Saturday."

(*Continued next week*)

Absurd Things the Censors Have Done

(*Continued from page* 3)

limitations which make kissing not quite as great an art as catching a trolley car.

Legs, of course, are having their troubles. The Sennett bathing girls were once one of the pleasures of the movies, but legs don't know where they belong, nowadays. Ohio recently cut out a news reel insert of Mlle. Mistinguette, the Parisian who asserts she has the most beautiful legs in the world. Kansas deleted a dancing pose of Pavlowa, the famous danseuse. Yet Ohio doesn't believe men's legs have an evil effect upon audiences, for the censors of that state allowed Reginald Denny to appear in fighting togs with bared limbs the same week that Mistinguette was amputated.

Betty Compson appeared in "Always a Woman," wearing a typically Egyptian vamp costume. On one of her limbs was painted a snake. New York said: "Remove the snake!" "But how about the leg?" "Oh, that can stay!" Hence: Woman? Yes. Snake? Never!

You may wonder, on the basis of this judgment, just when legs are proper and just when improper. You need have no such difficulty in determining the propriety of bathing suits of the one-piece variety. One-piece suits have long since been admitted to the more fashionable and even many of the popular beaches of New York State. But they have no place on the motion picture screens of the same state of New York.

It was Hope Hampton who discovered this difference when she posed in a fancy fur bathing suit at Atlantic City last summer. Miss Hampton might have similarly posed at Long Beach, Rye, Southampton, or any of a number of other beaches in New York. The censors cut out her picture from a news reel. A lawsuit followed, but the censors won, incidentally obtaining the right to censor reels which are supposed to contain news.

Chicago, where Major Funkhouser reigned supreme as censor for so long, is again in the throes of an outburst of moral righteousness.

In Chicago, a producer was fined $100 for showing a picture in which a woman appeared dressed in a night gown.

The same Chicago censor ordered a title changed in which the word "darkie" appeared. The word was changed to "negro," although the word "darkie" is universally used in the South.

Most of the eliminations mentioned thus far have been of parts of pictures. Frequently, however, the entire theme of a picture is ordered changed. Thus when "Camille," as produced by Nazimova, was shown to the Pennsy censors, they ordered so many changes that "Camille" was transformed into a typically innocent small-town heroine. Instead of having a lover, she was ordered to have a fiance. A flirtation between a minor character and a housemaid was changed so that it appeared that the flirtatious young man was merely doing a good turn for a poverty-stricken young girl.

When the lovers make love, a title is ordered inserted which makes it seem that the man in the case is proposing marriage to the girl. When the girl leaves home, she does not go defiantly to meet her fortune. She goes to look for work, according to the censor's added title. When she thrusts herself upon a new lover, she is made to say that she is anxious to find work as a dancer.

And as "Camille" goes on, to become a consumptive and to die a faithless mistress, the censors changed the film to make it seem that "Camille" had tried her best to be a good little girl, but that fate was against her. Even her cough—as well as a few hundred feet of embraces and kisses—was eliminated.

In this instance a picture was changed to suit. But sometimes pictures cannot be changed to suit, and then they go, in their entirety. Marshall Neilan's "Fools First," which ran at the Strand Theatre in New York, was barred in Chicago. In Ohio, "Foolish Wives" was banned, as well as an old Alice Brady film, "The Knife." "The Sheik," which ran to capacity in every theatre in New York, was prohibited in Kansas City. In Pasadena, the innocuous "Affairs of Anatol" was kept from the public for no known reason. In Portland, Oregon, "Paying the Piper," a picture with apparently a good moral, went down.

Instances of similar absurd eliminations in an infinite number of films might be cited. These, however, will suffice to show that the censor has to depend wholly upon his personal judgment, and that his judgment leads him into strange and devious paths.

The sorry part of censorship rests not so much upon the fan. It is a burden upon the producer, who has no sign post to guide him. He has to risk, not censorship by one individual or one group, but censorship by censors scattered over the country, in half a dozen states, in many cities.

You can hardly blame him for not being willing to take chances with the whims of those who have the power to destroy his investment. And consequently, you cannot blame him wholly for the mediocrity of a good many motion pictures.

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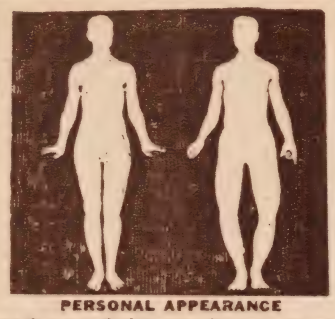

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Is There a One-Girl Man

(*Continued from page 7*)

regularly, he is not apt to be the great American lover, and some less shadowy Valentino will be found as a more dashing substitute."

"Mature love has a chance. It is more discriminating. It is less easily fooled. As we grow older we are less easily satisfied and when we do fall in love, we probably do so with head as well as heart.

"Personally, I never could understand falling in love with a merely pretty face. It is a form of vanity, should think. It flatters me to know that a woman worth while cares about me. That a thinking individual is in love with me . . .

"There are a great many different kinds of love. But speaking of the generally accepted form of it, I should say that no man loves one woman all of his life. It is brutal, but it is honest, and I believe that is the kind of an answer you wanted."

We sighed. Being a woman, we wouldn't go so far as to say that, but we will admit that that was the answer we dolefully *expected*.

Bebe Daniels First to Give Interview Over Radio

(*Continued from page 9*)

do you read Movie Weekly, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels: Read Movie Weekly? Well, I wouldn't say I didn't. Out in Hollywood we never know who's married to whom—until we've read Movie Weekly.

Mr. Balch: Fine! Splendid! I knew we were good, but I never suspected we were as good as all that. Er—you inquired about this interview?

Miss Daniels: Yes! Are you going to ask me some of those weird questions that appear in Movie Weekly like—"How I Lost My Personality—and Found It Again?" or "Can a Girl Use a Woolworth Perfume and Be Popular?"

Mr. Balch: Heaven forbid! I've already done it so often, that I fear I shall be driven to the necessity of asking you an original question.

Miss Daniels: An original question! Why that reminds me of my Original Question Contest that you ran in Movie Weekly. Do you remember the answer that won the prize?

Mr. Balch: Something about a flower, wasn't it, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels: Yes! It was—"What kind of a flower grows on an ice plant?"

Mr. Balch: Well, well! What kind of a flower grows on an ice plant? You didn't attempt to answer that one, did you?

Miss Daniels: No; I did what was much easier. I gave the prize instead—a fountain pen.

Mr. Balch: A *fountain pen!* To write more questions like that with? You wicked girl!

Miss Daniels: Stop scolding me and ask *me* a question. I'm waiting to be interviewed.

Mr. Balch: Does a prize go with it? I'd like an automobile, Miss Daniels.

Miss Daniels: The prize is the *air*. I'll give you that any old time.

Mr. Balch: I've got it already. Well, now, in regard to a question for this interview; tell me! How does it feel to be a famous screen star?

Miss Daniels: Well, I can't say that it feels any different than it does not to be—except . . . (She pauses).

Mr. Balch: Yes?

Miss Daniels: Except that people stare at you a lot more than they would if they hadn't seen you in pictures.

Mr. Balch: But I should think that sort of celebrity would be rather pleasant. I'd find it so.

Miss Daniels: Well, I don't. It's embarrassing sometimes. And it's a little too much like the life of a goldfish. The only time that people don't stare at you is after dark.

Mr. Balch: Is that true of New York, Miss Daniels?

Miss Daniels: Yes and no. There are certain parts of New York City and certain classes of people where you might mingle and never be recognized. It's not that those people haven't seen you on the screen; it's just that they are not prepared to see anyone from a land so far removed from their own lives as the land of the movies is.

Mr. Balch: Is that likewise true of Chicago?

Miss Daniels: Yes, of Chicago, and of all other cities—St. Louis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Boston.

Mr. Balch: And how about Los Angeles and Hollywood—Hollywood, the centre of sin?

Miss Daniels: Oh! Out there a screen star is taken for granted. The motion picture industry is just a part of Los Angeles.

Mr. Balch: Well, that's that! Er—Miss Daniels! If you will excuse me for a moment, I will say a word to the world about you that I can't say to your face. So if you don't mind turning away a moment . . . and putting your fingers in your ears . . . so . . . thanks! Ladies and gentlemen! Before asking Miss Daniels my next question in this interview, may I describe to you what she looks like standing here beside me tonight? Her hair is like a soft blue cloud of smoke and her mouth is like a ripe peach—even though she has just made a face at me! It is only by her voice that you can know her in this—the first interview by radio with a screen star; but the real music of her voice will, I hope, linger in your ears and charm you even as her joyous, girlish beauty has charmed you through your eyes upon the screen. And now, having said this, I shall resume the interview with Miss Daniels. Miss Daniels, you may remove your fingers from your ears!

Miss Daniels: What did you say about me?

Mr. Balch: I told the world that you were never going to marry.

Miss Daniels: Oh!—but that's not true!

Mr. Balch: Oh!—then you admit that you *will* marry?

Miss Daniels: Now you're not going to trick me into an admission by any such means as that. I'm single now and I shall remain single until . . .

Mr. Balch: Yes?

Miss Daniels: Until I marry.

Mr. Balch: My curiosity is a natural one. More people are interested in the number of a screen star's husbands than they are in anything else.

Miss Daniels: Well, I'll have to disappoint them then, for I am still an unclaimed treasure! Some day, though, as I said, I shall marry—and that will be when I decide no longer to remain single.

Mr. Balch: Thanks a lot. That helps immensely. Now, what would have made me worry would have been to hear you say that you were going to get the husbands and remain single.

Miss Daniels: It seems to me you have strange ideas, Mr. Balch. How do you get those ways?

Mr. Balch: Alas! I learned it from the movies, Miss Daniels, in the years B. C.

Miss Daniels: B. C.?

Mr. Balch: Before Censorship.

Miss Daniels: Oh! I'm not going to talk to you any more.

Mr. Balch: Then allow me, Miss Daniels, to give *you*—the last word.

Miss Daniels: *Good night!*

That's all, fans, and believe it or not, it was much harder than it looks.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page 15*)

Breamer. Despite this handicap, Miss Breamer, being the heroine, knocks her around as if she were a feather. But Miss Theby is good in her role. She puts color into it and makes it at least alive. Russell Simpson makes a sheriff who looks like a sheriff, but Mr. Simpson is of the Bill Hart school of acting. He has one expression for all emotions, the gentle lifting of both eyebrows.

As we said in the beginning, the film was directed by Edwin Carewe.

"BURNING WORDS"
"Out Where Men Are Men"

"Burning Words" takes place out in the "vast silences which are the Canadian Northwest." The hero is a member of the R. C. M. P., sometimes known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The villain—hush!—is also a member of the redcoats.

Damon and Pythias have nothing on the two brothers in "Burning Words." One of them commits a murder and the other promptly attempts to save him by confessing to the crime. This sacrifice is done for the sake of dear old mother, although why mother should feel better with one son facing a firing squad rather than another is difficult to understand. The only possible reason is that without this scene there would have been no picture.

"Burning Words" opens in church and ends in church. In between a dance hall of the type that flourished in 1898 at the height of the Yukon gold rush wanders into the story. Apparently film producers know nothing about prohibition.

Roy Stewart is the hero. Roy is getting balder every year. A picture of Roy attempting to weep is well worth the price of admission. Harold Goodwin, as the weak brother, is by far the best of the cast. Mr. Goodwin is not a very attractive type, but he does know something about acting. Laura La Plante does an insipid heroine and Eve Sothern a frightfully over made-up vamp.

New Invention Gives Uncanny Realism

(*Continued from page 5*)

Grandma, herself, got out the stereoscope with careful hands. Upon showing you how to hold it properly, selected a picture of "London Bridge," or "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and placed it in the stereoscope. Lo and behold! You saw the flat photograph stand out as if it had four sides and everything. You exclaimed over it. You wondered. And, because you didn't know much about those things, you simply took it for granted after a while.

All of this was fifteen or twenty-five years ago. Today in the year 1922, young Hammond, in collaboration with William F. Cassidy, also a young Cornell graduate, has applied the principle of grandma's stereoscope to practical use in the presentation of motion pictures. In other words, he has given us the stereoscopic process, which is capable of bringing to a feature film starring Grant Mitchell and beautiful Margaret Irving, the same magic that grandmother's stereoscope brought to the lifeless photographs of "London Bridge," and "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and others of a like kind.

The Teleview Corporation of Illinois has been formed, with John Borden, a wealthy Chicagoan, as president. This organization expects to present "Mars Calling," in a Broadway theatre, on or about the middle of November. The theatre secured has been specially equipped with the device, patented under the name of "Teleview," and it is planned to present the show as a feature, in much the same way as Griffith put on his "Birth of a Nation." A musical score has been written for the film.

As soon as "Mars Calling" completes its New York run, the entire special show will be sent on tour of the country to give the fans an opportunity to witness the magic of Mr. Hammond's invention as applied to dramatic motion pictures.

Acrostic Stars

THEODORE KOSLOFF

There was a young man of Russia,
He could easily have been a crusher,
Endless stunts he could do
Of the arts that he knew,
Did this charming, delightful,
Odd Russian.
Rather keen was he to catch on
Everywhere he ever has gone,
Knowledge stored in his brain
One could see very plain,
So alluring, enticing,
Lithe Russian.
On then with your dance on the scree
Fair Russian.

MONTAGUE LOVE

Must he always play the villain
One who looks the Cavalier.
Now let him act for once the lover,
Truly none would be his peer.
Always rogue, designing evil,
Grotesque, artful is his part,
Ultra always is his acting,
Errs he never in his art.
Look! his last name spells the letters
Of a part I'm sure he knows,
Volumes tell in face and manner
Eros knows that this is so.

CHARLES RAY

Carefree of manner, sort of calico boy,
He smacks of the farm, that's what we enjoy,
As home-spun we love him, so keep up the part,
Rural scenes most become you, you've made it an art.
Like a clear brook in summer, flowing along,
Ever splashing and sparkling, like singing a song
So his acting, to us, seems just like the stream,
Rollocking, sparkling, merry and clean,
Alone now he stands, in the part he has made

BETTY COMPSON

Butterfly, with wings of gauze,
Endowed with power to enchant,
Thousands in their nets would have you
They are waiting for the chance.
Youth, with beauty, grace and poise,
Could the gods more gifts have given.
On her head are threads as gold
Merry eyes as blue as heaven.
Poetry, rhythm, in her dance
So like the swan upon the stream,
Or as the circling swallow flies,
Now dipping through the ether sheen.

TOM MOORE

This chap is awfully clever
Oh! By gorry, how he can smile.
Much luck to this lad of the movies,
Many years to this lad with the smile.
Oftimes, when all goes contrary,
Or nothing seems sure but a fight,
Right on through the "set" he goes smiling,
Ever jolly, magnetic and bright.

LILLIAN GISH

Like the blossom of the spring-time,
In the hedges, on the trees;
Like a rose vine swaying, dancing,
Lifted softly by the breeze,
In such fancies do we see her
As a flower of beauty rare,
None would harm, but would protect her
Gentle, modest, pure and fair.
In this garden which she dwells in
Sullied may it never be,
Hail then to this little women, child of sweet simplicity.

JACK HOLT

Just tall and slender with plenty of dash
A handsome fellow with a black mustache.
Clean-cut as a crystal, straight through and through,
Knows always exactly just what to do
Hero or villain; it's all just the same,
Of talent he has to play any game.
Legions of friends, admirers all—
This dashing man, pleasing man, handsome and tall.

EUGENE O'BRIEN

Ever most courteous,
Uncivil to none.
Gracious and chivalrous,
Enemies none.
Ne'er has an actor
Embodied more grace,
Of that of the lover
Both fiery and chaste,
Rarely we find one
In life or on screen,
Eclipse him. Oh! never
None like our Eugene!

MONTE BLUE

Man must be a man in every sense
Or artist he can never be.
None ever spoke in words more true
Than said by artist such is he.
Enlightened with perceptions bold
Bravery in his veins from old
Like a chieftain, or a Danton
Untiring ever, nothing w[illegible]ing,
Enjoys the battle to

C. Holliday.

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YOU have always longed for soft, fluffy, curly hair. And now—at last—you can have it! For Science has perfected a wonderful new liquid, which when applied to the most stubborn hair, gives it a beautiful wave effect, making it wonderfully curly, delightfully soft, gloriously wavy.

It is called Domino Curling Fluid. Nothing just like it has ever been known before. All you need do is moisten your hair with a few drops of it, following the simple directions—and behold! A miracle of beauty will have been performed. Not only you, but your friends, will be astonished at the sudden, beautiful transformation in your hair.

No matter how straight, dull or unmanageable your hair may have been, just one application of this wonderful discovery will make it fall in soft, glistening waves and natural silky curls. It will give even the most lifeless hair a new entrancing lustre. Only one application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually *for a week or more!*

Just think what this means! No more ruinous hairdressers' hot irons. No more costly fees to hairdressers. No more sitting for hours and hours, undergoing the torture of permanent wave methods, for in just a short time, in your own home, you can now acquire charming, wavy hair that your friends will always envy! Domino Curling Fluid is *just* what you have been waiting for. On all sides beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.

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If you have experimented with newfangled "permanent wave" methods, you undoubtedly know how injurious they are to the hair. Not only do they often kill the natural lustre and life of the hair, but they produce curls and waves *too artificial looking* to be beautiful.

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No matter how straight or dull your hair may be, you will be simply astonished at how Domino Curling Fluid makes it soft, wavy and charming. No more dangerous hot irons no more torturous electric treatments. For just one application of Domino Curling Fluid will make your hair delightfully fluffy and curly—and keep it so for a week or more.

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Furthermore, if you are not more than delighted with the results, you may return the bottle within five days and your money will be instantly refunded. We have backed up this guarantee with a special deposit of $10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. Thus, you do not risk a penny.

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269 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me one $2.50 bottle of Domino Curling Fluid. When the postman hands it to me I will pay him $1.45 (plus few cents postage), in full payment. If for any reason I am not satisfied I will return it in five days and you agree to promptly refund my money.

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MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

ALICE TERRY

Photo by Hoover Studios

NOVEMBER 11 1922
TEN CENTS
PRT™
jcristina.com
Funny things
censors have done.
She married
man of her dream

MOVIE WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 18 1922 TEN CENTS

FLORENCE VIDOR

IS THE AMERICAN GIRL A HYPOCRITE ? PAGE 3

MY LIFE IS IN DANGER Says SESSUE HAYAKAWA PAGE 4

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MOVIE WEEKLY
No. 41. PRINTED IN U.S.A. Vol. II.

GOOD NEWS!

The motion picture exhibitors are showing sign of rebellion against the constant billing of ordinary program pictures as "super-features," "specials," and what not!

An attempt is being made to get back to some standards of honesty in advertising a picture, so that when you stand outside your favorite movie theatre and look at the bills, you will know whether you are going to see just a movie, or a genuine, out of the ordinary "special."

Like the boy who cried "Wolf!" once too often, the producers have been crying "super-feature" with so much emphasis that all the meaning has gone out of the expression.

Moreover, fans have begun to learn that the number of persons in the cast, and the cost of the production, are not the only factors in making a picture interesting and worth seeing.

It isn't the label that makes the coat. And it isn't the word "special," nor yet the word "superfeature" that makes the picture.

The picture makes itself.

You knew that, of course, long ago. And so have many of the leading producers.

But there are others, the laggards, who are just awakening to your desire—for good pictures, of any sort.

If the theatre owners can do anything about it, the time will come when you will know, by their advertising, that a picture is a real "special," and that another is just an ordinary production.

Honesty — you know the rest—is the best policy. In advertising, as in anything else.

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The Mind of a Censor

Have you ever wondered what a censor thinks about? "Movie Weekly" has made a close examination of the first book ever written by a moving picture censor on censorship, "Morals of the Movies," by Ellis Paxton Oberholtzer, formerly Chief Censor of the State of Pennsylvania. His book is an amazing revelation of the mind of a censor. An analysis of this timely book appears in next week's issue.

Another unusual feature is "Intimate Stories of Allan Dwan," funster and director of "Robin Hood," in which, among other things, Mr. Dwan tells how it feels to direct 6,000 people.

These are two of the high lights in next week's issue of "Movie Weekly," an issue chuck full of human interest and thrills.

Is the American Girl a Hypocrite?

Does she deceive her parents? Does she play with her admirers? Here is a sympathetic reply to her attackers

By FLORENCE VIDOR

WE should be proud of the real modern American girl!

She has fitted herself mentally and physically for equality and companionship with man. She has fairly won her right to meet man on the same intellectual plane by exercising the right to think for herself. She has let fall the shackles of age-old conventions by going in for athletics. She now excels in many sports and games—such as tennis, golf and swimming—hitherto man's exclusive field.

In achieving independence the modern girl has learned to scorn the artifices and hypocrisies of so-called social conventions. She can be more honest with society, as well as herself. No longer must she resort to traditional artifices to attract men. The girl of yesterday was only supposed to look beautiful and play the lady; she was not supposed to do anything that men do. The girl of today is free and equal; she meets a man on a frank and open basis. She strives to make of herself a fit companion and helpmeet for her mate.

In my opinion, the real modern American girl makes a better wife, a better mother—and a better home!

Without wishing to appear disrespectful, I believe that this generation of womanhood is as superior to the past as the future will be to this one. It is simply a process of social evolution.

The society of every age has condemned its individually great men and women because the brave souls insisted upon exploring, discovering and progressing—and refusing to accept thought stagnation. It is not given to the human race to clearly perceive the greatness of the age in which they live because it is a natural law to cling to the safe and so-called sane tradition. Thus, the fame of many great men and women of one age goes unsung until a newer and better age recognizes the worth of the brave explorer. And so it is with society as a whole. We find the modern girl's growing independence of thought and action frowned upon by the majority as "unwomanly."

THE FLAPPER

We must not confuse, as too many do, the real modern girl with the genus flapper. It is unfair to the grown-up girl, as well as to this undeveloped child whose precociousness is being taken so seriously. Her worldliness is imitation. She is like a baby girl playing "grown-up lady" in her mother's clothes, which is always as exaggerated as it is highly amusing. Coming down to brass tacks, the flapper invariably recovers her balance by the time she becomes of age.

Photograph by C. HEIGHTON MONROE, L. A.

"Alice Adams," Booth Tarkington's famous heroine, is either a composite of every girl who wants more than her parents of moderate means can give her, or else she is a dastardly and unfair caricature of Miss America. If you haven't read the book, see the picture. Then read the article by Miss Vidor, who is to play the role of "Alice Adams."

What is your judgment? How sincere is the American girl?

TODAY AND TOMORROW

This hullabaloo about the modern girl's decadence is as absurd as it is ignorant!

Girls are just as moral today as they were yesterday. They are far better able to take care of themselves, I believe, by virtue of their emancipation from the age-old fallacies that heretofore have been the bane of womanhood. The modern girl is approaching the standard of ideal womanhood. She has developed greatly in individuality—in thought and its expression.

We need have no fear for her future. The coming generation will recognize her worth and be grateful for the great good she has accomplished in the progress of the sex.

In "Alice Adams," which I am to create on the screen, Booth Tarkington has shown us a typical example of a young American girl. So typical is it, in fact, that the novel was awarded the Pulitzer prize for 1921, as being the most representative of American life of any of the year's books.

Though Alice, of course, is a vain, rather selfish creature, who throws away her happiness through her own foolishness, she is rather pathetic as well. Her attempts to "be somebody" may be laughable, but they are also pitiful. They are her futile efforts to rise above her environment, and they are the outgrowth of her feeling of inferiority. Watching her struggle, you realize at just what points she fails, and are able to see clearly her foolish little mistakes, but how many young girls would act just as Alice does, driven on to make pretensions as a sort of self-defense! Alice's fault lies primarily in overdoing her efforts to such an extent that she simply makes a fool of herself.

The country today is full of Alice Adams', girls of middle class surroundings and upbringing, who struggle for "something better"—they are not always sure just what. Sometimes it is social ambition that drives them on, as it drives Alice; sometimes the modern girl is merely impelled by a creative urge, the urge to "do something." Whatever form her restlessness takes, the underlying causes are more or less the same. For the modern girl is beating her wings against the cage which restrained her grandmother. Generations of repression have instilled in her the desire for freedom, more than the desire, perhaps—the necessity!

Whatever the "old-fashioned" people may say, this state of mind is just the natural reaction from their age-long repression. So we must be patient with this modern girl. She has found her freedom, and now she must learn how to use it!

My life is in danger of the Japanese

Says Sessue

Japanese Film Star Tells of Thrilling Events of Nippon and How He Escaped the Clutches of

Sessue Hayakawa, product of the East, idol of the West

SESSUE HAYAKAWA, film idol, hero of his countrymen . . .

And Sessue Hayakawa, returning to Japan, his native land, for the first time in years, hounded, blackmailed by one group; feted, honored, overwhelmed with adulation by another!

This is the story which he has brought back with him to America.

I met him in his suite at the Hotel Majestic. He leaned back in his arm chair and—— No! You're wrong!

You thought I was going to say "smoked a cigarette," didn't you? Everyone invariably pictures an Oriental with a cigarette held gracefully between the two fingers of a slender right hand.

But the famous Japanese doesn't smoke and he is not one bit Oriental in manner. In fact, as he sat there, with arms folded across his breast, alternately frowning and smiling, showing strong white teeth between sensitive lips, he gave me the impression of a healthy, alert, practical American student.

If I hadn't seen him, the night previous, eating *osushi* with carved ivory chopsticks, at the house of some Japanese friends, I might have mistaken him for Richard Barthelmess. The two stars have the same steady, penetrating gaze, the same way of looking up at you from between thoughtful brows.

What I was going to say was—talked! Fluently, rapidly, culturedly, the words tumbling over each other with the lightning speed of his thoughts. Fast as he talks, Hayakawa seems to think infinitely faster—at least when he is talking on his favorite subjects — psychology, metaphysics, Yogi Philosophy and all those phases of mental and spiritual culture which are, after all, ingrained in every educated Oriental.

It all came about in answer to a question I had put to him. I had heard that Hayakawa had aroused the antagonism of some of his countrymen by certain screen productions in which the character of the Japanese people had been misrepresented—and to their great disadvantage.

I asked him how it had happened. This is a digest of what he told me:

He had naturally won the enthusiastic applause of his countrymen for his work on the screen. He, Sessue Hayakawa, was the best known Japanese in any civilized country in the world, better known than any other since the days of the famous Admiral Togo of the Russo-Japanese War.

And they love him.

But it seems that in every large Japanese city there is an element which lives by a species of blackmail and extortion. In Tokio, this group is very strong. And they prey particularly on theatrical and musical artists, because in Japan, these latter are not organized and protected as in America.

There are no big companies, no great producers. The entire field is the private venture of men of practically no standing in the community. Graft and petty extortion abound.

When the Tokio press announced the presence of Hayakawa in the city, enlarging upon the fact that the star had amassed a fortune, the members of this "Yellow Hand," got to work. He immediately became the target of disreputable persons eager to make easy money.

Hayakawa had once appeared in a famous photoplay, "The Cheat," in which he had played the part of a man who had preyed upon rich women of the eastern part of the United States. He had been an Oriental "lounge lizard" in this picture.

It did not matter that he had depicted Japanese in heroic roles, that his work had been so diversified that many Europeans look upon him as the most finished artist on the screen. That clique of Tokio which was determined to get him, began to threaten him, to warn him that unless he "came across," he would be exposed to danger and particularly to the danger of a public and published attack.

The other side of the picture is that of an artist, who was feted, dined and generally fussed over, until, as he puts it, he was embarrassed. Everyone else from the Prime Minister down, bankers, manufacturers, professional men, vied with each other for the privilege of entertaining him. He was treated as though he were a distinguished foreign guest.

But in the meantime, the threat hung over him. He was in fear not

from the yellow hand Ku Klux Klan-

Hayakawa

His Return to Blackmailers

By Margaret MacNor-Tyndall

only of his reputation and his money, but even of his life. The story reached the shores of the United States, and it was said that he had gone into seclusion, so as to avoid the threats and the possible danger.

The truth is, from Hayakawa's own lips, that he determined to put up a bold front. He would show up this Japanese Ku Klux Klan for their own worth, he determined. He would be as bold as they. So, to their intense surprise, he fought them with their own weapons. He exposed them, by giving the story out. And he ignored them.

The result was that when his seven week's stay in Japan was at an end, he received the most remarkable demonstration ever given a Japanese. Thousands besieged the railway station. And they were unanimous in their enthusiasm.

"The Cheat," which was the distant cause of his trouble in Japan, dates back to the first picture in which Hayakawa had an opportunity of showing the genius that has since brought him wealth and fame. It was the picture in which Fanny Ward was starred—and Sessue Hayakawa carried off the honors. It is said that Fanny hasn't forgiven Sessue for that yet.

It is difficult to find a more perfect characterization than he gave in that thrilling story, in which he branded the fair white shoulders of the woman who had lied to him, with the end of a smoking cigar. That was displaying the "innate cruelty of the Oriental," a phrase which makes excellent "copy," even though it is not true. And — there were, it is true, many Japanese in America who felt that no extra fuel need be added to the fire of certain fire-eating anti-Japanese.

But — here's where Hayakawa's hobby scored one for him. He puts everything to the mental test of psychological analysis. Said he: "If the character I portrayed in this picture had given the wrong impression to the American public, they would not have liked me—and I would have had no stage career. Instead of which, I was starred immediately following my appearance in 'The Cheat.' The fact that the public patronized my pictures so liberally proved one of two things—either I succeeded in arousing sympathy with my role of villain—a most difficult thing to do and a supreme test of any actor's ability—or the public appreciated my efforts so much that they overlooked the seeming crulety of the act.

"I had thought the matter out before I attempted the role, although I would have taken a chance on it, anyway, because it was my first big opportunity. But, as I analyzed the psychology of the part and of the American public, I felt their reaction would not be unfavorable to me, nor to the character of the Japanese. I think most of those who saw the picture said just what I felt they would say—'after all, the woman deserved some punishment.'"

And that is what happened.

The occasion for Sessue Hayakawa's presence in New York City at this time is the rehearsals of the production in which the Shuberts will star him on the speaking stage. The play is called "The Tiger Lily," and is the story of a Chinese youth who lifts himself from poverty, ignorance and bad environment to a position of power and influence in the world of great men. Among other laurels he attains an Oxford degree, and Mr. Hayakawa's immediate concern is to acquire an English accent that shall stamp him a true "varsity man."

At present Mr. Hayakawa speaks American. When "The Tiger Lily" opens at the Shubert, some time in the latter part of November, which it will do if all goes well, he expects to speak "the King's English"—literally.

And he will. For he possesses, in addition to a keen, balanced mind, an indomitable will and that rarer, deeper wisdom that is known among the Yogi as—cosmic consciousness.

His exposition of his own theories of acting for the stage and screen is a remarkable testimonial of the depth which his characterizations possess. In his own words, this theory is as follows:

"Everyone is asking me if I have deserted the movies, because of my forthcoming stage venture, so perhaps I had better state at the beginning, that I have not.

"I am strong for the screen—not only because it has given me my opportunity, but also because—what shall I say?

"I want to say—because it has vindicated my theories, but I must first explain what those theories are. Also I should state that they are not mine, in the sense that I have created them. They are old—even as the Orient is old. And like the Orient, they sank into quiescence until the new life from the New World aroused them to action.

"These are the truths contained in the wisdom of ancient sages, the knowledge of the Yogi.

"Shorn of all the mystery and the uncanniness of Yogi practises, these truths may be summed up in three formulas—readily understandable by all modern thinkers:

"All life is expressed through rhythm, and subject to influence through rhythmic vibration.

"The world is entering into a realization of the truth that mind and soul are stronger, more potentially influential, than is the mere physical. That is, the dominant power is the power of a spiritual

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"No, I'm not jealous of Jackie Coogan"

Says Baby Peggy, "But He'd Better Watch Out."

MY mother is writing this for me, but I am talking it off just the way they talk to the girls who take it down on their machines in the Century Comedy offices. That's so you get it in grown up English —'cause even if I am a star, I'm only three years old, and I haven't learned to write yet.

They say that Jackie Coogan is the only rival I have—anyway, he's the only other child star anywhere near my age. But, I tell you, you can talk all you want about Jackie Coogan; he'd better watch out for Me!

When I am grown up, I mean to be a great actress like Sarah Bernhardt—and you ought to see me emote now. Why all I have to do is to shut my eyes tight and screw up my mouth and let the tears just pour out. Grown people just feel their eyes get all wet when they see a poor little girl like me crying.. And one dramatic critic, he was Mr. Welch of the *Telegram*, said he would never believe in a child's tears again because he saw me cry so hard in a film called "Penrod," in which I played in the all-star cast, and cried something awful just because they asked me to.

And crying isn't all the things I can do. In my new films—which they are calling Century Special Productions—I really *act*, just like grown ups. You ought to see me as "Little Red Riding Hood" when the wolf is chasing me! Perhaps I don't register fear! And then when I almost swallow a cake of soap—perhaps that isn't comedy? Sometime you watch me real close when I am doing my stunts on the screen and you will see my eye twinkle and almost wink at you. That's because I'm really enjoying myself acting, and I want to let you in on the joke of my getting money for having the time of my life.

Wouldn't any little girl just love to be all her favorite fairy tale heroines? That's what they're making me be. After "Little Red Riding Hood," which is my *favoritest*, I am going to be "Jack" in "Jack and the Beanstalk." I've made that picture, but you won't see it for a long time. And in it I wear the loveliest clothes, just like the little boys used to in the old days, with a little sword and a feather in my cap. And I fight with the giant, who is a real giant, and he's six feet four inches and he comes from Texas and his name is Jack Earl. Only he's made up ferocious—really he's only 17 years old and he's a nice boy and plays with me when we're not acting—only you mustn't tell.

And after "Jack and the Beanstalk," I'm going to be a funny little Dutch girl with a long skirt and a little cap, "Hansel" in "Hansel and Gretel" —and you know what a thrilling time *she* had. 'N after that I am something *so* sad, "The Poor Little Match Girl." You remember how you used to cry over her—well, I'll make you cry some more when I'm not making you laugh.

And in "Peg of the Movies," did you know that I act the part of a real Hollywood vamp with a butterfly painted on my left shoulder and show you just how easy it is for a little girl to get into the movies?

Have you seen my pony, Tiny Tim? That's a horse for you, only, of course, he's little, like me. When I play a mounted policeman in "Peggy of the Mounted," with a real pistol in my belt (only it's specially made small size), you ought to see me gallop on Tim and round up the bandits. Really the grown folk have nothing to do at all. They ought to have me in the police force *regular*. I'd show 'em!

P'raps you'd like to know how I broke into the movies—and then how Mr. Julius Stern, the president of Century, thought I was so grand he made me a star?

Listen, till I tell you. A long time ago—a whole year now—I was only two years and a half old and my daddy used to be a forest ranger in Yosemite—where I went last summer to make one of my pictures, daddy and mother came to Hollywood on a vacation, and what did they see but an ad this same Mr. Stern put in for a tiny girl or boy to play with Brownie, the Wonder Dog.

You know Brownie? He's the dog with the college education, who is *real* truly a star, even if he has four feet and wags his tail all the time. Brownie, by the way, wants me to tell you something. He says they don't spank him or anything to make him act, or he wouldn't wag his tail so. He says he overheard some fussy old ladies talking about it once and it hurt his feelings. He likes to act, same as I do.

Well, anyway, you ought to have seen the kids that came on the Century lot the day the ad was in the paper. Mr. Stern had to shut the gate to keep them out. And they picked me, first shot! Do you know why? Not 'cause I have dimples, but because Brownie came right up to me and lapped my face. That was his way of letting them know I was a good trouper. And they believed him.

Then Brownie and I made pictures together. We used to do wonderful things in movies they called "Pals," "Brownie's Little Venus," "Chums," "Brownie's Baby Doll," and a lot of others. Brownie used to make me say my prayers and wash my face—and feed me, and oh, a lot of things. Then, first thing you know, I became a *real* actress and used to steal the center of the stage from him. He was pretty nice about that, even if he was the star, but I did steal it all the same and my share of the laughs.

And then one day what do you think Mr. Stern did? He put a big star on my dressing room door and put me in pictures by myself with a company of my own grownups just like Brownie had and told all the papers about it. And I *was* a really truly star.

They play all my pictures in France and England and Germany, and even out in Australia, and little girls all over the world write to me in all sorts of languages and tell me how they love me and I send them my picture, which they hold my hand for me to sign.

And lots and lots of people send me dolls. I have the biggest family of them and I take all the care of them I can when I'm not acting for the

(*Continued on page* 30)

From The Tailor-Made Man to Miles Standish

Goes Charles Ray

Longfellow's Famous Poem to Serve As Basis for Super-Feature Depicting "Courtship of Miles Standish." Production to be Costly.

RAY REACHES HIS MAJORITY AT LAST

Charlie Ray has been playing kid and juvenile roles ever since he made his first big hit in "The Coward," with Thomas Ince, eight years ago.

He's been growing ever since. At last he has attained manhood, and in the production of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which will cost several hundred thousand dollars, he will appear in a superfeature, the dream of every star.

And he will show us, for the first time on the screen, a true picture of our Pilgrim and Puritan forefathers.

CHARLES RAY is through with making common, everyday movies! From now on, nothing less than a superfeature is good enough for Charlie. He's broken right into motion picture society, along with Mary and Doug, D. W. and Charles Chaplin. As everyone knows, these United Artists believe in quality rather than quantity.

So that's the reason you will be seeing Charlie now in only two pictures a year, the number his United Artists contract calls for. But you can be sure they'll be good ones. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," for instance. That's a subject for a real motion picture classic; Charles Ray and United Artists, who intend to produce it, will see to it that it will be a classic on the screen. Plans have not yet been completed for the production, but they are taking shape rapidly. First, of course, it was necessary to look into the matter of screen rights, but Longfellow having lived so long ago, there was obviously no provision regarding motion picture production. The United Artists' lawyer assured the company that they were privileged to use the story.

Expert continuity writers were set to work at once to scenarize this famous poem. It is, perhaps, the best known poem in the country; it has probably been read by every man, woman and child in the United States who has attended school as far as the eighth grade, and they will all look forward with great interest to its picturization.

Not only is the poem itself to be filmed, but a real historical super-feature is to be woven about it, including the landing of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower and the founding of the colony at Plymouth—the first time that this particular episode in history has ever been shown on the screen.

No expense is to be spared in the making of this million dollar special. Every historical detail is being carefully looked into to insure the utmost accuracy. And Charles Ray, as John Alden, expects to do the greatest work of his career. All in all, everyone concerned is working hard to make this film a masterpiece.

Just now, public attention is focussed on "A Tailor Made Man," Charles Ray's first picture under his new contract, which is now being shown all over the country. Mary Pickford welcomed Charlie into the "Big Four's" organization by personally taking him the script for this production. She had bought the coveted screen rights for her brother Jack, and it was a wonderful compliment she paid to Charles Ray, as an actor. And unquestionably he deserved the compliment; he put all of his delightful charm into the romantic role of John Paul Bart, the tailor's apprentice, whose cleverness conquers for him the business and social worlds. It is, of course, a light comedy role of the sort which Ray has been playing the past few years.

But now Charles is going to try something different. Every comedian, they say, has a secret ambition to play "Hamlet," or some other tragic role, and Charles Ray is no exception. He, too, wants to show his public that he can "emote" as well as the best of them. For most of his public has forgotten that it was in a highly emotional role in "The Coward" that Charles Ray made his first big success seven years ago. The public has a fickle memory and it is up to Ray to remind them that he can do serious stuff.

That is just what he is going to do in his next picture, "The Girl I Loved." As the title indicates, this is a romance, but it is not just one of these milk and water love affairs which dominate so many pictures. It is the real love story of one of our best loved poets, James Whitcomb Riley; it throbs with emotion. All of this emotion Riley put into his poem, "The Girl I Loved," and then he made the dismaying discovery of the public's realization that the story the poem told was his own. For that reason he withdrew the poem from circulation as much as it was possible for him to do so, so that now it is included in very few of Riley's books of verse.

All of which should lend added interest to Charles Ray's next production. Having discovered an ideal role for himself, Ray set about to make the production as artistic and realistic as possible. The story takes place in the Indiana of 1840-60 on the farm where the poet spent his boyhood. His mother adopted a beautiful orphan girl, to the great disgust of the farmer boy, who had hitherto been an only child. His resentment turned gradually into toleration, then into friendship, until at last, spurred by jealousy when one of the village boys came to court his foster sister, the young poet realized that he loved her.

This is the story and the atmosphere that Charles Ray had to interpret for the screen. First, there was the question of taking the company to Indiana on "location." This necessarily involved a great deal of expense. For one thing, a special car was necessary to carry the technical equipment, and then there was the railroad fare for the entire company for a distance of two thousand miles. Added to this was the inconvenience of being so far from the base of supplies, and the expense which any delay would cause, not to mention the uncertainty of Middle Western weather, as contrasted to the daily California sunshine. All of which were reasons for the building of the little Indiana farm in remote California.

Months before the beginning of production, preparations were made for this farm. The natural foliage of California consists of palms, eucalyptus, and all sorts of exotic vegetation, which obviously would find no place in more temperate soil. At last, however, the location manager came upon a wonderful stretch of land near Beverly Hills which had a minimum of trees and shrubbery. Here were constructed several miles of split rail fences of the type found mostly east of the Mississippi. Along the fences a great deal of re-sodding was done, to provide the kind of earth responsive to Indiana foliage.

Hewn lumber was transported one hundred and twenty miles from San Diego to provide beams for the farmhouse exterior, which was built right on

(*Continued on page 29*)

My four years of thrills

Baroness Van Raven at the entrance to the tent in which she lived on location in India.

Two native girls who worked in the picture, "Shakuntala," and who were responsible for many of the difficulties in which the Baroness found herself.

The Stirring Adventures of a Noblewoman and Motion Picture Actress in the Land of Jewelled Palaces and Famine.

By **BARONESS VAN RAVEN**
(Formerly Dorothy Kingdon)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dorothy Kingdon, formerly a popular motion picture actress, and now the Baroness Van Raven, has just returned from four thrilling years in the heart of the great Indian continent. Her experiences have probably never been duplicated by any screen player. Illness, difficulties with the natives, stupendous fetes, horrible famine sights, marked her life among the Hindus. Her authentic narrative of events during these memorable years—just brought to an end—is given in these columns for the first time.*

IF I had been told that I would spend four years of my life in mystical, magical India, I would have laughed outright at my informant.

For I began life as an average American girl, and like many another average American girl, I went into the movies. I used to play with many of the popular old companies, Biograph, Pathe, Reliance, Majestic . . .

Then I met the Baron Van Raven. The Baron, in addition to being a Dutch nobleman, is an expert cameraman. It was our common interest in camera work that brought us together.

So, one day, I, Dorothy Kingdon, movie actress, became a Baroness.

We went on our honeymoon. We returned, and decided that both of us would go to work and earn our living in the good old American way, I as an actress, my husband as a cameraman and director.

One day a Hindu, Suchet Singh, a man of advanced ideals, came to New York, looking for an American actress to head a company of native movie players in distant India. We met him, and never dreaming of the thrills into which we would be thrust, we decided to lengthen our honeymoon, to make it a period of work and travel as well as joy, by going with Mr. Singh to India.

In February, 1919, I began the long journey of 10,000 miles from New York to Bombay. The voyage was uneventful, except that I was occupied constantly with the study of Hindustani, the native language of the land to which I was going. Throughout the trip, my tongue was calloused with the effort to master the difficult language of ancient India. Madras was, at last, reached. It was a welcome relief from the daily grind. After disembarking there, I began a long journey of two and a half days across the country in a "coopy" little train drawn by a toy engine the snorting and wheezing of which sounded protestingly as it was driven slowly and painfully over a road rough enough to jar the fillings from one's teeth.

After my arrival in Bombay, I was given a month in which to absorb the atmosphere of my surroundings. I was introduced into the houses of a number of high caste Hindus, some of whom had never before received a European or American visitor within their doors, this with the intention of studying the character, customs and deportment of Indian women.

After this schooling, rehearsals were started, and for the first time in Indian film history, an Occidental girl and Indian women appeared in a Hindu drama. Hitherto the female roles had been played by boys made up to represent the women. The boys so engaged let their hair grow to great length in order to further carry out the illusion.

I experimented with the art of making up for the screen in India. Formerly nothing but an ordinary flour and water paste applied with a shaving brush had been used. Its ghastly effect was terrifying, but it was assumed to be the last word in theatre artistry. Never before had Hindu women consented to use make-up of any kind on their faces. It is considered offensive and their attempts to hide their faces from their husbands, some of whom came to watch their first appearance, was extremely funny to an American girl. I had to makeup at home although the company had taken a fine old place called Logi Castle—afterwards rented by Famous Players, but never used by them—but as many Hindus have the motto: "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow," I had no proper dressing-room and had to makeup and dress at home as the Indian girl, "Shakuntala."

As a result, my husband, Captain Van Raven, was accused of having an Indian girl sweetheart or wife. One day, my Goanese maid was asked by the baby's nurse: "Who is the Indian lady who goes out with your sahib?"

"No one but my mistress," said my *ayah* crossly.

Our first difficulty resulted from this gossip. One morning a week later something went wrong with the car. I was kept waiting and the baby, with her maid, passed me. Without thinking of the fact that I was in makeup, I spoke to the baby. The expression on the nurse's face was a study, and later I learned she had been busy circulating a rumor that something was wrong in our home. In order to avoid the talk of the natives, I was forced to ride in a closed car from my house to the studio when in makeup.

I have been told that my makeup as a Hindu girl, my gestures, walk and mannerisms, were so like the real thing that many of the natives could not tell the difference. In fact, frequently some of them came up to me and spoke to me in Hindustani, when I used my only native phrase: "Ham Hindustani nahin bol-sakta-hai." (I cannot speak Hindustani).

One day I was amused to hear a young English captain explain to two friends that I was a bengali or low caste girl who has been educated in England and had returned to India to teach the Indian girls how to act. This, and other incidents, particularly one which I am about to relate, resulted in a great deal of antagonism among the natives toward me.

We required a baby in a picture and I asked an Indian lady to loan her child to me, not knowing

in magical India

anything about the popular superstition that if you admire a child and call it pretty, the wrath of the gods will descend upon you. To prevent this, the mother painted circles of antimony (black paint) around the child's eyes before giving it to me. Whether some of the dye seeped through the skin and poisoned the child, or whether it naturally became ill, I do not know, but it died a few weeks after we filmed it. This incident and the fact that we were looked upon as usurpers and "foreign devils," was one of the causes of our departure for another part of India.

Moreover, the heat in the vicinity of Bombay was terrific. Most Western women and men when in the tropics wear pith helmets and a strip of flannel down their backs to protect their spines from the heat, but I wore nothing but a wig to protect my head and the thinnest of clothing, and had to walk barefoot on the hot gravel. It is hardly surprising that when my day's work was over and I had bathed in order to remove my makeup from my entire body that I was forced to eat in bed and then fall asleep.

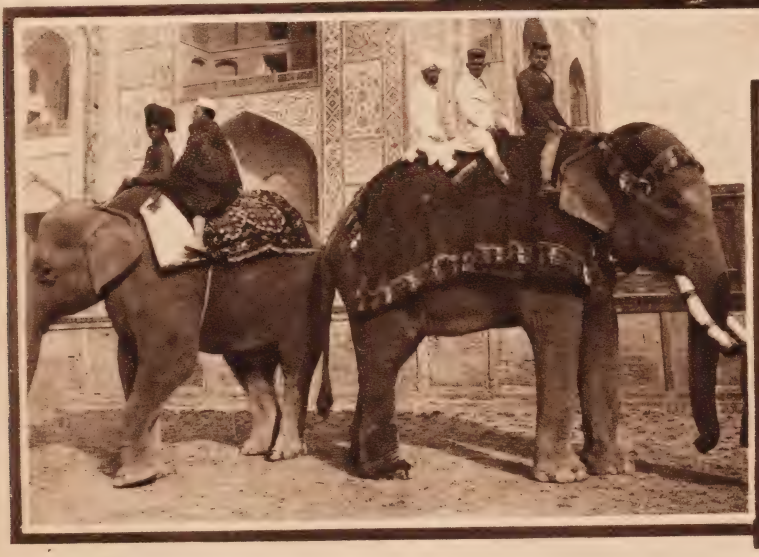
When I protested to my director, and suggested that we work in the early hours of the morning instead of midday, he told me he could do nothing. It seems that the natives rise early in the morning, but that they spend the entire early hours of the day in prayer and the remainder of their time until almost noon either eating or praying. He confessed that nothing could be done.

Yet, in spite of these difficulties and a feeling of complete strangeness in these queer surroundings, I was happy in my work. I felt it was a great experience and I knew if I could only make these natives with whom I was associated understand, later my entire Indian public would also understand.

But then came the monsoon. It didn't rain. Rather it poured. Torrents fell from the heavens, which seemed to have split asunder. Although our quarters had just been built, they had been built to rent, not to withstand the monsoon. The water poured in. Rugs and furniture were soon floating. Up to my knees in water, I helped the servants save the furniture, but the exposure, my fright and my general situation made me fall ill. I incurred dystentery, an illness which is very painful, although I became used to it afterwards, as I had it eight times during my four years in India.

While the camel is used instead of the flivver, to transport heavy loads in the country.

Hadji, the water carrier, a character from the Baroness' film.



Elephants are a common sight in the thoroughfares of Indian cities.

Two weeks later, however, I returned to work, striving day and night to make up for lost time. But now a new difficulty arose. Moral conditions among the natives are very bad and as none of the high caste women would work in motion pictures, I was forced to work with a type of women which is particularly objectionable. Finally, conditions about the studio became so bad that I was forced to refuse to work with certain ones. When the director refused to dismiss them, I refused to work in the picture unless they were discharged.

Finally I won out. The picture was finished, but I and my husband had decided that life is too short and too precious to continue working under such a strain. We then formed the Raven Film Company. We bought a runabout and a special trailer to carry the camera and other paraphernalia, with a platform on the top, so that we could take pictures from the automobile. This innovation and the fact that we had taught something of the importance of more even action to the natives, made us feel that our work was not in vain. Moreover, our picture had sold for 65,000 rupees, more than three times more than any other Indian film had ever obtained.

We started our motor trip with a contingent of two cars, a mechanic, a cleaner, a baggage boy and an assistant to Baron Van Raven. This trip was both interesting and happy. India is beautiful beyond imagination. Of course, motoring in India is not motoring in America and many unusual and strange things befell us. There were many blind crossings and many hairpin turns and narrow causeways on which we would usually meet bullock carts or some such obstacle. The food, which was mainly hot and highly spiced, such as curries, made me ill, but I was forced to eat it as I could get nothing else but fruit. Six large thermos bottles in which we carried ice water were our life savers. Without them I could not have stood the trip.

The heat was terrific and the air like that of a blast furnace, frequently as high as 130 degrees Fahrenheit.

My mascot on the trip was a little South American lemur monkey which I got from the

(*Continued on page* 29)

Ben Hur coming to the screen at last.

WHITE, N. Y.

The chariot race of "Ben Hur," from which all chariot races have descended, is going to live in reality after many years amid the artificial trappings of the stage. From the Klaw & Erlanger production.

Famous Classic of General Lew Wallace to be Filmed by Goldwyn—Rich Program of Features Planned by Producers.

By Lewis F. Levenson

THE chariots are coming! Hurray! Hurray!

And this time they will be the real honest-to-goodness chariots from which all movie chariot races are descended, the chariots of "Ben Hur.'

Everyone older than ten years has seen "Ben Hur." With the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" it is the world's most profitable play. It has been playing on the stage ever since General Lew Wallace wrote the old Roman story.

And now the movies, via Goldwyn, are to have it.

Moreover, it is the most expensive story—bar none—ever bought for the movies. Goldwyn paid out one million dollars in exceedingly cold cash for "Ben Hur," and Goldwyn is going to spend more than another cold million before the film is finally flashed on the screen.

The narrative of how "Ben Hur" finally is to come to the movies is one of big business in the films. Ever since D. W. Griffith proved, by means of "The Birth of a Nation," that a great spectacle could be produced realistically on the screen, various producers have planned to make "Ben Hur." For a long time it was believed that Griffith had an option on the play, but the course of events, and Griffith's probable unwillingness to pay the price, caused A. E. Erlanger, who had bought the production from the estate of General Lew Wallace, to hold it for another bidder.

W. A. Brady, the theatrical magnate, was next in the market, it was said. But genial "Bill" Brady never got the rights. They went wandering off looking for another bidder. Finally Goldwyn came to the realization of a necessity for a program of super-features instead of mere program pictures, such as Goldwyn had produced in the past. Of all the possible great pictures which might be made, "Ben Hur" stood at the top of the list. Goldwyn dug down into the corporation treasury, obtained the necessary million, and announced that "Ben Hur," his chariots and all, would soon be filmed.

At the present writing, "Ben Hur" is in the very first stages of production, but the first step taken has been a good one. June Mathis, continuity writer, and said to possess one of the finest senses of dramatic values in the movies, has been engaged to whip "Ben Hur" into shape. Miss Mathis wrote the continuity for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Three Musketeers," "Blood and Sand," and has not only been connected with the stage since childhood, but has played the leading roles in many popular successes.

She is taking her time in preparing a script, and awaiting her final decision, no casting has begun, not even for a director. The only other person engaged thus far by Goldwyn, is Edgar Stillman Kelly, who wrote the original musical score for "Ben Hur," and who is now working on a musical setting for the picture.

"Ben Hur" is not only a remarkable spectacle, but it is a play of "juicy" leading roles. To understand its tremendous appeal, you must realize that the chariot race, about which the entire play centers, is so exciting that even when done on the stage, where its artificiality is obvious, it has always brought cheers to the lips of the audience. The situation at the time of the chariot race is such that no one who sees it is able to resist its dramatic appeal.

But this time, when it is done on the screen, it will be even more stirring. Not only will "Ben Hur," Esther and the other lovable characters be shown in all realism, but the settings, the race, and all the atmosphere, will be as real as they can be. The interiors will be made in the Goldwyn Studios at Culver City, but the "Ben Hur" company will go to the ends of the earth for atmosphere. In Rome will the Roman scenes be taken, and in Palestine will the scenes in which Jesus appears be filmed. In other words, "Ben Hur" will be the nearest thing to the filming of the famous Passion Play of the Ober-Ammergau that has ever been attempted.

You can speculate endlessly as to who will direct the picture and who will play the leading roles. Regarding the role of "Ben Hur," it was hinted at first that Valentino might be given this tremendous opportunity in a world-famous character. Among the rumors current during the Valentino-Famous Players suit was one to the effect that Valentino had been offered the role of "Ben Hur" at a salary of $7,000 weekly, and that his attempts to break his contract were due to this tempting offer. But Valentino has thus far been unable to free himself, and therefore is naturally unavailable.

As for directors, Goldwyn has numerous directors of wide repute who might be drafted for the job. Maurice Tourneur, who just finished "The Christian," would undoubtedly give it a remarkably artistic production, but Mr. Tourneur was under contract to Goldwyn for that one picture only and is not a member of the regular staff.

Of the others, Marshall Neilan is more the director of modern films of poignant drama or rollicking joy. He has never attempted to do anything spectacular, his success depending more upon his true knowledge of human nature. Allen Holubar, on the other hand, has consistently made spectacles, ranging from the seascape of "Hurricane's Gal," to the fantastic "Man, Woman, Marriage," which ranged through four different epochs.

The great director of chariot races, J. Gordon Edwards, the man who put on the race in "The Queen of Sheba," and in "Nero," is under contract with another company. Edwards has never been recognized as a master of the screen, but nevertheless he has directed successfully numerous spectacles, doing them in a workmanlike, efficient, if not always artistic fashion. But Edwards has already worked in Rome, and has succeeded in working successfully with Italian actors, something which no other American director, with the exception of Herbert Brenon, has done.

But whoever directs "Ben Hur," and whoever acts in it, whoever gives life to the vivid characters and puts on the screen the stirring times in which

(*Continued on page* 30)

Well remembered kisses

If You Don't Know How to Kiss, These Lessons in the Art of Osculation by Stars and Starettes in Recent and Coming Photoplays Will Teach You.

LESSON NO. I. If you are planning a kiss in the out-of-doors, choose the shade of a friendly oak, according to Johnny Gilbert, the kisser in this scene from "The Love Gambler."

LESSON NO. II. But the yacht is the best setting of all. The crew doesn't dare look at you when you kiss, and the other passengers won't. This is William Farnum's contribution to the art of kissing.

LESSON NO. III. If you are married, become a movie actor, and you can kiss as often as the director will let you, says Conrad Nagle, who proves it by kissing Bebe Daniels in "Singed Moths."

LESSON NO IV. Don't be bashful. If you see a chance for a kiss when dancing in the middle of the ballroom floor, seize it—the chance, not the floor. Prof. Bryant Washburn offers this advice; Viola Dana receives it, in this "June Madness" scene.

LESSON NO. V. The automobile has proved a convenient background for the kiss, as Wallie Reid has shown on numerous occasions, more recently in "Across the Continent," with Betty Francisco.

Does marriage bring greater dramatic power?

"Yes!" Say Those Who Are Happily Married---Fuller, Richer Emotions Created by the Experience of Marriage.

MARRIAGE, the sweetest of all mysteries!

Does it bring to the screen actor or actress a richer vision of the world, deeper emotional strength, greater dramatic power?

Or do the double interests of marriage divide the mind against itself, spoil unity of purpose?

Let the picture players answer for themselves:

Once upon a time when a stage or screen star slipped the gold band on her finger, it was a deep, dark secret. It would never do for her marriage to become known, because, she thought, it would hurt her professionally.

And then all of a sudden some star or other rebelled. She'd be hanged if she'd keep her happy home a secret. She was married and proud of it; let the fans say what they would. But strangely enough, the fans did not object! They wanted to know all about it.

So now everything is changed. When a star gets married, the fans are first to congratulate her—or him as the case my be. As for its hurting one's professional standing—how could it? The chances are, according to the fans, that the actor is so much the better actor because of his marriage. It may be that marriage brings greater dramatic power!

Does it?

There are plenty of stars whose lives would answer yes to that question. Norma Talmadge, for instance. In her early days, Norma was a sprightly comedienne; in fact, it was her chief annoyance that she was never given a chance to "emote." She knew she could play tragedy if they would only give her a chance, but she was too great an artist at comedy to be wasted on serious roles. So thought the producers. And it was years before she was given the opportunity to play the sort of roles she wished to play. And then she showed that she had the makings of a great emotional actress.

Then, about six years ago, she married Joseph Schenck. Theirs has been one of the most devoted marriages of the screen world. It is a well-known fact in movie circles that the Joseph Schencks are an ideal couple. And in the meantime, during those half dozen years, Norma has been climbing higher and higher up the ladder of fame, until now she is perhaps the foremost emotional actress on the screen. It rather looks in her case, doesn't it, as if marriage had given her greater dramatic power?

Nazimova is another example of what marriage will do for one's theatrical career. For some years now, she has been married to Charles Bryant, during which time she has been at the height of her fame as a dramatic actress. She is one of the many stars whose husband is her director, which seems to be an ideal arrangement. Having such similar interests, a director-husband and actress-wife are likely to make an extremely congenial couple. This has appeared to be the case in the many instances where husbands direct their wives' pictures.

Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh are another example of this kind. Miss Cooper has often threatened to retire from the screen, but her husband is unable to replace her with another leading woman equally capable. Since her marriage, her work has improved to such an extent that he finds her invaluable for his pictures. For besides the emotional stimulus of a well-rounded, happy life which marriage brings, there is the additional advantage of having a husband's practical advice to help one in a career. One's husband or wife is necessarily more interested in one's career than the most devoted friend can be, or even a brother or sister. It is constant helpful criticism that makes one grow and progress.

In the case of Mary and Doug, for instance how helpful it must be to each of them to have the other always on hand to make suggestions, offer advice. They each have something to offer the other in the way of experience. And the pictures they both have made since their marriage to each other have been the greatest of their careers.

Mae Murray's pictures have never before been so lavish, so well done as her recent ones have been. Her marriage to Robert Leonard has done much for her; she has been steadily improving in her emotional power until now she stands, perhaps, at the peak of her career. Here again is another instance of a husband who is also a director and is in a position to give good, practical advice. There are two reasons, you see, why marriage may improve one's dramatic power. There is the obvious one of a happy, well-rounded life, and the other factor of having a loved one on hand to supply constructive criticism.

Madge Kennedy finds her husband extremely helpful in her career. "He is almost more interested in my progress than I am myself," Miss Kennedy explained, when we asked her about it. "Of course we are an exceptionally congenial couple, I think. Mr. Bolster, for instance, always arranges his working hours to coincide with mine as much as possible. When I am playing on the stage, as I am now, he doesn't go to his office until about noon, and then he works evenings. In that way we have our mornings together. Then when I am on the road, he works all day and late at night so that he can get ahead in his work. This leaves him free to take three or four days off every few weeks, which he spends with me in whatever city I am playing. This arrangement keeps us in closer touch than many other couples can be when one of them is playing on the stage.

"As to whether marriage has given me any greater dramatic power—I don't believe it has. It is true, of course, that in order to play emotional roles, one must as a rule, have had rather varied experiences in real life. One must have lived, and, the usual theory is, one must have suffered. Yet I have known very young girls, who had lived the most sheltered kind of lives, who were wonderful at portraying emotion. The quality that is most essential is extreme sensitiveness—uncanny sensitiveness, in fact.

"But I feel, personally, that it is much easier to play tragedy, to make people cry, than it is to make them laugh. Comedy to my mind is the most difficult thing of all to get across the footlights successfully. And I don't think that experience can help you there. Of course experience gives you poise, and stage presence; it helps you in whatever technique is necessary. But on the whole, a comedienne is just born with some little quirk in her brain which enables her to make people laugh. Some actresses have it, others just don't, and that's all there is to it. It can't be cultivated.

"So you see, my marriage has not affected my ability as an

(*Continued on page* 29)

Posed by Edith Roberts

George Larkin—the gentleman unafraid of the films

George Larkin, who affirms that his physical prowess is due to Bernarr Macfadden's teachings.

Daredevil Protege of Bernarr Macfadden Still Wins Success Through Death-Defying Movie Stunts.

By T. HOWARD KELLY

IF you will pardon me for a few seconds, I am going to run back through the corridors of time about six years, in order to properly introduce a movie star who has been knighted "The Gentleman Unafraid," by thousands of fans the country over.

The time is the summer of 1916.

Down on palm-shaded Main Street of Jacksonville, a crowd of curious and interested passersby has gathered on the sidewalk opposite the Jackson Hotel to watch the Kalem Company (that famous old pioneering outfit) shoot a very exciting and dangerous scene.

Robert Ellis, Kalem director, comes out of the Jackson's front entrance with a decidedly worried expression on his good-looking face.

"I can't persuade George not to jump out of the fourth story window. The first flight up would do with a little faking of distance, but Larkin says it's going to be the fourth or nothing," groaned Ellis, approaching me.

"George is too much of a daredevil for his own good," I admitted. "But what can we do? We've been kicking about this for a week."

"Nothing—nothing," replied the director, looking first at the hard brick pavement and then up to the window where George Larkin was standing on the ledge ready to make a leap for the street. "Is everything all set?" he asked, indicating the machine in which sat Ollie Kirby, "The Kalem Girl." (Of course, if you are a good fan, you know that Ollie and George were married many moons ago.)

"All set," I answer glumly.

A few moments later, Ellis put the scene into action. The car carrying Ollie started past the hotel. The villain, who was supposed to have abducted Miss Kirby began fighting her efforts to get out of the machine.

"NOW!" shouted Ellis as the automobile was directly under Larkin's window ledge.

The crowd held its breath as the star made a motion to leap. Only for a second did he remain poised on the thin strip of overhanging brick. Like a bullet from a gun his torso rushed downward, his arms outstretched.

THUD!

His feet miss the bottom of the moving car. His left leg crashes accidentally against the side of the machine. George Larkin has leaped once too often, is the thought that sweeps over the crowd as he crumples to the floor of the auto.

Quickly the police cleared a way through the excited people. George Larkin, held in the arms of Ollie Kirby, is dashed off to a hospital. Fortunately for George, and the Kalem Company, his mad leap brought him nothing more serious than severe bruises and a sprained ankle.

Well, now, folks, that was George Larkin, Kalem star, six years ago. Mr. Larkin has not changed one tiny bit with the passage of time. For the past few years he has been gaining new laurels as a daring movie star by his work in serials and features which often calls for nervy stunts such as jumping from an aeroplane to a moving train; fighting on the yardarm of a ship at sea; rescuing a girl from flame-licked buildings; and looking wild beasts squarely in the face in pictures featuring wild animals.

He has just completed the filming of a timberland story called "The Firebrand." In a raging forest fire, George fights his way to reach the side of the heroine. People who watched the making of this particular scene are unanimous in saying it depicts realism such as is seldom found on the silver screen. In fact, this feature is replete with revelations of his unflinching courage before dangers and hazards.

Mr. Larkin has some pertinent things to say regarding the fundamental reasons which have been instrumental in bringing him success. Nerve is not the only requisite, he declares.

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The climax of the Apache dance, as done by Larkin and his wife, the former "Kalem girl," Ollie Kirby.

Wally Reid's "Clarence"

Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy Co-Featured with Reid---Ichabod Crane

"CLARENCE" (Paramount)

SEVERAL YEARS ago, Booth Tarkington's "Clarence" was listed as one of the ten best plays of the Broadway season, so everyone was especially interested in seeing what kind of picture it would make. And no one was disappointed, which, considering the high standard set by the play, is saying a great deal. For "Clarence" as a picture is one little chuckle right after another from first reel to last. It simply bubbles over.

Of course you all know Booth Tarkington, and the way he can create youngsters and make them talk! He has done just that in "Clarence," and the remarks that the captions quote them as saying seem delightfully like the original dialogue of the play. That is the beauty of the whole production; the genial spirit of the story has been kept intact.

It would be an extremely stupid slip-up somewhere if this picture had not turned out well with the wonderful aggregation of talent whose efforts were combined in its production. Wallace Reid plays "Clarence," one of the most lovable roles in which he has ever been seen. He gets away from his usual auto-racing characters, and plays a rather shy ex-soldier whom everyone in the household adores. At first you are a little disappointed that the Apollo-like Wallace Reid should have to mar his countenance with a pair of spectacles which are the twin to Harold Lloyd's, but the role calls for the specs, and you love him in spite of them. And fortunately, the glasses are broken along toward the end of the picture, and there is Wallie, smiling and debonair, as his fans like to see him.

Agnes Ayres plays one of the two feminine leads, as the governess who has rather a racy time of it trying to manage her charge. Miss Ayres does perhaps the most effective acting of her career, as she has to work much too hard to stop and wonder whether she is looking pretty or not. In fact, she has what you might consider a rather dishevelled role.

May McAvoy plays a pert young school girl who is the cause of most of the trouble. She insists on falling in love with every man she sees, and it is all the poor governess and Clarence can do to prevent her eloping with the villain. But that is before Clarence breaks his glasses, dons his new suit and plays the saxaphone! Knowing that Wallie in real life "blows a wicked saxaphone," you only wish you could hear him on the screen instead of only seeing him.

Adolphe Menjou plays the villain, Kathlyn Williams the children's step mother, Edward Martindel the father, and Robert Agnew the boy whose chief occupation is returning, forcibly, from colleges. William De Mille directed the picture, and Clara Beranger adapted the story. Three cheers for all of them.

Clarence has been in the army, knows everything, and so he's a handy man to have around the house.

Frank Mayo has his finger on the trigger, but—ssh!—the gun isn't really loaded!

"THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN" (Clancy-Hodkinson)

Next to "Rip Van Winkle," probably the most widely read story that has ever been written is Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which now appears on the screen. Remember Ichabod Crane, the Yankee school master with the sleeves which weren't on speaking terms with his wrist, and the funny little pigtail sticking out behind? Then think, if you can, of anyone on the screen more appropriate for this role than Will Rogers. You can't do it, can you? For Will gives such a remarkable impersonation that he ceases to be Will Rogers and becomes Ichabod Crane. He even bounces up and down on his horse like an amateur taking his first riding lesson—Will, the cowboy actor.

The atmosphere in this production by Carl Stearns Clancy could have stepped right out of the pages of Washington Irving's story. In the first place, the scenes were taken right in Sleepy Hollow where the original story was laid; and added to that, the Dutch atmosphere and characters have been beautifully reproduced. Lois Meredith is a delightful coquette in the role of Katrina Van Tassel, the belle of Sleepy Hollow. Ben Hendricks, Junior, is the only other member of the cast whose name is included in the program; he plays "Brom" Bones, Ichabod's successful rival for the hand of Katrina. Of course it isn't really Katrina herself that the school master loves, but all those cows and chickens and beets and spinach that she is going to fall heir to.

So he makes up his mind to marry her, and sets about to displace Brom Bones, her favored suitor. But Brom Bones is a sort of daredevil, who won't stand for any nonsense from anybody, so he literally scares Ichabod Crane out of town by playing upon his excessive superstition. The town "haunt" is the "headless horseman," who rides over the countryside at night, searching for his head, and terrorizes the natives. So Brom Bones impersonates the headless horseman when Ichabod is coming home late one night, and the school master is so frightened he is never seen again in the village of Sleepy Hollow.

You will love some of the comic touches of the picture; Will Rogers and a clownish role are an irresistible combination. The picture is a little too long, as it necessarily consists of more atmosphere than action, although the original story has been amplified to some extent.

The photography is beautiful, especially the moonlight scenes when the horseman looms on the horizon. All in all, you should see this picture, as it is one of your favorite

a laugh-getting hit

Appears on the Screen---Other Pictures as Seen By Alma M. Talley

childhood stories brought to life, just as you would like to see it.

⊞ ⊞ ⊞ ⊞ ⊞

"A TAILOR MADE MAN" (United Artists)

What a joy to see Charles Ray again in a dress suit and tailor made clothes! After all these months that he has been playing hick parts when one kept wishing he would appear in the regular clothes that he can wear so well! If you have been feeling that way about Charlie, you are sure to enjoy him in this picture.

Some of you have undoubtedly seen the play by Harry James Smith from which this story was taken. The hero is John Paul Bart, a tailor's apprentice, who goes in dress clothes which do not belong to him to a party to which he has not been invited. And, of course, for the sake of a plot, he gets away with it! He gives the impression that he is somebody, gets a wonderful job—all because of the self-confidence he acquires in tailor made clothes. Although, of course, an engaging personality was partly responsible as well.

No wonder Charles Ray winks when he kisses the lady's hand, for—look at the lady!

The story is brim full of humor, with a great deal of dramatic action also, and Charles Ray proves that Doug is not the only stunt artist in pictures, for Charlie gets quite familiar with masts and ropes on ship board. In fact, he is altogether delightful in a role which cannot help but please you. It might occur to you, however, that his naturally shy manner is not altogether in keeping with the blustering part of a man who pretends to be something he isn't. However, that's a mere trifle in a really excellent picture.

Albert Ray adapted the play for screen purposes, and Joseph De Grasse directed the picture. Ethel Grandin came out of a retirement of several years to play the leading feminine role, and Irene Lentz and Jacqueline Logan were also included in the cast.

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"WOLF LAW" (Universal)

Frank Mayo, who can hold his own in any masculine beauty contest, has selected a delightful story for his latest picture—"Wolf Law," by Hugh Poindexter. It is one of the innumerable popular magazine stories which eventually find their way to the screen.

The title refers to a secluded place in the Ozarks where a band of outlaws have established a colony to defeat justice. Frank, as Jefferson De Croteau, a sort of Beau Brummel, who thinks he has killed a man in a quarrel, comes upon this place by accident. It looks like a real haven to him when he is trying to elude the sheriff and a man call out to him that here is a refuge.

He finds, however, that he has merely gotten himself in greater trouble, because no one is allowed to leave the outlaw colony, lest its location become known to the rest of the community. Francine Redney is another captive there with her father, who is to be punished for bringing to justice the outlaw chief's brother. Of course the hero immediately makes up his mind to help them and himself to escape, and you know of course that he will succeed, in spite of the fact that the place is heavily guarded. The suspense comes in seeing exactly how this will be accomplished because there is not only one villain to be defeated, but a whole gang of them.

The most effective scene in the picture, pictorially, is one showing a terrible thunder storm with Mayo riding desperately to the heroine's cabin to save her and her father. The lightning scenes are especially striking (as lightning should be).

Sylvia Breamer has very little to do as the heroine, except register fright every time a man comes near her. Of course she has reason to do that, as all the men keep fighting over her. Nick De Ruiz and Harry Carter are the villains in chief. And William Quinn is another villain, back in the hero's home tiown. So you see, if you like pictures in which the hero conquers the villain, maybe you'll like this one three times as well, because he gets the best of three of them.

Stuart Paton directed the picture, and Benjamin Kline worked the camera. And he and the camera did a good job!

No, it isn't Thanksgiving, but Ichabod Cranes his neck when he sees that bird of a dinner.

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"THE KENTUCKY DERBY" (Universal)

Another old melodrama revived. This time it is the popular old play, "The Suburban," by Charles T. Dazey, brought to life as "The Kentucky Derby." You all know, of course, that the derby does not refer to a hat.

It's all about horse racing, with a few little added thrills thrown in when the hero is shanghaied and when he beats up the villain. Reginald Denny is the hero, Donald Gordon, who is disinherited for marrying the daughter of the stable keeper. As his father had practically adopted her, it was just a bit ridiculous of him to raise such objections to his son's marriage. After all, it might have occurred to him that they would fall in love, being brought up in the same house. But he wasn't a very sensible father. He even believed that his son had stolen his money, though a brighter man might reasonably have suspected an adventurous couple who were visiting him on their unsupported word that they were distant relatives. They lived with him for years, in fact, without any investigation on his part as to who they were. He wasn't as you see, very bright, and when he says at the end of the picture, "I've been an old fool," you feel like answering, "Well, it's about time you found it out!"

As to what became of the money—of course the imposter cousins had stolen it just as the hero left home, and then they had him shanghaied when he reached New York. He was unable to reach home for three years, while his poor little bride mourned and struggled bravely to care for her baby. But in the end, he reaches home just in time to expose the villains and upset their scheme to defeat his father's horse in "The Kentucky Derby."

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

MADGE KENNEDY

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

She would not pay for stardom

Being the Second Compelling Installment of

Is Your Daughter Safe in the Movies?

By LA RUE BOYD

IF you had been struggling for weeks, maybe months, to attain a certain entree into the studios, and had been considered by the studio personnel as something a bit above a common "extra," how do you think you would feel if you were suddenly jolted into the consciousness of the fact that you had succeeded?

One morning not so very long after the last incident related, I was called up by a big studio and asked if I would care to compete in the selection of a half dozen women for an important group dance in a large production. This meant a tryout, not an infrequent happening when a part or effect is exacting.

At the appointed hour I presented myself at the studio and what was my amazement to find at least sixty women, all well-trained dancers, ex-students of such high class schools as Denishawn, Morgan Dancers, Chalif and Belcher, assembled for the same purpose. We were told to put on bathing suits and assemble on a certain set, all of which we did.

There we were lined up according to size. In front of us stood several men looking us over like farmers at a county fair on the verge of selecting some new mares, and behind this first line-up of male "connoiseurs" was another group of men, presumably friends of the former, among them two agents. Out of the sixty or more small, tall, fat and lean, blonde and brunette young women, six "types" were chosen.

As I look back at the ordeal, for it was an ordeal, I have to smile at the stupidity of those poor distracted males who had to do the choosing. What a bunch of idiots they were! Why didn't they let a woman do it and save themselves a pile of grief? I was the first one chosen, for I was of the size and weight and complexion and type they were looking for. The others were therefore matched up to me. In consequence, I got all the scowls and unsavory comments which rightfully belonged to the male contingent. As the weeding out process progressed, sundry girls stepped out of the lines and besieged the men to choose them. To me it was the most remarkable exhibition of female appeal I have ever witnessed. No wonder the men hurried toward the end (some two hours or more at that), to escape the feminine charge at the grand finale. The six lucky chosen girls thereafter practised for a solid week without pay, at the end of which time the dance was shot, and in the cutting of the finished picture it was eliminated because there was too much footage, for, of course, the star had to be kept in whether she would bore an audience or not.

The incident perhaps would have meant little to me if on the last day of the rehearsal a refined looking lady had not appeared on the set and remained there a long time watching us perform. After a while she drew a little nearer and then I heard her say something to the director. She was talking about two other girls and myself. Upon inquiry, I learned that her business was finding new types and talent. Some she located by viewing pictures made by rival concerns, others she picked up from passing road shows, and still others she found right on the lot. It was through this lady's faith in me that some time later on I met a certain film official I here call Ballou.

In the picture business as elsewhere, one finds all sorts of people. For every man among the higher officials of the studios who stoops to base immorality, there are a dozen who are above reproach in their behavior toward the women artists. But, unfortunately, the acts of that one are as a rule so far-reaching that he alone is talked about and there is little time or interest left to discuss the other respectable twelve. So it was with Ballou. Ballou had a world of power and influence. Few people knew him on the outside, still fewer dared to approach him on the lot. Consequently it was considered almost a miracle to gain his attention or be the cause of his interest.

The lady aforementioned believed in me, and had spoken to Ballou, who expressed the wish that I call at his office for an interview. Therefore, armed with a card of introduction and dressed for the occasion, I presented myself at his office a few days later.

Mr. Ballou's offices were not at the studio with which he was connected. At the time he preferred to maintain them in a large downtown office building. He was not at all keen about mixing with the "movies," and this was one way of showing it. When I arrived at the office it was about four o'clock or a little before. There was a small reception room with a railing across one end which separated the place from a larger room filled with typists punching their machines. Beyond and to one side was a small door which led into another room.

I was the first chosen, for I was of the size and weight and complexion and type they were looking for.

When I entered, a young woman came to the railing to ascertain my wants. I asked for Mr. Ballou. The girl looked me over critically, took my card and disappeared through the small door at the rear of the room. Presently she returned with the reply that Mr. Ballou was extremely busy, but if I would wait he would see me later. I took a seat and began waiting. After a little while a man came out through the door at the rear, walked over to a typist, and feigning important business, stood taking me in from a distance. Then he returned to the room at the rear and closed the door softly. I continued to wait. I had been there forty-five minutes when the young lady who took my card returned and told me Mr. Ballou was ready to see me and ushered me past the typists and through the small door into the adjoining suite.

Ballou turned out to be the man who had come out previously to look me over from afar. He greeted me in a pleasant manner, drew up a chair for me and offered me a cigarette. I refused. He passed over this and while he was studying me, kept plying me with inconsequential questions. He was just killing time and I knew it. Presently the young lady who had ushered me in entered and informed him she and the other girls were going and asked him if there was anything else he wanted. Ballou shook his head, told her to leave the door open as she passed through it and settled back in his chair.

Ballou was originally from New York. So was I. We fell to talking about the big town. He was very charming, very gentlemanly, and seemed to have all the time in the world to devote to me. It was now five-fifteen. I heard the clock strike and got up to go. He rose, complained about the draught and closed the door, begging me to be seated again for a few minutes. I returned to my chair and he began discussing moving pictures, a subject he had been dodging up to this time.

It was then that I told him that I had hoped by meeting him he would see in me a type which his company could use to advantage. I gave him an idea of my experience, for I had had considerable by that time, and boldly suggested myself for a certain part in a specific picture which his company was about to produce.

"So you would like to play the part of *Gimla*, eh?" he remarked, leaning over to me a little.

"Stand up!"

I stood up.

"You have a splendid appearance," he added, rising. "Do you know how to make love? *Gimla* makes love, you know."

I must have looked fussed, for he was greatly amused, threw out his chest and moved away toward the window, remaining silent a minute. Then he turned back toward me and said in a mellow voice: "I think you *would* make a consequential *Gimla*, let me see."

Ballou now approached me with one of those unmistakable glances every woman knows. I instinctively clutched the arm of the chair and rose.

"*Gimla* is supposed to be bewitching, Miss Lamarte," he continued, assuming a more businesslike tone.

I never answered. Although he had said no word, his intentions were clear to me.

I rose and walked across the office toward the door. In one stride he was at my side. His hand touched my arm. I was at the beginning of "a scene."

But I determined to end this scene at the beginning. I realized my helplessness, and the scandal that would result if I made a disturbance. So it was with mingled fright and horror that I felt myself drawn into Ballou's arms, and felt his lips implant a kiss upon my own.

The kiss had to come to an end. I let it run its course and then, when I was freed, I stepped back from the man.

It is amazing how clearly a girl can think in such a predicament. Doubtless it is what saves her many times. I made a move for the door. As I did so Ballou came out of his stupor. Then, just as though nothing in the world had happened, he offered me his hand and said collectedly: "See me in a couple of days, I'll let you know about the *Gimla* part."

This was too much for me. As I travelled quickly toward the door, a wild rage gathered in me. I now had my left hand on the doorknob, in fact, I had already turned it and was all ready to shoot out. Still trembling, my vision dimmed from excitement, I suddenly raised my right hand and struck Ballou full in the face, then I burst into

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The Siren Call

A Fascinating Story from the Paramount Photoplay of that Name Featuring Dorothy Dalton

NOVELIZED FROM J. E. NASH'S STORY

By James Gabelle

FOR hours Brent wandered on, paying no attention to where he was going. Black rage filled his heart at the loss of the fortune. Over and over again he cursed himself for going into that clearing and then he would fall into a torrent of vituperation at the thought of how neatly "Pious" had outwitted him. His anger was so great that he never thought of food. Darkness came on, but still he urged the horse forward. He wanted to put as much space between that settlement and himself as possible.

A rumble of thunder and vivid streaks of lightning smote the air. Dan reared on his hind legs. Brent tried to whip the horse onward, but Dan balked, and he could do nothing with him. Then he saw something that brought a chill of terror to his soul. It was a lone wolf silhouetted against the sky line. In a moment he had pointed his sharp nose to the heavens and sent forth a long, mournful howl. Brent knew it and shivered with silent dread. It was the call to the wolf pack.

With quick decision he turned Dan and tried to force him through some thick underbrush. As he did so, a big, grey wolf crossed the path of the nervous, sorely-tried horse. With a sudden snort of fear, Dan reared, throwing Brent far from him. Then he bolted back in the direction where he last saw his master.

When Brent strove to rise, he gave a scream of agony. His right leg was broken. In answer to his scream came a long, blood-curdling howl; another and another followed. The pack was gathering. Cold sweat broke out on Brent's face. His thoughts flew back to Charlotte and her tender ministrations. He longed with an intensity that was agony for the humble shack that he had left and the wife who had been kindness itself to him. He was dead now to the siren's lure and deaf to the siren's call. He was surrounded by gleaming balls of greenish light. The pack had encircled him. A wolf, the leader of the pack, stole out of the underbrush toward him. Brent threw a stone. The lobo retreated, then started toward him from another vantage point. Brent, frantic with terror, tried to climb bushes, but they broke down under his weight. Slowly dragging his broken leg, every step causing him untold pain, the desperate man reached a tree and started to climb. He was just about to draw himself on to the lowest limb and safety when he heard an ominous growl and, looking up for the first time, beheld a mountain lion crouched, ready to spring. The shock unnerved him so that he loosened his hold and fell headlong upon the ground.

There was a simultaneous rush from the wolf pack, one long, loud scream of agony, a horrible munching and crunching of bones, then a silence that was eloquent of tragedy.

What Love Can Do

WITH staring eyes and beating heart, Charlotte paddled desperately, hoping against hope that she might arrive in time to save the man she loved from bloodshed. She freely acknowledged now what she had never admitted before, that Ralph Stevens had full possession of her heart. She loved him with all the ardor of her strong, passionate nature. He occupied every waking thought and filled her dreams. She had a feeling of guilt in loving this man while she was the wife of another, even though that other had sold her as callously as he would have sold a horse or cow.

The river was running like a mill race. The landscape flew past her with lightning speed: trees, hills, valleys and fields one long blur of green, brown and gold. Mindful of her former peril, Charlotte kept her eyes strained in the distance for possible whirlpools. In doing so she failed to note the jagged teeth of a huge rock near at hand, barely covered by the swift flowing stream, until her canoe smashed right against it, breaking three ribs of the canoe and tearing a huge gash in the canvas, through which water came pouring in.

Jumping on the rock and dragging the canoe beside her before the swirling water could suck it away, Charlotte, now frantic with fear and anxiety, strained her ears to hear a possible shot. To her great relief, the only sound to disturb the stillness was the croon of the pines, the strident call of the blue jay and the angry voice of the harried river.

Rapidly she reviewed the situation. She must reach the two men before it was too late, but how? There was a wide, deep, swift channel between her and the shore, on either side of the boulder that gave her refuge. Her hope of reaching safety and running along the bank until she reached the angry men must be abandoned. To make sure, she carefully tested the depth. The ice cold water made her shiver and catch her breath, but she did not falter. In a flash the swift current seized her and, had she not caught and clung to another rock nearby, would have been remorselessly sucked down. Realizing that her plan was hopeless, with a sinking heart she clambered back on the huge boulder that had wrecked her plans. She sat on the edge of the canoe, the water lapping at her feet, and tried to calmly think out a solution. A moment later she sprang up with a cry of triumph. "Simplicity itself, if it would work. Anyway, it was worth trying! Why had she not thought of that before?"

With feverish haste she tore off an underskirt, fitted it snugly into the rent in the canoe and drew the torn edges of the canvas tightly around it. With trembling fingers she took some pins from the bosom of her dress, with which every normal woman is equipped, even in Alaska, pinned the canvas to the cloth and then, heart beating high with hope and anxiety, launched her craft.

She was risking her life and knew it, but did not hesitate. Better death than that the man she loved more than life itself should become a murderer. She never doubted for a moment that he would be successful! To think of Brent overcoming her man among men was inconceivable! To her great joy the cloth held, the seepage was so small in amount as to be almost negligible. Unless a rock forced the rag out of place, she was safe.

In the meantime, Ralph Stevens, after being abandoned by Brent, was drifting steadily to a frightful death. He had recovered consciousness and was aware of the fearful doom before him, too weak to even lift a hand to save himself. The thunder of the waterfall grew deafening in intensity. He strove to raise himself up on his elbow, but fell back with a groan of agony. Frantically he tried to whip his muscles into obeying his bidding, but without avail. He had just reconciled himself to death in a terrible guise when he was electrified by hearing Charlotte's voice calling in tones of mingled entreaty and command:

"Courage, dear heart, I'll be with you in a moment."

Almost at the edge of the falls, she caught up with the raft and jumped from the canoe into the shallow, icy water, struggling with almost superhuman strength to pull it back. It was too much for even her love and devotion. Her foot slipped and she was precipitated on the raft, which, free again, leaped forward like a living thing, poised for a moment on the verge of the falls, then like a bird of prey launched itself on the boiling, churning water and a moment later was precipitated below.

Charlotte clung to Ralph with the courage of despair and the strength of love. When the raft reached the lower end of the falls, it was suddenly sucked underneath, and Charlotte felt as though their mainstay and succor had been wrenched from under them. How it happened she never knew, but she, the girl who could not swim to save her own life, was now swimming as freely and fully as though she had done so all her life. Not only that, but she was drawing Ralph along with her. It was a miracle of love, devotion and determination.

Scrambling on the bank, she was so weak she found difficulty in drawing Ralph up after her. She did succeed in this, however, and would have fainted had not the sight of Ralph's wounds brought her to her senses with a sharp turn.

In a glance she noted that trees had been cut, making a path through the forest. Darting through this leafy lane, she presently spied a log cabin. There were other cabins behind this one but darting to the nearest, she seized the astonished miner by the arms and, dragging him along, poured out the tale of their misfortunes as they ran.

Bart Nelson had been in Alaska too long to be astonished at anything. Arriving at the landing

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Love Route to Fame

By VALMA RIVAGE

"YOU—Teddy! Married!"

"Yes, Steve. He's in Mexico. I left him because—well, I wanted to live my own life."

Suddenly they were in each other's arms—sobbing— these girls who had lived together in such intimacy for so long without knowing a thing about each other—and Teddy was telling her story. It was the first time that a word of it had crossed her lips since she left home nearly two years before.

Edna Carson had been born and brought up in the small town of Bramley, Wis. The daughter of a doctor, she had attended the High School and later, from the Normal School, received her license to teach. Her father had insisted on that, in spite of her engagement to Lysander Duganne and her oft-repeated protests that she was wasting her time because she was going to marry Sandy just as soon as he made enough money and besides, she would never teach anyway.

Sandy had been her beau ever since her first year at High School—a long, awkward, freckled boy of eighteen with the bluest of blue eyes twinkling beneath overhanging, sandy brows. Teddy, as he called her—she had been a bit of a Tomboy type with her short, curly dark hair and clear gray eyes looking fearlessly out of tangled black lashes —Teddy was very popular among the boys and girls of Bramley High. But Lysander had known how to elbow the other fellows off. He was editor of the High School and later of his college paper—something of an athlete—quite a personage in school. He and Teddy had been tacitly engaged since the night of her sixteenth birthday, when he had kissed her.

Sandy took a civil engineer's course, and when Teddy was twenty they were married. Sandy had a good position in Chicago at the time and Teddy was thrilled with the idea of living in the big city.

But they had not been altogether happy. The city awoke in Teddy things of which she had never been conscious out in Bramley. She and Sandy began to quarrel. He had a bad temper—she was bent on having a good time, refusing to submerge herself entirely in him. He was intensely earnest about his work, determined. before everything else, to get ahead. Teddy wanted to live—to enjoy things while she was still young. She began going out without him. Somebody told her she ought to go on the stage. She decided that was what she needed—a career. Sandy put down his foot violently. There was a scene——

And just at this time, he was offered a fine opportunity in Mexico. The work would take two years at least. Teddy did not want to give up her career, nor spend two of the best years of her life in some out of the way part of Mexico. She wanted Chicago—or better yet, New York. Sandy said such hard, bitter things to her that she packed up and flew to Bramley. But her father did not welcome her with open arms. In fact, he told her flatly that if she did not care to fulfill her obligations toward the man she herself had chosen to marry, he was not going to provide for her. She could teach if she wanted to.

Sandy came after her and they had one last talk. She flatly refused to go to Mexico. Sandy flatly refused to sacrifice what he considered his great opportunity, to her selfishness. He agreed to send her a certain amount of money every month on condition that she write him every two weeks and let him know where she was and what she was doing. He felt that, on the whole, it might be best for both of them to separate. At the end of two years she would know whether she preferred her freedom or would settle down and make him a good wife—a real wife, as he put it. If at the end of two years she was still bent on a career, or had found some other man she preferred, he would agree to a divorce. And he was to have the same right of selection.

Teddy came to New York meaning to get work at once. Her disappointment when her letter did not even procure her an interview with Keane Wagner was so great, it was some time before she could pick up her courage to look elsewhere. Meanwhile she had begun to make friends—to go out—to have a good time. The absolute freedom went to her head. She was less and less eager to get work—it was easy enough to get along on what Sandy sent with the aid of friends who supplied most of the meals and little extra luxuries. Besides, she had money in the bank.

Soon she began to feel ashamed to write Sandy that she had not yet started on her career. Besides, it irked her to have to write and tell him everything she was doing. She began to lapse—and presently stopped writing altogether. Whereupon he stopped sending her money. She was, if anything, relieved. When her money was gone she would go to work. And meanwhile it was fine to be altogether free. A clean break was better. That would make it easier when the two years were up, to tell him she was not going back to him. For she would never put up again with his temper—his possessiveness—his small-town attitude toward marriage—his small income with all its tyrannies——

No, when the two years were up she would tell Sandy she preferred her freedom and then she would make her choice of either a career—or something——

TEDDY'S birthday came—a beautiful, clear day in late September. It was fairly successful, judging from the pile of letters and gifts on the mantel. Yet Teddy was not happy. The collection of remembrances from old beaux, forgotten girl friends, revived flames, could not lift from her shoulders the weight of knowing that she was twenty-four. It seemed very old to her. And time was passing. Soon her two years of play would be over—and she would have to settle down to something——

Some of the presents were a disappointment, too. She opened those first, whose contents were evident. Books, flowers, candy, perfume. Joe, who had always been so liberal, seemed to have overlooked all the hints she had insinuated into her letters. She could have hurled the book he sent her across the room—except that nothing mattered much any more. From Jack Lefbridge came a string of amber. Of course she had always wanted amber, but she had hinted so hard for a silver fox. She had lived on the proceeds of Joe's sables a long time and did not regret that she had let them go. But now, with winter coming, she would need a fur. From Wallie came a box of handkerchiefs. Well, of course, she had neglected Wallie shamefully of late. And he was not the sort to be kept dangling.

At last there were only three packages left. They seemed to be jewelry. The first was from Keane Wagner. It made her draw in her breath with a little gasp. A beautiful pink pearl set in diamonds—an exquisite little ring. Teddy slipped it on her finger and regarded it longingly. Then firmly she took it off and put it back into its little square box. It would not do to dally with the idea of accepting it. It must be returned at once.

One of the two remaining boxes was addressed in Lorea's handwriting. She opened it. She hated herself for the low exclamation of disappointment that escaped her. A gold locket set in black enamel on a heavy gold chain. Charming, but it meant nothing. She had expected a ring—some symbol of betrothal. This locket might have been given by any man to any girl. The day was without flavor. Listlessly she opened the last box. That must be from Murdon.

She expected that it would be something beautiful. But when she had opened it, she was speechless with admiration and astonishment. A square emerald set in platinum and diamonds, looked out from the cushions of a little square box. She could scarcely believe her eyes. A square emerald! Every woman treasures in her soul a dream of one jewel. To Teddy it had always been a square emerald. Oh, if she could only keep it! Just this one thing. The pearl she could give back without too much pain. But this emerald! How had he guessed? A hundred crazy schemes flashed through her head. She would pretend she had never received it. That it had been stolen as she was about to return it—that she had been held up —beaten——

The doorbell broke into her revery. Teddy peered over the stairs. A man in chauffeur's uniform, carryin a long box of roses:

"Mr. Murdon's waiting below. He says if you'd care to take lunch with him——"

Good. He was just the person she wanted to see. She would make a fine scene about the emerald. Return it in some thrilling, dramatic way——

She said nothing about it at first when she thanked him for the roses.

"Of course they're not your real birthday present," he replied, patting her hand

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Lila Lee Denies That She Is Engaged to James Kirkwood

WHENEVER the good old talk dies down into silence, at dinner or anywhere, somebody will bring up the subject of William Hart and his wife, and wonder whether they will make up or not. Bill has been awfully ill the past week, and Mrs. Hart says she has been trying to telephone, but couldn't get anybody to talk to her! Oh, it's awfully pathetic! And she's afraid it is going to injure the baby's health and all that. But, dearie, Bill has told friends that so far as he knows, no calls came in. No, indeed, I don't believe the two will make up. The breach is too wide and too deep. Mamie Hart has come home from New York to take charge of Bill's house, but is ill again herself as the result of worry and nursing Bill."

Irma the Ingenue was so deeply in earnest that she almost forgot to order almond cakes with her tea.

"Anyway," she went on, "Mrs. Hart wasn't so worried but that she went and bought a $2,000 fur coat, the other day . . . Oh, but," and Irma gleamed mischievously, "have you heard how Shakespeare isn't so good, after all? At least not good enough for picture people. He needs to be improved on.

"Well it's this way. Shannon Day came to the studio the other day, looking awfully tired. 'What's the matter?' somebody asked her. 'Oh,' said Shannon, 'I'm rehearsing for "Midsummer Madness."' 'No,' said her hearer, 'you mean "Midsummer Night's Dream."' 'Oh, well it's midsummer something,' responded Shannon. 'Are you playing a part?' her friend inquired. 'No, I'm just dancing now,' answered Shannon, 'but they're going to write a part in for me!'

"Oh, and then there's Ann May! Somebody was talking to her about 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' 'Oh, dear!' exclaimed Ann sympathetically, 'were his last days very sad? And what did he die of?'"

I ordered cinnamon toast with my orange pekoe, and asked what about "Trilby," which Jimmy Young is going to direct.

"Goodness, but Jimmy is having an awful time finding a 'Trilby!'" exclaimed Irma. "There's something wrong with every girl he interviews. You see, when she's all right at one end, she's all wrong at the other! I mean she must have tiny feet and be a blonde, and then she must be sympatica and all that—whatever that word means—it is Jimmy's word—don't blame me for it. He thought he had found the very girl the other day. Her feet were all right, her sympatica was all right. But oh, dearie, she's too dumb ever to learn to really play the part, and Guy Bates Post, who is to be Svengali, set his foot right down that he wouldn't be annoyed hypnotizing that jane. Then Jimmy found a girl who seemed exactly right—until he looked at her feet! No, sevens! So nobody knows what will happen, and Jimmie is quite distracted about it all. Virginia Faire would be very nice, only Virginia is a brunette, and besides, she has gone to Honolulu with a company. So, of course, that rather lets her out, doesn't it?

"Poor Pola Negri! We heard that she was suffering very greatly, and we thought it must be with a broken heart or something romantic like that. And then what do you think we found out? That it was merely a toothache! And yet you and I know, dearie, that two broken engagements aren't nearly as bad as one ulcerated tooth.

"By the way, Mlle. Negri is really much distressed about something else. She is used to having champagne with her dinner, and she can't get any. But I hear that Charlie Chaplin has come gallantly to the rescue, so the lovely lady isn't going right home to Poland mad after all, but will stay along here for awhile and give us another chance.

"After all, it seems we are never to find out how Mary Thurman and May Collins are supposed to have damaged those carpets in the house they rented in Hollywood, because the suit has been settled out of court somehow. Nobody knows how much was paid; but the girls are coming back from a trip in the east and will soon be with us. But there's another suit coming up for the same thing against the girls. They are such sweet girls, it does seem impossible that they could have busted beds and torn up chairs and all that!

"I hear from Betty Compson—speaking of travelers—who is in Honolulu, that she is learning surf-board riding, and that she thinks it is the most thrilling sport in the world. She likes the volcano very much, too, up there at Kilauea, only the mean old thing wouldn't act up when her company wanted it to for pictorial purposes.

"Arline Pretty, who is playing a leading role with Miss Compson, sent me a wireless from the ship saying that they told her that the nearest land was two miles and a half straight down, so she hadn't explored yet!"

"Haven't you a single engagement to tell me about?" I demanded.

"Not a single fresh one," answered Irma, "though the old warmed-over ones still keep right on. Dear me, what a lot of these picture engagements last longer than the marriages do!

"Well, so long, honey. I'm due to rehearse for the Actor's Benefit."

And Irma fled to her waiting car.

But she returned in a minute.

"Oh," she said, "speaking of engagements—don't know how true it is, but there's another rumor out about Jimmie Kirkwood getting married again. The girl's name is Ruth Weber. I guess she's a non-professional—never heard of her before. She got awfully peeved when she read the reports that Jimmie was going to marry Lila Lee. She kissed Jimmie when she met him at the station in Chicago, as he went east, but she said, after reading the story about Jimmie's engagement to Lila Lee, she was sorry she came. But Lila absolutely denies the report.

"Jimmie, by the way, is playing on the stage again after all these years when he has been shedding his little ray of sunshine on the silver sheet. You know he was on the stage for about eighteen years in the beginning of his career—oh, no, dearie, he's no youngster. But I should think he'd be glad to get back on the stage again, as I'm told he's more attractive than he appears on the screen. He has such a nice voice.

"I don't know how long his play will last; it's kind of a funny play for Broadway, called 'The Fool.' I got a letter from Fran, who's in New York now, and she says it's religious. She thinks Jimmie is wonderful in it.

"Oh, yes, and 'Gene O'Brien is going on the stage again, too.

"Well, I really must run. Tra-la. See you later."

The Fans Own Page

So many interesting letters are received by THE COLONEL that "Movie Weekly" decided to publish some of them for our readers to enjoy. If you have something of interest to tell other fans—your opinion of movies, the visit of a star to your town, or anything else you know pertaining to movies that you think other readers would like to hear about—write and tell THE COLONEL.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Dear Colonel:

Now that the break has come between Mr. Valentino and Famous Players-Lasky, I feel free to say that I have a brother working at the Lasky Studio, and he has mentioned in several of his letters about the treatment Mr. Valentino was receiving. Here are a few lines from one of his letters, which speak for themselves, as follows:

"Really, Sis, probably you can't imagine it, but Valentino doesn't get any more consideration here at the studio than a common 'extra.' And this kind of treatment seems to be encouraged from the property boy up to the stars themselves. You see, they are all sore because his pictures are more in demand than theirs, and because he is a 'foreigner,' they try to humiliate him in every way. They certainly have kept him in a living 'hell' since he became a star. I hate to see a fellow treated like this. He is a dandy chap, so willing to work and clean-cut in every way. This petty spite work and jealousy shouldn't be allowed to rule in studios, but it does, nevertheless. I can tell you this, Sis, because I know that you and the girls are interested in Valentino and I thought you would also be interested in knowing what he has to put up with at the studio."

So you see, dear fans, just how it is. Of course Famous Players-Lasky are not going to admit the charges placed against them. They are going to try to defend themselves as best they can, but they certainly have treated Mr. Valentino in an unjust manner in every way.

Would you call Mr. Valentino swell-headed just because he refused to be constantly humiliated and not treated on a level with the other stars? Just put yourselves in his place and think how you would feel. But this is what Famous Players-Lasky have called him for refusing to stand for their unjust treatment.

I certainly do admire Mr. Valentino for fighting a big concern like Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and hope he wins out as he certainly is in the right.

Sincerely,
JOAN WALTERS,
Edgewater,
New Jersey.

What Movies Do for Us

Dear Colonel:

As an enthusiastic fan, I often wish I were an electric fan so as to cool off the fellow who gets "hot" knocking the movies.

While we, the movie fans, are engaged in figuring up our income taxes, or thumping the typewriter, or shoveling coal, or otherwise earning our daily bread, the universe about us is as a mere map; but when we take seats for an evening's screen entertainment the whole world seems to lie before us as a beautiful picture. Thus our hearts grow big as all outdoors, and our philosophy of life is correspondingly broadened and mellowed.

Many a man, whose case seemed hopeless to his friends (if he had any) has divorced himself from a chronic grouch by attending the movies, thus laying the foundation for social and benevolent feelings toward his fellow men.

We get from the movies not only wholesome amusement, but inspiration to higher and finer ideals of life. They cater to our hearts as well as to our minds, giving us something to feel as well as to see, and sending us home refreshed in thought, while keeping us in step with the march of progress.

FRANK E. BEBOUT,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Comment on "Prisoner of Zenda"

To the Editor of the Fan Page:

I have just seen "The Prisoner of Zenda" and I think it should be classed as one of the best pictures of 1922. In the first place, everyone of the cast is admirably suited to his or her part. It is just as if the characters had stepped from the pages of Anthony Hope's story. This is especially true with Ramon Navarro as Rupert of Hentzau. Anyone who has read the book and has learned to love that swaggering, dashing, young daredevil of a Rupert will not be disappointed in the picture. Ramon Navarro *is* Rupert of Hentzau; in his bearing, in every movement of his hands and every flash of his eyes. Just as one loved and hated his villainy in the book, one loves and hates his villainy in the picture. Quite a sigh of regret went up from people around me when Rupert leaped from the bridge into the moat. It did seem a pity to me; I think I should rather have seen him escape as he did in the book. If Ramon Navarro takes other parts as he took this one, Rodolph Valentino may well look to his laurels. I like Rodolph, but when I see him I never forget that he is Rodolph Valentino. When I saw Ramon Navarro, I forgot that he was anyone but Rupert of Hentzau; it is a great thing for an actor to be able to eliminate himself entirely and become another person.

But I think I have said enough about Rupert, or rather, Ramon. I should like to go into detail about Lewis Stone's fine acting and makeup, especially as the emaciated "Prisoner of Zenda"; about Alice Terry's queenliness, and about Barbara La Marr's beauty, but I think I have taken enough of your time.

There is only one criticism I would like to make. Don't you think that at times the scenes jumped rather abruptly from the castle of Zenda to Strelsau and back again? Several times I found myself wondering whether the action was taking place in the domains of Black Michael or in Flavia's place.

PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY,
1923 Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Rodolph Is Inimitable

New York City, October 7, 1922.

Dear Colonel:

Having read in some of the fan magazines of the great likeness of Ramon Novarro to Rodolph Valentino, I was anxious to see both "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Trifling Women," in which he appeared. I think that both productions are very good, but fail to see the similarity of the two men.

Ramon Novarro doesn't resemble Rodolph in any way. He combs his hair with the same glossy effect, but here the similarity ends. Novarro doesn't look any more like Valentino than Antonio Moreno does. All three are handsome young men, but different types entirely. The idea of Novarro resembling Valentino originated for advertising purposes only. Anyone who understands features and personality at all will agree with me.

To begin with, Ramon Novarro's head and face are of an entirely different shape from Valentino's. Also the position and expression of his eyes are different. His mouth is rather small, his lips are inclined to be thin and his smile and teeth are as different from Valentino's as day and night.

Then again he possesses an entirely different personality. He is quick and impulsive in all his work, while Valentino is just the opposite. So WHERE is the similarity? THERE IS NONE WHATSOEVER.

When Rodolph Valentino created a new type, just as Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks did, immediately all the producers began looking for "finds" of the Latin type. Just as the market was flooded several years ago with actors trying to do stunts like Fairbanks, and comedians trying to cultivate the Chaplin "walk," so there are producers today trying to get actors along the Valentino type, and to arouse our enthusiasm they tell us that the new "find" is another Valentino. But do not be disillusioned. As there is, and has been, only ONE Douglas Fairbanks and ONE Charlie Chaplin, so there is, and always will be, ONE Rodolph Valentino. His wonderful personality is inimitable. He has come to stay with us just as Fairbanks and Chaplin came to stay. They have all created NEW types of THEIR OWN—and there is nothing like ORIGINALITY for a successful movie career.

Sincerely,
DOLORES MARTIN.

A Fan Objects to Mary's Charity Scheme

To the Editor of "Movie Weekly":

Mary Pickford has always been a favorite of mine, from the time I went to school—when I saved my pennies religiously just to go to see her pictures. I put her upon a pedestal and worshipped her in a sincere, child-like way, until something happened recently, which caused my idol to fall from its pedestal and crash. This is what happened:

I wrote Miss Pickford for an autographed photo. I never in my life did this before. But—when I saw her "Fauntleroy" I was so appreciative of her genius that I wrote her about it—incidentally asking for her likeness. I waited for it every day. I was so overcome by my worship of "America's Sweetheart" that I was ready to dispossess from its frame the picture of St. Cecelia and replace it with Mary's.

One day the mailman left a card with Mary Pickford's signature, in which the little lady politely stated that for 25 cents, which I was to forward to some asylum, I would receive her photograph. In other words, Miss Pickford wanted to be charitable to this institution at the expense of her admirers who took the time to write her and ask for a picture. Mary Pickford has gained her popularity through hard work, it is true; but not that alone. If the public did not appreciate her hard work, where would she be? So, in view of that, the least the little lady could do is to send to those who clamor for them, a picture of herself. If she desires to be charitable, why take advantage of admirers who have really made Miss Pickford what she is?

NADYIA OLYANOVA.
New York.

Robert Frazer the Newest Matinee Idol

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

FORGET-ME-NOT—You bet I won't forget you after the sketch you sent me, that made me look exactly like Eric Von Stroheim. But some people think he's handsome. No, you're right, I'm not too ugly to get on the screen; I've seen actors who were much uglier than I am—at least I thought so.

LONESOME—So you want this column to go on forever and ever. I bet you've been reading "The Brook." If I willed this column to someone when I die as you suggest, the willee or whatever you call him—if not Willie, what?—would probably kill me deader than I already was. Lila Lee is twenty. She has never been married, but it's her own fault. I don't believe Molly Malone has made any pictures lately; at least I have not seen her name in any recent casts.

MOLLY—So you don't want me to spring that one about "Movie Weekly's" next issue being already in print, etc. All right, I won't spring it; this isn't spring time, anyhow. Jack in "Over the Hill" was played by John Walker. Jerry Devine played Jack as a boy. No, his picture has never been in "Movie Weekly"; at least, not a large one.

JACKIE—I'll give you some good advice, Jackie. Don't worry about your folks not letting you try to get into the movies, because even if you did try, the chances are you couldn't get in. Not that I don't think you're beautiful—how should I know?—but just because there are so many people trying to get into picture work that the studios wouldn't even be big enough to hold them all. I'll tell the editor you want a picture of Buck Jones in the center of the magazine; eventually there will probably be one. I don't know whether or not Rodolph would autograph your sketch of him; does it look enough like him for him to want to acknowledge it? At least you might send it to him and see. It's a matter of opinion as to whether Pola Negri is prettier than Nita Naldi. Pola is the more famous of the two.

SOURFUL SALLY—If you didn't get the copies of "Movie Weekly" you wrote for, you should have written again giving your name and address. Naturally I can't turn over your complaint to the proper department if you don't even tell who you are. But you have probably received the magazines by now.

PARAMOUNT—That's a bright idea of yours; if you don't see what you want, ask for it! That refers to the question and answer column as well as to a restaurant. I can't tell you much about Robert Frazer as he has just recently made his hit on the screen. Yes, he is married. His recent pictures, besides "Fascination," in which he made himself more or less famous, include Betty Blythe's new one, "How Women Love," and Mae Murray's next one, "Jazzmania." Agnes Ayres' picture was in the Art Series for "Movie Weekly" of August 27, 1921.

TOBY—You bet I don't change my life partner as often as these movie stars do; my idea is that if you once succeed in grabbing a life partner it's best to hang on tight to him, her or it, as the case may be. How's that for advice? I suppose the chief reason Rodolph's brother in Italy doesn't come to this country to go in movies is that he doesn't want to. Isn't that a good reason? Alice Terry is twenty-six, her hobby is painting. Write her at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Katharine MacDonald likes golf and horseback riding. Her address is 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Her age? Ah, ha, that's a secret. Dorothy Dalton is twenty-eight. Her address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. She loves the water and is either in it or on it, in a fast motor boat, most every summer afternoon when she isn't working. I imagine Robert Frazer is American.

A MISS NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER—Too bad I neglected to answer your favorite question. Well, better luck this time. I don't know exactly what part of Brooklyn Norma used to live in, as that was before she became famous, but she went to Erasmus Hall High School, so she apparently lived in that district; and she also lived near the Vitagraph Studio, which is at Fifteenth and Locust Streets. So if you know your Brooklyn (which I don't), perhaps you can figure out something from that. Yes, Norma Talmadge starred in "The Isle of Conquest." Natalie Talmadge appeared with her in that production. Wyndham Standing was the leading man; others in the cast were Hedda Hopper, Claire Whitney, Gareth Hughes, Charles Gerard and Joe Smiley. You can get your list of casts for Norma's pictures that you wish to know about, direct from her company, 1540 Broadway, New York.

JUNEAU BENTON—Thanks for the exact image; I'm so relieved that you made me look intelligent—or didn't you mean to?

SCOTTIE—So your favorite star is Donald Shuterland? Do tell me about him, and especially who he is! For to tell the honest truth, I never even heard of him.

U. R. A. DARLING—Quit calling me names! Anyway, my family might object. Don't ask me why Neal Hart isn't more popular than he is; I can't persuade the fans to like him if they don't wish to. He doesn't give his age. He is not related to Bill so far as I know. He has been acting in and directing pictures for about ten years. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine. So is Harold Lloyd; no, Harold isn't married; he is one of the screen's most famous bachelors. There was a picture of him without his goggles in "Movie Weekly" for October 14, 1922. Pola Negri is also about twenty-nine. Is that your favorite age, or what? She is divorced from Count Dombski. Yes, many movie stars are Catholic. Mary and Doug used to be.

LASSIE—A lovely compliment, that you like to write to me. All right, write, and I'll be only too charmed. Now Louise Huff has not left pictures, at least, not altogether. Her most recent appearances were with George Arliss in "Disraeli," and with Richard Barthelmess in "The Seventh Day." She was born in Columbus, Georgia, and lived in New York City later. Yes, Colleen Moore used to live in Tampa; she was educated there at the Convent of the Holy Name. She was born in Michigan, however.

JUST A FAITHFUL ROSEBUD—Thanks for your good wishes for me and my family; how do you know I have a family? So you think Johnny Walker's beautiful teeth and eyes are enough to set any girl wild? Perhaps that depends on who the girl is. No, Johnny is not married. He is twenty-six years old, and can be reached at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Write him and perhaps he'll answer; one never knows till one tries, does one?

HAMMOND EGGS—I can't expect much from you in the way of handwriting, can I, when you write with the stub of a pencil? Why not try a stub pen instead? No, I'm afraid I don't remember Ruby Huskey, the girl you say Constance Ladd discovered. The Hart baby has been named William S., Jr.

ALIAS COOTIE—Good of you to take your typewriter in hand; I hope it is a small one. And you want to know what's under my whiskers. Then turn the page; perhaps you'll find the letter "a." No, Rodolph does not look so handsome in his old pictures when he wears the moustache. But he wasn't supposed to be good-looking in those villainous roles. At present (when this went to press) he is stopping at the Waldorf, in New York City. Robert Frazer is playing opposite Mae Murray in her next picture, "Jazzmania." Write him in care of Metro, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. The Spaniard in "Gas, Oil and Water" was played by Bert Offord. I never heard of him before, or since.

MISS CURIOSITY—You're what I'd call a repeater. Good for you. Yes, I can tell you who the handsome doctor was in "Molly-O." He was Jack Mulhall. His recent pictures are "Dusk to Dawn," "The Forgotten Law" and Wesley Barry's next one, "Little Heroes of the Street." Rodolph's bad eye is nothing serious. It just means that his eyes didn't come up to army requirements.

CLARE NEILSON—What a real treat, to have a photo broadcasted to me! I suppose you mean you broad-cast it into the mail-box. Write to Gloria Swanson at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St, Hollywood.

BILL—Will I have you arrested if you send me your address? I don't know, what have you done? If it's merely a little matter of bootlegging, perhaps I'd do better to come myself rather than send a policeman. Thanks for the sketch; I believe you honestly think I look like the drawing of me in the magazine!

ADAIR U.—I had counted on publishing your sketch, but it seems the little game is over. You wanted it to be a dead likeness; why not a live one? Apparently Alice McChesney is not making pictures any longer; I never heard of her. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas in 1901; she attended a convent in Los Angeles and went on the stage as a child. She got her start on the screen in Rolin-Pathe comedies; remember her when she played opposite Harold Lloyd? She has never been married, but is one of the most popular belles in Hollywood. No, there is no one on the screen named Mary Wilson, so I'm afraid the actress you dreamed about came from your own imagination.

RACHEL—So you think I'm a joker? How do you know I'm not a king, or a knave? Yes, Beverly Bayne is Mrs. Francis X. Bushman. Francis was married before, but I don't know to whom. No, the stork is not to visit Rodolph's wife; there was a rumor to that effect a few months ago, but apparently it was unfounded. No, I don't know Mary Ann Dentler; is she nice?

MAGNOLIA—"The Married Flapper" was "precious," you say. I think you're a flapper yourself, by the way you talk. Too bad you didn't like the ending of "Blood and Sand," but it ended the way the story really did, in the book. Rodolph is five feet nine, and weighs 154. Bebe Daniels has auburn hair and blue eyes. She likes horseback riding, and—oh, yes—she likes spaghetti. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago about 1895. Her hobbies are swimming, golf and horseback riding. Marie Prevost lives at 451 S. Hampshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

ANGEL CHILD—You want to give me an idea. What in the world could I do with that? Your suggestion about having an extra page in the magazine especially devoted to Rodolph Valentino would displease as many persons as it would please. Lots of fans object because we devote too much space to him already.

SALLY LEE—Thanks for your compliment; you should see me beam whenever anyone praises me. I look like Sunny Jim, himself, in person, as all the picture theatres put it. Robert Ellis is making pictures in Honolulu with his wife, May Allison. The only way to reach him would be care of Associated Exhibitors, 35 W. 45th St., New York City.

BROWN-EYED MARIE—I suppose Brown-Eyed Susan is your sister. I don't know whether Gloria Swanson will give you her picture free of charge or not; the customary way of finding out would be to ask her. Write her at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Lillian Gish can be reached at the Inspiration Pictures, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Betty Blythe, Pyramid Pictures Corp., 150 W. 34th St., New York City. She is twenty-nine years old and has dark hair and blue eyes. Lila Lee has black hair and eyes; she is twenty.

Sincerely yours,
The Colonel

The Siren Call

(Continued from page 19)

where Ralph lay, they found he had fainted again from weakness and loss of blood. Picking him up tenderly, but swiftly, they bore him to the cabin, where Martin examined him with a professional eye. Long experience in various accidents had made him as good as a physician. After the brief survey had been completed, he announced that the wounds, though painful, were not vital; no organs had been pierced. Charlotte drew a great sobbing breath of relief.

Hurriedly and deftly he bound up the wounds, first washing them out carefully and applying a healing salve, compounded of arnica and various herbs. Ralph had recovered consciousness in the meantime, and thanked his rude but skillful doctor in a weak, tired voice.

"You don't need to thank me. It's your wife you ought to thank," Nelson declared bluntly. "She has saved your life."

A smile of wonderful understanding passed between the two. They had reached that stage when words were no longer necessary. It was a marvelous union of hearts and minds.

Word of the accident had flown swiftly throughout the tiny settlement. Before Nelson had finished, all the inhabitants had gathered in front of his door. Charlotte, worn out, but profoundly thankful that her lover's life had been spared, paused by the entrance for a moment to rest. There was a murmur of undisguised admiration from all at her beauty. This was followed a moment later by a cry of joy.

"Darlint Charlotte, 'tis yourself, no less! Me eyes have starved fer ye, acushla!"

Brushing the crowd to right and left, Pat Murphy rushed up and, despite inquisitive eyes, folded Charlotte in a bear-like embrace.

"How did ye coom here? How long do ye stay? Shure I thought ye had gone foriver out av me life. Poor darlint, ye look half dead. When——"

He was gently but firmly suppressed. Lizzie, the picture of righteous indignation, towered above him.

"That ain't no way for a gentleman to treat a lady before his wife," she declared.

"This ain't no lady," Pat explained. "Why—this—this is Charlotte."

"Sure," Lizzie agreed, "an' I knew Charlotte 'fore you ever did. That ain't no excuse for you misbehavin' so scand'lous."

"But," expostulated the bewildered man, "can't I show her I'm glad to see her?"

"Well," said Lizzie crisply, "the best way you can show her you're glad to see her is to let me take her an' put some dry rags on her."

"Sure! Sure!" Pat cried eagerly and volubly. "I was afther making some such remark meself in the next breath. 'Tis a thoughtful mind ye do be havin' darlint."

Lizzie smiled grimly, then took Charlotte over to her home, the crowd parting respectfully to let them pass.

"We'd intended to go back to Indianny after we got married," explained Lizzie, "but we found they needed a store bad here, so my husband"—there was a faint flush and a slight simper as she said the last word—"my husband," she repeated this more firmly now, "and me talked it over an' agreed to open the store, run it for a few years an' then go back in real swell style."

By this time they had arrived at the store, which was much larger and far more pretentious than the one that Charlotte had been mistress of. Lizzie eyed it with conscious pride.

"The best store in this part of Alaska," she announced, waving her hands around with a flourish.

"It is one to be proud of," Charlotte acknowledged. She was torn between anxiety for Ralph and the baby that she had left so unceremoniously. Hurriedly she donned the clothes that Lizzie laid out for her. They were much too short and far too narrow, but they were clean and dry and Charlotte was infinitely grateful for that.

After satisfying Lizzie's avid curiosity regarding her appearance at Smigg's Landing, Charlotte hurried back to Ralph. She found him wide-awake and Nelson feeding him a strengthening broth with all the delicacy of a woman. He gave her a bright smile as she entered.

"He'll soon be all right," Nelson announced. "No bones broken, no vital injuries. A few weeks will find him running a foot race."

"How wonderful you are!" Charlotte exclaimed impulsively. "No doctor could have done better than you."

The grizzled old miner turned away, embarrassed for the first time.

"Aw, it's nothing, nothing at all," he protested. "He has clean living and a healthy body to thank for him being here at all. He's lost enough blood to stock a slaughter house."

"You won't mind if I leave you, will you Ralph? I must go back and see what has happened to baby."

"But you are worn out!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Cannot someone go in your place?"

What has happened briefly retold:

Charlotte Woods, a dance hall girl at Gore's Casino, is secretly married to Ned Brent, professional gambler, who is in love with Eleanor du Bois, another of Gore's girls.

Beauregard, a half-breed, finds a baby in the snow and brings it to Charlotte.

Brent and Gore plot with a tramp actor to claim the child as his and Charlotte, heartbroken, gives him the child.

Charlotte meets the tramp later, and he discloses the plot, giving her back the child.

Brent and Charlotte start a store and later are discovered by Ralph Stevens, who brings Brent a letter from Eleanor begging him to come to her.

Beauregard, the half-breed, also comes to the store and menaces Charlotte.

Brent takes Beauregard to one side and bargains with him for the possession of the store and Charlotte against the half-breed's winter catch of furs.

Beauregard accepts and Brent leaves the place on a raft. Beauregard, re-entering the store, tries to kiss Charlotte, and in the struggle, she kills him.

Ralph Stevens, coming to the store, decides to follow Brent and kill him.

Ralph catches up with Brent and they fight. Brent overcomes him and leaving him unconscious on the raft, pushes it into the water to be carried over the falls. Meanwhile, Charlotte has started in pursuit of Ralph.

"I could not think of it," she replied gravely. "Now that you are safe I am wild with anxiety over what may have happened."

"Then go, dear, go by all means. I wish it were only possible that I could go with you."

Pat and one of the miners volunteered to go with her, Lizzie staying behind to care for the store. They set out on a couple of hardy horses, the two men riding together, Charlotte leading the way, her heart in a wild tumult at what she might see at the end of her journey.

Stranger Than Fiction

WITH a heart aching with the intensity of her anxiety, Charlotte pressed onward, urging her horse to its uttermost. She paid no attention to the idle chatter of Pat. It was all she could do to keep a sharp retort from rising to her lips as he maundered on.

"Shure 'tis dishgraceful," he was saying. "This auld omadhaun, 'Pious,' who niver did an honest day's work outside av the pinitenchery, cooms in the sthore, throws down a pile av pelts that would make the quane's mouth watther an' tills me he is goin' to the States an' paint the White House red. 'Where did ye git them?' I asks. 'Raymimber, they hang for murder in Alasky.' 'Thin why is it ye're still livin'?' he comes back as impudent as though I didn't have the finest sthore this side av back av beyant. I ordered the blaygard out an' he wint, grinnin' like a Chessy cat, bad cess to him!"

They had now come to a rise from which they could see the clearing where their little store stood. There was a strange, oppressive stillness about the place that was uncanny. Charlotte felt a vague thrill of dread clutch her heart. Urging her horse to its utmost speed, she soon arrived at the cabin. Dismounting, she ran with winged feet to the room where she had left the baby. Beauregard was still lying where she had left him. She shuddered and shut her eyes for a moment, then gave a scream and ran out of the house. She was wild with terror and almost fainted on the doorstep.

When Charlotte screamed and ran out of the house, Pat and Abe Melling, who had accompanied him, being a great admirer of the good-natured Irishman, ran forward to meet her.

"Heavens, Charlotte! What has happened?" Pat cried.

"My baby!" she cried. "My God, Pat, my baby has disappeared! There is not a sign of it in the house! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"The river!" cried Pat in horror-stricken tones. "Run to the river!"

Screaming at every step, Charlotte rushed to the river, a short distance away. She almost dreaded to look upon its bright, rippling surface, fearing what she might see there, but, with a mighty sob of relief, she perceived that her fears were unfounded: baby had not fallen in, had not even been near the river, there were no footprints on the beach.

"Quick!" she cried, her anxiety taking a new turn. "You run along the river trail and I'll take the hill trail. He must have taken either one or the other. Oh, God grant that he is still alive!"

She dashed up the hill on flying feet almost before the words were out of her mouth. Every little while she would stop and call little words of endearment, then listen with a painful contraction at the heart for his answering cry; but none came. Frantic with terror, she sped on, until, turning a corner, she ran into Frank Milton, the man who had saved the inmates of the larger raft when they were expelled from Gore's Casino.

A flush of pleasure stained his handsome bronzed face; he reared his horse back with an exclamation of delight.

"You here?" he cried in tones that vibrated with emotion. "Thank God, I see you again! You have been in my dreams night and day."

"Thank God, you are here!" Charlotte answered, joy and relief in her tones. "Just when I need a friend the most!"

Dismounting, he made her sit down. She was trembling with fear, so much so that she could scarcely tell him what had happened. In her haste she impeded herself. Finally he did gather the full import of her story.

'If I ever come across that snake that sold you his life will not be worth a moment's purchase," he said grimly, and the light in his eyes was not a pleasant one to see. "Now do not worry about the baby, he can't possibly have wandered far. You go back to the cabin and I'll find him for you."

She shuddered at what the cabin contained. Even now she could see Beauregard's coarse, animal-like face turned up to the sky. The face of a satyr and yet clothed with the dignity of death. Besides, she could not remain inactive when there was a possibility of harm coming to the child she loved.

"Oh, I could not stay,;" she protested with a shudder. "I—I must go with you."

Wisely, Milton did not press the matter, in truth, he was only too glad to have her go with him; that he might listen to the magic cadence of her voice; feast his eyes on her rare beauty and watch the sunlight play with her hair. The only reason he had urged her to stay was that if tragedy had entered into the life of the little tot, just able to toddle along, that she might not be there to see it before he had prepared her for the catastrophe.

"Very well, that's settled," he said practically. "Now the best thing to do is to go back to the cabin and find the trail the baby has left. It is very unlikely that he would follow the road. He would be lured away by a bright colored flower, a bird or a rabbit crossing his path."

She had not thought of this and looked at him in admiration and gratitude. He mounted her on the horse and then vaulted in behind her and they set

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The Love Route to Fame

(*Continued from page 20*)

"No?" she asked, innocently.

"No. I have something else for you."

"Something else?" She was enjoying herself immensely.

"Something useful."

"Useful?" Teddy wondered. "Can I guess?" He granted her amused permission. She guessed gloves, handkerchiefs, an umbrella, all the useful things men usually give women, and which she knew he would never have selected for her. Across the lunch table at the Ritz she confessed that she simply gave up.

"Did you like the car we came in?" he asked after the waiter had withdrawn with the elaborate order.

"You bet I did!" replied Teddy, wondering.

"Well, that's your birthday present!"

"Oh, Mr. Murdon! You must be joking!"

"I wouldn't select that sort of joke."

"But Mr. Murdon—I simply couldn't accept a gift like that!"

"Of course I realize you couldn't manage the upkeep. You're not to worry about that. The car is yours. But the only thing you will have to consider, is when you want to use it."

She shook her head. "Thank you very much. But I couldn't."

He smiled. "Take it. Don't be afraid. I ask nothing in return."

"I understand that. But I think a girl who would accept a gift like that, knowing she was going to give nothing in return, would be about the lowest kind of girl. I'm really grateful, Mr. Murdon. I understand how thoughtful and kind you are. But I know you wouldn't urge me to do anything so opposed to my principles."

He sighed. "Girl, you're very difficult. I've been patient. But I hope you will make up your mind soon to what you want."

"After Thanksgiving—positively."

If it's a career you want, surely you can't do better than accept my help?"

"Oh, no. Only—you don't mind my being frank?—I don't like the idea of being a kept woman."

"Child! What a way to speak!"

"It's the truth, isn't it?"

"My dear, there are ugly ways of putting everything. Is it the lack of the marriage tie that appals you? You would have so much money you would never feel the lack. Consider the thing without sentiment. What does marriage give a woman: Protection for her old age? You would have the surest kind—financial protection. Standing in the community? Background? A successful star does not depend on any man's name for her standing in the community. If your heart is set on a Mrs. before your name, that, too, could be arranged. It has been done before. Even a title, if you were set on one. A big wedding featured in all the papers. Then your husband would drop out of your life and trouble you no more. Does it interest you?"

"Terribly. It's better than a book. I always wondered how those things were managed."

He smiled. "Consider it from every angle, Miss Bramleigh."

She was thoughtful a while and he asked her. "Are you considering?"

She shook her head. "No. I was just wondering what there was in me that you could want so much."

He leaned toward her, a tense look about his green eyes which made her uncomfortable. "I'll tell you. It's the spirit of Youth!"

His manner more than his words made her think of the wolf about to bare his teeth and cry, "The better to eat you, my dear."

Teddy laughed to put herself at her ease and break the spell. "Why, that's just what Keane Wagner says!" she cried with seeming artlessness.

"Wagner!" It was as if she had touched a spring in him, unleashing a new set of powerful emotions. "Is he still hanging around?"

"Why—yes—I see Mr. Wagner occasionally——"

"What does he want?" he demanded savagely.

"Why—I don't know—probably the same thing you do——"

"Not at all." He was irritated. "He just wants to play around—to add you to his harem. I'm in earnest. I'll fix you for life. Make you independent of everyone—even myself——"

Suddenly, speaking of Wagner made her think of the rings. It was fun playing with Murdon. "Mr. Wagner's been very nice," she said defensively. "He sent me a lovely pearl ring which I shall have to return—regretfully—as I am returning this——" She had drawn the little square box from her purse under the table. "It's very lovely, Mr. Murdon, and it was clever of you to send it anonymously. But I really can't accept it——"

Something about the blank look in his eyes caused her a twinge of misgiving. Could he be simulating that surprise? His eyes still on her face, he sprang the cover of the little box. When

The action so far:

Teddy Bramleigh, a beautiful little girl, who is trying to break into the movies, meets a countess at her hairdresser's and is invited to her party.

At the party she meets John Murdon, the great moving picture magnate and editor of a large daily. She also meets Keane Wagner, who is vice-president of one of the big producing companies. Both men are greatly interested in her.

Teddy keeps an appointment with Murdon, who offers to set her up in a fine apartment as his mistress, but she refuses the offer and leaves, agreeing to take dinner with him the following day at the countess'.

At the dinner, Wagner drops in unexpectedly, and he and Murdon nearly come to blows over Teddy.

Next day, at the office of a director friend of hers, she meets Monford Lorea again and takes him home with her. She deliberately excites him until he takes her in his arms and kisses her. She pretends to be angry and after he apologizes he goes away.

Teddy has not heard from Lorea for some time until one day, at Wagner's home, where she has gone for lunch, she sees a family picture in which he appears. Upon questioning Wagner she learns that Lorea is married and has a family.

Teddy and Lorea still continue their platonic friendship, but Lorea is overpowered by his love for her and decides to ask his wife to release him.

he looked down at the clear green square sparkling in his hand, Teddy knew, before he spoke that he had never seen the ring before.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"Why—it came this morning. I thought you sent it——"

He regarded her suspiciously. What was her game? "Not I. Perhaps one of your other admirers——"

"No—they were all accounted for." She had to laugh, herself, at that, and he laughed, too.

"Oh, I see. All accounted for but me. And now I'm accounted for. Who can it be?" As he spoke, he drew the ring from its little plush socket. A thin strip of paper was wound round the inner side of the hoop.

With his eyes on her, she unrolled the tiny script. It said:

"Love from Sandy."

She put the ring back in the box. From her silence and the deep color that flooded her face, Murdon drew his own conclusions.

"Is the mystery solved?" he inquired in a pleasant voice which belied the look in his green eyes.

"Why—yes—it's from someone—I hadn't even thought about—in years——"

"But someone who evidently thinks a good deal of you—*still*," he said, a little edge creeping into his guarded tone. She had overplayed her hand, he figured. He would never be taken in by her again. His offer, of course, still held good. But he had nearly made the mistake of believing in her!

She saw Jimmy Kimble on the street and stopped the car to thank him for the purple leather traveling cloak he had sent her.

"By the way," she asked suddenly, "how's my girl friend making out?"

"Girl friend?" His brows came together in a puzzled way over his long nose.

"Yes. Marion Fields. She's been working for you a long time——"

"Oh! That moll! Say, she sure was an early frost. I let her out right at the start. Say, Baby, don't you wish any more sawdust on me. Why, she ain't got the personality of a baked wheatfish."

All the way home Teddy was busy thinking of Johnnie. What a liar she was! Pretending to be working all these weeks. On what had she been living? And all those new clothes——?

Johnnie was waiting to congratulate her.

"Still working for Kimble?" Teddy asked, in an off-hand manner, without looking at her.

"Why—of course——"

Teddy faced her squarely, disgust on her face. "You needn't lie to me any more, Marion Fields. I know all about you. Yes—*all!* And you're so low that I—well, I hope you won't ever try to speak to me again!"

Johnnie stood, looking a little foolishly at the tissue paper parcel in her hand, which she had brought as a birthday offering. For a moment the suddenness of the attack disconcerted her. Then she crumpled the gift furiously in her hand.

"As you like. I came in here to wish you a happy birthday. We've been friends for over a year. If that's the way you want to end it—why——"

"Friends!" broke in Teddy furiously. "I suppose it was friendship for me that made you try to take Joe Deimel away from me—after I introduced you to him!"

Johnnie changed color. "Of course, you're very smart, Teddy. And you know everything in the world. But I'll tell you one or two things, you don't know. You don't know what love is—real love—that makes you forget there's anybody else in the world. And you don't know what it means to see Hell opening at your feet—and then have somebody reach you a line. You don't always stop to figure whether the hand that's throwing the line belongs to a friend's friend or not. If you'd been crazy about Joe—I'd have kept out. But you were just using him. The way you use everybody. And he's too good for that. I'm not good enough for Joe Deimel. But at least I'm on the square with him. Because I'm crazy about him—if you want to know. Been crazy about him ever since I first met him. He's the only decent man that's ever looked at me. You may pull a lot of lines about taking away another girl's fellow, but he was your playtoy. And he was my one chance. And the way I see it, your game is a damn sight lower than mine. And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Teddy was in such a temper she could scarcely breathe. But she called after her: "You're so low I don't even want to talk to you. But don't think you can get away with it. I'll tell Joe Deimel a thing or two that'll probably change matters between you and him once he hears about them."

She slammed the door of her room and stood panting against it. Of all the contemptible people in the world, Johnnie was surely the worst. To meet another girl's man in good faith and then go after him. That was bad enough. But when that other girl had always been her best friend—had supported her for weeks at a time—had gone out of her way to get work for her when she herself had given up all hope. And then, on top of it all, instead of being sorry—to justify herself by heaping insults on her friend! Ah, but she had reckoned without the other girl. Teddy was not one to sit by and watch anybody make a monkey out of her! She seized pen and paper.

Dear Mr. Deimel: (she wrote). *Thank you so much for your charming gift. It was so sweet of you to remember my birthday. I was afraid you had forgotten me altogether. Next time you come to town, do look me up. We've been such good*

(*Continued on page 26*)

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The Siren Call

(*Continued from page* 24)

off at a lively clip. To beguile her mind from its overpowering terror and anxiety, he told her various details about himself. That he was engaged in a law suit with a big corporation regarding some timber land and was on his way to Nopala, where court sat.

"I never dreamed that what I thought was a piece of bad luck would turn out to be the best possible piece of good fortune," he concluded, looking at her with undisguised admiration in his dark eyes. Absorbed in the selfishness of grief, she paid no heed to his words. It was a distinct relief to her when they arrived at the cabin.

Jumping to the ground, he scanned the ground with a practised eye. The ground around the cabin was bare, but beyond that the grass was luxuriant. The short, hot summer of almost perpetual day that reigns in Alaska had brought the vegetation to a growth that was almost tropical. At last Milton gave a low exclamation of satisfaction. He pointed to what appeared on casual glance to be close-growing grass.

"He entered here," he said simply. "You see, the grass is slightly broken, a few of the blades are bent and broken where he pressed them under his feet. I have lived with the Indians so often that I have learned much of their forest lore. Courage, it won't be long before we find him."

Find him, yes, but in what condition would they find him? Charlotte shuddered and her heart grew cold at the fear that oppressed her.

(*Continued next week*)

The Love Route to Fame

(*Continued from page* 25)

friends in the past that I feel it a pity to allow other people to come between us. And I feel that I ought to tell you certain things about certain so-called mutual friends of ours, no matter how distasteful that telling may be to me.

Sincerely yours,
TEDDY BRAMLEIGH.

She hung Lorea's locket around her neck. She was expecting him at any moment to drive her up into the country. They were to have tea together on her birthday. She must make him feel she was delighted with his gift. But in her heart of hearts she wanted to punish him.

Suddenly the emerald popped into her mind again. Heavens! How things kept cropping up to make her forget it—her beautiful square emerald that Sandy had sent her. Think of it—Sandy remembering her birthday, and in such a magnificent manner! For the first time she slipped the ring on her finger. It sparkled and shone in the afternoon sunlight. Why, it was gorgeous! And for a while, anyway, she could keep it. It sent the happy blood throbbing through her temples. To think anybody thought that much of her! And not one of these millionaires who figured in terms of money and expected their bait to bring in definite returns, but Sandy, who worked hard for every cent he made—who had probably been slaving in Mexico these two years for the price of his gift—ah, it was wonderful! The little slip of paper lay curled about her finger. She pressed it to her lips. Because it had made her happy. The only perfect thing in that whole disappointing day. The one thing that had pierced to the heart of the real Teddy. She smoothed out the little slip of paper with thoughtful fingers and put it in her leather jewel case.

Her mood had softened. She was sorry now that she had run out and mailed that letter to Joe. Sorry she had quarreled so furiously with Johnnie. After all, what did it matter—one admirer more or less? Why, she was so rich in admirers and Johnnie had so few. And if Johnnie loved Joe Deimel—why, that made all the difference in the world. Tomorrow she would tell Johnnie she was sorry. And when Joe asked what she meant by the veiled warning in her letter, she would make up some yarn.

But the next day Johnnie was gone. Without a word. The room was stripped. Johnnie must have left the afternoon before, while she was having tea. Teddy felt frightened. Could anything she had said have caused Johnnie to do something desperate? She was worried and upset. As the days passed and no word came from Johnnie, this feeling of guilt hung over her mind, but she fought it off. If anything terrible had happened to Johnnie, someone would have heard. But nobody had heard anything at all. Probably Johnnie, ashamed, had moved to new surroundings where her duplicity was not known.

A letter came some time later from Joe Deimel—a conventional little letter with no mention of what hers had contained. Teddy, who had a facile conscience, told herself she probably had not written him anything at all, and that her own overwrought imagination had persuaded her that the whole thing was more dreadful than it was. And there, as far as Teddy was concerned, the matter rested.

The second week in November, Teddy ran into Joe Deimel, quite unexpectedly, in the lobby of a theatre. She held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Deimel. I *am* glad to see you. Do let's get together and have a little chat over old times."

He made an engagement with her for the following afternoon and she thought there was something strained in his manner. She put it down to self-consciousness because he had been so remiss about writing to her. But when he met her, she realized, at once, that it was something more serious.

"You bad creature," she tried to tease a smile to his face, "why didn't you let me know you were in town? Is that the way to treat an old friend?"

"Miss Bramleigh, this is rather difficult and distasteful, but as you seem to be inviting it, perhaps we had better go through with it. Friendship between us is impossible. I am a straightforward man, Miss Bramleigh. And I like to have things cleared up."

She was as dazed as though someone had struck a blow on her unprotected cheek. She could not speak.

"I think it better that you should know that Miss Fields has told me——"

"Miss Fields—Johnnie—then you know what's become of her?"

"Yes," he replied gravely. "I know what's become of her. And she has told me certain things about you——"

"About me? She dared to talk about me—Johnnie Fields? She dared? And you believed her—without giving me a chance to——"

"Miss Bramleigh, do you remember the two sable furs I sent you—one to replace the one you said you lost, belonging to a friend; and the other because you wanted some day to see how it felt to own a sable of your own? You weren't quite candid about those sables—were you, Miss Bramleigh?"

Teddy was too floored to speak. The red mounted from her neck to her forehead. It never occurred to her to deny. Besides, she was too outraged at Johnnie's treachery.

"She dared to tell you——" she gasped at length—then, gathering assurance—"well, I'll tell you a thing or two about her——"

"Don't trouble, Miss Bramleigh. Miss Fields has already told me more about herself than you probably know. I realize that her record has not been spotless. But at least she has been honest with me throughout. The night your threats drove Miss Fields from her home she telephoned me. She was frightened and unnerved to the point of hysteria. I quieted her as best I could over the long distance wire and sent her down to the farm. While there she wrote me the full story of her life, not sparing herself at all. Since that time she has told me the rest. I do not think there is anything you could tell me that I do not already know. This is all most painful to me, Miss Bramleigh, but perhaps on the whole it is as well that things should be understood between us——"

She did not know how she ever got out of it alive. How she did not die of shame then and there. It was the most humiliating experience she had ever gone through. Sick in body and spirit she got herself home somehow. She was glad to find Bobbie Hurley waiting for her. She could not bear to be face to face with her own soul.

Bobbie was terribly excited. Something wonderful had happened to her. Through the influence of Mr. Purdee she had received a marvelous offer and was going to leave for the coast at once.

"Can't imagine old Luther being so altruistic," said Teddy, trying to keep the weariness out of her voice. "Getting you a job and then letting you out of his sight like that——"

Bobbie looked uncomfortable. Then, lifting her head, met Teddy's look defiantly. "He has business out in Los Angeles. He's going out there too—for a month——"

"Bobbie!" Teddy could not control the horror in her voice and eyes.

Bobbie tossed her head. "What of it? He's good to me. Besides, the country's free, isn't it? Can I keep him from going to California if he wants to?"

Teddy felt as though it were all part of a horrid nightmare. To make it worse, later, when she went to get some butter, Regner, the corner grocer, was alone in the store. She again owed him a large bill.

"Well, sweetheart, how's times?" he asked in his oily, foreign voice.

"Very well, thank you," she replied stiffly.

He shook his head. "No, no. You don't let the bill run so big when times is good. Workin'?"

"No." She held out her hand for the butter. Instead of giving it to her he seized her outstretched hand.

"What you need, sweetheart, is a Poppa to look after you," he said, and before she could stop him he had drawn the hand to his moist lips.

Teddy fled without her butter. She was sick to the point of nausea. And as if that all were not enough, under her door was a telegram from Sandy.

Leaving for home and you. Expect me any day.
SANDY.

That was the worst of all. She was afraid. Afraid that the past was going to suck her back into the commonplace from which she had escaped. She forgot all she had been dreaming about Sandy—all the pictures she had made of this new Sandy who sent her emeralds and furs—and remembered only, in panic, the things she had hated so. And what would happen about Lorea? Could Sandy make her go back? If she had known where to catch him she would have wired him not to come. A sudden chill shook her from head to foot, so that her teeth chattered. Lord! She was afraid.

(*Continued next week*)

Is Your Daughter Safe in the Movies?

(*Continued from page* 18)

the hall, slamming the door behind me, and rushed down five flights of marble stairs, overcome by emotion, tears streaming down my face. Many months later, through a round-about channel, this incident was related to the proper authority and the much-feared Mr. Ballou was relieved of his position, and so far as I know, he is still walking the streets in search of another sinecure.

Needless to say that I did not get the part of *Gimla,* in fact, I was never even summoned back on the lot where Ballou was czar as long as he domineered over the place.

The whole incident made me very unhappy. I brooded over it. I had now reached a certain stage on the ladder of recognition where I believed my merits should suffice to put me over. I had certainly gone through enough to get that far. One has to be fairly well acquainted within the ranks if not known to the fan public, before an agent will take the trouble to do anything worth while for one.

One late afternoon I was seated on a rustic bench near a gushing rivulet which flowed through the gardens of one of the largest studios, when a black shadow fell across the path of my vision. I looked up. There stood a young woman very much my size and type, but possessing a colder eye and a less sensitive mouth. It was Dolores Drou. Her real name was Lucy Hyde, and the assumed one was still so new to her she was forever getting the two mixed up. Dolores was the girl who had finally been selected to play the part of *Gimla.* She had heard that I wanted to do it, but had been passed up by none other than the czar Ballou, though she did not know why, and that she had been chosen in my stead. This fact in itself was sufficient excuse for conversation.

"Why so sad, Nina Lamarte?" began Dolores as I looked up from my reverie.

I smiled and went to greet her. She seemed surprised that I should hold such friendly feeling for her after she had stolen my part from me. I couldn't help wondering whether she, too, had visited Ballou's office.

"How did you like the role of *Gimla?*" I ventured.

"The director was an idiot, and the whole staff knew it," she replied flippantly, "and as for Ballou! Oh, boy! Do you know him?"

I shook my head in the negative.

"If I ever live through the preview of the rotten picture, my ship will be in, I guess," she added, dusting her nose with pink powder.

"It's coming in in a hurry, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Rather," replied Dolores, of a sudden assuming a grand air.

"I've been busy ever since I finished *Gimla.* These producers are such sheep."

"You mean you are the fad?"

"Looks that way."

"Be careful, Dolores."

"Why?"

"Lots of able girls have suddenly become the fad and kept going for a short time and then suddenly dropped never to be heard of again."

"I know." Dolores sighed, then, after a pause: "How do you account for it?" she asked.

"Simplest thing in the world. Publicity. Till the public is able to judge for itself and checks 'the fads' off. You can't expect the dear people to be fools all the time."

"Oh, but I'll be smart long before that," and she laughed knowingly.

"Others have been *smart,* also, as you call it, and have not lasted."

"You're sour this afternoon, Nina."

"No, I'm not, only I haven't much use for that pull stuff you are talking about."

"The hill is considerably steeper the other way," Dolores added, turning to go with a bored look.

Just then Roscoe Cranston came in sight.

"Come over here," she called to him.

Cranston veered and rushed our way. With a scoop and flourish, in which I was completely ignored, he seized Dolores' hand and shook it lengthily.

Cranston was an agent, one of the very best. I say best for a reason. In picturedom as nowhere else, the outer shell labels the individual. Cranston maintained an elaborate office suite elegantly furnished and had on his list the names of most of the best known actors and actresses of filmdom. He acted as their business manager. So when Cranston bowed and fawned before Dolores, it was because she was now good timber for him. An agent is not interested, in fact, he is helpless, unless you have already done something worth while on the screen. Really his chief function is to talk you up, to convince one director that because a certain other director used you, that therefore the second director must use you, too. In short, he is said to create a demand for you on the strength of the demand you have previously created for yourself. There are all kinds of agents, and agents, like most other elements of the film business, come and go, but their wiles go on forever.

Cranston was no exception. His clothes may have been better pressed, his moustache more carefully waxed, his manner more suave, but the guile of the agent stuck out of him.

Strictly from a business standpoint, Cranston was as square as any. Nobody ever accused him of bribing or accepting bribes, of favoring one party as above another, of splitting fifty-fifty with some studio official and exacting the difference from his actor client. So far as I could gather, he did business on the level; the only particular graft he was guilty of was an unwarranted demand for funds for certain publicity when such publicity was as near worthless and unnecessary as anything could be. But my grief with him was of a different kind.

Though I had on several occasions in the past been to his office with regard to certain business and had had various conversations with him, at the time of our meeting in the presence of Dolores, Cranston completely ignored me. This was quite in accordance with movie etiquette. One of the strangest things I have had to get used to in picturedom is the customary ignoring of those who are still in the ranks by those who have already "arrived," or are even just a peg or two up the ladder professionally, and I presume that agents think they ought to be included somewhere up a ways, poor things!

So Cranston completely ignored me that afternoon. But the very next day I received a phone call from him, asking me to drop into his office at an early date.

If a girl is sensitive, about the best place to have her feelings petrified is in filmdom. Mine have long since been turned to stone, but my common sense has not. When I arrived at Cranston's office I found him waiting for me. The stage was all set, the flood lights ready to turn on and the curtain ready to go up. But why all this sudden attention to a person more or less still among the struggling many?

They say a man always wants what he can't have. That is just another way of defining a scrap. Man, naturally combative, is accustomed to fighting for his reward.

Ballou had failed with me and he knew it, but Ballou had friends. He had one friend in particular to whom he must have mentioned something about a certain high-spirited French girl named Miss Lamarte. The friend's name was Lupowski, but he had considerately changed it to Stone, for which alteration everybody was grateful, including the postman. Stone was an incipient producer. He had already made his *premier pas* by trusting Ballou with some one hundred thousand of his good, cold cash which he had made in the clothing business back in Michigan somewhere.

Stone was very wealthy, in fact, so wealthy and with it so ignorant, that he thought his gold could buy anything. Stone, like many other rich men, had invested in the picture business, partly for the sake of the investment, but subconsciously, if not openly and principally, because he hoped to get a thrilling time out of it. He had watched Ballou spend the one hundred thousand, and had not been particularly attracted by anyone in the cast. In plain words, he had not found *"her"* yet. Not even Dolores Drou had made an appeal to him. Then he had quite accidently heard about Nina Lamarte, and being both ignorant and wealthy, he had taken the shortest cut to meet her.

Cranston was his man. There was to be something in it for the latter, of course.

And that is how I happened to be called to Cranston's office.

It was a beautiful day and Cranston was chafing under the restraint of having to stay indoors when he would rather be out at golf. He so informed me by way of approaching his subject with care.

"Do you golf, Miss Lamarte?" he asked with

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all the deference I had watched him bestow the day before on Dolores. I marvelled at his changed manner, and I fumbled with an affirmative reply. It didn't matter much, for Cranston went on to explain to me that a certain Mr. Stone, a newcomer in the city and the picture business, had seen my photograph and admired my style and type and hoped to use me in his next production, and would I oblige him, Cranston, by meeting said Mr. Stone.

"It may be your big chance, Miss Lamarte," Cranston whispered, speaking very close to my ear. "Stone is sort of fool about some women, understand me?"

I laughed, I couldn't help it. Fools were beginning to bore me, as I didn't need their money.

"Foolish girl," admonished Cranston, very put out at my levity. "Young lady, I want to give you a piece of advice," and here the agent grew very serious. "If I were an ambitious young woman, I would pick some one man, just the right man, understand me, and if I were perfectly sure he was the man who could put me over the top, I would do just as the others have done, and as you will have to do in the end to get there."

I narrowed my eyes on the speaker.

"You mean that, Mr. Cranston?"

"Say, I thought you had some sense, child," he continued, now assuming a fatherly manner.

"I have somewhat more than you give me credit for."

Then, straightening up in his chair, he spoke in loud tones: "Mr. Stone is right in the next room, you must meet him, anyway."

As though a button had been pressed, there came a knock on the door and Mr. Stone marched in.

Stone was a small man, about five foot six, fat and dark, with big-rimmed glasses and a flashing scarf pin. I remember the latter because it just gave me his number. He beamed at me. He looked like a fatherly enough sort of fellow and I began wondering how many offspring he had.

"Meet Miss Nina Lamarte," suggested Cranston, who was visibly on pins and needles lest I say something rash.

Stone came over and shook hands feelingly.

"Yes, this is the girl, Cranston, the very one Ballou wanted for that *Gimla* part."

"Indeed!" quoth Cranston, perking up. "So, she has been considered seriously for a part," went through the eagle-eyed agent's mind like a flash.

"Don't know why Ballou changed his mind the last minute, but next time I'll have something to say myself," Stone contributed. Then, turning from Cranston to me, "We shall be casting very shortly again, may it be my pleasure . . ."

Cranston broke in quickly to keep me from doing so.

"Miss Lamarte hasn't really had her chance yet, but I'm sure from her training and equipment that she can deliver the goods, Mr. Stone, and she will be delighted for the opportunity."

Cranston moved nervously from his place toward the door as though to suggest we leave. I suppose he figured his part was done by bringing us together. There was a painful pause.

"When do you plan starting your next picture?" I cut in suddenly.

"Oh, ah—about—ah—in a few weeks, I think," Stone finally finished, coming back from his mental wanderings.

Cranston was put out by that and began fumbling with the doorknob.

"Good-bye, Mr. Cranston!" I said as I looked up at him almost twittingly. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him making a grimace at Stone to follow me. Stone finally understood and grabbing his hat came along. He walked beside me down the long marble corridor and stepped into the elevator behind me. Once on the main floor he accompanied me to the entrance of the building. He was stupid. A more worldly man would have done it all exquisitely. But Stone was a dub. When we reached the sidewalk he stopped suddenly and putting his pudgy hand on my arm, said:

"Allow me to drive you home, Miss Lamarte."

"Thank you so much," I replied, "but my fiance is right over there in his car waiting for me," and with that I shook the limp hand of Lupowski-Stone, bolted from him and made a straight line for a good-looking touring car in which sat a well-groomed young man at the wheel. I opened the door and sat down beside the stranger. Then I turned and waved my hand to Stone, who looked over to me flabbergasted, then turned and retired into the building like a whipped dog into his kennel.

As soon as Stone had disappeared, I turned to the gentleman beside me. His face wore a very perplexed smile.

"Sorry," I said, "to bother you, sir. It was the most effective way out of a bad mess. Thank you so much," and I hopped from the seat and hurried down the street, getting lost in the crowd.

I imagine Stone said a few choice things to Cranston, but I don't know, I never asked any questions. Rumor had it that Stone hadn't seen very much of his one hundred thousand back, so he returned to Michigan and the clothing business to recuperate his losses. Perhaps Ma Stone made him do it.

If a girl is not interested in a proposition such as Stone could offer her, if she is not particularly desirable material as far as agents are concerned, nor is beautiful enough to be *ipso facto* on every studio's preferred roster, how can she who is obliged to start at the very bottom succeed?

There is only one way that I know of, through perseverance and ability. The two go hand in hand. In spite of the temptation to believe the contrary, I still think ability wins out in the end, and I believe it wins more readily than ever before. It is the one hope, the one bright star in a very black night. Ability will eventually sweep everything before it, and this change which is bound to come in picture production, will be brought about by the investor, and by none other. When it comes in its entirety, what a wonderful transformation it will bring! It will affect everything from stage carpenter to star. Somebody will start the fashion some morning and all the sheep will be delighted to follow.

It is true there have been some changes made the past few months, but about the principal difference is a shifting of powers to new cliques with a brand new crop of hangers-on and a new set of gullible angels, angels being the term applied by those within to the ignorant investor without. The pictures haven't reached the bottom yet. There has just been a shifting in the bed. The public knows this and why shouldn't it know it? Who is more entitled to know it? Why should the public pay to be bored to death? Just to satisfy the whim of some empty-headed female, who is able to compel some equally empty-headed male to feature her and pan her off as an artist, when she is neither artist nor woman?

Breaking into pictures is trying enough, but managing to stay in and climb up is far more so.

(*To be continued next week*)

My Life is in Danger Says Hayakawa

(*Continued from page 5*)

force manifesting through a consciously directed and cultured mind. It is as though one were to say that a Hercules may be shorn of his power by a Hermes. I think your own Emerson puts it this way: 'Who has more soul than I, masters me, though he raise not a finger.'

"Now this power of mind and soul is especially essential to a finished production on the screen. Without it, the picture becomes a mere flat surface—nothing comes out from it to you as you sit in the audience.

"The picture may effect the eye—pleasingly or the reverse—but it does not stir your emotions. It is not convincing.

"And that, in the final analysis, is what an actor must do if he hopes for a permanent place in the history of the drama—he must arouse an emotional reaction in his audience, he must make them understand the emotions he is depicting. Understanding can be aroused only through the mind. Mere emotion is transmitted through feeling, and requires only sound to arouse it. But comprehension of emotion—that is a mental operation always.

"I have no wish to make invidious comparisons—in fact, since I am about to try my wings in the air of the speaking stage, I cannot well be accused of doing this—but I do think it is true that screen acting requires a deeper knowledge and a finer technique than does the speaking stage. At least it requires a keener knowledge of psychology.

"When I say screen acting, I, of course, do not mean mere posing before the camera. I mean the portrayal of specific emotions, mental states, soul-qualities.

"There are screen favorites who are such—and justly so—because of their beauty of face or form, or because of their charm of manner. These are in a class by themselves. They do not enter into this comparison, because I refer now to stories where the character portrayed may be neither beautiful nor sympathy-begetting."

Does Marriage Bring Dramatic Power?

(*Continued from page* 12)

actress particularly. I should say that on the whole, marriage doesn't. It is maturity—or does that imply growing old? Then let us say it is growing up which improves one's dramatic power, rather than marriage itself. Marriage just happens to come along, as a rule, about the time when one is reaching the grown-up stage."

So, if one is to accept Madge Kennedy's point of view, this question of whether marriage improves one's dramatic power is—well, it's all bosh! And perhaps she is right about its being maturity, or growing up, rather than marriage. But there is unquestionably something to be said for the other side of the case. Marriage has undoubtedly contributed a great deal to the emotional power of many actresses like Norma Talmadge, Nazimova, and dozens of other players who could be cited.

So there you are!

My Four Years of Thrills in India

(*Continued from page* 9)

San Blas Indians. Although it came from a hot country, it would almost collapse with the heat. We had to wrap it in a cloth wet with ice water, but it survived the trip, and, incidentally, frequently received adoration from the natives as Hanuman, the Monkey God. When we stopped the car for water, the Hindus would crowd around and bow down to my little pet, who would look and act bewildered by the homage.

During this trip we visited the marvelous palace of His Highness Maharajah Sandia of Gwalior. When we reached the banks of the Tapti River, we found that the ferry barges were stuck in the mud. We removed the battery from the car, and it was carried across the river on the backs of eighteen natives. Our only loss, but a serious one, was the spoiling of Baron Van Raven's cigarettes, which were in boxes on the side of the car.

It was on this stretch of road that we passed a wedding of a child of five to a man of thirty. The bridal couple rode on horseback. I mourned for the child; for, if her husband should die before she reaches maturity, she is doomed to widowhood throughout her life.

Occasionally, on this strip of road, we met wild animals—a panther, a bear, plenty of deer and peacocks.

Among other reminiscences from this particular trip is the fact that in this district we paid four dollars a gallon for gasoline. We emerged from the wilderness to be entertained at Gwalior, the main city and principal palace of Maharajah Madho. Here we met many noblemen of India visiting their hunting lodges and clubs, and receiving gorgeous jewelled gifts. While in Gwalior, the Prince of Wales visited that city and we participated in all of the stirring events which took place during his visit—the boycott by the natives, and the Ghandi revolutionary demonstrations. Our next trip was to Agra, near which stands Talepur Sikra, the dead city of India. It is a victory city, built by the great Akbar 350 years ago, a beautiful inspiration in marble inlaid with precious stones, with the tomb of the great saint Selim Christi, a crypt of exquisitely carved lacework, nearby.

The story goes that Akbar went to Selim Christi, asking him a child as a boon. Whereupon the holy man told him that he could not have a child until some other child died. To Selim Christi's great astonishment, his own little child said: "Why, I would give my life that the Emperor might have a son." The child died and in due time a baby was born to Akbar. After the death of Selim Christi's child, Akbar, as a penance, moved from Tatepur Sekra and built Delhi.

I could go on ceaselessly telling of banquets, Mohammedan festivals, the semi-precious inlaid buildings and visits to palaces of every degree. But from this period I remember best visits to the banks of the sacred Ganges where natives bathe in the river to obtain purity and where on the banks they burn their dead. It is an awful sight to see the pariah dogs digging through the ashes and carrying away unburned human bones.

Lucknow, the scene of the horrible mutiny, was another city we visited. Later we participated in the great festival of the adoration of animals.

We filmed all of these notable events and believe that we have a true and complete picture of India as it really is. The years passed rapidly in these fantastic surroundings. A time came when I became homesick, when despite the grandor and the squalor about me, I wished for a milder climate and the land I loved. I had suffered much from illness—malaria and tropical fevers—and in the case of the Baron, smallpox; all of which had weakened our resistance. Eventually I decided to return. I brought back with me many remembrances of that far-off land—India, a fairy-land and equally—a hell.

What Charles Ray Will Do in His New Picture

(*Continued from page* 7)

to a ranch house. An unusual feature of this is that the persons living in the ranch house stayed right there, the first case on record of people living in a movie set.

By the time Charles Ray's company arrived—including Patsy Ruth Miller, Edythe Chapman and Ramsaye Wallace—there was a real Middle Western farm; the old farmhouse with roses climbing over its front porch, the well with its old oaken bucket, the family soap-vat, the barns, the pig sty with a black sow and her little pigs, the watering trough, the blacksmithy, the stone-flagged walks, the rustic bridge, and the split rail fences. If you were to pass by, you would never dream that this was a movie set; instead you would think it was a most unusual farm for the State of California.

With such realistic settings, it was with even more enthusiasm than usual that the members of Charles Ray's company set to work on the picture, "The Girl I Loved." And you may be sure they needed their enthusiasm! In one series of scenes, for instance, the actors groaned and sweated under layers of fur and heavy coats, while the thermometer registered 102. In the picture, these scenes will look like the dead of winter, for the ground is all covered with artificial snow while the sleighs jingle merrily across the frozen stretches. Only the actors can realize how they suffered through those scenes at 102 degrees.

But they feel that it was worth it. For Charles Ray and his director, Joseph De Grasse, and the members of his company, have brought to life the romantic story of a great poet, full of pathos, and throbbing with feeling. The picture will be released about the first of the year; the public, who has thought of Charles Ray as a great light comedy actor, will have the chance to decide for itself whether or not Charles Ray is a great emotional actor as well. And having seen him in one such role, his fans will know even better what to expect of him in the part of John Alden, the greatest role of his career.

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "*looks*," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise**; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper* "Trados Model 25," corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night

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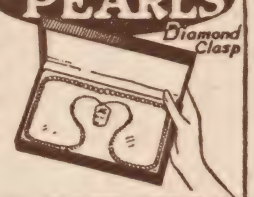

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"Ben Hur" To Be Screened

Continued from page 10)

Jesus lived, will have an opportunity seldom vouchsafed to anyone in the motion pictures.

For "Ben Hur," despite the fact that it is a purely popular play, possesses certain fundamental dramatic values such as are seldom found.

Production will not actually begin until early spring. At least six months will be needed for the actual filming of the picture, and another six months will undoubtedly elapse before it is shown on the screen.

In the winter or early spring of 1924, it will be shown to the public.

But "Ben Hur" is well worth waiting for.

LATE NEWS FROM THE STUDIOS

Nazimova is to appear on the New York stage for the first time in six years. After a winter's engagement, she will go to Europe next spring to visit Italy, Spain, England, Russia and France.

Frank Woods, Elmer Harris and Thomas Buchanan are to form a new producing company. Woods will be remembered as director of many successful Paramount Productions and Mr. Buchanan is equally well-known as a playwright.

It is said that Eric Von Stroheim has received offers from Cosmopolitan, Goldwyn and Lasky. According to the latest story from Hollywood, he was summarily fired one night on the studio set by Universal officials, despite the fact that the last picture he did for Universal, "The Merry Go Round," is reported to be a super-fine production.

Now that Pola Negri is safely in the Paramount fold, Famous Players is starting out to sign up all the rest of the famous European stars and directors.

Richard Ordynski, formerly assistant to Max Reinhardt, is to become a Lasky director, it is said. Thus far, Famous has only used Lubitsch as a director in Europe, but Ordynski may come to the United States.

May Allison, who has not been seen in pictures for several years, has just finished the first of a series of pictures made entirely in Porto Rico. Her husband, Bob Ellis, is featured with her. "The Woman Who Fooled Herself," is the title of the first release.

Vitagraph has been in the doldrums for the last year. It has emerged at last to announce a program of twelve pictures adapted from stories by Morgan Robertson, Rupert Hughes, George Barr McCutcheon, C. N. & A. N. Williamson, James Oliver Curwood, Alfred Henry Lewis, Richard Harding Davis and others of lesser note. For a time, it was said that Vitagraph was through, but this program makes it appear that there is plenty of life in the old company.

Marion Davies is busy at work on her next picture, "Adam and Eva," which is being directed by Robert G. Vignola, director of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Marion has been busy for the last few weeks taking night scenes in Connecticut on location.

Dorothy Phillips is to appear in "The World's a Stage," written for the screen by Elinor Glyn. Sol Lesser, who was responsible for "Mickey" and Jackie Coogan's recent starring productions, is the producer.

Those who have missed Douglas MacLean in recent months, will be pleased to learn that he will soon be seen on the screen again in "A Man of Action" and "Bellboy 13," under the direction of Tom Ince.

A freight train tumbles over a cliff, followed closely by Charles Hutchinson and Lucy Fox in Hutch's next serial, "Speed."

As soon as Norma Talmadge returns to Hollywood, she will begin work on "Within the Law," Frank Lloyd directing.

George Larkin---- Gentleman Unafraid

(*Continued from page* 13)

"I have been battling in the profession for recognition ever since boyhood. Naturally, one picks up many tricks of the trade as he goes along. Experience has given me many pointers towards the narrow road to achievement. But I have always been a student of the business of 'keeping physically fit.' Leading a regular, normal life, punctuated with plenty of exercise and sports, has kept my muscles firm, my limbs active and my brain clear.

"As a matter of strict fact, I rather consider myself a protege of Bernarr Macfadden, who first drew my attention to the great benefits of physical culture. From my earliest days I have followed his lead in such things, and when people compliment my vitality today, tap my chest and feel my biceps, I smile and tell them how I stay away from fancy foods, get plenty of sleep, keep out in the open air, and live cleanly."

Far and beyond the many unusual and remarkable things which attach themselves to the screen history of George Larkin is the fact that he has been married to Ollie Kirby nearly six years, and that their matrimonial ship, unlike other ill-starred crafts on the high seas of movieland, has never even sighted a rock.

The Larkins own a beautiful home in California and they are what is known as real "home bodies," when professional engagements do not take them away from the family hearthstone. At the present moment both Mr. and Mrs. Larkin are taking a rest between pictures. But, taking a rest has a very different significance with them from that which you or I would give to the term. The Larkins, unable to be idle, are spending their spare time introducing some of their famous dances to the good people of the Pacific Coast.

"The Argentine Tango," "The Eccentric Fox Trot," "The French Apache" and "The Larkin Fox Trot," are among the steps that these two popular screen favorites interpret with artistry and grace.

I can remember back in the early days of filmdom when George made his first real picture debut in a serial called "The Trey o' Hearts." That film established him; it proved that he combined unusual dramatic ability with plenty of personality, good looks and ambition. Following closely upon the heels of this premier success, Larkin was starred in many two-reel plays and several serials, such as "The Man Trackers," "Bulldog Courage," "Saved by Radio" and "The Barriers of Folly."

It is rather a pleasant thing to sift through the kaleidoscopic potpourri of film players who came before the public when the movies were in their infancy and find men like Larkin still making good at their chosen work; still going to the studio with enthusiasm to do a big day's work; and still revealing the courage of their earlier days in their present productions. George, with his winning smile and his broad shoulders, is the kind of man we can point to as really deserving of the great popularity he still enjoys with the fans.

▣ ▣ ▣ ▣ ▣

"I'm Not Jealous of Jackie Coogan," Says Baby Peggy

(*Continued from page* 6)

pictures. I only act in the morning, you know. In the afternoon I have a good time with my dollies, my pony, my puppy and my kitty.

There's only two things I don't like. They make me go to bed early as if I wasn't a star. And they won't let me make my own face up. Daddy or my director, Mr. Goulding, lays me across his knee and makes me up as if I were a doll—and that's very undignified I think for a lady who is a really and truly movie star.

But as I said before, I am going to fix all those things soon—and anyway Jackie Coogan had better look out. I'm some bear when I start to emote even if I am so much littler than he is! And anyway I'm the youngest star in the world, and he wasn't one when he was three years old. So there now!

"Good-Bye— I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he *isn't* glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he has just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is Can you point it out?

HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do you know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you?"

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Just a Few of the Chapter Titles

A Plea for Dancing
Automobile Etiquette
When the Bachelor Is Host
Tipping at the Hotel
Woman in the Business World
A Trip to the South
At Tea-Room and Roof Garden
The Origin of Manners
Announcing the Engagement
Responsibility for the Wedding
How to Acknowledge an Invitation
When to Introduce—and How.
Asking a New Acquaintance to Call
The "Bread-and-Butter Letter"
The Chaperon
Self-Confidence Versus Conceit
The Endless Round of Hospitality
Guests and Their Duties
The Young Country Miss
Why the Shy Are Awkward
Planning Surprises

—and countless other fascinating chapters that you will read and re-read many times and find permanently helpful to you.

Are You *Sure* of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely sure of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

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You have heard of the Book of Etiquette, of course. Perhaps you have been wishing that you could see it, examine it, read one or two of the chapters. Perhaps, even, you have had a secret desire to have your very own little problems solved for you by this famous, authoritative work.

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Miss Kathleen Mullane, Famous Artist's Model. She writes: "I lost 20 pounds in less than 3 weeks through your wonderful new method."

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Mrs. Geo. Guiterman, 420 E. 66th St., N. Y. City. She says: "I have lost 13 pounds since Monday (8 days), and am feeling fine."

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Mr. E. A. Kettle, 225 W. 39th St., N. Y. City, who says: "I lost 28 pounds in 30 days, and banished the headaches I always had when I was stout."

Lost 44 Pounds

Mrs. Eric Capon, of Manhassett L. I., who says: "I lost 44 pounds and my friends compliment me on my new, slender, youthful and healthy appearance."

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These persons whose photographs are shown here represent just a few out of thousands who have reduced to normal weight. No starving, massage, exercises or discomfort. Just follow a simple law of Nature and your fat vanishes. Results in 48 hours. 10 Days Trial of this amazing method.

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The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Mr. Ben Naddle, of 102 Fulton St., New York, was just 22 pounds overweight. He decided to reduce as rapidly as possible. He writes, "I reduced from 175 to 153 pounds in just two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. I feel wonderful now."

Taking off excess weight by this new method is the easiest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figures and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they were positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they supposed to be ineffacable!

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Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations *cause* fat, others *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

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Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into a course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by this discovery he offers to send the complete course on 10 days trial to any one sending in the coupon.

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See how our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

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Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW. Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-20511, 47 West 16th Street, New York City.

Lost 36 Pounds

Miss Anna Queenan, 5570 A, Vernon Ave., St. Louis, writes: "I reduced from 190 to 154 pounds (36 pounds lost) in a few weeks, and feel better than I ever did before."

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Mr. John Griswold of Anthony, Kan., writes: "I lost 104 pounds at the rate of 5 pounds a week. I reduced my waist line 17 in. Today I am in good health and free from all avoirdupois ailments."

Lost 26 Pounds

Mrs. R.H.Diehl, 109 E.Market St., Danville, Pa., writes: "I lost 26 pounds and now weigh 141 pounds, which is my normal weight: and there I am going to stay, for I now know the secret."

Lost 40 Pounds

Miss Melissa Givings, 53 W. 155th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I reduced 40 pounds and banished acute indigestion also. The method is easy—no discomfort, no risk, and no starvation."

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Mr. Harry Benson, 231 W. 39th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I have lost 23½ pounds and I feel like a 16-year old."

Delighted with Results

Mrs. Edith Robinson of 825 Busseron St., Vincennes, Ind., writes: "The results of Weight Control were immediate, and were more than satisfying."

Lost 30 Pounds

Miss Elizabeth Johnson of 3045 Washington Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I have lost 30 pounds and can cheerfullyrecommend "Weight Control" to all who have an over-supply of flesh or who have stomach trouble. It has relieved me of both."

Lost 80 Pounds

Miss Laura Morse, 271 W. 119th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I have lost 80 pounds. I feel better than I have in years and look 10 years younger."

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Without money in advance, you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's $3.50 Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only $1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment, and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

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FLORENCE VIDOR

IS THE AMERICAN GIRL A HYPOCRITE ? PAGE 3

MY LIFE IS IN DANGER *Says* SESSUE HAYAKAWA PAGE 4

This is the Center Page Star Portrait from This Issue. Scanned and Donated to Archive.Org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth, 2023

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

MADGE KENNEDY

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

MOVIE WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 25 1922 TEN CENTS

HARRIET HAMMOND

PHOTO — EDWIN BOWER HESSER

"Women who have hounded me" PAGE 7

"Chaplin was vulgar" says Censor PAGE 5

MOVIE·WEEKLY
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WHENEVER a bad picture comes to town, producers put the blame on the dear old public!

"You can't give the public good pictures," they say. "A good picture can't stand the gaff. It's bound to lose money."

And they point to certain subtle, delightful, pleasing pictures, which somehow didn't seem to strike the public fancy.

But they forget . . .

They forget "The Kid," which packed houses in every town in the United States.

They forget "The Three Musketeers," "The Four Horsemen," "Blood and Sand." They forget hundreds of other good pictures.

A good movie is not necessarily a popular movie. There are plenty of good writers who are unpopular, many good books which are read by only a few, many a good play which has lasted only a few weeks on Broadway.

A good movie is one which depicts some fundamental struggle, has some great theme which is comprehensible to every man.

Such a picture cannot fail.

Love . . . hunger . . . death . . . these are themes which strike deeply.

And laughter . . . for every one loves to laugh.

The public is hungry for good pictures.

To all appearances, 1923 is to be a banner motion picture year. The fall crop of pictures has been unexcelled in the history of the movies.

And "Movie Weekly" is keeping step with the times.

Next week's issue, for instance, features interviews with Bebe Daniels and Mme. Nazimova, both of whom arrived in New York recently, and who tell their plans to our readers. Gladys Hall, who has met and interviewed almost every star of consequence in the United States, brings the latest news from these two popular women of the screen.

"The Confessions of a Press Agent," by Arthur Leslie, reveals the inside workings of the men who play practical jokes on the public in order to create interest in motion pictures. Mr. Leslie's story is a daring revelation of how the public is frequently fooled into liking pictures it otherwise would be disinterested in.

A German nobleman has filmed the life of the Kaiser. The picture is in the United States and has been viewed by a representative of "Movie Weekly," who tells about this unique movie in next week's issue.

These are stories you will read in "Movie Weekly" dated December 2nd.

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My first screen kiss

By Nita Naldi

I HAVE kissed only three times before the camera. I never realized the significance of these three kisses until the other day, when I was asked by "Movie Weekly" to tell about them. Then, I discovered that my kissing record is unique in the history of the screen.

The three kisses were:

One with John Barrymore.

One with Eugene O'Brien.

And one with Rodolph Valentino.

Of course, the outsider, the fan, looks upon the screen kiss as just as real as the most passionate embrace between sweetheart and lover; but, although I have kissed the three most admired men on the screen, I can affirm with all the honesty and sincerity of my heart that kissing for the movies is the most workmanlike, unemotional affair ever.

My first kiss was with John Barrymore. John kissed me three years ago, when I played in his famous production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," at the old 56th Street studio of Famous Players. I was a screen novice at that time. I had sung and danced in the choruses of several famous Broadway shows, and, with my best friend in private life and in the show business, Lillian Tashman, was looking forward to a successful career on the screen.

I will have to admit that I went to the studio with head high and heart fluttering anxiously; but when I found that the atmosphere of the studio was no different from that of any other business place, I settled into the routine and resolved that if I followed my usual business policy of doing my best at all times, I would most surely succeed.

So it happened that when the time of my kissing scene arrived, I went about it with Mr. Barrymore in a most business-like way.

He assisted me with my makeup. He schooled me in the technique of kissing for the camera, and I listened to him with all the attention due a man who ranks at the very top of his profession.

That was all there was to it. It was not nearly as emotional in the acting as it appeared in the viewing.

Later in my career, I began to work with Eugene O'Brien at the Selznick Studio. There I appeared in numerous pictures with the genial 'Gene. However, my type usually is considered that of what is known as a "heavy woman," or, in popular parlance, a villainess or vamp, and any kisses that 'Gene bestowed upon me were not final closeups, but in the nature of contributions to the plot.

I suppose from the present point of view, the great interest of the fans is in my kisses with Rodolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand." But, contrary to what you may expect, I found no particular thrill in kissing Rudy, although I admire him immensely and think that he is one of the finest screen actors I have ever met. But never in the course of my work with him did I find him other than a sincere and honorable fellow-player—a man who was eager to assist me in the interpretation of my role and who expected assistance from me in the interpretation of his. Our rehearsals for kissing scenes were always done with the emphasis left off the kissing and the emphasis on the scene. Rudy is nothing but a splendid boy. I admire him and honestly think him to be one of the most handsome men in the world. His big dark eyes remind one of a Moor of the Arabian desert. He will never lose his good looks, for his face is formed so that the skin will never drop. He will be as good-looking at fifty as he is today.

We had an enjoyable time making "Blood and Sand." Rudy is a very generous man and he often brought out on location big baskets of fruit, so that our work might be more of a picnic than hard effort.

All the fans have heard, of course, what a delightful man to work with Rodolph is. He puts so much fervor into his work before the camera that anyone who works with him cannot help catching the spirit, the fire of his enthusiasm. This is true of everyone on the set from the director down to the lowliest "extras."

It is partly this enthusiasm of his that enables Rodolph to "get across," as he does, to the fans who see his pictures. His love making appears fiery because he is intense about everything he does. And for that reason his admirers say, "Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful to be kissed by Rodolph." And, probably, they envy me because of my love scenes with their idol.

But really, if you only knew how impersonal the whole proceedings are! There was no romance to the kisses he gave me. It was as if the director said, "Now, kiss that photograph," and he kissed it, in a highly impersonal way.

There is not much romance left in a kiss when someone is standing by, saying, "Now, that way—that's right," as a director does in the love scenes of a motion picture. And with half a dozen cameramen, prop men, assistant directors and so on, all standing around watching, it would take the thrill out of the most romantic moment. Besides that, there are all sorts of mechanical devices cluttering up the room, those powerful Klieg lights shining on you—there is nothing, in fact, which resembles the moonlight scenes that we instinctively think of in connection with love making.

So you see what they are, these screen kisses—the most matter-of-fact bit of acting.

This is the story of my three screen lovers and my first screen kiss. I am now working on the first phases of the production of "Glimpses of the Moon," by Edith Wharton, under the direction of Allan Dwan on Long Island. I finished, not so long ago, another picture at Famous Players' Long Island studio, working with Alice Brady in "Anna Ascends." I am at the very beginning of a five years' contract with Famous Players, so I shall probably be able to write a much more interesting, and certainly more technical, article on kissing for the screen five years from now than today.

(Edward Thayer Monroe)

"John,"—(meaning John Barrymore)—"helped me make up for my first screen kiss," confesses Nita Naldi.

HERE'S THE MOST ENVIED GIRL IN THE WORLD

The first three men she kissed on the screen were:

JOHN BARRYMORE, EUGENE O'BRIEN and RODOLPH VALENTINO

Nita Naldi is supposed to be the coming vamp of the movies, but she blushed as she confessed her good fortune!

Wally Reid's wife tells about his illness

Condition of Popular Star Leads to Rumors That He May Never Appear in Dapper Screen-Hero Roles Again.

NOT so long ago there were rumors afloat that Wallie Reid might be lost to the screen forever because of ill health. Stories were circulated that Wallie had suffered a stroke of paralysis and that he had gone blind. Knowing that its readers would like to know the truth of the matter, "Movie Weekly" began an investigation to get at the real facts in the case. And "Movie Weekly" has learned:

There is nothing really serious the matter with Wallace Reid. He has not suffered a stroke of paralysis! He is not going blind! And there is no danger of his being lost to the screen forever because of ill health. In fact, he expects soon, at the time of this writing, to go on a motor trip to Santa Barbara, and to return to the studio to begin work on a new picture November 27th.

It is true that Wallie has been ill and that he has been having trouble with his eyes, but it needed only a good rest to set him right again. For Wallie had been working much too hard. The strain of overwork, together with an attack of "Kleig eyes" are responsible for his condition.

A Los Angeles newspaper quotes Wallace Reid's mother-in-law, Mrs. Alice Davenport, as saying that Wallie has made ten pictures in thirteen months; that the strain had made him extremely nervous; that his eyes have been "burned out" three times previous to the present occasion, and that his physician ordered absolute rest and quiet in a darkened room.

So that is why Wallie lived for awhile in a little house up in the mountains near Pasadena, where no one saw him but his wife, Dorothy Davenport. She read to him by the hour to make him forget his work and his bandaged eyes. There was not even a telephone to break the silence and solitude of the little house.

As long ago as last June Wallie was advised by his physician to take a much-needed vacation, but he paid no attention. He kept right on working through the hot summer months with practically no rest between pictures. His fans do not need to be told how strenuously Wallie works in his pictures, partly because of his enthusiasm for his work, and partly because his roles usually require speed and action. So it is no wonder that he became exhausted.

Then, several months ago, he got a bad case of Kleig eyes. Anyone who has been around a motion picture studio is familiar with the powerful Kleig lights which furnish artificial sunlight for photographic purposes. Almost every actor is affected at some time by the glare of these brilliant lights, and Wallie of late had frequently complained of the effect of the studio lights upon his eyes. This ailment is known as Kleigism.

Wallie's eyes gave him so much trouble that he stayed away from the studio for three days. He should not have returned so soon, but he was eager to get back; and consequently his eyes were "burned out" again. He took a slight vacation between pictures and then began work on "Nobody's Money." He could hardly see, but he dragged along for five or six days, till he realized that he couldn't go on any longer. Jack Holt was substituted and Reid was given a month's vacation to rest.

It was then that the Wallace Reid's moved to their temporary home in the mountains. Mrs. Reid went to town almost every other day to see their son, and Wallie's mother. She was a most devoted nurse, giving up everything to stay by her husband's side and read him the thrillers that took his mind off his illness.

"Wallie is going to be all right very soon," she says. A few weeks of absolute rest and soft California sunshine will do wonders for tired nerves and exhausted vitality. In fact, Wallie will probably be in better condition than he has been in years as a result of his enforced rest. Far away from thoughts of scripts, makeup and speeding automobiles, keyed-up nerves can relax and tired muscles regain their vigor.

If there were any truth in the statement that Wallie is paralyzed, that he is going blind, or that his health is in serious danger, he would have been sent to a hospital or a sanitarium, where he would have constant professional attention, for even the most devoted wife is not the same as an expert nurse trained in her profession. But all Wallie needed was a good rest, complete relaxation, and this he has been getting.

There has been a rumor in New York real estate circles that Wallace Reid has leased an apartment on Sixty-eighth Street, which he is expected to occupy as soon as he is strong enough to undertake the long transcontinental journey. If this report proves true, the chances are that Wallie's next picture will be filmed here at the Long Island Studios rather than in Hollywood. Or possibly the Reids expect to occupy their house here a little later in the season.

At all events, Wallie's fans can be sure of this; he has not lost his health; he has not left the screen. He expects to begin very soon on his next picture, and he hopes that his work will be better than ever.

Wallie, with his mother; a shot taken at the door of Wallie's beautiful Hollywood bungalow.

As the fans love him best, Wallie, the exponent of correct American dress and good American looks on the screen.

"Chaplin was vulgar" says Censor

Bitter Attacks on Movie Morality Feature Book of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Formerly Pennsylvania's Chief Censor.

By **LEWIS F. LEVENSON**

HAVE you ever wondered what a movie censor thinks about?

If you have, an opportunity to delve into the mind of a man who censored movies for six years in the State of Pennsylvania comes with the publication of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's book about his experiences, which is entitled "The Morals of the Movies." Calling Charlie Chaplin vulgar is the least of the surprises in his book.

Oberholtzer admits that he was once nothing but a writer. "I am no friend of the censor," he says. He adds that he was working on a book called "The History of the United States Since the Civil War," when he heard the call of his native state, and like Cincinnatus quitting the plough, he left his typewriter at home and journeyed to Harrisburg to view and censor motion pictures.

Now he returns to his typewriter. Many startling statements dart from its keys.

"In a physical sense, the motion picture has moved with truly astounding rapidity," he admits. "It is an achievement, like many other industrial and commercial feats, of which America can truly be proud," . . . "but the producer is not careful in the selection of his plots, and is not putting his actors and actresses into nice situations."

Mr. Oberholtzer goes on to quote numerous critics of the movies—critics who, for the most part, have attacked them.

The statements of some of these critics are lurid to an extreme. One, for instance, states that "the vast majority" of the producers "are content with the trite, the obvious, the trashy, with slapstick farce and ridiculous melodrama; the picture plays are false to life, turgid, sentimental, the twentieth century substitute for dime novels and nickel shockers."

Another declares that "the great objective" of any film "is the 'sex thrill.'"

"A writer in a leading American periodical, a while ago," says Oberholtz, "declared that the motion picture is made for twelve year old children. It plays to a low and mediocre intelligence. It is for the crass multitude."

The former Pennsylvania censor, in his own behalf, adds that "the situation is progressively disquieting; the type of film does not improve. The further the industry advances, or so it has seemed to many, the more profoundly does it offend" . . . "the public taste has a dull edge. The call now is for fresh sights, new titillations; and this great trade, under forced draught, as it were, is sent far afield for fuel to keep its fires going."

The former censor then analyzes the average film of the average motion picture theatre.

He declares that "news and educational features are not much wanted and are little seen." . . . "The scenic picture is welcomed, if at all, by only a few. The rest visibly tolerate it." . . . "The real diversion is comedy. For fifteen, twenty or twenty-five minutes, the audience will happily follow the antics of some of the clowns of the screen. The faith of the exhibitor of today is pinned to his 'feature,' his one long photoplay which is three-fourths or more of his program. Here is the producer's main problem, and, in this field, what he needs more than anything else are themes and stories which are dramatically interesting and at the same time morally respectable."

Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, who declares movies commercialize sex, and are an affront to public morals.

DO YOU AGREE WITH THIS CENSOR?

Oberholtzer says:

"The motion picture producer tries to stir your curiosity about the seamy side of life to swell his 'gate receipts.'

"The movie world is not true. There is no American 'high life' which corresponds to what is set before us by the movie maker outside of some occasional house of ill fame.

"The picture producer underrates our taste and understanding. The type of film does not improve. The farther the industry progresses, the more deeply it offends.

"We are now setting before our children an unrestricted volume of pictured representation of every immorality in the world in the film theatre under the name of entertainment."

DO YOU AGREE WITH THESE STATEMENTS?

It is the belief of Mr. Oberholtzer that "if the picture has moved morally, some are prepared to declare that it has advanced in the wrong direction." He thinks it "fortunate that fewer pictures are being made."

His analysis of how pictures are produced is illuminating, for it reveals many of the weaknesses of the present system of writing scenarios and continuities. His conclusion of this first chapter is that if the movies are moving, they are moving backwards.

Another long chapter is devoted to sex pictures; in particular, the sort of film which is seldom seen today in the theatres of the United States: "the enlightenment film," usually dealing with sexual subjects, such as "Damaged Goods," "Fit to Fight," "The End of the Road" and "Open Your Eyes."

He deplores the production of such films, which he declares do no good and are circulated only for the sake of "fattening the producers' purses." But Oberholtzer says that not only are these sex propaganda pictures dangerous, but also a large number of other feature films founded upon a sex theme. He says:

"In the case of most of our sex stories in pictures, however, no lesson is intended. I am aware that this plea is sometimes offere and we are asked to give it serious attention. A line at the end and a few scenes fifty feet in length, after we have dragged our helpless limbs for an hour and a half through the sewers of picturedom, remind us that 'the wages of sin is death.' We are shown, perhaps, in accordance with a moral code which is very familiar in the 'movie' house, that there is retribution for the girl, though seldom enough for him who has tempted and wronged her."

Among the films thus condemned are: "The Scarlet Woman," "What the Bridesmaid Knew," "God's Country and the Woman," "Twelve Ten," "The Amazing Woman," "The Woman in the Suitcase," "Flames of the Flesh," "The Law Decides," "The Madness of Hate," "Winifred, the Shop Girl," "Her Wedding Day," "The Narrow Creed," "The Evil Thereof," "Love's Toll," "The Littlest Magdalene," "The Payment," "The Expiation."

Oberholtzer gives detailed synopses of each of these pictures which he declares "are not suitable for dramatic use."

Next, under the far-seeing eye of the censor, falls the melodrama.

(*Continued on page* 25)

How it feels to direct 6,000 people.

Allan Dwan Tells In An Interview Chuckful Of Personal Anecdotes About Hollywood Personages

with

LAWRENCE LANGDON

SUPPOSE you woke up one fine morning, bathed, ate your breakfast, and, just in the midst of perusing the morning paper, discovered that you had nothing to do that day except to see that six thousand men, women and children were put through their proper paces.

Well, you'd be—jiggered!

Allan Dwan resembles Napoleon in that he is small and that he also believes in military efficiency. There the resemblance ends.

For Allan Dwan has just finished the task of directing Douglas Fairbanks, a cast of half a hundred real actors and a crude mob of six thousand extras gathered from the streets and avenues of Los Angeles, and all its suburbs. And, unlike Napoleon, he isn't cranky. He does not suffer from stomach trouble. On the contrary, he is, despite his very great responsibilities, genial, happy-go-lucky and full of fun.

I lunched with him at the Hotel Algonquin in New York City, following his promise to tell me about the production of "Robin Hood" from his point of view. The Algonquin is a bit of Hollywood transplanted to the heart of New York. Leatrice Joy sat just across from us. Ed Earle was at another table, glancing over a newspaper while he waited for his luncheon. At our left sat Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist. Directly in front of us was the famous Round Table, where sat in solemn grandeur Heywood Broun and Alexander Woolcott.

Draped along the walls were Fania Marinoff, the actress; Helen Ford, "The Gingham Girl"; Morris Gest, producer of the "Chauve-Souris," and other notables.

Over well-iced clams I led off with the question:

"Well, how do you like directing Doug?"

"That's an old story," Dwan smiled. "You know, I directed him in his first picture, 'The Lamb,' and we made half a dozen others together, so we are really old associates in the business of making motion pictures; but this was the toughest job I ever undertook.

"Why?"

"We had a cast of six thousand and the set—honestly, this isn't the bunk—was positively the biggest ever erected for a movie. I felt like the general of an army. In the tournament scene, the entire six thousand appeared.

"The tournament was staged in the yard of the castle, and the only way I can give you an idea of the castle set is by saying that it stretched over an area equal to that covered by the territory from Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street on one side, to the Grand Central Station and Forty-sixth Street on the other."

"Well, I could have hired any kind of actors. There are thousands of them in Los Angeles; but I wouldn't take any except with military experience. I appointed those who had been non-coms in the Army, sergeants of the various squads, and in that way my orders were carried out to the letter. The men were thoroughly trained under leaders just as hard-boiled as those who had bawled them out overseas. These drill masters arranged the vast throng in such a way that everyone could hear my voice through the megaphone."

"With a megaphone? You must have some voice!" I remarked.

"Oh, I haven't told you about the megaphone yet. I had a special one built. It was seven feet long and the circumference at the outlet was also seven feet. Even then, *my* voice wouldn't carry, so I finally hired a professional announcer—one of those guys who stand up before the grand stand at the ball game and say: 'Jones pitching, Brown catching, for the Giants!'

"He was a tough bird, all right.

"For instance, I would give an order to him something like this:

"'Tell the ladies to walk slowly toward the right.'

"Whereupon, he would shout something like this in his booming voice:

"'Hey, dames! Move over to the right there! Not so much pep! That-a-babies! Hey, you cuties! You on the very end! Cut that straggling and get together.'

"Or I would say:

"'Please ask Mr. Fairbanks to approach the camera.'

"'Hey there, Doug!' he would call. 'Hop over this way, old boy! That-a-way, Doug! Do your prettiest!'

"Doug didn't care how familiar he got. That's the kind of a fellow Doug is; but I am afraid some of the ladies, of whom we had about five hundred in the cast, were a bit offended by his familiarity. But that man's voice certainly could carry. We never could have gone on without him."

"Wasn't the set a bit crowded with all those people on it?" I queried.

"Crowded? Why, we used to entertain a couple of thousand others almost every week. We made the picture in fourteen weeks, which is a record in itself for a picture of this magnitude. During the making of the picture, the Rotarians, the Shriners and Elks, held conventions in California. Only a few of the big bugs got into

(*Continued on page* 25).

Allen Dwan ABBE

A corner of the great Fairbanks studio and part of the mob which Allen Dwan directed by means of a 14-foot megaphone.

Women who have hounded me

The Trials and Tribulations of a Male Movie Star

Related by WILLIAM FARNUM

"IT must be wonderful to be so famous," admiring fans are always writing to a screen star. For that is what most folks think about us. To them the limelight is a bit dazzling; they imagine we stars sit and bask in it, more or less like a cat in the sunlight, purring and happy just to be there. And there is, of course, a certain satisfaction in having achieved fame, but there is much that is annoying as well.

For with fame comes a great deal of unwelcome attention—especially from the opposite sex. During the past two years, which included a trip to Europe and return, I have had several experiences of this kind. Stars usually say little of such incidents, but these that I am about to tell you of are typical of the annoyances that every star is subjected to—in the name of "romance."

One was the case of a young girl who lived in Columbus, Ohio, whose long series of mash notes began their influx into my home at Sag Harbor, L. I., shortly following the release of "A Tale of Two Cities." It was the first picture of mine that the girl had ever seen and after that she was ready to become my "most humble slave." It was funny. The very first letter contained, as most of them do, a coin and a request for my autographed photo. No ambitious movie actor would deny an admirer his photograph, especially when the admirer was willing to stand the expense of the picture.

The receipt of my likeness was an added stimulus to the incessant stream of epistles that found their way to my address. Then, one day in early May, 1921, my secretary brought to me a short note heated with adjectives of rapturous passion and devotion, and bringing the information that within a few weeks the writer was to pay a visit to some distant relatives in New York that she might be closer to me. She wanted to see "the one man who had won her at first sight."

The letter concluded in this fashion—"and my dear Mr. Farnum, I have always watched you as you moved on the screen, and I have constantly felt that I could love you more than any man in the world."

A short time passed and one afternoon my secretary was called to the telephone only to be informed that Miss Carolyn W———— was in the city and prepared to visit me at my convenience. In the most polite manner, the enamored visitor was told that unless her mission was of real importance, an interview could not be granted. The girl pleaded, but in vain. During the next eight days she made twelve telephone calls, only to receive similar refusals on each occasion.

Unsuccessful, but nevertheless undaunted, the girl paid a visit to my home. She was met at the door by my butler, who asked her her business.

"Personal, but very important," was the only reply she offered.

Her captivating smile and the capriciousness of her hazel eyes were irresistible, and she was shown in to my secretary, who readily recognized her as the Columbus correspondent by the large number of photographs of herself which she had persistently mailed to me.

Mrs. Farnum then entered the sitting room and was introduced to the visitor.

"*Mrs.* Farnum! *Mrs.* Farnum!" gasped the girl, the natural color of her cheeks deepening perceptibly, "Why, I—I—I didn't know William Farnum was married!"

And that ended her brilliant bubble of delusion. Making a few awkward excuses, the disillusioned female made her way to the door and departed. And from then on, I fear, I lost an ardent admirer.

But while that is the story of a young, unsophisticated maiden, it is very much like the case of a middle-aged widow who had lived in New York all her life and who was endowed with considerable culture and education.

When I was producing at the Fox studios in New York in early 1919, I began to receive love epistles from this Mrs. Martha R————. The woman had made every possible effort to meet me personally, but without success. She had appeared at the studios, but there was sufficient protection there to withstand a host of followers. At my home I was compelled repeatedly to dodge her. Once in front of the Friars' Club in New York, the woman stopped me as I was about to board a taxi and insisted on shaking my hand, but I effected an escape without much delay.

The publicity department of the Fox studios received her letters each day, with money enclosed, requesting "still" pictures of my productions. Finally, when this practice became a nuisance, a stop was put to the sale of the "still" to individuals. To evade this new regulation, Mrs. R———— would mail letters in from various points outside of New York City, signing the fictitious name of a theatre manager and asking for the photographs. I have no doubt that her collection is as good as that in the Fox file department.

Then, when Mr. Fox decided to send me to Hollywood to make a new series of features there, I soon discovered that Mrs. R———— had learned of my proposed transfer and was preparing to move to Los Angeles herself. This, mind you, came after she had seen me only once in person and then only for a fleeting moment.

A few weeks later, at the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, I was spied by Mrs. R————. Evidently she was living at the hotel. My brother Dustin was with me, and we fled before we were overtaken. I remained out West for several months, constantly using every strategem to avoid the woman, and then I planned my voyage across the Atlantic. Upon arrival in New York, en route to Europe, I was called to the telephone one afternoon to find that the person on the other end of the wire was the woman who had so ridiculously crossed the continent twice in hope of getting to see me. It was enough to make any man egotistical.

"Mr. Farnum, I've traveled 6,000 miles to get a chance to see you—may I?" she pleaded.

"I'm leaving for England this afternoon," I told her.

"I'll be at the pier. What time do you leave?"

"At once!"

(*Continued on page 26*)

South Sea Islands

Robert Lewis Stevenson's Classic, "Ebb Tide," Picturized in Tahitian Locale, with

Jacqueline Logan, brown as the proverbial berry, impersonates one of the fast disappearing Marquesan beauties in "Ebb Tide."

HULA HULA dancers have taken a long time in reaching the screen. But they are going to land this winter with both feet, and strangely enough, they are coming through the agency of Robert Louis Stevenson, who never wrote about women when he didn't have to.

George Melford has just completed a picture called "Ebb Tide," adapted from Stevenson's fascinating story of Papeete, Tahiti, the languorous South Seas, and all that goes with them.

It is a far cry from the early South Sea Islands stories of Stevenson, to a present motion picture, which has in its cast such well-known players as Jacqueline Logan, James Kirkwood, Lila Lee and George Fawcett. In between have been hula hula dancers, ukuleles, the vogue of the Hawaiian dance music, Doraldina with her vaudeville impersonations and her more or less trivial movie impressions of what a South Sea Island beauty ought to be; and the widely popular travel books of Frederick O'Brien.

"Ebb Tide" ventures forth as not only a real Stevenson story, but a real South Sea Island story. Its scenes were not taken in Tahiti, although they were taken on another island in the Pacific, so it was possible for George Melford, director, to give the film all possible local color and at the same time to weave into the story one or two of the fascinating feminine creatures of the South Pacific whom all the world likes to see.

Incidentally, although Stevenson didn't have these ladies in his picture, they are put there with the full permission of his grandson, Lloyd Osbourne.

Stevenson's stories usually have plenty of punch, as the hundreds of those who have read "Treasure Island" will admit, but the movies have added punch to Stevenson. Not only has "Ebb Tide" its quota of feminine pulchritude—beauties like Lila Lee and Jacqueline Logan of the "Follies"—but an octopus, plenty of pearl diving scenes and one or two situations derived from a careful reading of that popular novel of a couple of years ago, "The Moon and Sixpence."

The octopus is, of course, the big feature of the picture—not Stevenson. Rehearsing an octopus for the movies is an unsual bit of work for a director, but it was done as skillfully as if the temperamental sea-monster were a regular applicant for extra jobs at the Lasky Studio.

The octopus fought Lila Lee, James Kirkwood and a native diver. A big devil fish or squid was obtained for the scene and cameras were trained both above and below water, requiring decided mechanical and photographic ingenuity. Despite rehearsals, the octopus' temperament got the better of him, however; and much patience and a great deal of time were required before the scene could be obtained. It was necessary to show the hose-like tentacles of the creature enwrapped around the players at just the right point; and for hours Mr. Kirkwood and Miss Lee had to stand the sensation of the huge, sucking, vacuum cups which are the proper stock-in-trade of the devil fish.

The octopus is not the only feature of "Ebb Tide," however. Aeroplanes were necessary to transport the cast to and from the Pacific island where the picture was made.

On that island was built a reproduction of the water front at Papeete and night scenes were taken there, requiring the transportation of sufficient electric equipment to light a town of 10,000 people.

When that task was finished, the company went off on a 330 foot schooner, which, to suit the requirements of the picture, was burned at sea while the company was transported to another vessel.

As for those who are interested in learning how Stevenson's famous story was converted into a film melodrama, let it be said that when Famous Players decided that it wanted to produce the picture, the question of rights was taken up with Mr. Osbourne, who is the legal heir to all the literary property of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Osbourne agreed fully to the addition of feminine characters to the cast, so that Famous Players is not wholly responsible for the re-writing of Stevenson's story. However, Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows in the South Seas," and the foremost living authority on these mysterious beautiful tropical islands, has seen the picture, and it is said has complimented Mr. Melford on the excellent atmosphere he succeeded in creating.

The story of "Ebb Tide" is one of violence and strife. It goes as follows:

On the beach at Papeete, Tahiti, are Herrick, an Oxford scholar, who has "made a success of being a failure"; "Huish," a mean, slimy, totally bad ex-London clerk, and Captain Davis, a mariner, whose ship piled on the rocks while he was drunk in his berth.

Lila Lee and Noah Beery were among those who made the trip into the Pacific under the direction of George Melford for the taking of "Ebb Tide."

Invaded by Movies

Feminine Characters Added to Give Love Interest---Glimpses of Other New Pictures

Jim Kirkwood, who, it was rumored, may marry Lila Lee, played opposite her in the Stevenson film, the comedy relief supplied by Raymond Hatton.

Truly the "Ebb Tide" of life found these men at the very bottom of the social ladder, beachcombers, reduced almost to the point of begging for their meals, and seeking shelter from the rain under the roof of an abandoned jail.

The schooner "Farallone" has arrived in port carrying a small pox flag. But its unscrupulous owners have an even more potent reason to get it out of port. They get Captain Davis and the other two beachcombers to man the "Farallone" and carry its cargo of champagne to a designated port. As nothing worse could possibly happen to the men, and it seems a way out of Tahiti, they accept.

Davis and Huish, unknown to Herrick, plan to steal the boat and sell its cargo in Peru. A storm blows them out of their course, thanks to the inability of Captain Davis to withstand the temptations of liquor—and at the same time it is found that the champagne cargo is false, is underlaid with bottles of water. It was the apparent hope of the owners that Davis, known for his drunkenness, would lose the ship and make it possible to collect the insurance.

An island appearing, they steer into the harbor.

Attwater, a pearl concessionaire, had been expecting his own ship, the "Trinity Hall." A hard, cruel man, he drove his pearl divers relentlessly. His attitude towards his daughter Ruth—and all women—can be judged by the inscription on a grave in the garden of his tropical home. A gravestone there read: "Here lies the bodies of a faithless wife and a man who called himself her husband's friend."

Ruth Attwater was never allowed to make herself pretty, feminine. "No white man will ever see you save me," says her father. But at the hut of Tehura, a native girl, Ruth finds an outlet for her girlish yearnings.

Attwater boards the "Farallone" when she enters the lagoon. Davis and Huish he immediately spots for what they are. Herrick, however, he recognizes as his equal in culture. He invites them all to dine with him that evening.

Huish and Davis go, determined to steal the pearls they have seen Attwater secure from the lagoon. At the dinner Attwater takes a sardonic pleasure in telling how he punished a native pearl thief by outlining his body with successive bullets, placing the last one through his forehead.

Herrick, horrified by this cold-blooded recital, rushes from the tabl . and goes out to the garden. There he meets Ruth, sorrowing over the grave of her mother. First compassion and then interest arise in his heart.

In the meantime Attwater shows Huish and Davis his thousands of pearls. Davis steps behind him with a gun and two native guards with rifles order him to put his hands up.

Attwater has guessed their intentions directly. He tells them their death is sure if they ever come ashore again.

Seeing that something has happened at the house. Ruth hides Herrick in the retreat of her and Tehura.

The next morning she takes Herrick his breakfast. For the first time in his life the failure finds himself stirred to the depths. Love enters his heart and that of Ruth. and makes the man determined to devote his life in bringing the girl the pleasures and happiness she has never had.

At the house, Attwater's suspicions are aroused by the report of a peace letter from the boat, signed only by Huish and Davis and by the suspicious embarrassment of Tehura.

When Ruth comes in he asks her where she has been. She confesses her love for Herrick and is locked in her room.

Tehura warns Herrick. Her lover is the guard at Ruth's window. She distracts his attention while Herrick and Ruth escape to the boat.

Arrived on board, Herrick locks Ruth in a cabin, unknown to the rest. (*Continued on page* 26)

Natives of the Southern Pacific give local color to the Stevenson tale, which was rewritten for the screen with the permission of Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's grandson.

Well Remembered Proposals

STIFF, BUT PROPER

Charlie Ray might be asking Jackie Logan if she won't please give him the next dance, but it is only his original way of proposing in "The Tailor Made Man."

AGE BEFORE BEAUTY

In which Lewis Stone loses his aging heart to the siren, Barbara La Marr, in "Trifling Women." It takes a good old man to bend his knees to a young woman, but Stone manages to bend as gracefully as ever.

THE MALE SUB-DEB PROPOSES

And all through "Clarence" little Bobbie Agnew keeps on throwing his heart at Agnes Ayres, only to lose out, as calf-lovers will, in the end.

SHE IS SAYING "YES."

You can read acquiescence in Leatrice Joy's face as she tells Tommie Meighan "I DO love you," in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow."

IF THEY ONLY KNEW

In the long ago, Bill Hart proposed to Winifred Westover before the motion picture camera. If he had only confined his proposals to the studio stage, what a tragedy might have been averted!

Oriental beauties to star in Chinese Hollywood

Americans to Build Picture Colony on Banks of Yang-Tse-Kiang—Native Players in Native Films

By T. HOWARD KELLY

A HOLLYWOOD of pagodas rising along the serpentine windings of the Yang-tse-Kiang!

A vast acreage of crystal-roofed movie studios flashing and shimmering in the yellow sunlight of the fabled dragon's land! Little Chinese Mary Pickfords, almond-eyed Charlie Chaplins and Oriental vamps producing home-brewed motion pictures for the millions of movie fans who inhabit the world's oldest corner of civilization!

Such are the pretentious and aspiring hopes of a group of prominent Chinese capitalists, and an American cameraman named Harry Gregin. Nantunchow, a model industrial city, planned and built by Chang Chien, a progressive Chinaman with an American education, has been already selected as the center of the proposed moving picture settlement. According to the statements of those interested in the project, Nantunchow may soon become a second Los Angeles in the film mart.

The establishment of a great movie producing center in China is destined to precipitate a revolution in Chinese dramatic circles. For centuries past China has been a man's country, more than any other nation in the world. If you have read anything at all of the strange customs prevailing in that distant place, you will surely remember reading about the treatment accorded boy babies as compared with that given to girl offsprings. Progressive ideas have begun to make their way over the battered Great Wall during the past few years, and China is responding to the magic touch of twentieth century civilization in many ways. But it was not very long ago that the Chinese looked upon the birth of a girl as little short of a family disgrace. Boys were wanted. The gods were invoked and supplicated for boy children.

Sun-yellowed husbands dreamed of themselves as the fathers of great sons. Daily they hobbled their way to the temples with extra punk sticks and sweet smelling incense as bribes for boy children. Girls were fit only for work—for drudgery, or the pleasure of man.

And so, for these reasons, there has never been a star Chinese actress. Women of that templed country, where cunning and superstition have flourished for hundreds of years, have never been allowed to enjoy the glamour of the stage. The Chinese have always depended upon their noblemen to give them dramatic entertainment.

A Chinese beauty of the type that will be employed to play Chinese roles instead of imported American actresses.

This baby may be a future Chinese Mary Pickford now that she has the opportunity to play in pictures.

Nantunchow, where the studio is being erected.

But, the traditions, and the blind prejudices of ages are now fated to crumble into mere memories. The silver screen, says Gregin, has cast its magic upon the people of China and with the opening of the contemplated studio city, Chinese girls will get their chance to work before the camera as stars and take their share in the great business of furnishing moving picture entertainment.

If the plans of these gentlemen come to pass, they will mark another great forward step in the history of a nation which until recently has been asleep while modern civilization thundered at its doors, and the moving picture camera will have once more demonstrated that it is a great constructive force in the effort of progressive humanity to spread the light of education and entertainment to the four corners of the known globe.

There is no reason why these plans should not materialize. With such a man as General Chu Chin-lang, formerly civil governor of the teeming city of Canton, lending his influence, brains, and money to further the project, it should provide China with an unlimited opportunity to produce its own pictorial entertainment.

"Treated shamefully" says Valentino

Reprimanded for Trivial Errors, Star Declares in His Affidavit in Famous Players' Case.

"Movie Weekly" resumes the publication of the life story of Rodolph Valentino, as told in his own affidavit in the suit filed against him for breach of contract by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

The publication of the affidavit was discontinued following the decision of Justice Wasservogel in the Supreme Court against Valentino. But the demand for the complete story of Valentino's life at Hollywood, under the management of Famous Players, has been so great that we are going to continue the publication of his extremely interesting statement to the end.

In the preceding instalment, Valentino related the facts about his birth, his education, his entry into pictures and his initial difficulties with Famous Payers. He concluded the preceding instalment by giving a statement of his expenses. The affidavit continues from this point, as follows, the word "foregoing" in the first paragraph of the current instalment referring to his expense account which showed he had but fifty dollars a week left over for personal expenses after paying necessary bills.

Rodolph Valentino says: "No dressing rooms were provided for me at all . . ."

THE foregoing does not take into consideration tires, repairs or upkeep on automobile, or purchase price thereof, or various expenses connected with the house, or my spending money, incidental expenses connected with my profession, such as special dresser for "Blood and Sand" and the "Rajah," clothing or other expenses of a man in my position before the public.

The foregoing does not take into account income taxes for which I put by no reserve, nor does it include the very heavy litigation expenses amounting to substantially in excess of Twenty Thousand ($20,000) Dollars to which I shall later make reference, and I am therefore constantly running in deeper debt, although my personal habits are simple and my mode of living economical.

The changed attitude of the company shortly after the agreement of January 17, 1922, was signed, was shown as follows:

When the company was considering and passing upon the casting of characters for the motion picture "Blood and Sand," I referred to the letter of November 28, 1921, in which the company had agreed to make the picture in Europe. Mr. Jesse L. Lasky stated that they could not make the picture in Europe because there were then no bull fights there, and because of the trouble in Spain and her colonies.

Mr. Lasky also stated that Mr. Fitzmaurice did not wish to direct the picture and that they could not compel him to direct it, and that Mr. Robertson would not be back in America in time to direct the picture. These are the men referred to in the agreement of November 28, 1921.

Mr. Fitzmaurice has since told me that he never refused to direct the picture and that he would have been delighted to direct it.

I have since learned that Mr. Robertson arrived back in America a substantial time before it was necessary to commence the picture and that when Mr. Lasky told me that he would not arrive in time, Mr. Robertson was in fact in New York City, and would then have had more than ample time to proceed to Los Angeles for the purpose of directing the picture.

Mr. Lasky is a man who has never hesitated to lie to me and I saw the hopelessness of further discussion with him except that I registered my protest and told Mr. Lasky that I could not compel them to keep their promise, but that I would act the picture in this country under protest, since a finer production could be made in Spain.

Mr. Lasky told me that I was very young and that I really didn't know anything about the motion picture business and that I had better leave the direction of things to his better judgment.

Seeing my disappointment, Mr. Lasky told me that as a substitute for the promise to make the picture in Europe, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation would positively make the next picture scheduled by the company, "Don Cesar De Bazan," in Spain, London, Germany, or anywhere else that I wished. Mr. Lasky stated that in his opinion "Don Cesar De Bazan" should be made in Europe because it would be so much greater as a production than "Blood and Sand." He also stated at that time that the picture would be made on the same magnitude, with the same lavishness, and with the same method as "The Three Musketeers" made by Douglas Fairbanks. This play has been acted by Edwin Booth and Alexander Salvini, and each of these great artists greatly enhanced his own professional reputation in the production on the stage.

Mr. Lasky then definitely told me that not only did he believe that this picture should be made in Europe, but he promised me that it should be made there for my satisfaction, because I had not seen my family in nearly ten years and because he would substitute that promise for the one to make "Blood and Sand" in Europe.

During the preparation of the picture "Blood and Sand," I was not consulted in any manner, shape or form as to the casting of the picture, or any of the details thereof, except as they specifically referred to my own part in the picture.

One of the terms of the contract is as follows: *"The artist may, if he so requests, have the privilege of discussing with the representative of*

(*Continued on page* 25)

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"Charges absolutely false!" replies Zukor

Acted for Best Interests of Mrs. Valentino, Says President of Famous Player-Lasky Corporation in Replying Affidavit.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Movie Weekly begins in this issue the first publication in any newspaper or periodical of the affidavits filed by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation in reply to the lengthy affidavit of Rodolph Valentino. The most important of these documents is the statement of Adolph Zukor, president of the producing company, in which Mr. Zukor summarizes the main points of the case against Valentino.*

Other affidavits further elaborating Famous Players' case will be published in future issues of Movie Weekly.

ADOLPH ZUKOR, being first duly sworn, deposes and says:

I am the president of the plaintiff, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. I have read the documents submitted in behalf of the defendant herein, which have been denominated "Affidavits in Opposition to Motion," which though dealing largely with matters that have no possible materiality upon this motion, on account of the importance of this case, I feel constrained to consider with what will probably be regarded as unnecessary particularity.

There is only one issue involved here:

Has the defendant broken or threatened to break his express negative covenant not to engage his services to others than the plaintiff?

The defendant's affidavits disclose, as I shall point out in detail hereafter, that the defendant studiously and systematically set about to "make a record" for his imaginary grievances; to lay a foundation for the desertion of his employment with the plaintiff company, and that his sole aim in so doing was to force the plaintiff company to increase his salary.

The refrain which runs through the defendant's affidavits is that he is underpaid, despite the fact that he is receiving the salary agreed upon. I shall show that the defendant has resorted to breaking his contract and has invited this litigation as a means of getting an increase in salary. The intimation in defendant's affidavits is strong that others have taken advantage of similar situations and he is striving to emulate them. This is estimated by the following which appears on page 12 of defendant's affidavit. The defendant avows:

"At this point, I might state that I have been informed and verily believe that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation never voluntarily increased the salary of any actor under an unexpired contract, but in certain instances where the actor or actress refused to proceed under the contract, and demanded an adjustment, an increased salary was paid."

I shall show that the defendant is pursuing the policy of refusing "to proceed under the contract" and that he is demanding "an adjustment" with the plaintiff in the hope "an increased salary will be paid."

Adoph Zukor declares that Valentino insisted that his every caprice and whim be heeded.

The plaintiff was making preparations on a large scale for producing the next motion picture in which the defendant was to star, "The Spanish Cavalier." An eminent director, Allan Dwan, had been engaged with the approval of the defendant, to direct "The Spanish Cavalier," and was to receive for his services in that connection, $1,250 per week. A cameraman, James Van Ness, had also been selected. The stage being set for the commencement of "The Spanish Cavalier," the defendant evidently deemed the time opportune for placing the plaintiff in the predicament of being without a star; manifestly defendant regarded the occasion ripe for creating such a condition as would force the plaintiff to accede to defendant's demand for a larger salary. With reserved modesty, the defendant proclaims his services to be worth $5,000 per week and nonchalantly intimates that he will not resume his work with the plaintiff, unless he is paid that sum, regardless of contract.

I shall show that the scheme to charge this plaintiff with fraud in inducing the defendant to enter into the contract, from the provisions of which the defendant seeks to escape, was conceived *after* he had concluded that the pretext for his quitting which he first put forward, namely—that the advertising clauses in the contract were violated—was utterly without merit, and that such pretext would not be given serious consideration by any court.

I shall also show that in the making of the contract, the defendant, who prides himself on his education, training and culture, and who can read and write English well, was represented by competent counsel and, in addition, had a paid agent familiar with values and contracts regarding the services of motion picture actors; that he performed under the contract uncomplainingly and to the mutual satisfaction of both parties thereto until the enormous publicity which the plaintiff company bestowed upon the defendant, caused him to become obsessed with the idea that he was amenable to no rules; that he was entitled to special privileges and that his every whim and caprice be heeded, regardless of their expense, reasonableness or feasibility. The utter falseness of the defendant's charge that he was induced by fraud to enter into the contract is conclusively established by his own affidavit as follows: On page 14 he affirms:

"On January 17, 1922, I had signed the agreement referred to in the contract of November 28, 1922 as drawn along the general lines of Thomas Meighan contract. As I did not feel competent to read or interpret a contract nor to provide against possible contingencies that might arise in my relations with the company, and as I realized that my counsel did not have experience in motion picture matters I asked him to look the contract over from the legal side. When the contract was presented to me for a signature I asked *Mr. Eyton* before signing my name whether it was similar to the Thomas Meighan contract, and Mr. Eyton stated to me that it was an exact copy of Meighan contract excepting as to salary and the terms of the option. *The Agreement was then signed by Mr. Eyton as the representative of the employer and by me.*"

The falsity of this allegation is shown by refer-

(*Continued on page* 30)

Griffith gives fans

"Oliver Twist" a Delightful Picture---Gloria's Latest---

You can tell this isn't a Henty book by the look on Oliver's face. But the book does some good—it puts Oliver to sleep.

Carol Dempster plays a real coquette—fan and everything—but Henry Hull doesn't look as if he minded being flirted with.

"ONE EXCITING NIGHT" (D. W. Griffith)

THRILLS! Shivers! You'll get both from Mr. Griffith's latest picture. For you will have "One Exciting Night" watching it. So, if you're of a timid nature, and if you have to go home over a lonely road, be sure to take a brave companion along with you.

For Mr. Griffith has decided to do something entirely new in the way of pictures. He thinks that mystery stories can be adapted to the screen as well as to the stage and in "One Exciting Night" he proves that he is right. The funny thing is, you think you know what the mystery is all about, but you find at the end that you don't know the half of it! Mr. Griffith asks us not to reveal the plot to those who have not seen the picture, and, of course, what Mr. Griffith says, goes.

The picture is slightly slow in getting started because there are so many separate threads of plot that have to be laid, which all come together in the end. But in the beginning, the effect is a trifle disjointed. The picture jumps from South Africa to one home in Kentucky, then to another home in Kentucky, with a different group of characters for each scene. The effect is jumpy rather than mysterious.

But when once the picture gets under way, it holds your interest unflaggingly. Carol Dempster is delightfully appealing as the heroine, and Henry Hull does excellent work as the hero.

Of course there is a storm scene—no big feature is complete without one. This is a real hurricane which was kind enough to blow up while Mr. Griffith was in the midst of making the picture. The actors go out in it with such fearlessness that it's a wonder they weren't all killed. But it makes a thrilling climax to the picture.

Porter Strong carried most of the humor of the piece as Romeo Washington, whose color can be guessed by his name.

A great deal of humor, even more suspense, and plenty of romance—all ingredients for a delightful picture, which are put together by a master mixer—that's "One Exciting Night."

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"OLIVER TWIST" (First National)

If there is anyone in the United States who could play "Oliver Twist" better than Jackie Coogan, let him come out of hiding, for he must be a super-genius. This is just a roundabout way of saying that "Oliver Twist" was simply made as a role for Jackie Coogan—or Jackie for the role. He is one of the most pathetically lovable characters the screen has ever shown.

The picture follows the book fairly closely, although it does not wait until the end to reveal the secret of Oliver's parentage, but starts the spectator right out with this knowledge. The continuity has been well worked out, and the adapter should be congratulated, but apparently he or she prefers to "blush unseen"—at least, the name is not given in the program.

Lon Chaney plays Fagin, and further comment is unnecessary as to his performance. He is one of those rare persons whose name is a trade mark of excellence. Gladys Brockwell returned to the screen after an absence of several years, and was ideally cast in the role of Nancy Sikes, while George Siegmann was properly brutal as Bill.

Everybody, presumably, is familiar with the story of the little waif who was born in a workhouse and got into the hands of a band of thieves, who did their best to prevent his coming into the legacy that was due him. And of course there is the famous scene wherein Oliver incurs the wrath of the workhouse authorities by asking for more to eat. Jackie put so much pathos into the scene that it seems impossible that even the most hard-hearted could resist him.

Frank Lloyd directed the picture, which was produced by Sol Lesser; everyone concerned in its production has reason to feel proud.

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"THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW" (Paramount)

The glittering Gloria Swanson is given an opportunity to glitter all over the screen in her latest

"One Exciting Night"

A Week of Good Movies as Seen by Alma M. Talley.

picture, "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," from the novel by David Lisle.

She plays one of those roles in which she seems a very frivolous woman, but underneath it all, she is "all mother"—her sweetheart himself says that about her.

Mrs. Bellew at the beginning of the picture is anything but impossible. She is a devoted wife who has no chance to be devoted to anybody but her son. Her husband is never around often enough. He is one of those erring gentlemen who tries "absent treatment" on his wife, and then objects if she doesn't sit around the fireside alone. The result of his behavior is that he kills a man entirely without reason.

Convinced that she is doing the best thing possible for her child, Mrs. Bellew saves her husband by keeping silent, and then allows him to divorce her. She doesn't care what happens to her as long as she is allowed the custody of her child, but she is not even given that. And she finds herself labeled "the impossible Mrs. Bellew," because she is presumably the guilty person in a divorce suit.

So, in a way, you rather feel that she deserves to be an outcast, if for no other reason than that she has so little sense. Why in the world should she let herself be divorced on no grounds at all, when she had ample reason for divorcing her husband? But there are undoubtedly plenty of people in the world who do just such silly things.

Deprived of her child and her good name, Mrs. Bellew arrives in Deauville, France, and finds that her only course is to accept the role the world has given her, that of a—well, a reckless woman. For that is just what she becomes. Not only reckless, but idiotic. She makes no attempt to rehabilitate herself, but immediately gives her acquaintances additional reasons for thinking their worst of her. She goes to a party and imitates a statue—costume and everything. Granting that she had unjustly been called "impossible" at first, she succeeds in becoming so before she gets through. But Conrad Nagel plays one of those charming heroes who loves her in spite of everything, because underneath all her tinsel, she is "all mother." So there is a happy ending, her child is restored to her and the impossible Mrs. Bellew becomes possible, presumably, as Mrs. Somebody Else.

In spite of everything, Director Sam Wood has made this into an entertaining picture.

One look at the lady and at the mirror—three guesses as to who it is. Right! It's Gloria Swanson.

"This is the maiden all forlorn"—and no wonder, for Gladys Hulette gets some rough treatment in "The Secrets of Paris."

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"SECRETS OF PARIS" (Whitman Bennett)

Eugene Sue's famous novel, "The Mysteries of Paris," contains such wonderful material for a picture that it is strange it has not been done before—or has it? Anyway, this production is a wealth of entertainment from start to finish.

In the first place, Director Kenneth Webb has given it an almost all-star cast. Lew Cody has forsaken his villain roles, it seems, and has achieved his ambition to play the hero. Every villain, apparently, has that ambition. It's no fun getting hisses instead of mash notes. It's unfortunately true, however, that the tendency is for a villain to be damned forever as a villain. So, in spite of Lew Cody's excellent work, you half expect all the time that he is going to double-cross you.

Gladys Hulette is charming as the heroine who has all kinds of troubles before achieving her final happiness. Then there is William Collier, Jr., who does excellent work; Montague Love, as the villain-in-chief; Dolores Cassinelli, Rose Coghlan, J. Barney Sherry and Effie Shannon.

Lew Cody, as Prince Rudolph, is forced to give up the girl he loves, because she is only a peasant. But years later, when he becomes King, he sets out to find her. She has been dead for years, but he finds her daughter, who, unfortunately, had been brought up in underworld surroundings. Although they forced her to steal as a child, she grew up to "unstained womanhood," as the caption puts it. Isn't it wonderful how these fictional heroines remain fresh and "good," no matter what riff-raff they grow up with!

The chief bit of suspense in the picture comes when the heroine and King Rudolph are imprisoned in an underground chamber that is gradually being flooded. Of course help comes just as they are on the point of being drowned. Then she marries the King, Cinderella fashion, and presumably they live happily ever after. What's a little matter of difference in education and breeding between lovers?

If you like real romance, flavored with a generous dash of plot and action, be sure you are let in on "The Secrets of Paris."

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

KATHERINE MACDONALD

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Parasites of Hollywood

Being the Third Compelling Installment of

Is Your Daughter Safe in the Movies?

By LA RUE BOYD

THE moving picture producing business employs many thousands of people. The interests concentrated in Hollywood and environs alone employ somewhere around sixteen thousand, not including those businesses which are contributory to the actual production work. But picture work is the most unsteady work imaginable. It is not even seasonable, rather it is notional.

Except for one or two of the largest studios which operate on a regular program basis and are compelled to produce a certain number of reels per year to live up to the contracts which their distributors have made with exhibitors, the greater number of studios are more or less active or completely shut down till the spirit moves some investor to finance a certain production. This state of affairs brings about a peculiar condition for the artificer or craftsman, be he stage carpenter, cameraman, mechanic, or actor. And as far as the plain "extra" is concerned, of which there are some five thousand or more in the city of Los Angeles, it creates a perpetually glutted market.

To the already greatly overcrowded extra list are daily added new aspirants, ambitious young men and women who, believing in their own charms and abilities, are willing to compete with the older habitues on untried ground.

Since the work is very irregular for this vast army of extras and for many others besides, the interesting question arises: What do these unemployed folk do between pictures?

First of all, the great majority of both men and women work at other things, but are on call. They seek the kind of job that permits them to drop work and return to pictures on a moment's notice. In Hollywood, for instance, I can walk into any one of a half dozen tea rooms, restaurants, beauty parlors, into Woolworth's, even into a grocery or two, and find behind the counters faces that I have seen time and again on big sets in the studios.

These people consider themselves screen players, and when they are at their chosen profession, make from five to ten dollars a day, while behind the counter they get perhaps one-fourth of that.

As soon as the luring call comes they drop everything and make a rush for the studio. They are a peculiar lot, who carry their profession's characteristics right with them everywhere they go.

I know of a young woman who is acting as second girl in a private home and another as governess during the quiet times that have continued for so long. Personally I should consider both these women unfit for the work they are doing because being a governess or a housemaid is a dignified position in itself, and not a makeshift pastime or potboiler.

Then there is a second lot of picture people who refuse to do any kind of work outside of their own. A mixture of both pride and incapacity determines the policy they pursue. Some might call them loafers on the one hand, and on the other, since they take their profession seriously, perhaps they are justified in waiting around for a turn in their favor. These particular people usually live in strictest economy trying to make their funds hold out as long as possible, after which they borrow from their friends and acquaintances and keep that system going till they reach the end of the string. This group includes many really fine persons, ofttimes actors who have had their day and have come into pictures to keep from being on the road all the time.

During the long period of curtailed production which is still in effect in the picture industry, many professional people have dropped out of the film business for good. This list includes directors, artists and lesser personages. They have gone into other lines of endeavor and many are now making more money at their new enterprises than they ever dreamed of possessing before.

But there is a fourth group for which the picture business as an industry should in no wise be held responsible, though it ofttimes is: I refer to those undesirables, both men and women, who since the closing down of many of the studios, first in and around New York, and later in California, are drifting aimlessly, living by their wits and staining the communities which they infest.

If we were to believe all that has appeared in print the past few months, it would be natural to suppose that most vicious persons in the country were in some way connected with the picture business, and that they all held forth in Hollywood. Doubtless Hollywood has its share of moral derelicts, but to declare they are such because they are in the movies is about the maddest thing I know of. I have been waiting for somebody to show the thing up right, but since no one has had the courage, I dare to do it myself.

"I'll be better looking when I'm through with this mess," she chirped sweetly, "but I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Prinz."

In the great splash of newspaper ink nothing has ever been said about that large class of wealthy men and more especially wealthy women who have drifted into Southern California from other parts of the nation and established themselves there permanently or only temporarily for the purpose of "having a good time."

I do not here refer to all wealthy men and women, but to a certain rather numerous group of them, who, able to hide under their money bags, defy both the law and its spirit and are by far the greatest cause of what had been so widely and viciously heralded as the immorality of Hollywood.

For instance, there was Mme. Z. Why she called herself Madame nobody knew unless she was anxious to hide her Swedish ancestry under a henna-stained bobbed head and the Madame part of it. Mme. Z. came from Detroit. She was a widow. I imagine she helped her defunct spouse amass his millions, perhaps by washing clothes or some such thing. She doubtless had no social standing in Detroit in spite of her wealth. The gold was still too shiny. So she sold her Detroit possessions and came to Los Angeles, bought a mansion in the upper Wilshire section, not in Hollywood, and went a-hunting.

At a certain well-known tavern near Culver City she met a stunning picture actor. Doubtless everything he possessed was his good looks, but that much at least he had, and that sufficed. He might have been a butcher or baker, but he happened to be a pseudo-actor. Mme. Z. invited him to her home. The actor was hard up, they usually are these days, you might even add he was no fool according to the standards of many. He accepted.

Mme. Z. had no desire or intentions of marrying again. She had many arguments in her favor on that subject. The actor became known as Mme. Z.'s protege. He escorted her everywhere. He lived like a prince, looked like a king, had his own sport roadster, his valet if he so wished, and still he was in the "movies."

After a while Mme. Z. tired of his exclusive company. She wished a little excitement and variety. So the actor was importuned to invite his friends to her house. Mme. Z. had her own "friends," women supposed to have a standing, all wealthy like herself, and not all widows either. This time at least there were no picture actresses mixed up in it. The first party was a great success. Then a second one was planned. As it progressed, it got rougher and rougher. The story leaked out, possibly through one of the servants in Mme. Z.'s household, and the yellow journals headlined it thus: "Wild Orgie Staged by Film Folk." The public was shocked and the film colony got the blame. But not a word was said about Mme. Z., because of course she was not of the "movies" and then besides, she was very rich.

Meanwhile the same sort of thing is going on elsewhere. This time it is a big soap manufacturer from Missouri. He, too, has a mansion. His wife may be in Europe or conveniently under the earth. He has a lot of rich friends. They have assembled from afar possibly for a golf tournament, and he is fixing to show them a good time. His cellar is well stocked, his servants well paid for silence. He knows some insignificant and unscrupulous director. Through this source he finds the required beautiful women to give spice to the game. But Mr. Soap Manufacturer has a reputation he values quite highly and so have his friends, wherefore he charters a yacht for the party and steams out to sea for a week-end. Beyond the three mile limit there are neither censors nor prohibition officers. The director is not on board, but he has guaranteed the host that all is safe.

The girls are not fools. Of course they know they have been invited for a good time, flattery and sometimes pretty personal gifts, but they do not accept money.

These two incidents show up the kind of thing most often responsible for certain moral conditions attributed to filmdom, but virtually as far removed from it as a renegade is from heaven. And I ask a fair-minded public, who is to blame for such parties anyway? The hard-working and ofttimes overwrought young men and women who are obliged to put up a good appearance to obtain their jobs, though their work is of a very intermittent kind, or those wealthy men and women, nestling snugly in their gaudy palaces, surrounded by luxury and ease, who prey upon these ambitious and

struggling young creatures, and more upon them than upon the young men and women of any other profession because they are more beautiful in body and less dull in mind.

But where there is so much smoke there must be some flame, I hear it said. Don't you know, kind reader, that a fire smokes the most when it is smouldering? There is a lot said about the immoral doings of those in the movies, not because the "movies" are rotten, but because thousands upon thousands of American citizens are perfectly logical hypocrites and rotten themselves, and they are *not* in the movies.

For instance, there was Marcia. She was twenty-four and college educated. Tall and slender, with titian hair which she tossed high on her head and back with a huge ebony comb. The front locks of her naturally wavy strands framed in a glorious pair of dark grey eyes which stood out from the creamy whiteness of her face and neck like flashing searchlights. Her arms were long and well-shaped and her torso of that sinewy type which readily responds to every mood in its movement and poise.

Marcia was high-tempered. She loved and she hated. There was never any compromise with her. After finishing her schooling, she had taken up interior decorating, and eventually landed in a studio in Hollywood as assistant art director. Because of the purity of her type, her general grace and charm of manner, she had been prevailed upon to give up her chosen work and go on the screen. She photographed well and her personality was sufficiently distinctive to make her stand out. One day, while she was working on a set, a group of visitors from Pennsylvania, ladies and gentlemen, came to the studio as sightseers. They watched her work.

One of the men in the party, a harmless enough looking chap, fat, forty, rich and blessed with an able-bodied spouse and three children, all of which were with him, was particularly struck with Marcia's beauty. His name was Prinz. The party departed and Prinz with it. A week at least passed. One day the production manager of the studio appeared at Marcia's dressing room door with Prinz. He knocked. Marcia was busy with her makeup, but stopped long enough to answer the knock.

"Excuse me," spoke up the studio manager, "I see you are very busy. I wanted you to meet Mr. Prinz, but we'll see you later."

Chubby Mr. Prinz was tingling with excitement as Marcia held out her hand through the partly opened door.

"I'll be better looking when I'm through with this mess," she chirped sweetly, "but I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Prinz," and she recognized the man who a week before she had noticed staring at her while she was at work.

Her words fell like sweet chords on Prinz's eager ears. He appeared almost stunned by joy and was quite speechless.

Then the two men bowed and moved away.

Marcia closed the door, finished her makeup, hurried onto the stage and never gave the little fat man another thought.

Near the stage door Prinz was waiting for her. He stopped her as she flitted by long enough to ask her if she would take lunch with him. Marcia refused. She would be busy, it was impossible. This made Prinz all the more determined.

"The devil!" he murmured to himself, as she slipped away, "these picture beauties aren't as easy as they are cracked up to be," and he strutted off very vexed. Noon found him back at his hotel with Mrs. Prinz and the three little Prinzes in a fearful mood. Mrs. Prinz, being a good wife, was at once solicitous about his stomach.

"Have you eaten something wrong, husband dear?" she inquired sympathetically, but her maternal interest only whetted his bad temper, and he flew at her and the children so savagely that they all broke out in tears. Then, to escape the family wails and lamentations, Prinz slapped on his hat and said he would walk it off and not be back till late. Cautioning his wife not to wait for him for dinner, he left the room and went aimlessly out of the building and onto the bustling street.

It was now four o'clock. He walked and he walked; instinctively he walked in the direction of Hollywood. Then an interurban car came along and again instinctively he hopped on the car. Instinctively he got off at the street which led to a certain studio, and instinctively he walked toward the studio building. As he drew near people were streaming out of the doors. Extras, many of them with their makeup still on, filed past Prinz, then carpenters and mechanics, their tin lunch boxes in hand, their overalls bundled in a clean newspaper, came around the corner from a side exit gate. The whistle had sounded, the day's work was done. Now luxurious limousines drew up at the curb, and liveried chauffeurs leaped from their seats and stood by the doors to open them when the owners might appear. Prinz observed all this. There was a fascination about it that held him. He tried to move on but couldn't.

Then Marcia appeared in the doorway, the self-same doorway through which a few moments before Prinz had seen the extras stream out. She looked quite different now from what she had when he saw her in the morning. He would hardly have known her. She looked like a full-fledged woman then, dressed for the part, but now she seemed a mere slip of a girl, dressed tastefully and quietly. She saw him and smiled and went to speak to him. Her car was at hand, a small closed car which she drove herself, for Marcia had not yet made her big clean-up. She offered to drive him up to the electric line. He accepted eagerly. They got into the coupe and drove away. There was nothing wrong about that, was there?

Before Marcia had reached the street car crossing, Prinz had invited her to dinner. Marcia hesitated, then she remembered that it was the production manager of the studio who had introduced Prinz to her. Perhaps he had a purpose. It was very possible. Would she dare offend him, was it good business for her to refuse his invitation a second time? She was in a quandary. Then she accepted. They went to the famous Ship Cafe at Venice. Marcia was bored to death all evening, but Prinz was so thrilled by the suspense he was living under and the possibility of being seen by some acquaintance and the facts being reported to his wife, that he seemed to take a new lease on life. His eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed, he became vivified, alert, youthful. That horrible fat and forty look seemed to have vanished completely.

They left the Ship Cafe early. Prinz escorted Marcia to her house, bade her good night at the door and returned to his hotel, in decidedly better spirits.

Mrs. Prinz was pacing the floor nervously and was greatly relieved to see him come in. The next day, all the Prinzes returned to Pennsylvania.

Not long after this Marcia took sick, quite sick. She had to give up all work at the studios. For weeks she languished on a hospital cot, and before long she was quite forgotten. By the time she was able to return to work many of the studios had closed down. Tight times were in full swing, and only a very few people were able to keep steadily employed. Marcia was not one of them. One day she met the production manager who had introduced her to Prinz.

"I say, Marcia," he began, "what in the world did you do to the little fat fellow from Pennsylvania?"

Marcia looked up at him, baffled.

"About once a week or so I get a communication from him, and the only excuse in the world he has for writing is to ask about you."

Marcia laughed, then sighed deeply.

"Last time I wrote him I told him you were sick in the hospital. Surprised you haven't heard from him yourself," he continued.

"He's a fool!" returned Marcia, shrugging her shoulders.

"But a rich one, girlie," added the production manager and began lighting a cigar, "owns the biggest collieries in his state. Good hearted and fatherly sort of bird. I've seen them a lot worse."

"Will there be anything for me at the studio pretty soon?" broke in Marcia a little lifelessly, anxious to change the subject. "It's terribly hard waiting so long after my illness, and I've been under a big expense, you know."

The production manager knew all this, but he really wasn't interested; he had plenty of troubles of his own, a home and family. He had to look out for himself, and other folks' adversities rolled off him like water off a duck.

Marcia couldn't get back into the studios, so she scraped up enough money to return East and landed there, broke. Upon her arrival Prinz had succeeded in finding her and offered her a good sized check, which she accepted with every intention of paying back the sum in full as soon as possible.

A year later, Marcia is in New York, the mistress of a luxurious apartment on upper Broadway. She has been to Europe and back. She has brought with her all the finery, jewels and what not to satisfy her love of beautiful things, and Prinz has paid the bills and is still paying them. His first admiration soon ripened into infatuation, and quite unbeknown to his fellowmen in the small town where he still lives with his family, he is now maintaining another much more luxurious establishment in New York. There he spends increasingly more of his time, and feels no remorse over his behaviour. He parades as an exemplary, law-abiding citizen and is vociferous in condemning those men and women who openly violate any of the ten commandments or prescribed conventions of society. He is the kind who believes his wife should go to church and pray for the family, should always be at home to greet him when he arrives, should be satisfied with anything he hands her, because it is he who hands it to her. In short, Prinz is just one of thousands of Americans who scream their heads off about morality and haven't the faintest notion of what they are screaming about.

And as for Marcia: It is true she was in the movies. There are many like her, some of them in the movies, also, but most of them not.

I went to see her recently.

"Nina, it's no fun at all living the way I do," she said to me. "He is very kind, very generous. I've got everything, and I've got nothing."

I looked up at her somewhat surprised. I couldn't quite imagine Marcia existing in such a state, unless she were satisfied with her condition. It didn't seem like her, not like the Marcia I had known in Hollywood.

"Why, I don't do a thing," she continued languidly. "I'm not well, so I seldom work in pictures any more, I don't even worry about paying the bills, and I do miss that."

I couldn't help laughing at her now. Her words were tragic and I understood, though I appeared not to. Marcia had gone to seed and she knew it. There was no fight left in her and no pep. She was done. Only a superhuman could come back from where she had let herself go. I wondered in silence what would become of her. Then she took the thought from me.

"I expect if Prinz suddenly dies or even wearies of me, I'll have enough to keep going a while and after that, shucks, I'll just blow this up, that's easy," and she pointed her finger to her forehead.

Almost all women who choose the easiest way, be they of the movies or not, eventually become reckless members of the community in which they dwell, and disrespectful of law and order. Marcia was no exception. This kind of people are, of course, undesirable. If they happen to be in the picture business in some way, that makes them undesirable not only to the community, but to the film industry as well, but it does not make them more undesirable to society at large than if they were manicurists, salesgirls or something else, though the public is inclined to think it does. Nor should it make them any more undesirable than Mr. Prinz without whom there would be fewer Marcias.

(There will be another interesting instalment of this true life story of the studios of Hollywood next week. Don't fail to read it!)

ARE YOU SURE THEY ARE REALLY MOVIE FOLKS?

When you read about a "film murder," or see a headline about a "movie orgy," are you sure that the principals involved are really motion picture actors or directors?

For every busy, successful film player, there are a hundred hangers-on. Some work in pictures occasionally. Some haunt the studios for the sake of the glamour of motion picture life.

Miss Boyd, in this frank revelation of the facts about Hollywood, continues her true narrative of things as they are in the movies.

If you have any interest in motion pictures you cannot miss a word of this instalment of her story, "Is Your Daughter Safe in the Movies?"

The Love Route to Fame

By VALMA RIVAGE

TEDDY seemed unable to break the spirit of perversity that more and more governed her relations with Lorea. When he saw the emerald ring, he naturally asked her what it meant. She told him, maliciously, it was one of her "possibilities," and took a cruel delight in mystifying him. Another time she told him it was a sort of trial-engagement ring from an old flame. If she made up her mind to eliminate him, she would send it back after Thanksgiving. Meanwhile, she meant to wear it. It was so wonderful of this forgotten love of her youth to have remembered across the years, her preference for emeralds and to have selected a gift so peculiarly personal. That was a dig at the locket. She enjoyed tormenting him.

Out of a clear sky, one day, two packages arrived from Sandy. Teddy opened the larger with unsteady fingers. She could scarcely believe her eyes—a silver fox! Why, how Sandy must have changed! Formerly he would never have done a thing like that!

She wondered what the smaller package could be. As the wrappings fell away, she started. For Sandy's face looked up at her. The same old Sandy—and yet not the same at all.

To whom else could she turn as she could to Sandy—with all the years of affection behind him—all the promise of new power and consideration before him? Why, there was more romance in Sandy than in all the rest—so well-known and yet so utterly unknown! Oh, if she could only be sure this wasn't just a mood. That it would last! If she were only like other women!

She felt she could not see Lorea in her present mood. She wrote a little note, dating it an hour back, saying he was to wait for her in case she were detained at the photographer's, and left her door open. Then she walked to the Park and sat on a bench near the entrance, thinking—watching a child feeding two squirrels.

Unfortunately Lorea's taxi had turned the corner just as she left the house and he had seen her hurrying westward. The photographer she mentioned was east of the Avenue. When a half hour had passed and she had not returned, he grew restless. He was convinced she was lying to him about the photographer. He made an irritated survey of the room. There on the couch lay the new fur. He caught it up and threw it down savagely. Where had that come from and what was she up to now? On the dresser he found the new photo. a fury possessed him. He did not himself know whether of love or hate. After all, what did he know of her? Nothing except what she told him. And that was, for the most part, lies. She was making a fool of him. And he was letting her—sitting around for an hour like a lovesick school boy while she—well, heaven knew what she was doing. But no more. He was through. Sick and tired of it all.

He seized his hat and opened the door. And there on the threshold was Teddy, looking very tired and quite contrite. In a second she was clinging to him, her arms about his neck, her lips to his. And in what he drained from those lips he forgot everything—everything except that she was Teddy—his Teddy—whose arms were so young and eager—whose lips were so fresh and warm—who could make him feel like nothing else could make him feel. She begged his forgiveness for having made him wait. And even though he detected the lie she was telling, he forgave her. After all, lies and all, there was nobody like her.

As for Teddy, was it the need for clinging to him she felt—or just the need for clinging? Desire for his kisses on her lips—or merely the desire for kisses? She did not know herself. Only it was good to be there in his arms—so good—so much better than shivering—alone on a park bench—wondering about the future.

AS Thanksgiving drew nearer, Teddy's craving for excitement increased. She indulged every impulse, mood, caprice, that seized her. She chased every new sensation, horrified at the limitation she herself had set on her playtime, determined to wring dry every moment of it—dreading more and more the decision ahead. Every night she was on the go—refusing to be alone a minute. Every day she tore off a page of the calendar on her desk.

She ran in to see Jimmy Kimble once when she had nothing to do.

"Jimmy," she asked him, "am I really talented? A great talent?"

He scratched his head. "I don't know much about talent. What you need in this game is looks and personality and somebody to push you."

"Doesn't it require more than that?"

"The pig's ear," he replied inelegantly.

"Well, I've got those three requirements, haven't I, Jimmy?"

"You've got two of them, anyway."

"Why, Jimmy——"

"You used to have all three, Baby. But it took you so long to make up your mind. You can still have me any time you want me, but my pushing wouldn't do you much good any more."

Teddy's throat felt paralyzed. She strove to scream, but no sound issued from her constricted lungs.

"Why, Jimmy—what do you mean?"

He shrugged. "This is a great game if you don't weaken. My contract runs out in a month and there's been a shakeup here—I don't know if you've heard about it—but I understand my contract ain't liable to be renewed. Of course, I'll find something. I got a couple of nibbles already. Only I mean my influence around here wouldn't help you get much these days, except the gate."

The end of November was cold and depressing. Teddy found that suddenly the savor had gone out of life. One day she received a long letter from Johnnie. Johnnie was happy for the first time in her life and she wanted all the world to be her friend. She hoped Teddy would some day be as happy as she was. The letter was signed Marion Deimel.

She wandered up one side of the Avenue and down the other, until her tired feet would scarcely carry her. But she would not go home. She had an almost superstitious fear that something unpleasant was awaiting her at home. The afternoon wind bit through the sleeves of her suit. She began to wonder, desperately, how much her emerald was worth. How much would they give her for it in a good shop? She crossed the Avenue and started up again toward Gattle's, where she knew a clerk. She would ask him to find out how much they would give her for it.

And then, suddenly, she was conscious of a large presence beside her, looking over her shoulder at Gattle's display. Glancing up, she met the amused green eyes of John Murdon. She was so glad to see him it almost made her dizzy. Would she go for a drive with him? Would she? For sheer pleasure she could have fallen into his arms.

How good it felt to be rolling along in that splendid car. This was a different Teddy Bramleigh from the one who had been trudging up and down the Avenue, footsore and chilled. She felt cared for—soothed—her tired feet and brain at rest. Yes, and warm, too, in the heated car. She made no effort to deny it.

"Why don't you stay out and have dinner with me?" he asked.

She shrugged. "If you like——"

At her easy acquiescence something came into his eyes. He put his lips to the speaking tube and said something in Spanish. Teddy did not understand, but she caught the name of an inn he mentioned. A notorious place up the road. She waited a few moments, then:

"I've changed my mind about dinner," she told him, "I'd rather go home."

"Afraid of me?" he asked, as though the very idea amused him.

"Perhaps. Too blue to want to struggle."

"Blue? Poor child. Would you like to go to a party—quite an informal party at the Countess'?"

He could not fail to note the light that came into her eyes. A party! That was just what she needed to jack her up. Especially a party at the Countess'. No doubt she would meet new people—at all events, she would be amused.

"You call the Countess, if you wish, and see whether she wants us for dinner." She hesitated. She had never been on terms of any intimacy with the Countess. "Or shall I have Cristofo call?"

Yes, she felt that would be better. Teddy wished she could understand Spanish as she heard the long, detailed instructions he gave his man. Perhaps it was one of those long-winded languages like German, where everything has a weight to it. But she was too content to puzzle long. She was going to a party. That was always enough to jack up Teddy's spirits.

GOING up in the elevator of the Countess' apartment, she had her first misgiving.

"We're a little early," he told her, letting himself in with a key. "The Countess isn't in. But Miller will show you into her room and you can take your things off. She'll be back shortly——"

But Teddy knew he was lying—knew there was not even to be any party. Those long instructions he had given Cristofo in Spanish—— She was alone in the apartment with Murdon, except for the servants, who were in his employ. She smiled a little to think she had let herself be caught so easily. But she was not afraid. Nor sorry. It would be exciting, at least. And she had a curiosity as to what he would do——

She recalled the last time she had been here with him alone—and how annoyed he had been at Wagner's appearance. An imp of deviltry seized her—the old deviltry of which she had felt little during the past weeks. Beside the bed was the Countess' private wire. She tiptoed to the door. There was nobody in sight. Closing it gently, she lowered her voice and called her own number. To her delight, Steve's voice answered her.

"I'm here at the Countess de Brichy's for dinner. I haven't any date for the evening. If Mr. Lorea or anybody calls, have them come over here for me—any time after eight."

As she came out, Murdon led her into the living room.

"The Countess has been detained——" he began.

She laughed up into his face. "What's the use of bluffing?" she asked.

"Why——" he began, but she crossed over and threw open the door of the dining room. The table was set for two.

She shrugged. "You didn't think I was such a simpleton as to be taken in by your sudden inspiration about the party? And all that line you gave Cristofo in my hearing? I'm not a baby."

"And yet you came?"

(*Continued on page 28*)

The Siren Call

A Fascinating Story from the Paramount Photoplay of that Name Featuring Dorothy Dalton

NOVELIZED FROM J. E. NASH'S STORY

By James Gabelle

LEADING his horse, which he insisted Charlotte should ride, seeing as he easily did with the sharp eyes of love, that she was ready to drop with worry and fatigue, Milton strode on with a rapidity that was astonishing, reading the book of nature as he went. Occasionally he would stop for a few moments, get down on his hands and knees and search earnestly, then, with a sigh of satisfaction, rise and resume his journey. Charlotte watched him with a fascination she could not conceal.

"Here," Milton explained, "the little fellow stopped to pick some butterfly weed flowers."

"But," she expostulated, "there are no flowers missing from the stalk. How can you tell?"

"No," Milton agreed, "there are no flowers missing. He could not pick them; the stems were too tough. But you can see little breaks in the stems and abrasions on the leaves where he has tugged at them in trying to get them. Also there is a little juice coming from the wounded stems, showing that it has been only a few hours since he passed this way.

Greatly cheered by this news, they pressed on. The trail now began to grow steeper. There were many large boulders that beset their path. Finally they had to abandon the horse, Milton tying him to a tree. He did his utmost to dissuade Charlotte from accompanying him, but she brushed his protestations aside, asserting that she had been thoroughly rested by her horseback ride.

For awhile they climbed in silence, then Milton pointed out a bank of ferns. "He has slept there, but his sleep was broken. He was greatly troubled with flies or mosquitoes. See how the fronds are broken where he thrashed his arms about to fight them off. Also notice how he rolled around. We are not far from him now."

Despite the fatigue of the climb, they pushed buoyantly forward. They had not walked more than fifteen minutes more when they heard a peal of childish laughter. A great wave of fear rolled from Charlotte's heart. The joyous reaction was almost more than she could bear.

"Thank God!" she whispered tensely. "Oh, thank God for all his mercies!"

Emerging into a large open space, they came upon a scene that might have been a page out of the Jungle Book. The baby, the very embodiment of health and enjoyment, none the worse for his experience save for a bramble scratched face, was playing in riotous glee with two bear cubs, while the mother, a huge Alaska brown bear, sat on her haunches and watched their antics in supreme content. Occasionally she would scoop a great mouthful of salmon berries, then feed all three with beautiful impartiality. Man-like, Milton drew his pistol and would have slain the mother.

"No, no!" Charlotte cried in passionate protest, catching his arm. "No, no! If anything happened to her after this wonderful exhibition, I could never forgive myself."

In obedience to this demand, Milton lowered his pistol. As he did so, the mother bear raised her head, sniffed suspiciously two or three times, then with a loud "Woof! Woof!" she and her cubs disappeared in the forest. Charlotte, with a glad cry, ran forward and clasped the baby to her breast. He was crying with lusty fervor for the playmates he had lost.

"How can I ever repay you?" Charlotte cried, turning with tear-dimmed eyes to Milton. "Without you he would have been lost forever. No one else could have tracked him as you have done."

Her gratitude was sweet to him; his face flushed like a school boy.

"I—I was glad to do it for your sake," he stammered. "You can repay me, Charlotte—if I may call you that—by letting me take care of both you and the child. I—I know all about your history. I have been making inquiries about you. I really came down more to see you than to bother about the lawsuit. If you think you could learn to love me, dear, I am willing to wait until you say the word. Will you, dear?"

Charlotte returns to the cabin for the baby's clothes

A great surge of pity swept over her. He was so tall, so handsome, so greatly in earnest, so deeply in love. He had done so much for her that she dreaded to tell him there was no hope. Still it was best that he know the truth at once.

"It may be," he continued, growing more hopeful at her silence, "that you would prefer I say nothing until after you have obtained your divorce. If so, Charlotte, I shall be patient and glad to wait until you give me permission to speak."

They had turned and were retracing their steps, he insisting on carrying the child, who was babbling of the wonders he had seen.

"Mr. Milton," Charlotte said resolutely, "I'm sorry if I have to give you pain, more sorry than words can say, for I admire and respect you beyond all men, but——"

"Then you could learn to love me!" he broke in eagerly. "It would come in time. Don't decide too hastily; wait till you know me better."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Milton," she said sadly but firmly. "Even at the risk of paining you I must tell you the truth. I do not love you and so could never be your wife."

A shadow fell upon his face, the shadow of a strong man facing defeat in the one thing he values most in life.

"May I ask but one question?"

"Certainly," she answered with dignity. "I have nothing to conceal."

He looked her straight in the eyes, his face as white as the birch along their path:

"Is there someone else?"

A flood of scarlet ran riot over her face, her head dropped a moment, then was raised proudly:

"There is," she said proudly. "I—I hope I am worthy of him."

"You are worthy of angels," Milton returned with fervor. "I hope he makes you happy. He'd better," this handsome suitor returned significantly. "If he doesn't, he'll have me to reckon with."

To Charlotte's great relief, they came in sight of the store. Melling and Pat were returning along the river trail. They set up a great cry of joy as they caught sight of Charlotte with the baby in her arms.

"Where did you find him?" they demanded.

Briefly she related the story of their search, first introducing Milton, whom Pat had forgotten. They were profuse in their praise of the modest man, who disclaimed any and all honors. Pat in particular, was impressed with the incident of the mother bear and cubs.

"Take it from me, me darlint," he declared earnestly, "they were not bears at all, at all, but the Little Paple thimselves. 'Tis a lucky gyurl ye are."

"Stay here," said Charlotte suddenly. "I want to get some things for the baby out of the store, then we'll lock up and go back to your home."

Handing the baby to Pat, who received it with pride and fear, she hastened into the building that, to her excited fancy, already had a sinister appearance. She dreaded to face what she had left lying on the floor, eyes staring to the ceiling with that leer of triumph half twisted into a spasm of agony. Nerving herself with a tremendous effort, she crossed the door, then stood transfixed with amazement and dread. The body of Beauregard had disappeared.

Charlotte Receives Another Offer

WHEN she saw that the body of the half-breed had disappeared, Charlotte could hardly believe her eyes. For a moment everything swam around her and she clutched at the door to keep from falling. Nothing had been disarranged around the cabin, the door had not been locked, which, however, was not surprising in a land where there were few locks and, indeed, little need for them. A cry from the distant child admonished her that she had better hurry as the men would grow impatient with waiting. Mechanically, she began to select the articles she needed.

"We had better hurry," she said nervously, her face white and torn with emotion as she joined the waiting men. Pat noticed the strain under which she was laboring.

"Me poor darlint, the day's doin's has been too much for you," he said in a fatherly tone.

"Yep, too much," remarked the sententious Abe. He had lived so long among the eternal silences that he had absorbed their uncommunicativeness.

(*Continued on page* 26)

The Fans Own Page

So many interesting letters are received by THE COLONEL that "Movie Weekly" decided to publish some of them for our readers to enjoy. If you have something of interest to tell other fans—your opinion of movies, the visit of a star to your town, or anything else you know pertaining to movies that you think other readers would like to hear about—write and tell THE COLONEL.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Dear Colonel:

Well, I have finally mustered enough courage to write to you. I just feel like a fermented bottle of home brew, ready to explode.

First of all, let me tell you your interesting magazine comes as near to the truth as it is possible to let the public know, without causing too many shattered illusions, of the movie folk and their private lives.

I have met and really know a few of them. My husband and I became acquainted with Hale Hamilton and Grace La Rue while they played in "Dear Me" in Chicago, and Hale Hamilton told us all kinds of little yarns; it was most interesting.

We also have the pleasure of knowing Charley Appel, Lila Lee's father. She is one of the most adorable of creatures since the time when she was "Cuddles" in Gus Edward's revue and until this day. Papa Appel doesn't care for her profession very much, though. He believes $500 per week is enough to ruin any little girlie's ideas.

Also, while friend hubby was visiting in New York, he became acquainted with Wallie Reid. They shared a suite of rooms in one of the fashionable hotels. This happened while Wallie was filming "Peter Ibbetson" last year and hubby thought Wallie's sideburns looked so queer he could hardly believe it was he. He's a great sport.

I'll join the rest by mentioning Rodolph Valentino. Would you believe I have seen him only once? Then, in the "Four Horsemen," he was just great. I was afraid of shattered illusions, so kept away for fear of seeing him parade instead of act. I hardly think I'd be taking a chance with "Blood and Sand," the criticisms being so favorable. I read "The Sheik," so did not go to see it in the movies. I know with those pesky reformers it could be nothing like the book. "The Sheik's" character was hard to produce by such a timid young man. Anyhow, I do hope his great popularity does not lessen his ability as an actor.

Whatever happened to Henry Walthall? Isn't he good enough to be featured in some worthy picture? He is one of the rare artists of the screen. Why all the fuss about Pola Negri? We have our own colorful Norma Talmadge, one of the finest personalities ever known.

One of the biggest frauds in pictures is Gloria Swanson. I'll admit she can wear bizarre clothes, but as an actress she is a fine fashion plate. Too unreal, that's the fault with her.

Here's wishing you and your interesting magazine lots of success.

Sincerely,
A. C. E.

Too Many Costume Pictures

Boston, Mass., Oct. 19, 1922.

My dear Colonel:

Can a girl from the city of beans, codfish and purity try to win some space on your very interesting page for the fans? And, can I compliment you upon your choice of the letters published every week? I can readily appreciate the task you have because it surely isn't any inconsequential job to pick out the kind of letters that folks like to read.

I'm not an amateur movie critic or analyst. I'm just a real fan, who wasn't satisfied with her knowledge of the movies 'till she went to Los Angeles and lived there a year. I then returned East—not sadder, but wiser.

Producers should aim to please the pubic more than they do. Let them give us pictures truer to life. James Craig Gordon's article on "What's the Matter with the Movies?" expresses my sentiments exactly. I think most people are going to be bored to tears with the group of costumed productions that are being produced to amuse (?) us. As J. C. G. says, "Life needs exploitation on the screen. Life as it is today——"

One outstanding picture that I hope is an example of what we may expect in the future is "The Storm." Virginia Valli, Matt Moore and House Peters were real people in this picture. They didn't make you leave the theatre feeling that you had been cheatd by too much acting or not enough. They left you satisfied.

Another thing in connection with the movies that we folks are fed up on is the typical interview we get dished out to us through the various movie periodicals. Isn't it possible for the reporters to get a good story from our favorites without going into ecstasies over their long eyelashes, shining orbs, fabulous salaries, trips to Europe and such bunk. I think we get the nearest approach to the real thing through Mr. Macfadden's publications.

Here's hoping that such players as House Peters, Conrad Nagel, Matt Moore, Richard Barthelmess, Virginia Valli, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, etc., have lots of success during the coming year—and may the new pictures that are made pertain to REAL life, not REEL.

In closing, may I suggest that all readers of "Movie Weekly" who can vote—vote "NO" on the censorship bill?

Yours sincerely,
GLADYS M. CONNAUGHTON.

In Defense of Pictures

October 7, 1922.

Friend Colonel:

If ever a "feller needed a friend" right now, it is the much-abused motion picture, and I wish to speak a word or two in its defense. As a firm believer in the power for good of "silver sheet" portrayals, I have looked with regret at the rows of empty seats in the formerly crowded photoplay houses, and marveled at the narrowness of the public mind.

For years, the motion picture has meant restful recreation to everyone, whose circumstances would not permit indulgence in the higher-priced forms of amusement, and, up to a year or so ago, was the popular entertainment for all classes.

Because of a few deplorable happenings to, and among those directly connected with the film industry, numbers of erstwhile supporters of the movies have turned their backs on the screen and, forgetting past benefits, consigned both payers and plays to the "demnition bow-wows." One hears, on every side, about the "awful picture." Perhaps a few have merited condemnation, but why not forget them, and remember only such as "Our Leading Citizen," "The Silent Call," "Forget-Me-Not" (a sweet and unforgetable little story), "One Clear Call" and "Smilin' Through." The latter was wonderful, pictorially, but the others mentioned excelled in story values. However, any picture featuring beautiful Norma Talmadge is a delight, and "Moonyeen" in her bridal gown was a vision of loveliness.

There are others, too numerous to mention, whom I admire, and though I have met them only on the screen, they are friends in whose company I have spent many enjoyable hours. Let's get together, fellow fans, directors, authors, and would-be authors, and help Mr. Will Hays to give new life to the national joy giver, the Motion Picture.

There! I feel much relieved, and can tell you that we had Tom Mix, in person, at the Fox Terminal Theatre in Newark, quite recently, and the welcome given the daring star left nothing to be desired. Dorothy Dalton, Shirley Mason, and Vera Gordon also visited us.

With best regards to "Movie Weekly,"
A. V. G.

A Motto for the Fans

Pittsburgh, Pa., Oct. 12, 1922.

Dear Colonel:

About Paramount's trouble with Rodolph:

It is not easy to deal with actors, anyway. They are naturally more or less self-centered; they have to be, it's their business to project themselves.

This isn't the first fuss Paramount has had—how about the time Wallace Reid made for the Indianapolis Auto Race? They gave a pretty show of their authority.

Rody has made money for them, lots of it. Why couldn't they "pet" him a little, if that is what he wishes? True, he may be "exotic," "queer" and "upstage"; surely his triumph would permit it.

A big firm like Famous Players-Lasky makes itself by squeezing others. They gamble, it is true, on the popularity of a player, but they take a good, healthy look before they leap for a contract. After a "Julio" and a "Sheik," I think Lasky knew pretty well how much a star Rody was.

Fans have upheld Valentino through the ridiculous charge of bigamy. I guess it will take more than the whole Paramount Company to do any serious "breaking" of an actor like Valentino!

He is unafraid, and I know his fearless courage wins even those who do not care personally for him. He has put a dent in Wallace Reid's little ship, even with all the good husband and father breeze.

While witnessing "The Bondboy," I listened for comment upon the film. Each time I heard the good acting mentioned. Once an objection to the play was voiced, worded like this, "Richard is too sweet to play in such a part. Of course I'll always go to see him in any play, his acting is so good, but I wish he'd have a real lover part, something modern." So you see even the fans who desire "society stuff" recognize acting.

This part of my letter is for the express purpose of reaching Wallace Reid. Oh, how I wish he would knock off a few feet of self-satisfaction or conceit, or whatever it is that is gradually stealing even his good looks away from him. Wallace Reid, our own American hero, you can be no greater than you are, forget the body God made so well is *you!*

Justice is established only by the volume of people that support it, so if we want the real thing on the screen, we've got to work for it, nothing worth while "just happens." Let's let our fan motto be: "'Just' is in justice for a reason—we, the world are that reason!" Now, altogether, "Are we going to stick by the persons who prove themselves worth while to us? Chorus— *we are!*"

Stars and would be stars, isn't our support a goal worth striving for? Then show us by the value of your work, and the intensity of your desires! Betty Compson is an example of one who hasn't stopped trying to please. Anyone will admit "the play's the thing," if the actors are right!

JEANETTE LLOYD.

She Wants To Marry 'Gene O'Brien

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.

MISS B.—You bet I don't think everyone in Holland wears wooden shoes, any more than I think everyone there uses Old Dutch Cleanser. Frederick Vogeding is the only Dutch actor I know of on the screen. He will soon appear in Goldwyn's "Bitterness of Sweets." I should say that Norma is more popular than Constance Talmadge, though probably I'll get a lot of brickbats from Constance's admirers for saying so.

ISLE OF VIEW—Of course I get that—do give me credit! No, I'm afraid I can't decipher your new language without taking a week off to do it in, and weeks are scarce. Your description of me is not nearly right. Forty is not my age and I haven't a wife who is a good cook—there are two ways to take that. Oh, yes, and I'm not fat! I give Roscoe no jealous pangs.

BABE STEVENS—So you stopped writing because your "sweetie" would be there soon and you had to be dressed. By all means, yes! Constance Talmadge has golden hair; stars often wear wigs in pictures which call for a different color of hair. Colleen Moore is twenty-two, and is five feet three inches tall. She has been in movies about six years.

PATIENCE—You ask me whether I am black, white, green or yellow. What do you think I am, a bottle of ink? Yes, Alice Joyce says she will return to the screen if she gets a contract which suits her well enough. No, thanks, I don't have any ambition to go into the movies.

VIOLA DANA FAN—If you are asking me a *few* questions in this letter, I'd hate to see you in a real inquisitive mood. But I'll answer some of your inquiries. Shirley Mason is twenty-one and is Mrs. Bernard Durning. She has brown hair and light gray eyes and so has Eileen Percy. Eileen is Mrs. Ulrich Busch. Allan Forrest is married to Lottie Pickford; he has dark hair and eyes. Buck Jones is also married; he has dark hair and grey eyes. Harrison Ford and Gareth Hughes are both single.

MISS E. J. M.—The best place to look for an early reply, Miss E. M. J., is in the mail box. However, since you wish to be anonymous, I will answer you here. Yes, Thomas Meighan has a very kind face—sounds like a dog, doesn't it? And what's more, he's as nice as he looks.

S. F. C.—Since you will insist that I'm a lady, at least I'm glad I'm a perfect one! I can't help it if Wallie Reid has put on weight since he gave out 170 pounds as his correct avoirdupois. I can't possibly change my table of weights every time a star eats too much, can I? Yes, he and his wife have adopted a daughter. It seems to be the style, as Gloria Swanson has also adopted a son. I'm sorry I made a mistake about Wallie's being on the stage; I didn't know he was playing in a Los Angeles stock company.

HELEN OTIS—No, Theodore Roberts and I don't look a thing alike. You've probably insulted us both, especially Theodore. Yes, Joseph Schildkraut was married last April to Elise Bartlett Porter. He is twenty-six. Monte Blue lives at 30 W. 76th St., New York City.

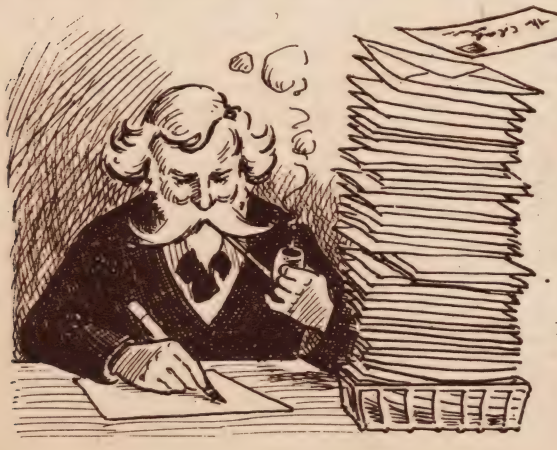
VIRGIE S.—So you wish to marry a man who looks like Bert Lytell. Isn't it too bad Bert is already married! Yes, he is still making pictures; his next one is "To Have and To Hold," with Betty Compson. I'm sorry that none of the actresses you ask about happens to give her birthday. Most players just give the year in which they were born.

DARLING LOVE—I bet your favorite food is mush. Lila Lee was the leading woman in "After the Show." Lois Wilson played opposite Thomas Meighan in "Our Leading Citizen." Valentino is now living at the Waldorf Hotel in New York, at least until his case is settled. Mae Murray is twenty-nine.

MAXINE BONAR—So you think Wallie is "cute" when he raises one eyebrow? I didn't know it was necessary to raise an eyebrow, though I have known men to work very hard raising a moustache. May Allison was born in Georgia and educated in Birmingham and in Tennessee. She has been in movies since 1915. She is five feet five inches tall and is a blonde, with blue eyes. She is Mrs. Robert Ellis.

DOROTHY—You wish to marry Eugene O'Brien. Well, the only trouble is that several thousand others of his admirers would like to, too, and it's rather expensive to keep a harem these days, especially such a large one. Eugene has left movies temporarily and is planning to appear on the stage this winter. However, he recently played opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Voice From the Minaret," and that picture should be released soon. Eugene's address is the Players' Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City, but he never answers his fan mail.

TONY'S ADMIRER—No, I don't need anything to make my hair grow. Are you a hair tonic salesman? No, Daddy Long Legs has not been one of my nicknames heretofore, so you've started something new. Antonio Moreno is still playing, though he had a break with Vitagraph and for a little while he was not making any pictures. Now, however, he has just finished "The Bitterness of Sweets" at the Goldwyn Studio, and is playing with Gloria Swanson in "My American Wife." He is a bachelor; his hobbies are swimming and tennis. Write him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.



A MOVIE LOVER OF GARFIELD—I thought at first you were thinking of one of our former presidents, but I see you are referring to the town you live in. I can't say positively whether Lila Lee is Jewish or not, but I have always supposed that she was, her real name being Apfel. Her hobby is tennis; and she just loves mince pie. George Stewart is twenty-three; yes, he is still playing in pictures. Did you see him with Richard Barthelmess in "The Seventh Day?" No, he isn't married. Justine Johnstone has been living in England, where her husband, Walter Wanger, has his business. She hasn't been making any recent pictures. Olive Thomas was twenty-two when she died.

ONE WHO IS ALMOST OFF RUDY—You're a brave girl to confess it; I hope you don't get any poison pen letters. Gloria Swanson is now making "My American Wife." Rodolph has threatened to have his own company and he has had several offers from other companies, should he win his case with Famous Players. But I doubt if he will, as they are legally right in the matter—no brickbats, please! I suppose he will re-marry Natacha Rambova in order to make his marriage legal in California.

BABY DARREL MIMS—No, Baby, I don't go to school; are you suggesting that I need to? Wallie Reid looks just the same off the screen as he does on. I would like to publish the sketches of me that you drew, but you see, this page is all changed now, so I can't publish any more drawings.

HELENE PUSSY FOOT—Is a pussy as lucky as a rabbit's foot? Joseph Schildkraut took the part of Chevalier De Vaudrey in "Orphans of the Storm." Write him at the D. W. Griffith office, 1476 Broadway, New York.

THE BLACK KAT—You'd better go to school again; "c-a-t" was the first word I learned to spell. Robert Frazer is playing with Mae Murray in her next picture, "Jazz Mania." Write him at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Mae Murray is also working there, but her permanent home address is 1 W. 67th St., New York. Monte Blue lives at 30 W. 76th St. Betty Compson, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Edward Burns lives at 1835 Whitley Ave., Hollywood.

JUST ME—You think I should get a prize for cleverness? A good idea, but where's the prize? Rodolph's picture appeared in "Movie Weekly's" Art Series for March 4, 1922. I don't know who Babby Peggy Moore is; are you thinking of Baby Peggy Montgomery?

A CONSTANT READER—It's impossible for me to tell whether you could sell your stories; it depends on how good they are. But you have about as much chance selling them yourself as you would have letting someone else submit them for you.

A REEL ENTHUSIAST—I should say you are; judging by the length of your letter, I fancy you could write a book with no effort at all. Gloria Swanson's baby Goria is about three years old. Gloria, the actress, has brown hair and is five feet three inches tall. Marion Davies is five feet four and a half. Robert Z. Leonard has never let me in on the secret of what the "Z" stands for. Percy Marmont played opposite Corinne Griffith in "The Climbers" and in "What's Your Reputation Worth?" Write to Pola Negri at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Leatrice Joy lives at 1626 Vine St., Hollywood. No, Betty Compson has not done anything to her hair; she wore a blonde wig in "The Green Temptation" and "The Law and the Woman." I have no description of Mary Jane Irving. She is eight years old. She lives at 828 S. Burlington Ave., Los Angeles.

KID SPEED—I suppose, then, if you're a kid, you do your speeding in a Kiddie Kar. Wallace Reid lives at 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles, and Mae Murray at 1 W. 67th St., New York City. Write to Hoot Gibson at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Tom Mix lives at 5821 Carleton Way, Hollywood. Yes, Constance Talmadge has been divorced for some time. Marie Prevost has never been married; she lives at 451 S. Hampshire Blvd., Los Angeles. Your drawing of me makes me look like a pirate. Is that what you think I am? Thanks for the contribution.

A RICHARD DIX ADMIRER—It's too bad Richard is not popular enough to suit you, but give him time. He has only been in movies a few years and all the fans have not yet made his acquaintance. Yes, he would probably send you his picture if you write him at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

PUSSYKIN—How old and what color hair has Marion Davies, you ask? Her hair is blonde, but I don't know how old it is. Marion is about twenty-four. Her eyes are blue. No, she is not married. Norma Talmadge is twenty-six; yes, her hair is bobbed. Agnes Ayres has golden hair and blue-grey eyes. She is about twenty-four. Gertrude Olmsted doesn't give her age.

SALVATOR MARINARO—You are optimistic, attempting to get a personal interview with D. W. Griffith. I can't hold out much hope for you, but here is the way you would proceed. Go to Mr. Griffith's publicity department, 1476 Broadway, and ask to see the man in charge. By the time you have told your errand to the necessary persons in the outer office, you may get to see Mr. Griffith's representative, provided that your errand is of sufficient importance. If he finds that Mr. Griffith has any reason for seeing you, he might arrange an appointment.

MARJORIE ROWLAND—Yes, Marjorie, you have a good hunch. You can write to a Famous Players-Lasky star at the Lasky Studio, and the letter will reach its destination. The same way with the star of any other company.

GOOD DAY—Unfortunately, it isn't a good day. It's raining. Yes, Ruth Clifford is now making a picture, "The Dangerous Age." She was playing in Porto Rico for a long while. She is twenty-two years old; she has blonde hair and blue eyes, is five feet two and weighs 115. I don't think she is married. Write her at the John M. Stahl Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles.

Sincerely yours,
The Colonel

New York's Banner Movie Month

Rambling through the STUDIOS in the East with Lewis F. Levenson

Such a Stir!

NEW YORK may be the greatest metropolis in the world and movie folks may be the most jaded, blase and sophisticated of all classes, but even New York and its movie colony was jolted by the succession of remarkable films shown during the month of October.

D. W. Griffith started it with his "One Exciting Night." Despite the fact that there were two other important openings on the same evening as the D. W. Griffith picture was scheduled to first be unwound, a real first night audience was present.

The musical comedy crowd was won away by the opening of "The Music Box," that popular revue, but the movie folk turned out *en masse* to be thrilled by Griffith's mystery play.

D. W. Makes a Speech

Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay—I am going to create a precedent by not mentioning her as "little Mary Hay"—sat in a corner all by themselves, and presumably held hands throughout the most thrilling of the scenes.

Carol Dempster, radiantly red-headed, was in an upper box.

The Gishes were noticeably absent owing to work outside of New York. It is the first time the Gishes have not been the center of attraction at a Griffith opening.

D. W. made a speech, as D. W. has been in the habit of making speeches at all his first nights. He seemed to apologize for the lack of spectacular features in his production and remarked that he had a fondness for the darkey character in the picture—a character evolved from the darkies he knew as a boy back home in "old Kaintuck."

"Oh! There's Rudy!"

The incomparable Rodolph Valentino, as usual, was the hub about which all the excitement really revolved during the evening. Rodolph sat with a male friend. He walked out into the lobby during the *entr'acte,* quite democratically, and appeared to have learned entirely how to seem negligent of the eyes fixed upon him.

That was the Griffith opening—the first of the series which crowded the last ten days of October.

An Annual Event

The annual Fairbanks-Pickford opening is rapidly becoming an event of importance to New Yorkers. Last year, when Doug opened "The Three Musketeers" in person, police reserves had to be called out to protect the famous star. This year, the demand for tickets for the opening night was unprecedented—so great, in fact, that an extra performance had to be given at midnight.

Not only were many notables of the movie world present at the first performance, but practically all the well-known professional actors of the so-called legitimate stage, at the later showing.

"Our Mary" was reported to be suffering from a serious cold, but she recovered in time for the opening of "Robin Hood."

Perennially Popular

You might imagine that New York would get used to Mary and Doug, for they are hardly strangers, but it does seem as though even blase New York never does get tired of America's sweetheart and the greatest stunt actor of them all. Mary was more or less in seclusion during her recent stay in New York, due to the fact that part of the time she was suffering from a cold, from which she fortunately recovered in time to attend the opening of "Robin Hood."

But Doug has been very much in evidence. He appeared quite unexpectedly at the Physical Culture Show at Madison Square Garden one afternoon and received an ovation. Leaping to the platform he made a ringing little speech about the benefits of good health and then did a few tricks himself to show that, if he wanted, he could carry off the honors sought by the other strong men.

Doug makes it a point not to use taxicabs. You are likely to run into him almost anywhere, almost any time, hurrying along Broadway or Fifth Avenue, oblivious of the staring crowds, with that vigorous Fairbanks gait that all the world knows.

Jackie Coogan's Great Day

"The Kid" was not personally at the luncheon given in honor of "Oliver Twist" at the Knickerbocker Grill. He wired his greetings from Los Angeles; but, although his picture was only shown as a regular program feature at the Strand, it received overwhelmingly favorable reviews. One critic called it by far the best picture of the year. It is splendid to realize that little Jackie has outlived the reflection on his ability as a result of his first picture having been made with the redoubtable Charlie Chaplin, and that now, with "Oliver Twist" to his credit, he can stand on his own two little feet.

Then to complete the assortment of superfine pictures, Harry Millarde's "The Town That Forgot God" began a run at the Astor Theatre the same night "Robin Hood" opened. Unfortunately for Millarde, Fox and the members of the cast, the picture had to compete with "Robin Hood" on the opening night. But it is a film with great possibilities, and while it may not tie the record of "Over the Hill," it is the nearest thing to that smasher of all existing long run endurance contests.

We Hear . . .

That Norma Talmadge bought fifty hats at a certain millinery shop in gay Paree . . .

That Dorothy Dickson, now in London, has bobbed her golden tresses . . .

That Lillian Walker will soon return to the screen, something she has planned to do for some time, but somehow never got around to . . .

That Irene Castle, because she didn't like to make long road jumps, quit the musical show she was starring in and went home to Ithaca . . .

That Dick Barthelmess *may* do Joseph Hergesheimer's newest novel, "The Bright Shawl" . . .

That Mae Marsh is coming back to America after a long stay in England, and is going to work for her old director, D. W. Griffith . . .

How It Feels to Direct 6,000 People

(*Continued from page 6*)

the other studios, but we had plenty of room, so we entertained them all.

"I estimate that about 200,000 people visited the studio during the making of 'Robin Hood.' It was a darned good idea to my mind, for everyone of these people went back home and told the world what a wonderful picture 'Robin Hood' was going to be and they're waiting right this moment for it to come to their town.

"But they did cost us quite a bit of trouble. You see, when Doug finished 'The Three Musketeers,' he didn't have any particular idea in his mind about what he was going to do next. Somebody said they thought that 'Robin Hood' would make a good story. We showed him some old legends of 'Robin Hood,' but they were all too dry for Doug. Finally, we showed him an encyclopedia article which told the story in a concise, snappy way. He liked it and was particularly interested in the character of Richard Coeur-de-Lion. So we started to dope out something that would make another big feature for him.

"In the beginning, we didn't have any continuity. We just worked from scraps of paper. Our first idea was to do something different in the way of settings, and we tried one artist after another in an effort to get something unique. But none of them seemed to hit the right idea. Then Doug went off to New York to attend the opening of 'The Three Musketeers' and Mary's last picture. While he was gone, we happened on the right idea. We hired the biggest studio lot in Hollywood. We wanted to build an enormous set, both as to the area and height. Our chief difficulty had been that we would have had to make the set too high for practical purposes. A designer came along who evolved a perspective idea that enabled us to build the walls only about one-third as high as they otherwise would have been, so with Doug in New York, we went ahead on the set. It was practically finished by the time he returned to Hollywood.

"Of course, I had put the thing on," Mr. Dwan continued, "and I am very proud of it. But Doug spent many a sleepless night planning the picture before he ever saw any of the sets. He had spent days and days thinking about the sets. He worried me, I might almost say he nagged me in his good-natured way.

"'Are you sure these sets are going to be BIG enough?' he would ask me for about the five hundredth time, it seemed to me.

"I had every confidence that the sets were big—that they were the biggest sets in the world, and I would always tell him—'For goodness' sake, stop worrying!'

"Yet he would meet me the next day and after talking a while, he would say quite seriously: 'Now, these sets have got to be of record size. They can't look like any other motion picture sets.'

"So when Doug and Mary came back from New York, I met them at the station and drove with them in their car out to the studio.

"They couldn't see the set from the street on account of buildings being in the way, although it was 140 feet high, so I drove right through the gates of the studio with them and whirled them right into the middle of the castle set. Believe me, it was LARGE. No one could make any mistake about it. When Doug saw it, he almost fainted.

"'Good HEAVENS!' he said. 'I—I can't play in this piece. I will look like a pygmy. You play the part, Allan. I'm going to Europe.'

"I didn't see Doug for three days after that, but he played the part anyhow.

"The drawbridge to the castle from the moat was 40 feet long and made of structural iron—big enough to make a good-sized bridge over a good-sized river.

"You know, John and Bob Fairbanks hold the purse-strings, and they wanted to build a bridge of wood, but when they kicked, I made up a 'bit' on the spur of the moment, something like this:

"Doug would run up to the bridge just as it was about to ascend. He would scramble up the side of it, catch hold of the chain, climb forty feet to the parapet, climb another forty feet and rescue the girl.

"As a matter of fact, I had never thought of that 'bit' before, but when I explained to Doug's brothers that if the bridge was made of wood and it should happen to break while going up, it would be good-by to Doug, they gave in and let me build the bridge of iron and concrete.

"It is still standing out on the lot and will stay there until some enterprising town council buys it to beautify some hick town out West.

"As for the castle itself, we got some rocks, laid them out and then made a plaster cast of the rocks which we used to simulate stone in the castle itself. It looked so realistic that when the Rotarians and other visitors came around, they would knock on it with their knuckles, and then say: 'Can you beat it? It isn't stone!'

"Then they would take a pen-knife out and cut their initials in it, so I had to have a squad of men go around every day obliterating twentieth century intials from twelfth century castle walls."

I have left out mention of the innumerable bell-boys who kept rushing up to Mr. Dwan throughout our chat with innumerable little slips on which were written the mystic word, "Rush!" At last, the really important message came. Mr. Dwan begged to excuse himself and our interview was over. But I had learned something of the tremendous energy which goes into the production of a Fairbanks picture, and, incidentally, how a man can be as happy-go-lucky as you please, and still be an efficient taskmaster and a capable director.

▣ ▣ ▣ ▣ ▣

"Chaplin Was Vulgar," says Censor

(*Continued from page 5*)

He says that no one who knows the movie and its place in the world "would bar crime from the screen." . . . "But one merely demands, and is right in demanding, that it should not be presented and emphasized because it is crime. If the purpose is an artistic purpose it will be unreasonable to object to a struggle or a murder. But to exploit it to satisfy some real or supposed taste which visitors to picture houses, and especially the young, may feel for physical violence and human irregularity awakens proper protest."

He quotes several prison and school authorities who believe that many crimes are due to the influence of picture shows. The serial is the worst of these offenders, according to Oberholtzer. He asserts that "it is hard for many of us to realize that there is a taste demanding such film. The screen," he says, "is evil and wrong in so many cases because it is untrue. The movie world is a world of its own, built, for the most part—not only in the serial but throughout—upon the traditions of the dime novel. It is crime, violence, blood and thunder, and always obtruding and outstanding is the idea of sex."

Oberholtzer then suggests a remedy: "I do not pretend to think that all film should pass through a cologne water bath before it be sent out on its tour in a tin box." . . . "We wish simply that it shall be decent, as decent as the life around us, the life we move in and are a part of."

He thinks that the motion picture misleads foreigners regarding the conditions of American life and that he, for his part, if he "were to travel the country over, should not know where to find women who conceal revolvers in their blouses, or in the drawers of their dressing-tables; or men who wrestle in dress suits on the parlor floor for the affections of a lady, who in a spangled evening gown, naked nearly to her waist, grasps an iron from the fire-set on the hearth, or seizes the inevitable paper knife to slay the villain, her lover rising in time to take the blame for the crime."

The movie, because of its peculiar attributes, is very realistic, he believes, where the novel merely suggests, or the play, because of the physical limitations of the stage, gives only an impression. He deplores the adaptation of certain famous books and plays into the movies. Among other instances, he mentions Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Translation of a Savage," which appeared on the screen as "Behold My Wife," and Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

Oberholtzer admits that Charlie Chaplin nas improved, but he places the late Sidney Drew's comedy-dramas in a far higher class than the comedies of Chaplin.

"Chaplin," he says, "in his early firms, was guilty of many offensive vulgarities, as are many of his imitators to this very day." Oberholtzer adds that "the prevailing rampant type in comedy is the 'slap-stick' of the drag-out and thrash-about variety which was invented, or at any rate developed to its high estate by an English music hall clown who found his stride in film. There is probably no more widely known name in the world than his. He is a household god to more human beings in more nations of the earth than any other one of our 110,000,000 Americans. A greater number of boys and girls could take an examination successfully about Chaplin than as to the persons and careers of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Napoleon Bonaparte, Moses, Queen Victoria or the Nazarene."

The reader next obtains an inkling as to the cuts made in certain comedies. Oberholtzer lists a long series of incidents in comedy films which he considers "obnoxious." He says that he "can conceive of no form of extravagance which the slap-stick men have not made use of in the years they have been engaged with the problem of finding the universal and primitive chord in man's funny mechanism, but the riot goes on. If there is Inferno on this earth, so men well informed on this subject tell me, it is in those latitudes, principally in southern California, where brains are racked and hair is torn in attempts to devise new schemes for comedies. My own opinion is that this particular group of Americans overexerted themselves a good while ago. Like so many of our energetic and headlong people they had no thought for the future. They forced and now they have nearly killed the goose. It is possible that they have reserve powers quite beyond our reasonable expectations. But on the face of the situation the risk, at some time not distant, of their being unable to go farther without repetition, or retrogression, is great. I am certain that anyone who is in touch with the currents of the industry will agree that the past year has given us distinct proof of the most marked falling off in the output of comedy. Without the inspiration of Chaplin's example, his old competitors are losing their zest for their violent labors and nothing, so far as one can see at this moment, is coming forward to take the place of that particular product which through them has given us world-wide fame."

The remainder of Oberholtzer's book is devoted to a plea that children be not admitted into motion picture theatres without their parents or guardians; a summary of censorship laws in America; the attitude of the industry toward censorship; the influence of the motion picture; and a compendium of existing censorship laws all over the world. One of its most interesting points is a series of actual cuts made in the film, "Whispering Devils," and in another picture, "Harriet and the Piper."

The dominant feature of "The Morals of the Movies" is its inference that all pictures which deal with sex in any form are a source of evil to moving picture audiences, and, in particular, to children.

Mr. Oberholtzer admits that "if what is bad in pictures covers but ten per cent of the output—if, indeed, it should be only five per cent—if nasty word and allusion shall creep here and there *passim* into thirty per cent, or even twenty per cent of the remaining ninety or ninety-five per cent, it is to this relatively small volume of evil that I address my little volume."

These are the conclusions which E. P. Oberholtzer has derived from six years' experience as a censor of motion pictures.

Do you agree with him, or do you believe that his enthusiasm for reform has carried him beyond the bounds of critical disinterestedness?

Valentino "Treated Shamefully"

(*Continued from page 12*)

the company the story for each motion picture to be produced hereunder, the proposed director thereof and the cast therein, and may make suggestions of an advisory nature for the production of the picture for the consideration of the company."

Mr. Lasky referred all matters possible to Mr. Charles Eyton as general manager of the studio and it was only when I went over Mr. Eyton's head to Mr. Lasky that I ever had an opportunity to talk to Mr. Lasky personally.

(*Continued next week*)

The Siren Call

(Continued from page 21)

After this profound remark, he considered that he had done his conversational duty and subsided.

The four adults, with the baby, set out on the return trip, Milton, though he did not or could not hide the sorrow in his face, yet did not betray by word or sign the pain that was consuming him. They had traversed about one-third of the return trip when they saw a man riding with the speed of the wind toward them and waving his hands like a windmill. Charlotte's heart immediately sank. She felt sure it was an officer of the law and that he was after her. It was characteristic that she did not think of herself, but of the baby, and of Ralph, lying helpless and longing for her coming.

They drew rein and waited for the fellow. To Charlotte it seemed as though with every hoof beat her doom were drawing nearer. As he approached, Milton gave vent to an exclamation:

"It is one of my men! There's something wrong!"

He had drawn up to them by this time, a rough-hewn fellow with a queer cast in his left eye. He was manifestly nervous when he saw Charlotte.

"'Scuse me, Chief, for interruptin'," he said clumsily. "I wouldn't a done it only that law suit comes off tomorrow an' if you ain't there, you'll lose sure's hell—beggin' the lady's pardon."

"I can't go," Milton announced with an air of finality. "I must see this lady home."

The fellow's eyes opened in astonishment. He fumbled with his cap.

"But, Chief, 'scuse me. If you lose that lawsuit you'll be stripped to the skin—agin askin' the lady's pardon."

"I tell you I won't go a foot!" Milton asserted, his face reddening with anger. Why should this fellow come at this moment? What was the wealth of all the world compared with being with this glorious woman? He scowled fiercely and the messenger shook in his shoes.

"Really, you must go, Mr. Milton," Charlotte interposed. "I shall be in no danger. There is a broad trail along the river and we shall take that. Pat and his friend can take care of me. I would never forgive myself if you lost that lawsuit. Please do go."

He looked into her eyes and wavered.

"If you really want me to go——" he began doubtfully.

"I do, indeed," she declared. "It would be a lifelong regret to me if you failed to appear. I know you will win. Be sure and come to the landing on your return. I shall be anxious to know the outcome."

"Then I shall go," Milton announced with quick decision. "I have no fear of the result; I know I shall win. I'm sorry I can't leave Matt with you, but he is an important witness in the case. I would feel much safer if I could leave him."

"Don't ye worry, me bye," Pat interjected, a little hurt that his prowess should be impugned. "We'll take care av the apple av me eye. She's as safe as if she was in the palace av the Quane av England."

Abe nodded assent. It required too much effort to speak.

"Oh, I don't doubt either your bravery or your capability," Milton answered hastily. He saw he had hurt the other man's feelings and was sorry. "Send me word as soon as you have arrived. I shall be uneasy until I hear from you."

This was agreed to, Abe signifying by a nod of the head, when he was asked, that he would carry the message. This done, Milton started back at a gallop that promised well to land him at his destination before night-fall.

For a long time Charlotte and her party rode along in silence. The baby had been fed and was now fast asleep. It was nearly midnight, although as light as at broad afternoon in more temperate climates. The sun was like a great copper disk.

Into this atmosphere of almost holy calm came a band of Indians. They had been following the caribou and were laden with spoils of the chase. None in the party felt the least alarm, as few of the Indian tribes in that far northern country were dangerous. They surrounded the little party with manifest interest. There were no women, they were all hunters.

"Your squaw?" one wrinkled, grizzled fellow inquired of Pat, indicating Charlotte.

"No indade," Pat protested, "I've a wife av me own. Her husband—the black curse av Cromwell on the spalpeen!—has run away an' left her!"

The Indians had joined forces with them and were now going in their direction.

"Husband leave wife—that white man's way," he said scornfully. "No Indian do that. How she get game for her and papoose?"

Pat scratched his head. They were a little ahead of Charlotte, who could not hear what was being said.

"I dinnah, I niver give it a thought. But 'tis meself that will be glad to look afther the darlint."

The old chief shook his head.

"No can do," he insisted. "You old; no can get game for two wives. I get her young husband. He care for her and papoose."

"Why, you auld haythen!" sputtered the now enraged Irishman, "d'ye mane to say that ye would marry her to wan av your copper colored tribe? I'd see ye in hell foorst!"

What has happened briefly retold:

Charlotte Woods, a dance hall girl at Gore's Casino, is secretly married to Ned Brent, professional gambler, who is in love with Eleanor du Bois, another of Gore's girls.

Beauregard, a half-breed, finds a baby in the snow and brings it to Charlotte.

Brent and Charlotte start a store and later are discovered by Ralph Stevens, who brings Brent a letter from Eleanor begging him to come to her.

Beauregard, the half-breed, also comes to the store and menaces Charlotte.

Brent takes Beauregard to one side and bargains with him for the possession of the store and Charlotte against the half-breed's winter catch of furs.

Beauregard accepts and Brent leaves the place on a raft. Beauregard, re-entering the store, tries to kiss Charlotte, and in the struggle, she kills him.

Ralph Stevens, coming to the store, decides to follow Brent and kill him.

Ralph catches up with Brent and they fight. Brent overcomes him and leaving him unconscious on the raft, pushes it into the water to be carried over the falls. Meanwhile, Charlotte has started in pursuit of Ralph.

Charlotte and Ralph go over the falls together, but by a miracle, neither is killed, and Charlotte brings Ralph, still unconscious from his knife wounds, to the home of a miner.

Leaving him there, she starts back to get her baby, only to find that he is gone.

The greater part of this was Greek to the Indian. Without replying, he called a young fellow over, a tall, intelligent faced Indian about twenty-two years old.

"My son," said the old chief proudly. "Him not marry, no got many women in our tribe. He marry white squaw and care for papoose."

"No, ye spalpeen!" thundered Pat again, growing black in the face. "I told ye no!"

"Me pay forty blankets, twelve dogs, ten horses and thirty pelts." He evidently expected this outburst; it was part of the barter game of the north and might be protracted for hours. The young Indian, though keenly interested, looked on with a bored air—that also was part of the game.

"If ye say another worrud, I'll punch your mug!" howled the old friend of Charlotte, shoving his fist in the Indian's face. This was not part of the game, and the chief looked puzzled. The other Indians, who had withdrawn while a delicate family matter was under discussion, came forward with menacing looks. Charlotte, seeing that something was wrong, hurried up.

(Continued next week)

South Sea Islands Invaded by Movies

(Continued from page 9)

He joins Huish and Davis. He expresses his desire of getting the native crew aboard and slipping out of the harbor during the night. He is overpowered by Huish and Davis, who are plotting to steal the pearls, and locked in another cabin.

Huish outlines his plans to Davis. In London he had done away with a man by throwing liquid flame in his face. He goes to the galley, where he has a bottle of this hidden. The two men go ashore with a sheet for a flag of truce and meet Attwater. While apparently cowed, Huish starts to throw his liquid flame at Attwater. Attwater fires, hits the bottle and the liquid devours Huish. Davis is set against a shed by Attwater, who proceeds to outline his body with bullets. Just before the final one, which is to go through his head, Attwater tells Davis to get down on his knees and pray. But instead of praying for himself, Davis prays for his child—and Attwater lets him off.

In the meantime, Herrick has freed himself from his cabin. The ship catches fire from an explosion of gasoline.

On shore, Attwater and Davis see the ship in flames. Davis tries to go to Herrick's aid. Attwater holds him back. "Let him fry in hell!"

Then Tehura tells Attwater that his daughter is aboard the craft. Attwater hastens to the boat in a canoe and is climbing up one side just as Ruth, released, and Herrick, dive off the other side. After a few strokes, Ruth is caught by a deadly octopus and a terrific fight ensues.

Attwater searches the burning ship in vain for his daughter. Back on deck, he sinks on his knees to pray—"Judgment is thine, O Lord." As he raises his eyes, he sees his daughter and Herrick, freed from the octopus and swimming to shore. The mast falls and kills him.

Herrick, Ruth and Davis watch the burning ship from the shore. A new life has opened for all of them.

"Women Who Have Hounded Me"

(Continued from page 7)

But the widow learned that there was only one ship leaving the States that afternoon, and she was there to wave me a bon voyage. In my stateroom I found a package. It was from the Mrs. R————, and contained a gold cigarette case, engraved with the words, "To the man of my dreams." The ship had already left the pier and it was too late to return the gift. Now the most surprising thing of it all was that when I came back to America in November to resume my work, none other than Mrs. R———— was the first to telephone my residence inquiring for me. The absurdity of the affair is even more patent in view of the fact that I still continue to receive letters, pleas, and phone calls from this foolish, but determined lady.

Another odd instance of this distorted desire to play to the whims of the shadow-hero is that of a young French married woman who hounded me a bit in Paris during the recent European tour. She wrote me I was her soul-mate and that she had been seeking me for years. After many futile endeavors to get an audience, she finally resorted to the false representation of herself as a writer for a Paris newspaper. Her first interview—which I admit I readily granted—consumed the greater portion of an afternoon. She was going "to write a long feature story" about me and wanted all the absorbing facts of my life. Late in the evening she left, only to return the next day for additional matter. It seemed she never got sufficient material to complete the story. After the third interview, I began searching the columns of the newspapers. But I found nothing. It was on her fourth lengthy visit that I asked her whether she was going to write the story before the coming of the millenium and then she confessed her misrepresentation and told me the true story. Poor woman!

Lowell had it right when he said that earth's noblest thing is a woman perfected. But she *must* be perfected.

Are You Going to Miss All the Fun Again This Winter?

YOU remember what a lot of fun you missed last winter because you could not dance. And how you promised yourself that long before "next winter" came you would know how to dance? Perhaps during the summer you did manage to scrape up a little knowledge about a few steps. But here it is winter again with all kinds of parties in sight and most of your friends all booked up for a good time — while you simply don't belong because they think, "What's the use, we want to dance!"

Arthur Murray Dancing Instructor to the Vanderbilts

How foolish you are to miss all these good times when it is so easy to learn to dance. All you need to do is to master a few easy instructions, follow the diagrams which Arthur Murray furnishes and quite before you fully realize it, you have become a perfect dancer. The best part of it all is that you don't need either music or partner to learn through Arthur Murray's new method. You don't need to leave the privacy of your own room. Just follow Arthur Murray's clear instructions and there is no reason in the wide world why you shouldn't be able to dance well by the time the next party in your set comes off.

And remember that you won't be the first one to learn all of the new and popular dancing steps through Arthur Murray's methods. In fact, more than 6,000 people have learned to dance by mail.

Do You Know?

The Correct Dancing Position
How to Gain Confidence
How to Follow Successfully
How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes
The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive
The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot
The Basic Principles in Waltzing
How to Waltz Backward
The Secret of Leading
The Chasse in the Fox Trot
The Forward Waltz Step
How to Leave One Partner to Dance with Another
How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance
What the Advanced Dancer Should Know
How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm
Etiquette of the Ballroom

But the greatest advantage is that only through this particular course can you get the real Murray foundation to your dancing. And once you have the Murray foundation you won't have the slightest difficulty in analyzing the basic steps and easily mastering any new steps you see or new dances that are shown to you.

Learn From America's Foremost Dancing Authority

Arthur Murray has been dancing instructor to such well-known and fashionable people as the Vanderbilts, ex-Governor Locke Craig, of North Carolina, and scores of other socially prominent people. And dancing teachers the world over, recognizing his superior knowledge and exceptional ability as an instructor, have taken lessons from him.

Private instruction in Mr. Murray's studio costs $10.00 per lesson. But it is now unnecessary to go to his studio for instruction. Through his amazing new method of teaching dancing at home, you get the same high class instruction at a ridiculously low price. And if you aren't delighted, your instruction doesn't cost you one cent.

Proof That Arthur Murray Can Teach You to Dance in an Evening

For a limited time only Mr. Murray has consented to send a special 16-lesson course to everyone who signs and returns the coupon attached to this page.

Through this new course you can easily satisfy yourself that you can learn all of the new dances and latest steps. You may keep this course for five days and test it for yourself. It must prove to your full satisfaction that you can quickly learn to dance in your own home without music or partner through Arthur Murray's methods, or the test will cost you nothing.

Send No Money—Not One Cent

Mr. Murray is anxious to prove to you that he can quickly teach you to become a good dancer, just as he has proven it to the complete satisfaction of thousands of other people. If you will just fill in and mail the coupon—or a letter or postcard will do—the special 16- lesson course will be promptly mailed to you. And when your postman hands it to you, deposit with him only $1.00, plus the few cents postage, in full payment. Keep the course for five full days. Practice all of the steps, learn everything these sixteen lessons will teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you desire, you may return the course and your dollar deposit will be promptly refunded to you. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind.

But you must send the coupon today to take advantage of this special offer—it may be withdrawn without notice. So mail the coupon NOW! Remember you do not take any risk sending for this.

16 Lesson Course Only $1.00

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Studio 522, 100 Fifth Ave., New York

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 522,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the sixteen-lesson course and when my postman hands it to me I will deposit with him only $1.00, plus the few cents postage, in full payment. If, within five days, I decided to do so, I may return the course and you will refund my money without question.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

If apt to be out when the postman calls you may send $1.00 now and we will pay postage.
(Price outside U. S., $1.10 cash with order.)

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The six-story building at 1926 Broadway, which has been taken over by Macfadden Publications, Inc., and will be occupied by them as soon as possible after November 1st

Notice To Our Friends and Patrons

DUE to the steady and rapid growth of the six periodicals constituting the Macfadden Publications, Inc., together with the highly satisfactory increase in our book publishing business, it has become necessary for us to move to larger quarters.

Accordingly, we have taken over the entire six-story building at 1926 Broadway, corner 64th Street, and will move in as near the first of November as possible.

We realize that our growth to the point where this change becomes necessary is due to the friendship and support of the readers of the Macfadden Publications, and we take this occasion to express our sincere appreciation of the loyalty with which they have stood behind us.

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NEUBECKER BROS.

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Love Route to Fame

(*Continued from page 20*)

"And yet I came. Why won't men believe us when we say we're not afraid of them? Of course, I took my little precautions——"

"Precautions?"

"You wouldn't expect me to tell you about them?"

"Miss Bramleigh, let's stop fencing. It's been a delightful game. I'm sure I've enjoyed it as much as you. But I think it's time you discarded it—and——"

"After Thanksgiving, I told you."

"Why, it's just a few days to Thanksgiving. Why be so childish?"

She shook her head mischievously. "That's my line, Mr. Murdon, and I mean to stick to it."

Once again the devil in her caught him. "Girl, I want you. And what I want I usually get."

"Good. You don't happen to want dinner, do you? Because I'm starved."

He laughed. "What an imp you are. It's that I love in you."

They went into the dining room. The man Miller knocked before entering. There was a pail of ice next to Murdon with a bottle which Miller opened. At the sound Teddy's eyebrows went up.

"It wouldn't be complete without that, would it? 'Tedd 's Temptation, or 'Another Millionaire Gone Wrong.' No thanks, I don't care for any——"

"Oh, come now. I've seen you drink——"

"Not in the presence of danger," she mocked. She was not at all afraid of him.

The dinner progressed in lively fashion. Murdon was doing the drinking, but it was Teddy whose spirits kept soaring.

"Tell me, Your Majesty," she asked once, "do you always offer women a price—or do you sometimes stop to woo them—like mere mortals?"

The action so far:

Teddy Bramleigh, an extra, who is trying to make her way to higher things in the movies, meets John Murdon, editor and motion picture magnate, at a party and he shows quite an interest in her. She also meets Keane Wagner, vice-president of a big producing company.

Murdon offers to set Teddy up in a fine apartment as his mistress, but Teddy refuses. Wagner nearly comes to blows with Murdon over Teddy.

Later, Teddy again meets Monford Lorea, who was also a guest at the party, and they become greatly interested in each other.

At Wagner's home one day, Teddy sees a picture of Lorea with his wife and four children, which is the first intimation she has had that he is married.

Teddy and Lorea still continue as platonic friends, but Lorea, overpowered by his love for her, decides to ask his wife to release him. Teddy, in a quarrel with her room-mate, reveals to her the fact that she is married, but that her husband is in Mexico.

On her birthday she receives a beautiful ring from her long-forgotten husband and the news that he is soon coming home to her.

"The women I want usually listen to practical talk. You can't expect me to go in much for calf stuff."

"Mr. Murdon, how much am I worth? You're always talking about going straight to the point—well, tell me. I really want to know."

"Do you know how much money Lela Humphreys has in securities and property?"

Teddy shook her head.

"About a million and a half dollars."

Teddy gasped. "She made all that in pictures?"

He corrected her. "She made all that since she went into pictures. I should say you were worth as much as Lela Humphreys——"

"Ah!" Her eyes shone and for the first time she sipped some of the champagne. He took away her glass and gave her a fresh one.

"Teddy," he began, leaning across the table toward her, "do you know the value of money? If you have money you can buy anything else in the world. Anything!"

"Love?"

"Love! People keep talking of love when they're young. But they don't know anything about it until they're older. Then they don't talk about it any more. Love—the woman who is loved has the best of it—not the one who loves."

"I couldn't give myself to a man I didn't love."

"Teddy, if I were free and asked you to marry me, would you like me enough for that?"

She was taken off her guard.

"And you'd think that was moral? Why can't you women face life squarely? Look at yourself. What are you? A little soft thing that would break into pieces at the first contact with hardship. Don't shake your head. And instead of jumping at the chance to protect yourself forever from any sort of hardship, you stand off and make speeches about love. Love! Do you think you'll find all I'm offering you and romantic love, too? Nobody will love you any more than I do. Do you think you yourself would be capable of love? What would you be willing to sacrifice for any man?"

In spite of herself, Teddy was impressed.

"It will be harder and harder to be poor as you go on. You have tasted luxury. The poison has already entered your soul. I saw it in your eyes when you were looking in Gattle's window. And you've never seen yourself as you would be in clothes that real money would buy you. Why, you would be a queen. Everybody would turn to look when you entered a restaurant—a theatre. They would talk of you—envy you——"

Teddy could feel the way her eyes were beginning to shine—the way she was being carried along. The clock in the hall chimed eight.

"Opportunity only comes once. Do you want to end up where you are now? Or further back, even? Do you want to look hungrily in shop windows all your life—or wind up the drudging wife of some honest piffler who lets you wear yourself old and thin for the privilege of bearing his children and sharing his bed?"

His eyes frightened her. She felt like a bird fascinated by a snake. She did not want to look, but she could not help herself——

He leaned so close to her, still with his green eyes holding hers—that she felt his breath. She shuddered and drew back sharply. Whither had she been drifting? Abruptly she pushed back her chair and rose. He was at her side—towering over her—looking like an ogre about to swallow her.

Slowly he put out his hands.

"No—no!" With her two hands she fended him off. "You needn't wait for your answer until after Thanksgiving. I'll give it to you now. It's 'No—NO—*NO!* There are some things money won't buy. Not for all the money in the world would I let you touch me!"

His face grew terrible in its menace. This man was absolute czar in the three enormous enterprises which he had built up by the power of his will. Not in vain did hundreds of men tremble at his frown. At last Teddy knew what it was to be thoroughly afraid of a man. She tried to draw away.

With a rough gesture he seized her and drew her to him. She struggled to tear herself from his grasp. In the struggle, glasses were overturned—plates crashed to the floor—a chair followed. She thought the servants must surely rush in to her rescue. But nothing stirred.

(*Continued next week*)

In our grandmothers' time the Assembly Balls were noted for the lovely belles who came here to enhance their beauty by the marvelous treatments.

Here Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the world's greatest portrait painters, found the model for his masterpiece, "The Tragic Muse."

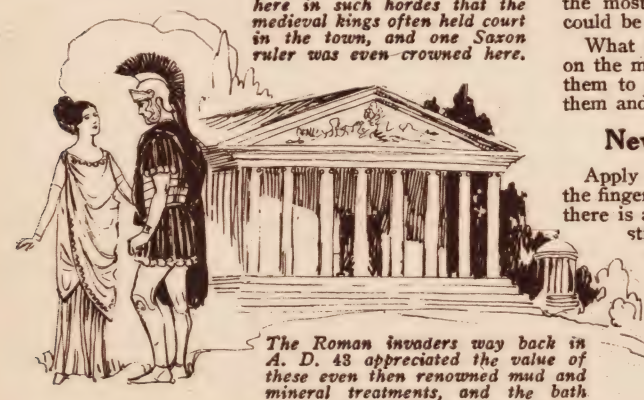
Marvelous Clay

Used by Celebrated Beauties for Over 2000 Years!

Now—every woman can obtain this famous beautifier, that brings fresh loveliness to all who use it.

In the days of "Good Queen Bess," the "mud" resort was frequented by the noble lords and ladies seeking perpetual youth and beauty.

Lovely English women flocked here in such hordes that the medieval kings often held court in the town, and one Saxon ruler was even crowned here.



The Roman invaders way back in A. D. 43 appreciated the value of these even then renowned mud and mineral treatments, and the bath houses they built here are, today, among the most striking Roman ruins in the world.

IN lovely Somerset, in England, there is a quaint old town, whither the most exquisitely beautiful women in all England—even in all Europe—have flocked for centuries. For there, in that old city, are the famous mineral springs and mud baths that have brought renewed vitality and radiant loveliness to hundreds of thousands of women since the dawn of British history.

But formerly it has been only the women of wealth and fashion who could afford to spend weeks and even months at the expensive resort, and pay for the costly treatments. The wonderful mud has been far beyond the reach of the average woman.

Now, You, Too, Can Have This Clay

Now, however, the skill and ingenuity of American scientists, working through Domino House, have changed all this. After long, untiring effort, they have at last made a remarkable discovery that enables them to pack and preserve this wonder-working beautifier in such a way as to put it at the command of every woman!

No longer is it necessary to go to the famous but costly resort to benefit from this marvelous clay—very easily you can get it and use it right in your own boudoir.

And this "new" clay is even better as it has been prepared by these ingenious scientists than it ever was in its natural environment! For it has been cleansed and purified—triple-sifted through the finest silk—and rendered as dainty and easy to use as the most delicate cream! So magnetic and potent that it will remedy the most unpromising complexion—yet so gentle, it could be used on a tiny baby's delicate skin!

What it does, you see, is to exert a magnetic action on the millions of tiny pores in your face, compelling them to give up the poisons and impurities that clog them and cause blackheads, blemishes and open pores.

New Beauty in Only 30 Minutes

Apply the delicately fragrant clay with the tips of the fingers, letting it dry on the face. Almost instantly there is a delicious tingling sensation as the pores are stimulated and purged of their impurities. You can actually *feel* the amazing clay doing its work. Let it remain on your face about half an hour, while you go on with your work, read or sew. Then soften it with hot towels and roll it off between your fingers. It comes off very easily, bringing with it the blemishes and blackheads that disfigured your complexion, enabling the pores to breathe and discharge their natural functions. The radiant, glorious complexion you unmask will fill you with delight. For no matter how hopeless your skin has seemed before—the beauty clay will surely benefit it.

To make good their claim that they have brought it within the reach of women everywhere, the scientists who have put it up this way are going to make it just as easy as possible for you to get it, too. All you have to do is send in the coupon below—you do not have to send any money in advance—and they will send you a freshly packed $3.50 jar at once. But when it comes, you don't have to pay that much for it. Give the postman only $1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment.

Of course, if you do not like it—if you do not feel that it is all we claim for it, you don't have to keep it. Simply send the jar back within ten days and you will get your money back without delay or argument. A deposit of $10,000 with the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee, so you have nothing to risk. Just fresh beauty to gain!

But remember—there is ONLY ONE DOMINO COMPLEXION CLAY, and you can get it only from Domino House direct. It is not on sale in any drug store or at any toilet goods counter anywhere. Freshly packed, it comes straight to your door from the Domino House Laboratories. And almost at half-price—only $1.95 (plus few cents postage), for a regular $3.50 jar!

Mail the coupon today—now. Remember on this special offer, which may never be made again, you get Domino Complexion Clay at a greatly reduced price. So act at once. Domino House, Dept. 4011, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND NO MONEY

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. 4011,
269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. I will pay the postman only $1.95, plus postage, on arrival. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing this first jar with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days, and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results. I am to be the sole judge.

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Send only $2.00 and the Wrist Watch will be sent to you without delay, charges prepaid. If you can duplicate this grade Wrist Watch for less than $45.00, or you are dissatisfied, return at our expense and your deposit will be refunded at once.

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A simple, safe home treatment—15 years success in my practice. *Moles* (also BIG growths) *Dry Up.*

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WRITE FOR FREE EYE CARE BOOK MURINE CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

"Charges Absolutely False," Replies Zukor

(*Continued from page* 13)

ence to the contract between the parties which is made a part of defendant's affidavit as "Exhibit C." The last page of "Exhibit C," the contract aforesaid, shows on its face that Jesse L. Lasky (this also appears in affidavit of Lasky) and not *Mr. Eyton,* signed "as the representative of the employer."

The claim is also false "that officials of the plaintiff conspired to separate Mrs. Valentino and the defendant." Although I cannot see the pertinency of the defendant's domestic difficulties to this controversy or the connection between these difficulties and the defendant's wrongful desertion of his employment, and although I regard the injection of such matters into this action as an exhibition of unseemliness and bad taste, nevertheless, since the defendant has opened the door to these private matters, I shall be constrained to show that whatever the plaintiff company and its officials did in connection with the unfortunate affair was for the best interests of the defendant and Mrs. Valentino and was in fact for the sole purpose of saving them both from possible conviction and resultant imprisonment. I shall show further *by the defendant's own letters* that instead of complaining about the treatment received by him and Mrs. Valentino at the hands of the plaintiff's officials, the defendant expressed his gratitude to the officials of the plaintiff company for their interest and co-operation in the matter. Furthermore, I shall prove that the separation of the defendant and Mrs. Valentino, for which the defendant wantonly blames the plaintiff, was upon the advice of the defendant's own personal attorney in California, and that such advice was rendered by the defendant's attorney in the belief that since he (defendant's counsel) held that Mrs. Valentino and the defendant were not legally married, a separation would save them both from criminal prosecution.

Again, I shall prove that the plan that Mrs. Valentino commence proceedings to annul her marriage with the defendant was proposed and urged upon the defendant and Mrs. Valentino by the defendant's own personal attorney, W. I. Gilbert.

The opposing affidavits are remarkable for their inconsistencies and contractions. These will be pointed out in detail hereinafter. A few of them are:

1. Defendant pleads his meagerness of his salary of $1,250 per week, and regards it as "brutal" that a woman should be permitted to travel from California to New York in "lower berth," and then offers much testimony as to the simplicity and economy of his tastes, habits and mode of living.

2. Defendant boasts of his physical prowess, and then complains about alleged inconveniences and discomforts which no red-blooded man would notice.

3. He pleads his ignorance, at the time of the execution of the contract on January 17, 1922, of business affairs and the business aspect of motion pictures and presents a mass of alleged facts and figures which would indicate that he possessed all of the existing knowledge on the subject, and had negotiated and signed many contracts prior to the one in controversy.

4. He extols his singular metrits and submits attestations of his great genius, elaborately sets forth his merits, modestly announces that his services are worth "in excess of $5,000 per week, or $260,000 per year, and then concludes with the denial that his services are special, unique and extraordinary.

5. He charges that the plaintiff company is interested only in the commercial aspect of motion pictures, feelingly speaks of his love for, and devotion to "art" and then shows that his sole aim in deserting his employment, breaking his contract, and thus compelling this plaintiff to commence this action, was to force the plaintiff to give him an increase in salary.

This affidavit is signed by Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky. The remainder of this remarkable answer to Valentino's complaint will appear in next week's "Movie Weekly."

Ruth Roland
President

FANS! We Invite YOU

Walter I. Moses
Managing Editor, FANLAND

Are YOU a *real,* red-blooded movie fan? If you are, without a single doubt you will want to join the very largest movie club in the entire world, THE R. R. STAR-FAN CLUB, in which so many stars are interested, and thousands of fans in all parts of the world are members.

The Star Members Invite You

Many of the most popular stars of today are Life Honor Roll members of the R. R. C. and many of them answer the letters they receive from the fan members. Among the famous star members you will find RUTH ROLAND, ALICE CALHOUN, MARY MILES MINTER, CHARLES RAY, NEAL HART, HOPE HAMPTON, RICHARD DIX, and numerous others equally as popular—*all of them boosters!!!*

Contests Galore

The club is continually conducting contests for the interest of its members. Prizes for all boosters; and say, wouldn't it be great to win a prize—something that really belonged to your favorite star, such as costly jewelry, beautiful writing sets, typewriters, etc.? The stars are, at this time, offering hundreds of dollars in prizes. There are prizes for YOU, and lots of them.

FANLAND . . . Aspiring Authors . . . The Club's Own Journal

The R. R. Club issues it's own official publication, FANLAND, which is prepared by the fan and star members exclusively. FANLAND encourages the literary aspirations of its fan members, and as Hope Hampton says: "FANLAND certainly *is* the fans' own publicity medium," while Ruth Roland answers, "Yes, and worth many times the subscription price of $2.00 for those who wish to subscribe!"

About the Club

To join the R. R. Star-Fan Club only costs you 25c.—merely enough to pay the cost of printing your name and address on the membership lists. You need not subscribe for FANLAND unless you so desire, in which case the full fee is $2.25. Immediately, as soon as you are enrolled, you are granted all of the privileges of the club—the Beauty Contest is open for your entrance, and the star members begin to look for your letters. Even the dear old COLONEL of "Movie Weekly" is on the Honor Roll, and interested in the club members.

Send in your enrollment TODAY! Do NOT send stamps for amounts over 25c.—*but money orders. WRITE PLAINLY.*

WALTER IRWIN MOSES
The Fanland Magazine
Grand Junction, Colorado, Dept. M. W.

Specimen copy FANLAND, 25c.

WALTER I. MOSES,
Grand Junction, Colorado, Dept. M. W.
I enclose
☐ 25c. membership only
☐ $2.25 membership and FANLAND
(Check the one desired)
for which enroll me in the R. R. C., which I understand is the largest movie club in the world. I am a REAL movie fan.

Name.....

Address.....

FREE! TABLE SCARF

$1 BRINGS This Richly Upholstered 8-Piece Suite

Quarter-Sawed and Solid Oak —Chairs Have Spring Seats

Yes, only $1 brings this splendid suite of library, living room or parlor furniture—8 splendid, massive pieces—large table, with 36x23-inch top, arm chair, arm rocker, straight chair and sewing rocker, waste basket and 2 candlesticks. With it you get a beautiful Table Scarf FREE. Use the furniture and scarf for 30 days on free trial. Then if not satisfied, return the goods and we will refund your $1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

Nearly a Year to Pay!

If you keep it, pay a little monthly. The suite is of quarter-sawed and solid oak in rich fumed finish. Rockers and chairs have cut-out panels, spring seats and padded construction. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish brown leather. Shipped (fully boxed, "knocked down" to lessen freight charges) from factory in Central Indiana or Chicago warehouse.

Order by No. 105DDMA18. Price $34.95. Send $1 now. Balance $3.00 monthly. *Table Scarf is FREE.*

FREE Beautiful Velour Table Scarf

We want to prove that Hartman's prices and terms are the most liberal ever known. That is why we make this extra inducement. A handsome table scarf ABSOLUTELY FREE. **Rich blue velour, 48x16 in., 6-in. panels at ends of floral tapestry. Antique gold braid binding.**

SEND For HARTMAN'S Big 368-Page Bargain Catalog—FREE

This great 368-page book offers the world's greatest bargains in **furniture, rugs, silverware, dishes, kitchenware, etc., also farm machinery**—all sold on easy payment terms and 30 days' free trial.

Wonderful Gifts

Catalog explains how you can get absolutely FREE many valuable articles for which you would pay high prices at stores. Beautiful **Glassware, Lemonade Sets, Silverware, Tablecloths, Napkins** and other elegant and useful articles given FREE with purchases. Send for it today.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

Handsome Fumed Finish

30 Days' Free Trial

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

Dept. 5003 Copyright, 1922, by Hartman's, Chicago **CHICAGO**

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co., Dept. 5003 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1 as first payment. Send the 8-piece Living Room Suite No. 105DDMA18 and with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful Table Scarf, all as described. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, will ship all back and you will return my $1 and pay freight both ways. If I keep it, I will pay $3 monthly on the suite alone until the full price, $34.95, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Name..... Occupation.....

R. F. D., Box No. or Street and No.....

Post Office..... State.....

If your shipping point is different from your post office, fill in line below.

Send shipment to.....

Win $5,000

Sam Roos Did!

19 year old Samie Roos, Hackensack, N.J., who won $5,000 in a former Reefer Contest.

$10,000 Bank Guarantee

Producers and Consumers Bank
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To the Public:

E. J. Reefer has deposited $10,000 in this bank to be used in awarding all the prizes in the "C" letter contest.

This Bank guarantees that no part of this $10,000 will be used for any purpose until all the prizes have been paid by E. J. Reefer.

Very truly yours,
PRODUCERS AND CONSUMERS BANK
by Benj. B. Bowman, Treasurer.

Mrs. Young Got $5,000

Mrs. B. R. Young of Girard, Pa., another winner of a $5,000 Reefer Contest Prize.

LARGE PICTURE SENT ON REQUEST FREE

How Many Objects in This Picture Can You Find Beginning with the Letter "C"

There is Cap, Cornet, Cane. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is. Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort and perseverence will win.

Costs Nothing to Try!

If you send in your list of "C" words and the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "C", they will award you first prize in whatever column you qualify. If your list is the second best list, they will award you one of the second prizes, etc. Get started *right now!*

Win the $5,000 Prize!

You do not have to buy anything to enter this contest and win a prize!

If the judges decide your list of "C" words is best and you have not ordered anything, you will win first prize of **$50**

If you send in a $1.00 order for either Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic, and your list is awarded first prize, you win **$250**

If you send in a $2.00 order for either product, and your list wins first prize, you get . **$600**

But if you send in a $5 order for either product and you are awarded first prize, you get **$5000**

(Study the Prize List)

$10,000 in Prizes!

	If no order is sent	If a $1 order is sent	If a $2 order is sent	If a $5 order is sent
1st prizes	$50	$250	$600	$5000
2nd prizes	35	100	250	1250
3rd prizes	30	60	125	500
4th prizes	25	50	75	375
5th prizes	15	35	50	250
6th to 10th prizes, each	10	25	40	100

Every prize in every column will be awarded. 40 prizes in all, totaling $10 000 will be paid.

Besides there are 36 other cash prizes. Every prize in every column will be awarded. 40 prizes in all, totaling $10,000 will be paid. Second prize in column 4 is $1,250.; Third prize $500, etc. Just think of it—40 chances for you to win.

$600 Extra for Promptness! Your word list may be mailed any time up to Feb. 15, but for every day before Feb. 15 that your order is received, a special prize of $10 for each day (not exceeding $600) will be added if you win the $5000 prize. Send order today and word list later.

Win All You Can! Be sure to send your order for $5 worth of Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic if you wish to qualify your list of words for the $5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

Goods You Get Either one of these products may be ordered to qualify in this contest, but combination orders will not be accepted.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1—Any one excepting our employees and their relatives, may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

2—All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, February 15, 1923.

3—Contestants who have sent lists or orders before February 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes, provided orders are received through the mail, postmarked on or before February 28th.

4—Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or the plural of a word may be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.

5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "C" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.

6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.

7—Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.

8—You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.

9—The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reefer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering the contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the lists winning first prize and correct list determined by the judges and the names of the prize winners will be published and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

10—An additional prize of not over $600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.

11—In case of ties for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

Washing Tablets

Take all the back-breaking work out of washday.

Just use one tablet to a tub of water. Soak the clothes and rinse. Results will delight you. So simple and easy! Blues at the same time it cleanses. No wear on the daintiest garments. Dirtiest clothes come out whiter than ever before, with only 15 minutes work. No boiling. No toiling.

Family size, prepaid . . **$1** Economy size, prepaid . . . **$2** Jumbo size, containing as much as seven $1 pkgs. **$5**

"More Eggs" Tonic

A scientific poultry tonic, used by half a million poultry raisers with great success to increase egg production during Fall and Winter. A highly concentrated preparation. Makes rich, red blood. Helps the digestive apparatus. Sharpens the appetite and helps prepare for healthy egg production. Does not contain one particle of bran, or grit, or any filler.

Two $1 pkgs. Prepaid . . **$1** Five $1 pkgs. Prepaid . . **$2** Economy size, or 20—$1 pkgs. Prepaid . . **$5**

Start Now!

FREE

Send in your order today. Think of the extra prize money for promptness! Qualify for the biggest prizes. $50 or $5,000—which do you want?

Everyone, sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a sample package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for it.

E. J. Reefer, Dept. 2518 9th and Spruce Sts. **Philadelphia, Pa.**

No goods bought during this sale are subject to exchange, refund, approval or C. O. D.

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

KATHERINE MACDONALD

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Center Page Portrait From This Issue. Scanned and Donated from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2023.

HARRIET

"Women who have hounded me" PAGE 7

"Chaplin was vulgar" says Censor PAGE 5